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THE BOOKMAN

A REVIEW OF
BOOKS AND LIFE

VOLUME XLVII

March, 1918—August, 1918

"I am a Bookman."—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

NEW YORK
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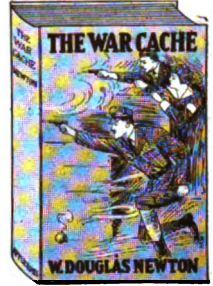
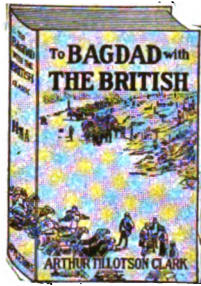
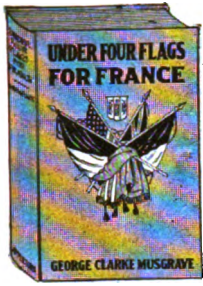
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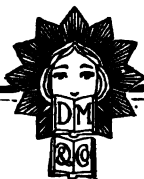
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A REVIEW OF BOOKS AND LIFE

MARCH, 1918

WANTED: AN AMERICAN POLICY

BY WILLIAM FORBES COOLEY

IN OUR antipathy to Germany's predatory programme we are apt to miss the ideal side of it which justifies it in the eyes of Germans of cultivation. Professors Harnack and Euken and their ilk are not simply possessed with the *mania teutonicus*, albeit it is to be feared that even in them the infection is serious. For such Germans the war is waged, as Bernhardt declares, "for the highest interests . . . of mankind," as well as for German aggrandisement. Conquest is for them the indispensable means of lifting the world to a higher plane. It is the means which nature employs, and therefore the right means. Said the eminent chemist, Ostwald, in the early months of the war, "Germany . . . has attained to a stage of civilisation far higher than that of all other peoples. This war will, in the future, compel these other peoples to participate, under the form of German social efficiency, in a civilisation higher than their own." Other Germans, disciples of the humanities rather than the natural sciences, colour the prospect more warmly. "We hope," said Pastor Conrad, of the Kaiser Wilhelm Church in Berlin in 1915, "by the victory of our arms, to bring about a new efflorescence of humanity

through the German nature, which will thus prove itself fruitful of blessings for other nations as well." Such men have a vision of one hundred and eighty millions of Russians going to school under German masters, of the waste places of Turkey redeemed and through German engineering blooming beyond their fairest estate in ancient days, of new industrial and cultural centres built up at the ends of the earth, as at Kiao Chao, and of the inferior peoples of Asia and Africa lifted to higher forms of life through German system and German science. Their ideal is of an improved world order which shall be not only efficient but benevolent, which shall instruct the ignorant, develop the weak, and bring plenty and comfort to the world, an order in which, as in Plato's "Republic," the wise (the philosopher kings of Potsdam) shall rule, the brave (the German common people, and the Germanic element in other civilised countries, provided these rise to their opportunity) shall defend, and the hand workers (the Latin and other less advanced races) shall find their highest good in obedient service of the whole; an order in which, as Geibel sang half a century ago, "German culture may bring healing to the nations." It is

under the spell of this vision that Bernhardi is able to exclaim, "The brutal incidents inseparable from every war vanish completely before the idealism of the main result."

Now, this ideal is not only good Platonism, but was also good Judaism at Israel's most brilliant literary period. According to the prophets, Jerusalem, through her triumphant force, was to be the centre of power and blessing for the world, and in consequence was to be looked to with reverent desire by all nations. "Out of Zion" was to go forth the law, after the Messiah had put down all the opposition of the wicked, and reproved "strong nations afar off." Then, under the sway of Zion's victorious king, were to follow the days of peace, when swords were to be beaten into ploughshares, and the nations should not "learn war any more."

Yet we democratic peoples revolt from this programme in its modern rendering, and strive by bayonets and mellinite shells to bring it to naught! This, to the German idealist, is plain proof of our depravity, tempered somewhat by our ignorance. The real trouble, as he views it, is that we do not wish humanity to have the best things. We prefer that races should decay like the Haitians, or herd together without rational organisation, as in the slums of Philadelphia and New York, in order that our favoured classes may exploit them—an opinion which he shares with the class socialists. It is with an ethical and religious fervour, therefore, that German idealists join the Junkers in battling against Entente claims and forces. "Why do the heathen [we who wickedly oppose Germany's divinely given mission for world elevation] rage, and the peoples [of France and England, Italy and America] imagine a vain thing? . . . The Lord shall have them in derision!"*

*Cf. the lines of the poet Philippi: "We execute God Almighty's will, and the edicts

If we would understand the Germans, it is well to look occasionally through their eyes. The late William James counselled, when dealing with a sincere opponent, getting first the other's point of view, and then *moving the point*. The German idealist's point of view is evidently interest in a higher world civilisation; and, for one, I quite agree that we are inferior folk if we ignore that interest, and evil folk if we oppose it. The "moving of the point" consists in showing that Germany's plan for realising her dream converts it into a nightmare for the rest of the world, for to the conquered it is a programme of desolation and spiritual humiliation. The higher human welfare has never been effected by conquest, and in the nature of the case cannot be. On the part of the victors conquest develops haughtiness and harshness; on the part of the vanquished it results either in resentment and smouldering revolt or in servility and treachery, according to the type of mind brought under the yoke. Abundant illustrations of this truth are to be found in the history of the Central European powers, as, indeed, in the history of the world. A higher civilisation can no more be produced by smashing blows of the mailed fist than flowers and fruit by biting winter blasts. The world good, if effected at all, must be sought by friendly co-operation, not by compulsion. Mutual service, now seen to be the fundamental principle of social development as well as of ethical religion, must characterise this greatest of all undertakings. While we rightly insist, however, on the democratic and fraternal character of sound social progress, we should not lose sight of the fact that the goal to which the best German thought

of His justice we will fulfil, imbued with holy rage, in vengeance upon the ungodly. . . . We thank Thee, Lord God . . . with thine iron rod we smite all Thine enemies in the face."

directs itself, so far at least as it involves the collective welfare of mankind, is the right goal.

Over against this ideal what have we Americans to offer the world—indeed, to offer ourselves? Time was when our situation provided unitary aims for us, aims which often we pursued with little collective consideration—independence, conquest of the wilderness, political liberty, even for the slave. But what national objective have we had since the close of the Civil War? Collectively we seem to have run along on the momentum of earlier and more strenuous times. Meanwhile, certain foreign observers have been far from blind to a lack in us. A friend of Professor Shailer Mathews, we are told, visiting Germany in 1903 in the interest of the St. Louis Exposition, was there informed repeatedly that “we were not a nation; that we were interfering with their foreign trade, and that they would have to fight us.” “Not a nation”! that is, a people with no real national life, no collective interests of strong appeal, no unitary purposes or ideals. To such critics we are but a rubbish heap of miscellaneous populations, lower in grade even than Austria-Hungary, because we have not even a dominant race, still less a government superior to the will of the masses.

We are not likely to plead guilty to this impeachment. We can see the ignorance and provincialism of our critics, and their bias, also, due to their mediæval tradition that a real state is necessarily feudal at heart. Moreover, we have seen within a year a rallying to the cause of democracy on the part of our people from ocean to ocean, a steadily increasing unity and firmness of resolution in a cause espoused in all openness of vision and sobriety of judgment, a swift response to the government's appeals for service and sacrifice—all of which betoken clearly that at least the *capacity* for national purpose and

enterprise is present with us still.

Nevertheless, there is enough truth in the German indictment to call for careful searchings of heart, the more so that our own more serious prophets have spoken to somewhat similar effect. For one thing, it is all too true that America has been forcibly fed with new and heterogeneous citizens beyond her natural appetite, and, it is to be feared, beyond her immediate power to assimilate. A more serious thing, however, is that multitudes of our people, natives as well as foreign-born, appear to regard their country as a mere arena for individual, and commonly selfish, aggrandisement—essentially the German view of us. Winston Churchill, in his bitter-tasting but tonic tale, *A Far Country*, makes his hero say, “I have been a typical American, regarding my country as the happy hunting-ground of enlightened self-interest, as a function of my desires.” All too many intelligent Americans, even to-day, would find no satire in these words. “Why, of course,” they would doubtless say: “to look out for number one and fetch him out on top, is what we are all after”—an affirmation that the average citizen is a scrambling adventurer.

The strain of these war days, however, is revealing to our calloused minds the unworthiness of much that we have accepted hitherto with all too little challenge. The profiteer for example—now so justly odious, with his blindness to the common good, his squads of malingerers drawing excessive wages for marking time while he collects his fifteen per cent. profit thereon from the government—is actually doing only what is ordinarily approved, or connived at, by the business community. Why is it wrong now? Because it brings distress upon others? But it commonly brings distress upon others, as we have had abundant reason to know. The victims of industrial exploitation are ever with us, and their cries are

by no means inaudible, though remote enough too often to dull ears and somnolent consciences.

The incompetent official, too, is showing in his real character, with his smug content to jog along in the harness of red tape, his selfish estimate of political office as a place, not a post (still less a trust); a berth, not a task; a reward for clanish service, not an opportunity for social service, that is, for a collective achievement *worthy* of reward. How we have been humiliated of late by the exposure of feebleness where we looked for ability, of pettiness where there should have been vision, of small pride of rank and eagerness for personal credit where the situation called for whole-hearted devotion to a cause unsurpassed in importance and sovereign appeal! Eight months after entering the war part of our recruits drilling with dummy guns, in unconscious but tragic irony of the unpreparedness teachings of our doctrinaire pacifists, and in painful contrast with "Kitchener's first one hundred thousand," enrolled, trained, equipped, and put into the firing line, under even greater difficulties, within a like period; young soldiers dying of pneumonia through lack of clothing and care, while a government unable to meet their needs forbade them the use of civilian garb and aid; bureau chiefs more concerned about the way United States troops will compare with foreign forces in appearance and latest fashion of equipment in 1919 than in keeping the world cause from ruin in 1918; even our big private industries repeatedly coming short in their vaunted efficiency (two hundred submarine chasers, for example, developing but two-thirds of their contract speed), and their plants and military stores becoming in a melancholy series of instances the seemingly easy prey of German-paid incendiaries; our railroads, too, so often lauded as models for the world, breaking down quickly

under a national strain, albeit their cost has often been twice that of equally good roads abroad—these things and their like, with their seamy sides of private interest, served at the expense of public welfare, and of official incompetence due to unconcern as to national affairs, take on new aspects in the glow of awakened patriotism and humiliating disappointment. That alleged "practical" temper of Americans, by reference to which politicians and promoters have been wont to dismiss disdainfully really scientific plans for improvement, is now seen to be largely racial myopia—Anglo-Saxon indisposition to look beyond things near to larger and equally certain things farther on, lethargic aversion to thinking things through to their consequences. If the French had been practical in the Anglo-Saxon sense, the world would now be Teuton, or so near it that only the desperate efforts of a generation could retrieve the situation.

The day for testing the German judgment of us is at hand. Is the United States of America little more than a geographical expression (as many of our pacifists seem to think), a mere area peopled with a hodge-podge of immigrants, a magnified Klondike or Kimberley? Our future depends upon the answer. Let us hope that a great disaster is not in store for us, to teach us by the methods of nature's hard school the folly of indifference to collective ends and efficiency.

That lack of national spirit; that absorption in private concerns and indifference to collective interests, referred to above, the functions of the state being regarded as merely those of a policeman, or, say, the keeper of a gambling house—that is an extreme form of what is called "individualism." Its *merits* (especially when somewhat restrained by human feeling) in the way of stimulation of production, initiative, and forceful char-

acter, particularly in the favoured classes, and its *drawbacks* in the way of inhuman competition, industrial exploitation, wastefulness, and the cultivation of greed, have often been pointed out, and cannot be discussed here. To-day the question is an urgent one whether democracy is wedded to thoroughgoing individualism, that is, individualism unbalanced by equally strong social interests; whether "government of the people, by the people, and for the people" inevitably means selfishness established as the reigning order in politics and business.*

That question may easily go by default on the individualistic side, if critical patriotism does not insist upon a rational decision. Recently, for example, a cable despatch reported Lord Rhondda, food controller in Great Britain, as declaring that he intends to play socialist for the remainder of the war, but will then go back to individualism. "I believe," he adds, "that the driving force in human affairs is selfishness. No doubt matters were so arranged by a discerning Providence"—a remark which shows how easy it is for a British aristocrat to share the Kaiser's comfortable assurance that the order of things which puts him in the dominant class is divine. It is curious how this assumption of selfishness as the inevitable dynamic of life persists in the field of practical politics after it has been overthrown and banished in the field of ethics. Men who would scorn the domination of greed in their own private lives continue to maintain that of course other men must be under that domination. For instance, an American

*If, as is often maintained, selfish individualism is, in the last analysis, the real American policy, then the motto on our coins raises the question whether we do not trust in God (if, indeed, we do!) because we will not trust one another; and whether it would not be more honest to express our real sentiments in the frank maxim, "Every man for himself."

of some prominence in politics, who before our entry into the war stoutly championed the idea assumed in Lord Rhondda's *obiter dictum*, has within the past year given two sons to the cause of the nation and literally worked himself to death in its behalf! The actual truth vaguely apprehended in the common selfish view appears to be, that men *who have no more interesting goals before them* will naturally take to the adventures of private gain. Slackers and other weaklings apart, men must have an outlet for their energies; and, in lack of a higher end which has appeal for them, they will inevitably pursue a lower one. But the world abounds in evidence, and perhaps never more than to-day, that there are things which men, regardless of class, value more than the recruiting of their pockets. The real problem in both ethics and politics is to bring these higher interests into the field of life.

If this is true of men individually, why should it be different with them collectively? Is it urged that democracies have arisen as reactions from governmental oppression; that they are outcomes and expressions of revolt from authority, and therefore stand for the individual as opposed to the collective interest? This argument evidently applies only to the first stages of democratic development. It is a pertinent consideration enough as regards the new Russia; but what native American is individualistic through his personal reaction from tyranny? Whatever may be true of our adopted citizens, the native-born appear to be individualists, and too often thoughtless and selfish individualists, more through tradition and suggestion than any other cause. That kind of life constituted the way of their fathers; it is the way of the men in their vicinage; and it is adopted and followed with little enough thought as to whether some other way may not be more rational.

Without taking up the issue between individualism and socialism, beyond expressing the faith that human intelligence can find a *via media* preferable to either of these extremes, I wish to point out the need of a *supreme national interest*, or ideal, as a greatly needed factor in our American life. That a definite aim is needful for success in personal affairs is a familiar truth. "Aimless activity" and "an aimless life" are terms of reprobation in common use. A worthy goal kept in view is what forefends vacillation and waste and what incites, inspires, and releases latent potencies. Teleology, however disputable in cosmology and physics, is firmly established in biology, psychology, and ethics. Nothing that lives can be adequately accounted for without reference to ends served by its functions. Aristotle long ago made this truth the corner-stone of his ethics; and St. Paul, we remember, declared that "we are saved by hope," that is, through the incitement of a desired and expected end.

Now, a nation is, also, a thing of life, an organism in a real, if not a literal, sense—a great unitary human group with a rational internal structure, far reaching, mutually serving functions, and distinctive needs and purposes. No more than an individual can such an organism thrive without an aim, a seriously chosen end, which shall call forth its energies, direct its course, and satisfy its aspirations. And what is the aim, or ideal, of the United States of America? At present, since we realise (at the eleventh hour) that our liberties and our security are seriously menaced from abroad, we are substantially one in our determination to defend ourselves to the utmost; which, indeed, is well. But in the nature of the case this collective end will be transitory. What shall we live for when the war is over? For mere individual advantage once more? With no higher collective pur-

pose than that of keeping our policeman government as decent as possible? Shall we like sheep all go astray again, turning "every man to his own way"? This will quite certainly be the outcome, if we do not take effective means to the contrary; that is, find some effective progressive interest to draw us on to new endeavours.

To what then shall we turn? World peace is an impressive objective just now, but it will not suffice as an abiding aim; for it is a negative interest, and so commanding only in times of stress. Nor is there anything in mere peace to prevent internal decay and rottenness, as we see in the widespread official corruption of China, that most pacific of empires. That the German militarists exaggerate this truth is no proof that it is not a truth. Neither will our great task of the nineteenth century, that of subduing our part of the continent, suffice. Abundant scope for physical progress in our land still exists, of course, but such possible progress is no longer great enough relatively, nor urgent enough, to absorb the nation's energies in a dominant way, and to constitute its prime task to the subordination of other interests.

Certainly no *doctrinaire* or utopian ideal will meet our needs. Anglo-Saxons, unlike the French of 1789, and the Russians of 1917, cannot take a dream-born programme seriously. Our objectives must be in some real touch with our experience; they must be the outgrowth of things which we know because we have tried them, and in which in a measure our interest is already aroused. Nor will any predominantly *altruistic* ideal win and hold the devotion of our people. Egoism—not selfishness, be it observed—is strongly intrenched in American life. International altruism would wear the aspect of knight-errantry to our people—something to be relegated to foreign missionaries and an occasional Chinese Gordon.

Even Americans of altruistic temper would perceive that a philanthropic foreign policy would be fruitful in suspicions and antagonisms on the part of other peoples, whereas a policy to be truly American, conceived, let us say, in the spirit of America's welcome to the foreign-born, must be nationally inclusive, with a fraternal welcome for the fellow-activity, whether emulative or co-operative, of other peoples.

Of course, the chosen end must have charm, and that too for all our many diverse classes and racial elements. It must have practical aspects for the men of affairs, promise of social advance and betterment for the progressive-minded, and æsthetic and emotional possibilities for the moral idealists. Moreover, in contrast to the Utopias, it must be a *policy* rather than an established condition—a line of *action* toward an onward moving type of life, a type including all our worthy interests and aptitudes, and capable of assimilating new interests as these arise and of adjusting itself to the new facts of a developing world.*

Is such an aim, so variously characterised, possible? I venture to think that it may be framed by sim-

*It may be well to add that the national policy should be frankly avowed; for a vague diplomacy is easily regarded by foreign governments as intriguing or even perfidious. There is reason to think that one source of our success with the "Monroe Doctrine" has been our outspokenness, which has enabled other nations to count upon our course with confidence and govern their action accordingly. It is not unlikely that had Great Britain been committed to the defence of Belgium and the support of France in recent and clearly authoritative utterances, the present war would have been averted, at least for a considerable period; and it is highly probable that Germany would not have resorted to ruthless submarine war last year, if the course our nation would take thereupon had been placed beyond doubt in advance. As it was, owing to our unpreparedness and the prevalent doctrinaire pacifism, President Wilson's warnings were not taken seriously.

ply developing the implicit ideals in our past and present interests, and enlarging their scope to correspond with our new national estate, as no longer a provincial people but a world power. *Liberty*, for example, properly means more than *mere absence* of external restraint and constraint—a negative condition. To our new citizens from abroad it means more very emphatically; and, when they do not find that "more," they give a harsh report of us. True liberty stands for something *positive*, for *opportunity*, industrial as well as political, for personal achievement and the satisfaction of desires. *Democracy*, too, is more than the mere rule of the people, a "more" which is suggested in Lincoln's memorable words, "government . . . for the people." That "for" points to popular welfare, and in the widest, most progressive sense. So in the case of the ideal involved in our fathers' task of subduing the wilderness—the American application of the ancient Biblical commission to "replenish the earth and subdue it, and have dominion"—the conception of mind-wrought progressive welfare of men and women has been the chief factor. The industrial winning of the land has meant farms and cities and homes—all the satisfactions of civilised life.

What more do Americans need in the way of a national end of endeavour for the future than just these aims enlarged and universalised? They are not ideals which have lost their appeal to human nature; but surely the field of their application has been vastly expanded. Within our own borders our great task is still the full realisation of liberty. The positive and larger meaning of that word must be worked out into fact intelligently and patiently through a system of provisions for ever enlarging individual opportunity in industry and commerce, in science and art. If, when need arises, the body of the

people are to fight for liberty, it must be made sufficiently valuable to them to be worth fighting for. It must stand for precious things in the experience of the average citizen. But this task, while it is in a special sense our own, is not, and should not be, merely for our own benefit. America is the world's great experimental field in freedom, and the interest of the world in our results should never be forgotten.

When we turn to man's conquest of nature, and that conquest of social relations in the interest of all which we call democracy, the world interest is even plainer. We cannot any longer keep to ourselves in easy and often ignoble provincialism. Willing or unwilling we are world citizens. Should we not, then, in loyalty to our best traditions, be *progressive* citizens, putting our shoulder manfully and generously to the task of developing the world for human welfare? Is it urged that the proposed policy is too ideal to appeal to the majority of our people? The objection holds only when the world development is conceived preponderantly in ethical and abstract outlines. That limitation, however—the vision as etching rather than as painting—is quite uncalled for. The ethical* factor—the pursuit of the fullest life for all men as determined by the possibilities of their diverse natures—must indeed be present and dominant; but, on the other hand, intelligent endeavour in that direction requires that every form of human interest be given adequate scope for expression. The good of man as discerned by constructive mind is necessarily to be achieved

*Is it needful to explain that "ethical" does not necessarily mean or involve either conventional morality or altruism—say, of the St. Francis type? Action for the common good will define the word sufficiently for the present discussion, and that is a principle which economics magnifies likewise, teaching us that only those forms of industry and commerce which are *mutually* beneficial can be lasting and progressive.

through roads and railways, ship canals and irrigation ditches, improved methods of farming, manufacture, and trade, as well as through schools and churches, science and art, the forum and the press. There is properly no conflict between the spirit of material progress and the spirit of blessing; indeed, the former may be merely the latter in action—social service in jumper and overalls. Of course, material welfare is not *identical* with the ethical ideal. Nevertheless, as Aristotle long ago pointed out and social workers have rediscovered, some measure of physical well-being is for most men the essential condition of a growing and worthy personality; and, when democratically distributed, it is a needful, and at times very potent, agency for enlarged and refined interests. Irrigation canals have, literally enough, been means of mental development and larger life in Egypt and India. In such situations the engineer at times effects more, spiritually, than the missionary. Now, in the promotion of such enterprises, such campaigns for human dominion over nature, if the purpose is only fraternal and democratic and not dominating and exploitative, we have, or may have, a form of internationalism which is in no needful conflict with sound nationalism on the part of the co-operating peoples, and which does assuredly appeal to the constructive mind and swelling energies of practical Americans.

As to the more idealistic classes, those interested in politics, liberal culture, and religion, it seems too obvious to call for discussion that the policy suggested is one to enlist their interest and co-operation. Surely full many among us after the war, especially if they are influenced by the fine attitude of President Wilson in his recent state papers, will feel the urge of *noblesse oblige*, prompting them, as citizens of the richest, strongest, and best situated nation (because

free from the traditional entanglements and aristocratic counter forces of Europe) to promote, help on, and often lead in the great tasks of reconstruction which, before long, will face mankind. One of the first of these tasks, soon to be urgent, is that of so re-enforcing the rational and democratic forces in the coming peace settlement that there shall be no treaty sanctioning of national or racial or class injustices—roots of future poison trees!—but instead there shall be established, in the words of Arthur Henderson, the English labour leader, some “society of nations pledged to maintain peace and democratic freedom.” It is most significant that some of the best of the Entente leaders look to us for this kind of service. Mr. Henderson—the accredited representative of interests assuredly *practical* and not utopian—continues, “European democracy calls to the democracy of America, as the deep calls to the deep, to prevent the war aims of the Allies from being transformed into a programme of conquest and annexation,” and to aid “in making the Allied victory a real victory for popular liberty and democratic ideals.” And Gilbert Murray, in his New Year’s message to us, says that America “will help the great mass in the allied nations, which is also disinterested, against the small and violent sections which are not. . . . She will help us to remember that . . . we must wage war, not in rage or vainglory, nor in any form of covetousness, but in a burning pity for the wrongs of mankind.”

To conclude: the ideal of America which, when her national interests of the past are reinterpreted in the light of her new powers and new

opportunities, rises before the mind for the years to come, is that of a fraternal leader nation in world civilisation; a power quick to co-operate with sister states in the establishment of that full dominion of the earth by man (to which Germany would *drive* us in order that her own throne may be exalted), and ready, too, to join with like-minded peoples in curbing viciously disposed tribes (even when they boast of their *kultur*) when these menace the peace and welfare of mankind. It is the vision of America participating whole-heartedly in a future progressive world order primarily concerned with material prosperity achieved through enterprises of law, commerce, and engineering, but so socially animated that all the humanities—arts, sciences, and ethical religions—appear increasingly as its natural expression. The school teacher shall follow the flags of commerce, and find pupils along the new irrigation ditches, and the journalist, the prophet, and the poet traverse civilisation’s highways through the jungles as bearers of friendly incitement to isolated and backward peoples. Such a national aim is the worthy consummation of our past development. To such a national aim may well be applied the words of Washington at the opening of the original constitutional convention: “Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair—the event is in the hand of God.” Let our motto be, not that narrow and exclusive one favoured by some, America for Americans, but that larger and far more progressive one, The Earth for Man. There will then be no presumption in adding, “In God We Trust.”

ON THE WRITING OF MY "ALIENS" *

BY WILLIAM MCFEE

SO MANY people are unaware of the number of works of fiction which have been rewritten after publication. I was rather surprised myself when I came to recapitulate them. I would not go so far as to say that second editions, like second thoughts, are the best, because I at once think of *The Light That Failed*. But I do believe that under the very unusual circumstances of the genesis and first issue of *Aliens* I am justified in offering a maturer and more balanced representation of what that book stands for.

The notion of a character like Mr. Carville came to me while I was busy finishing *Casuals of the Sea* during the late fall of 1912. A short story was the result. It went to many likely and unlikely publishers, for I knew very little of the field. I do not know whether the *Farm Journal* (of which I am a devoted reader) got it, but it is quite probable. A mad artist who lived near us, in an empty store along with a studio stove and three priceless Kake-monos, told me he would "put me next" an editor of his acquaintance. I forget the name of the paper now, but I think it had some connection with women's clothes. I sent in my story, but unfortunately my friend forgot to "put me next" for I got neither cash nor manuscript. The next time I passed the empty store, I stepped in to explain, but the artist had a black eye, and his own interest was so engrossed in Chinese lacquer-work and a stormy divorce case he had coming on shortly, that I was

struck dumb. What was a short story in comparison with such issues? And I knew he had no more opinion of me as an author than I had of him as an artist.

But when another typed copy came back from a round of visits to American magazines, I kept it. I had a strong conviction that, in making a book of what was then only a rather vague short story, I was not such a fool as the mad artist seemed to think. I reckoned his judgment had been warped by the highly eccentric environment in which he delighted. The empty store in which he lived like a rat in a shipping-case was new and blatant. It thrust its blind, lime-washed window-front out over the sidewalk. Over the lime-wash one could see the new pine shelving along the walls loaded with innumerable rolls of wall-paper. Who was responsible for this moribund stock I could never discover. Perhaps the mad artist imagined them to be priceless Kake-monos of such transcendent and blinding beauty that he did not dare unroll them. They resembled a library of papyrus manuscripts. Here and there among them stood some exquisitely hideous dragon or bird of misfortune. He had a bench in the store, too, I remember, and seemed to have some sort of business in mending such things for dealers. And he did a little dealing himself, too, for his madness had not destroyed his appreciation of the value of money. He would exhibit some piece of oriental rubbish, and when one had politely admired it, he would say pleasantly, "Take it!" One took it, and a week later he would borrow its full value as a loan.

*This article is a part of the preface which will appear in Mr. McFee's *Aliens*, to be published shortly by Doubleday, Page and Company.

With his Kakemonos he was even more mystifying, for he would develop sudden and quite unnecessary bursts of rage and announce his refusal of anything under a million for them. And then he would exhibit them, taking them from a broken Libby, McNeil and Libby milk case under his camp-bed, and hold the rolled splendours aloft. And then, with a grandiose gesture, as of some insane nobleman showing his interminable pedigree, he would let the thing unfold, and one beheld a sad animal of unknown species sitting in a silver winter landscape, or a purple silk sunset. And over it glared the mad artist, a fallow fraud, yet watching with some impatience how the stranger regarded this secret preoccupation of his life. I knew nothing about such things and knew he scorned me for my ignorance. Like most artists, he was an unconscious liar. He strove also to give an impression of tremendous power. He had gestures which were supposed to register virility, irresistible force, abysmal contempt. And if the word had not been worked to death by people who don't know its meaning, I would have added that he was a votary of the *kultur* of his race. His ideal, I suppose, was more the Renaissance *virtù* than our milk-and-water virtue. He made me feel that I was a worm. In short, he was a very interesting, provocative and exasperating humbug, and his very existence seemed to me sufficient reason for turning *Aliens* into a book which would shed a flickering light upon the fascinating problem of human folly.

For that is what it amounted to. I was obsessed with the problem of human folly, and he focussed that obsession. It often happens that the character which inspires a book never appears in it. In all sincere work I think it must be so. And, with the mad artist in my mind all the time, I got a good deal of fun

out of writing the book, and that, after all, is the main reason one has for writing books. I finished the thing and immediately became despondent, a condition from which I was raised by an unexpected admirer. This was the elderly gentleman who did my typewriting. He dwelt half way up a tall elevator shaft in Newark, New Jersey, and, as far as I could gather, had farmed himself out to a number of lawyers, none of whom had much to do except telephone to each other and smoke domestic cigars. They say no man is a hero to his valet. I have never had a valet except on shipboard, and I have no desire to compete with the heroes of the average steward; but I have had a typist, and I suppose it is equally rare for an author to be interesting to his amanuensis. And when I climbed one day (the elevator being out of order) to the eyrie where my elderly henchman had his nest, his bald head was shining in the westering sun, and he beamed like a jolly old sun himself as he apologised for not having finished. "He had got so interested in the parties," he explained, "that he hadn't got on as quick as he'd hoped to." I still like to think he was sincere when he said this. Anyhow, I was encouraged. I bound up my copies of typescript and shoved them out into the world. They came back. They became familiar at the local post-office. The mad artist, meeting me with a parcel, would divine the contents and inquire, "Well, and how's *Aliens*?" He would also inform me that there were several books called by that title. He would regard me with a glassy-eyed grin as I hurried on. He had no more faith in me than he had in himself. Sometimes he would pretend not to see me, but go stalking down the avenue, his fists twisted in his pocket, his head bent, his brows portentous with thought . . . a grotesque humbug!

But the time came when, as I have explained elsewhere, I had had enough of artists and books. Of art I never grow weary, but she calls me over the world. I suspect the sedentary art-worker. Most of all, I suspect the sedentary writer. I divide authors into two classes—genuine artists, and educated men who wish to earn enough to let them live like country gentlemen. With the latter I have no concern. But the artist knows when his time has come. In the same way I turned with irresistible longing to the sea, whereon I had been wont to earn my living. It is a good life and I love it. I love the men and their ships. I find in them a never-ending panorama which illustrates my theme, the problem of human folly! Suffice it, I sent my manuscripts to London, looked out my sea dunnage, and the publishing offices of New York City knew me no more.

About a year later I received the proofs of *Aliens* while in Cristobal, Canal Zone. Without exaggeration, I scarcely knew what to do with them. The outward trappings of literature had fallen away from me with the heavy northern clothing which I had discarded on coming south. I was first assistant engineer on a mail-boat serving New Orleans, the West Indies and the Canal Zone. I had become inured once more to an enchanting existence which alternated between bunk and engine-room. I regarded the neatly bound proof-copy of *Aliens* with misgiving. My esteemed chief, a Scotsman in whose family learning is an honourable tradition, suggested an empty passenger cabin as a suitable study. I forget exactly how the proof-reading was dove-tailed into the watch below, but dove-tailed it was, and when the job was done, the book once more sailed across the Atlantic.

But I was not satisfied. Through the dense jungle of preoccupying affairs in which I was buried I could see that I was not satisfied. I was trying to eat my cake and have it.

I make no complaint. If there be one person for whom I cherish a profound dislike it is the literary character who whines because his circumstances hinder his writing. I was no George Gissing, cursed with a dreary distaste of common toil and mechanical things. I love both the Grecian Isles and gas-burners. But for the moment I had chosen gas-burners, or rather steam engines, and I knew I could not have both. So *Aliens* went back to London, and I went my daily round of the Caribbean. I felt that for once I could trust the judgment of a first-class publisher.

Much happened between the day when I mailed my proofs from the big post-office on Canal Street in New Orleans, and the day when I set out to write this present version. I was now in another hemisphere and the world was at war. By a happy chance I laid hold of a copy of *Aliens*, sent previously to a naval relative serving on the same station. Up and down the Aegean Sea, past fields of mines and fields of asphodel, past many an isle familiar in happier days to me, I took my book and my new convictions about human folly. It was a slow business, for it so chanced that my own contribution to the war involved long hours. But *Aliens* grew.

And one evening, I remember, I left off in the middle of Mr. Carville's courtship and went to bed. We were speeding southward. It was a dark, moonless night. The islands of the Grecian Archipelago were roofed over with a vault of low-lying clouds, as if those ferniferous hummocks and limestone peaks were the invisible pillars of an enormous crypt. And since across the floor of this crypt many other vessels were speeding without lights, it was not wonderful that for once our good fortune failed us. For we had had good fortune. Aeroplanes had bombed, and missed us by yards. Zeppelins had come

down in flaming ruin before our astonished eyes. Islands had loomed under the very fore-foot of our ship in a fog, and we had gone astern in time. But this time it was our turn. We were, in the succinct phraseology of the sea, in collision.

The story of that night will no doubt be told in its proper place and time. Suffice it that for some weeks we were laid aside, and local Levantine talent invoked to make good the disaster. And in spite of the clangour of rivetters, the unceasing cries of fezzed and turbaned mechanics, and the heavy blows of sweating carpenters, caulkers and blacksmiths, *Aliens* grew. There was a blessed interval, between five o'clock, when my day's work ended, and the late cabin-dinner at six-thirty, when the setting sun shone into my room and illumined my study-table—a board laid across an open drawer. And *Aliens* grew. For some time, while the smashed bulwarks and distorted frames of the upper-works were being hacked away outside my window, the uproar was unendurable, and I would go ashore note-book in pocket, to find a refuge where I could write. I would walk through the city and sit in her gardens; and the story grew. I found obscure *cafés* where I could sit with coffee and *narghileh*, and watch the Arabic letter-writers worming the thoughts from their inarticulate clients, and *Aliens* grew. And later, near the Greek Patriarchate, I found that which to me is home—a second-hand bookstore. For I mark my passage about this very wonderful world by old bookstores. London, Glasgow, Liverpool, Rotterdam, Genoa, Venice, New York, Ancona, Rouen, Tunis, Savannah, Kobé and New Orleans have, in my memory, their old bookstores, where I could browse in peace. And here in Alexandria I found one that might have been lifted out of Royal Street or Lafayette Square. A ramshackle

wooden building, bleached and blighted by many a dust-storm and torrid sun, its cracked and distorted window-panes were curtained with decayed illustrated papers in many tongues, discoloured Greek and Italian penny-dreadfuls, and a few shelves of cheap curios. Over the door a long shingle displayed on one side the legend *Librairie Universelle*, while the other bore the word *ΒΙΒΛΙΟΠΩΛΙΟΝ* which you may translate as it please your fancy. Inside the narrow doors were craters and trenches and redoubts and dugouts of books. They lay everywhere, underfoot and overhead. They ran up at the back in a steep *glacis* with embrasures for curios, and were reflected to infinity in tall dusty pier-glasses propped against the walls. High up under the mansard roof hung an antique oriental candelabrum with one candle. Hanging from twine were stuffed fish of grotesque globular proportions, and with staring apoplectic eyes. A stuffed monkey was letting himself down, one-hand, from a thin chain, and regarded the customer with a contemptuous sneer, the dust lying thick on his head and arms and his exquisitely curled tail. And out of an apparently bomb-proof shelter below several tons of books there emerged a little old gentleman in a brilliant *tarbush*, who looked inquiringly in my direction. For a moment I paused, fascinated by the notion that I had discovered the great Library of Alexandria, reported burned so many centuries ago. For once within those musty, warped, unpainted walls one forgot the modern world. I looked out. Across the street, backed by the immense and level blaze of an Egyptian sunset, blocks of Carrara marble blushed to pink with mauve shadows, and turned the common stone mason's yard into a garden of gigantic jewels. The hum of a great city, the grind of the trolley-cars, the cries of the itinerant sell-

ers of nuts and fruit, of chewing gum and lottery-tickets, of shoelaces and suspenders, of newspapers, and prawns, and oysters, and eggs, and bread, the rattle of carriages and all the flashing brilliance of the palaces of pleasure, were shut out from that quiet street near the Greek Patriarchate. I had the sudden notion of asking for permission to sit in that

Universal Library, and write. And Mr. Bizikas, the little old gentleman in the vivid *tarbush*, who was lighting a very dirty tin lamp to assist the one candle in the oriental candlelabrum, had no objection. I have a feeling occasionally that here I topped the rise of human felicity, as I conceive it. Perhaps I did. Anyhow, *Aliens* grew.

PRAYER

BY WILLARD WATTLES

THOSE who in their hearts have known
The living God's eternal throne,

Who have beheld the flaming sword
Leap in the flash of human word,

Who carry in their deep-set eyes
Quiet immortalities,

Whose feet have walked with scarce a sound
Wonder-haunted homely ground,

For whom each feathered throat that stirs
Is one of heaven's choristers,

Who look and look and always see
Men's hearts beneath their mummery,

Whose thoughts are instant everywhere. . . .
What need have such as these for prayer?

OUR AMERICAN "OLD MASTERS"

BY CHARLES L. BUCHANAN

IN AN age, the dominant characteristic of which is a premature and over-precipitant preoccupation with novelty for the sheer sake of the novelty and quite regardless of intrinsic qualifications, the sensitive respecter of beautiful things is inclined, perhaps, to accord a disproportionate amount of importance to established and commonly accepted reputations at the expense of a just regard for contemporary artistic achievement. The supreme difficulty confronting the honest worker in and recorder of artistic activities is the difficulty of maintaining an equitable balance between a too comfortable acquiescence in the old, a too indiscriminating indorsement of the new. One's inclination is almost uncontrollably in the direction of one extreme or the other at the expense of a normal middle-ground. Those of us that are disturbed and irritated by the over-emphasis laid by shallow and ignoble minds upon inconsequential and meretricious effort, those of us that cannot ease our bewilderment at the spectacle of the palpably counterfeited winning acceptance over the legitimate, are, perhaps, over-inclined to believe that there is an indefinable something inherent in precedent that lends it both a perpetual potency of appeal and, what is more to the point, a kind of excellence, unassailable in its supremacy, that may serve as a fixed standard by which we may compare, to its disadvantage, the lesser work of art. We should like to give the lie to those gentlemen of impetuous and excessive inclination, our radical reviewers, suspecting them, as we so often do, of an innate incapacity for fine feelings, loyalties and consistencies of opinion. We should like to insist upon the invul-

nerableness and integrity of some past accomplishment particularly lovable to us. It is natural that we should do this. To the intense lover of lovely things the attitude of reverence is so precious a sensation that it is not easy to subject to a close and searching scrutiny work upon which Time appears to have set a permanent mark of approval.

All the more reason why we must force ourselves to this task. In the present instance, I have in mind those of our dead painters that are accorded conventional recognition, too often, I suspect, from the mere reason of their being dead, and not, as we should like to believe, because of their incontestable merit. What the verdict of fifty years from now will be on Inness, Martin, Wyant, Homer, Blakelock,* Twachtman, Fuller and Ryder, we can, of course, have not the slightest idea (and we might be considerably unhappy if we knew), but, very gradually, revaluations are taking place, and it is certain that the old, easy acquiescence in a wholesale, take-it-for-granted indorsement of these men is over and done with for all time. We have begun to pick and choose, to encourage close discriminations, to formulate, in other words, something approximating a fixed scale of values.

The common comprehension has more or less unreservedly accepted the general impression that these men achieved a degree of excellence far and away beyond the work of our contemporary painters. This

*In view of the lamentable fact that Blakelock's powers have been irreparably impaired by disease, the writer feels justified in including him in the present article.

point of view, however popular it may be, is open to argument. Two of them, Inness and Winslow Homer, represent, it is true, a breadth of outlook that no contemporary effort parallels. We are not premature in according them an exclusive position, unassailable and unique. They merit a special consideration, for they are, very probably, the two greatest painters this country has produced. It is with those painters with whom they are commonly, and perhaps somewhat carelessly, associated that we are at present concerned.

Let us unburden ourselves, in so far as it is humanly possible, of preconceived points of view, prejudices, bits of information unthinkingly accepted into the system, and let us walk together through an average collection of American paintings. The press has probably ignored it, largely, I suppose, because it is an American collection. If, however, it does happen to supply you with a couple of perfunctory paragraphs devoted to the affair, you will probably find that the prestige of the written word has been utilised to call your attention to the beauties of some particular Inness, Wyant or Martin, names you have had dinned into your consciousness ever since you were born. Tryon, Dearth, Weir, Lawson and Murphy may be beautifully in evidence, but your attention is not directed to them, your attention is directed to Inness, Wyant and Martin.

So far, so good. But now comes the rub. (And mind you this is not prejudice airing itself; it is the concentrated essence of innumerable disappointments.) You stand, for example, before a Wyant. Your susceptibilities are tuned for joyous reactions. You have fed on imaginary Wyants, conjuring miraculous previsionings out of your hero worship. Well, what happens? Four times out of five you experience a palpable

shock. The thought riots through your sensibilities, "Good heavens! this can't be Wyant!" Six or eight or ten canvases rebuff you in similar fashion, and you have reached a sort of comatose, don't-care-a-hang attitude toward the whole affair, when traditional opinion revives your debilitated enthusiasm with the assurance that these are wretched examples of Wyant—oh, no! these are not the real things at all! Mr. So and So's Wyants or Mr. Somebody Else's Wyants!—those are the Wyants! A little later you draw up before an Inness. (We are talking now of bad Innesses, not good ones.) You do so wish you could possess an Inness. You have seen photographs of Inness's pictures, and they are indisputably head and shoulders above anyone else's pictures. But something seems to have got out of gear. Figuratively speaking, you rub your eyes and polish up your sensibilities. What is wrong? Is this the famous *Sunshine and Clouds* you have so long deferred to in your valuations of American painting? Here are tones hard as nails and absolutely artificial. Here is an utter absence of that envelope of atmosphere that you cannot help associating with the legitimate trend of modern landscape painting. Undeniably a mediocre picture. You may say "rather a big conception," but of charm there is very little, if any at all. Traditional opinion bobs up again. It tells you that this is no representative Inness. It says, "Oh! my dear fellow, I wish you could see the Innesses I have seen! Take your breath away! Halsted's—for instance, those were the cream; I helped him select them." A little later you stand before a Homer Martin, consisting of a couple of dreary tones for shore and sky, and a few scrawny figures. *The Mussel Gatherers*. Somebody says to you, "I'm one of those persons that believe Homer Martin couldn't paint a bad picture." You

are tempted to believe he never painted more than two or three good ones.

Now here is the point. You approach this trio of American painters with every instinct in you keyed to an hospitable, enthusiastic pitch of expectancy. You do not question their sovereignty until they have repeatedly betrayed your trust. You hope, perhaps, to possess a Wyant, an Inness, a Martin. You go through the dispiriting drudge of your days with their images beckoning you. You encounter years of disillusion. You administer tonics to your credulity and your optimism. But alas! a time comes when you suddenly find yourself face to face with the awesome issue: Do these legendary Innesses, Wyants and Martins really exist? Are they not, perchance, self-created illusions, bred a bit on personal affection and the legitimate but sometimes overworked prestige of the heretofore?

What is the answer to all this? Irreverence on my part? No, a thousand times no! I venerate these men deeply, consistently, but I do not hesitate to say that from a technical standpoint they are often inadequate—infirm was the word I had originally intended. Nor can there be the slightest doubt that their work, when judged from the standpoint of a sheerly sensuous loveliness, falls far short of the best work being produced in our immediate time by such painters as Hassam, Tryon, Murphy, Lawson and Weir. Notice, for example, the curious fact that whereas you can gain no impression whatsoever of the textural beauty of a Weir, a Hassam or a Murphy from a photographic reproduction (the whole spirit of the picture eliminated, as a matter of fact, and nothing but the dry husk of line remaining), yet nine times out of ten you gain an enjoyment, a quiver of expectancy, so to speak, out of a photographic reproduction of an Inness, a Wyant, a Mar-

tin (Wyant and Martin particularly so) that is rebuffed and permanently disappointed when you come face to face with the original. Of course, too much must not be argued from this highly suggestive and, I believe, incontrovertible fact, but it would certainly seem to indicate a lack in the painting of these men of those beauties and legitimate gratifications inherent in an adroit manipulation of their material. To my taste, I find this to be the case. I am never satisfied by the sum-total of a Wyant or a Martin as I am by an Inness, a Winslow Homer, a Tryon or a Murphy. I think the genesis of this resides in the fact that what an Inness, a Homer, a Murphy set out to accomplish, they accomplish without faltering, without lopsidedness, presenting us at the end with that perfect fusing of components, that miraculous equilibrium that marks the superior achievement. This accomplishment does not always characterise the work of Inness, but, at his greatest, the grandiose conception, the prodigious panoramic ecstasy is revealed to us superbly, satisfyingly, poised in perfection. Martin, on the other hand (a painter somewhat similar to Inness in bigness of outlook—the cosmical visioning, so to speak) seldom achieves the inspirational poise of inevitability. Subject to revision (as all honesty of opinion must be), I would call him a stammerer, as it were, in his medium of expression, not infirm, as I often feel Wyant to be, but ungainly through the possession and the exercise of a fine, noble strength uncoordinated. It is by what he attempts rather than by what he achieves that Martin excites our good wishes; but, alas! there is a special hell in art paved with good intentions. Martin has good intentions, but, as some one says somewhere about nature, he cannot carry them out. His vision may be Homeric; his handling is too often atrocious. He stumbles over

the wide and windy spaces of the world with huge, inaccurate foot-falls. The strength of his inspiration is the strength of a veritable Samson of paint, muscle-bound, ungainly of limb and uncertain like some blind-folded thing of his very direction. His palette is unfortunate when it permits itself in its higher register a kind of vanilla yellow and a blue too fluent, too voluble, however justified by nature, to carry a conviction to us of its integrity when reproduced on canvas. In his lower keys (*The Mussel Gatherers*, for example) we are confronted by a positive muddiness from which beauty is surely expelled, however, a certain sombreness and severity may afford a partial impression of greatness. Stand before the *Newport* at the Lotus Club (hung in so close a proximity to an example of that somewhat analogous but far firmer and sturdier painter, Winslow Homer), and ask yourself if something—I care not one whit how indefinable, how infinitesimal that something be—does not offend your sense of the fitness of things, does not intrude a barely perceptible but none the less potent insinuation of discrepancy upon you. And the answer will be found, I think, in the incompatibility of the colour scheme and the handling of the paint with so big a conception of low tides, a lank, surly shore and the salt smack of the marshes. I would call particular attention to *The Sun Worshipers* as an example of that curious and irreconcilable combination we find in Martin of a so great greatness, a so deplorable deficiency. Writing of this picture, a critic of American painting has this to say: "The reproduction fails to suggest adequately the golden glory of the evening sky and the softness of the silhouette of the brownish trees. Hence it missed somewhat the suggestion of the original, as of time-tried creatures, warped by fate, bending in adoration

and supplication before the majesty of the universal." Opinions differ, do they not? I am not alone in finding this picture distinctly unpleasant, I had almost said offensive. I am not alone in seeing no beauty in a colour scheme blatant rather than beautiful, and I can find no loveliness whatsoever in these clumsily deformed trees. There is a kind of beauty—perverted beauty, if you will—inherent in a characteristic ugliness (the older masters instinctively divined this secret), but it must be ugliness dexterously dominated by technical efficiency. In Martin we find the ugliness, but we do not often find the technical efficiency. I cannot think, at the moment, of an instance in Martin where he copes successfully with that most difficult problem of the landscape painter, the adroitly beautiful handling of the complicated anatomy of trees. The famous picture up at the Metropolitan, *View on the Seine* or *The Harp of the Wind*, as it was originally named, supplies us with an example of this chronic incapacity. It is perhaps Martin's finest picture (the *Westchester Hills* I do not know), and I am second to none in my admiration of its fluent if somewhat too mellifluous quality of paint and simulation of atmospheric vitality, but I nevertheless cannot persuade myself that either its colour scheme or the draughtsmanship it exhibits is of that kind of impeccable and ultimate assurance that we find in the work of Homer, Inness and Murphy. From the human standpoint I would rather pin my faith to Martin than to any painter this country has produced; for the evidence would seem to indicate the possession on his part of a degree of gracious cultivation, both intellectual and spiritual, that is mostly lacking in the practitioners of the art of painting. What their associates and biographers mistake for cultivation is usually merely a kind of clairvoyant shrewdness of the

senses, an aboriginal acuteness, a rough poetry, a sort of unsophistication, absolutely essential, no doubt, to the painting of landscape, but somewhat monotonous socially. Curiously enough, some of the greatest artists the world has ever known have been ignoramuses. (Why does Nature choose such incongruous mediums for the transference, hint by hint, of her miraculous beauty?) Whistler seems to have been the most successful instance of an artist that lived charmingly and painted charmingly. In some ways, perhaps the noblest, richest temperament in American painting, Martin progressed from the parochial simplicities, the earnest, reproductive fidelities of the Hudson River School into a cosmopolitanism of vision eminently fine, if not with the highest kind of fineness, yet commendably so. Under the delicately quickening influences of the French environment (at a time when the dominant tendency of modern landscape in the direction of higher, keener perceptions of light was projecting itself into the consciousness of every artist), Martin developed from the painter of the banal and archaic vulgarities of *On the Hudson* to a painter of creamy skies and golden, opalescent sands, delicious often from the sheer copiousness of the paint, if unconvincing somewhat. There is the word I have been seeking—unconvincing, the thing the superlative artist never, never is. Martin's conception of things (tremendous!) and his ability to consummate his conception remained (tragically, for all we know) irreconcilable.

I have always considered it expedient to study a man's art in the light of the concrete facts of his life. To the High Priests of Art for Art's sake this will, no doubt, subject me to criticism. I am convinced, however, that a man's art is part and parcel of the events of his physical ex-

istence, warp and woof, so to speak, of quotidian cares, infirmities and disadvantages. I am often tempted to believe that Wyant's art was the inevitable reflex of a strength depleted by early privation and hardships. I remember once hearing George Bellows refer to him as the most over-rated reputation in American painting. I agree with this estimate, but I do so full of pity for the primitive fineness of feeling inherent in Wyant's work. My attitude toward him is similar to my attitude toward MacDowell. Both men apparently possessed a keen kind of sensitiveness, a reticent, delicate kind, and both men suffered, no doubt, from an unresponsive environment. (The old, sad story!) Wyant in his later years, so I am told, was infirm mentally. An instinctive sensitiveness imagines the rebuffs he must have encountered, the lonely hurt of desires unsatisfied, of desires never to be realised. But affection is for the man; as artist, both men fall short of that superior force, that cogency of appeal characteristic of the superlative achievement. We are likely to be overlenient in our appraisal of their sheerly artistic values. A water-colour of Wyant's is as satisfying, to all intents and purposes, as one of his oils. A black and white would have served the purpose equally well. We are fascinated by Wyant's point of view as we remember it in our consciousness, but we are unsatisfied by it when he presents it to us on canvas. The reticence of his colour scheme and compositional sense does not seem, as in the case of Corot, to be the result of temperamental continence and conscious selection, rather do we suspect it to be the result of an inherent incapacity. The least ample and sumptuous of American landscape painters, we are likely in our preoccupation with his "tender lyricism" (that stereotyped phrase so often applied to him) to

overlook the essential weakness of his composition, the essential unprogressiveness of his art. He is to be commended for having extricated himself from the influence of that highly artificial painter, Diaz (who seems most to have influenced him), but we do not observe in his record that metamorphosis into a memorable and distinctive uniqueness that we observe in Inness, Murphy and Weir. It is certain that he is held by significant critics of painting in less high esteem than any other American painter of his generation, and it is possible that his prices have touched inflated levels. Personally, I should not be surprised to find that Time will deal less favourably with him than with Martin possibly, with Blakelock certainly.

For we find in this latter painter a wealth of executive ability which, in so far as I know, has been insufficiently estimated. I myself do not care for the kind of painting he offers us, but that is beside the point. When, on the night of the Lambert sale, Mr. Thomas Kirby, auctioneer of the American Art Association, referred to his famous *Moonlight* as the "finest work ever done by an American artist," he said something that cannot easily be gainsaid. This picture, purchased by the Toledo Museum for twenty thousand dollars, is monumental. Again I intrude the matter of personal preference. To me the art of Blakelock is displeasing because it is an art that too exclusively subordinates nature to a pattern, a pattern of unrealities arbitrarily evolved out of egoisms often exquisitely and unfamiliarly beautiful but human never with a free, fresh beauty of living fields and pellucid streams and hospitable valleys. His art is a kind of metallic virtuosity; it has affinities with the painting of Dupré and Monticelli. And yet, remembering Blakelock as I saw him recently, I am tempted to cancel any word of disparagement I

have written of his art. I had gone into the Knoedler Galleries to see the Sargent portrait of Rockefeller, and Blakelock was there, accompanied by his attendant; a physically resurrected Blakelock, but bereft of all that fire of soul that makes for genius. His expression, pathetically complaisant, his feeble little amenities of conduct seemed curiously alien to the bustling aggressiveness of his surroundings. "Like a wraith," I thought. No one paid very much attention to him; superficial attention was directed to the Sargent (although I do not suppose one person out of ten observed the incredible triviality of the work of the redoubtable Sargent). Later, some one showed me a little thing that Blakelock had recently painted, a blatant, inharmonious daub, the sort of thing one has seen on dinner cards. I am told he paints occasionally, even though his original powers are permanently impaired, paints like a ten-year-old child! A great master stricken! a living dead man! It was one of those contrasts that, as Stevenson says in his *Across the Plains*, "we count too obvious for the purposes of art."

For a great painter Blakelock undoubtedly was in an imaginative sense; greater, it may be, than any of his contemporaries. Even his opalescent dream worlds do not importune our good graces, perhaps, but they command our respect. His colour here is less hot than is usual with him, more tender, more diffused. Place him, however, in juxtaposition with Twachtman, for example, and the antithesis will throw into sharp relief the essential artificiality of his art. It is the difference between a kind of painting that need never have sought the out of doors for its inspiration, a kind of painting essentially literary in its genesis, and another kind of painting, delicate to the point of evanescence, risen out of nature like a mist over a field. At

first sight the juxtaposition of two so diametrically opposite kinds of painting may appear discrepant, but to compare them is not to place the one above the other in the sense of ultimate value, but merely to direct attention to the dominant attribute of the modern point of view—namely, its preponderating predilection for a light, high colour scale and a more delicate handling of colour as opposed to the thick, dark, pasty consistency of paint characteristic of older methods. To compare is not, of necessity, to disparage, and there will, no doubt, always be a place in art for the glazings and varnishings and heavy layings on of pigment characteristic of the work of Ryder, Fuller and Blakelock. Nor must we fall into the easy error of assuming that all older painting conformed to the one manner, and that all modern painting conforms to another. This, of course, is manifestly untrue. As we look over the history of art we realise that art is as much a reversion as it is an evolution. The bane of art criticism is hard and fast rules; art is a matter of individualities, not of systems, and the painter of to-day may find it essential to the fulfilment of a perfect self-expression to express himself in a manner manifestly antithetical to the aggregate manifestations of his age. There are pictures of Corot, for example, that have anticipated all that contemporary landscape has accomplished toward that appearance of evocation, of apparitional evanescence that we see in the finest examples of Inness, Murphy and Weir. I have in mind many a Corot in which there seems to be no tangible laying on of paint; the effect is comparable only to the tremulous imponderability of breath receding from silver surfaces, pictures in which we seem to see impermanence perpetuated. To me, personally, I find that I cannot enjoy the out of doors painted as I would ask that a

still-life or an interior be painted, and that is, precisely, what Blakelock does and what Twachtman does not do. Paint may be put on copiously, fluently, and yet give an impression of radiant, luminous, vibrant aliveness (the later Manet, for instance), and it may be put on too thinly and result in an impression of downright penuriousness (Whistler, at times, and, in particular, the portrait painter John W. Alexander). To my taste the supreme satisfaction is derived from a middle course wherein a superb and inspirational equilibrium is achieved. In the most proficient examples of Inness, Murphy and Weir, you are not conscious of paint. Beauty has accomplished a miraculous emancipation from substance, and no one element that has gone to make up the finished picture intrudes at the expense of the whole. The majority of Twachtman's later canvases err through their very excess of delicacy. Where we should like to perceive an ultimate refining of colour, we perceive, instead, a scant, ill-nourished canvas, Twachtman's art fails in its sum-total to command the recognition that its individual efforts entitle it to. The general impression one gets of it is of a too tenuous, too fragile beauty. Perhaps the most aristocratic temperament in American painting (less robustly so than Martin, less fantastically so than Blakelock), Twachtman echoed in this country that quivering something of acute and recondite sensibility that we feel to be the peculiar, esoteric projection of the art of Whistler. I am inclined to suspect from unsubstantial data that Twachtman laboured under difficulties of an emotional and pathological nature. However this may be, his is one of the rare, unique notes in our painting. When he has successfully achieved (as, for instance, the exquisite *Snow Bound* exhibited in the season of 1917 at the Montross

Galleries, and purchased from Mr. Montross by the Friends of American Painting for the permanent collection of the Chicago Art Institute), he is, perhaps, far more a new impulse than Ryder or Fuller, I had almost said Martin and Wyant. Here, Twachtman surprises us with the full import of what elsewhere he hints at only. It is a catch phrase of criticism to say that Twachtman paints the "soul" of nature. Only the God of us all, the God of "things as they are" knows the soul of nature. Twachtman merely does what every artist does; he paints the reactions to nature of his particular temperament, but in this case his temperament happened to be an exquisitely sharpened nervous system, saved from facile adulterations by the chastity inherent in earnestness of purpose. His predilection for a peculiarly meagre, thin, pinched aspect of winter—a winter devoid of invigoration, of the gracious glow of sun—may be noted. It is his characteristic note. Perhaps I have erred in including him in a consideration of our dead painters, for his work hangs more appropriately with the work of Weir, Hassam and Murphy than with work of an older order. The frugal, primitive work of Fuller, the rather mechanical, unessential, artificial art of Albert Ryder (a painter famous for his less valuable paintings, and not for such a painting as the little barnyard that passed almost unnoticed in the Williams sale, its beauty obscured by the spurious prestige of the *Toilers of the Sea*), fail to supply us with so precious a personality, with so keen a sense of that valuable, indefinable something we call "being different from the rest."

It is, of course, hardly necessary for me to remark upon the obvious fact that the discriminations set down in this, perhaps, too cursory survey of the work of our older painters are merely the expressions of per-

sonal preference. George Moore has pointed out in his essay on Balzac (*Impressions and Opinions*) that criticism is more the story of the critic's soul than it is an exact science. The observation is accurate. No principle has yet been formulated by which we may infallibly judge the work of art. We detect beauty through our instincts; we appraise it only in proportion to the fineness of our spiritual development. Personally, I believe that painting, because of its inherent contradictoriness, is, of all the arts, the one most difficult to appreciate. Take the case of Fuller, for example. Reviewing the exhibit of "Deceased American Artists," held in March of 1914 at the Macbeth Gallery, that excellent critic, Royal Cortissoz, says: "George Fuller is represented, and, as always, his work has something to say to us . . . but the technical weakness which dogged him marks all three of the paintings shown." In the Ichabod T. Williams Sale, 1915, Fuller's *Romany Girl* sold for ten thousand five hundred dollars. In the Alexander C. Humphreys Sale, 1917, the same painter's *Girl with Turkeys* sold for fifteen thousand six hundred dollars. Surely this points a moral. Manet, in 1867, excluded from the Exposition Universelle, arranged a private exhibition of his works, complete up to that date, and in the sober plea prefixed to his catalogue, he disclaims the name of revolutionary. "The artist," he says, "does not say to-day, Come to see faultless works, but, Come to see works that are sincere." Now if the end of art were to be sheerly beautiful regardless of extraneous significances such as point of view and attitude of mind, there would seem to be no place for an art technically otherwise than flawless. Obviously, painting is not the disembodied abstraction so many theorists would have it; its contents and various extraneous considerations, quite apart

from the question of technical dexterities, manifestly exert a considerable, possibly a preponderating influence upon our decisions. I say this because I believe our older painters, many of them, hold, for the present at least, their prestige from the matter of their nobility of intention and view-point. I repeat my original contention that they are often less satisfyingly beautiful than much of the work that is being done to-day. Prophecy is both futile and impertinent, but taking them at their present valuations, we are inclined to believe that their eminence is only partially ascribable to their intrinsic artistic worth. Frankly, I cannot see one-tenth the beauty in a picture such as the *Girl with Turkeys* of Fuller that I see in a seascape by Dearth or a landscape by Murphy. Values are not made and maintained in art exclusively by artistic considerations. Perhaps this ought not to be so, but the fact remains that it is so. The chief justification of the men I have so briefly summarised in these pages appears to me to exist in their manner of seeing

and feeling as a virtue in itself and quite apart from any degree of technical excellence. Their common possession of an innate dignity, a noble sensitiveness would, we have no doubt, have prevented them from exercising their talents in the impudent manner so notoriously characteristic of our contemporaries. What would they have thought, I wonder, of the flagrant impertinences on view recently at the MacDowell Club (Mr. John Sloan and his pig pens, for example)! They were of an older order that approached nature with a kind of secret solemnity. To them it retained its rituals of brooding, its subtle, sensitive mysticisms, its deep, inscrutable omnipotence. Their period was a period different from ours in the quite prosaic and concrete difference of a slower rhythm to life, a less of luxury, extravagance and materialism, a more of illusion, sentiment and reverence. We shall remember them always respectfully, although we must go elsewhere for what is most representatively vital, valuable and compelling in our painting.

SNAP-SHOTS OF FOREIGN AUTHORS: ROLLAND

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

THEY are our intimates
 As well as yours,
 A human family
 Humming fragmentary Credos
 To give themselves courage
 Through the wild humoresque of life.
 At their side,
 Yet somehow high above,
 You smile sadly
 Like one from Nazareth.

OF THE MAKING OF LITERARY CRITICISM

PROFESSOR SHERMAN AGAIN AND THE FOLLETTES AND A FEW OTHER CONSIDERATIONS

EVER since man began to think, far back through the dim vistas of his geologic past, his thoughts have taken two courses, two divergent lines of development. On the one hand the exigencies of keeping alive compelled him to take thought how he should get his food, his shelter and his mate—such a thinker was the first realist; on the other hand, the development of imagination afforded man a tool by means of which he could escape from the duress of life in the spinning of fancies and ideals to charm him away from the bitter realities of a hard-won existence—such a thinker was the first romanticist. And ever since, all down through the course of human evolution and human history, this schism in man's thought has gone on its twofold way, calling him now to strenuous efforts in the conflict with nature, now to flights of imagination in his anxiety to escape from the trouble of living.

...

But ever has romanticism claimed the far larger part of man's time and nerve-energy and thought, ever has he devoted his godlike capacities of memory and desire to the dreaming of dreams, the weaving of fanciful tapestries of beauty, the designing of heavenly cities and utopias. And while he built up his dream-world, while he evolved his schools of idealists, his Platos and his Kants, while he fastened his eyes upon the mysteries of the stars, his poor stumbling feet were carrying him aimlessly through his world of reality, through the stress and harshness and cruelty of Nature's realm, through the welter of the unguided savagery of his own biologic inheritance and the un-

guarded ruthlessness of blind social forces.

...

Reformers there have been in every age—but their reforms passed with them; priests and hermits—but they left no purity; philosophers—but they did not bring happiness. They only carried man the further from the elemental conditions of his keeping himself alive. Yet the indomitable human spirit rises again and again to cast aside these futilities, to get at grips with the hostile world, to try to organise society for stability and well-being; though never has man's grasp of reality reached a fifty per cent. consumption of his energy, always has his romantic impulse maintained a claim upon the greater part of his capacities. So the Athenian Golden Age, the Roman Empire, the Renaissance in southern Europe, all stand out as peaks in Western history, for in them man's attention to the art of living rose, let us say, to a twenty-five or thirty per cent. consumption of his vitality. As for the East, hardly has it expended two per cent. of its thought in making itself at home in the world.

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But to-day the proportion between romanticism and realism bids fair to be different. The change began with the industrial revolution of the last century and the rise of the scientific spirit of inductive research. Machine technology compelled a matter-of-fact, "cause and effect" investigation into the laws of our environment, competition in the production of goods forced to the top the master of the practical difficulties and laws of nature and tended to eliminate the man of hysteria, superstition, dreams and passion. The exigencies of ma-

chine control were bringing together at last those two divergent lines of thought, romanticism and realism; they were tending to reunite and concentrate man's mental energy in the pursuit of the mastery of the difficulties of existence, to harness that vast reservoir of power, the imagination, to the problems of living, to make man "romantic about reality."

. . .

This scientific spirit and the machine discipline, by their very nature, were engendering a world-order of peaceful co-operation based on a socialised effort to understand and master these difficulties of living, and had there been time the process might have had a logical development. But the combination of mediævalism and high technical efficiency without the cultural practices of modern life, as it existed in Germany, was an element too unstable, a misunderstanding of the world too vast—it precipitated the process into a catastrophe. Still the result is equally sure—it is only immeasurably hastened by the grim horror of war. For the life-and-death struggle of the battle-lines is compelling under pain of extinction the application of our whole energy and imagination, our whole effort and thought, to the grasping of the forces of the material world for the achievement of power, to the co-ordination and co-operation of the energies of mankind everywhere for social solidarity and effectiveness, brotherhood and strength. The struggle is demanding the quick concentration of romanticism—imagination and desire—upon the problems of reality, it is achieving, as it were over night, the healing of that schism in man's thought that through the ages has baffled him, made his efforts futile and kept him a stranger in his own home, the world.

It is not that we would forego romanticism, that we would renounce the cultivation of the beauties of the

imagination. It is that we would bring the inspiration and joy of the romantic into our daily task, that we would illuminate the generally drab paths of our humdrum work with the fire and beauty of desire, that we would pursue with a song the lure of the greatest adventure the world has to offer—the overcoming of the conditions of a hostile environment for the betterment and happiness of the race. And once we achieve the deflection of fifty-one per cent. of our mental capacity over to the world of reality, once we harness imagination to work, desire to effort, we will become irresistible, no hostile menace can stand before us, and the world will flock to our banners. Such has been the case with the world's great men—they have been eminently sane. And such will be the case with the new world-order that is upon us—the order of social co-operation under the guidance of the men of inherent power, the workers and teachers who with heart and brain and hand strive to make the world a fit dwelling-place for man—and strive to make man fit to move, dominating and like a god, in his natural home, the world.

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These thoughts have been called forth here by two recent books of literary criticism. For, as the world thinks and moves, so it finds expression in its literature—the literature of the imagination and that of criticism. Last month, under *Chronicle and Comment*, Professor Stuart P. Sherman's critical volume, *On Contemporary Literature*, was discussed at some length. Professor Sherman is that most curious of critics who, while believing that "truth is a personal and private matter," talks with fearless inconsistency of the "aim of the human organisation" and on the basis of this "truth" (whatever it may be, though we venture to say it can be neither personal nor private) affects to evaluate the work of his

contemporaries. Professor Sherman is a shining illustration of the attempt to create values and standards in the super-real world of idealism—the only result is hopeless confusion. But enough of this—the dead past can do its burying as well to-day as in our poet's time. There is another book of literary criticism, just issued, that belongs to a different category. It is *Some Modern Novelists*, by Helen Thomas Follett and Wilson Follett. These authors see with a clear vision the trend of thought and the social changes that are in process to-day; their book is a modern book.

Some quotations from the Folletts may be interesting. Of that world of super-reality, of romanticism and idealism, which "art" is popularly supposed to infest, and which man has painstakingly and perversely elaborated in his effort to dodge the responsibilities of being alive, these authors write:

How can we for an instant put up with the notion of literature as simply an escape from the actual, a cloister of quiet and release? How, especially, can we find anything but a mockery in the sentimentalism that infests so much of our English literature, and nearly all of our American fiction—that sentimentalism which, as Meredith pointed out, is but the opposite face of pruriency, and which may be defined as the childish and spoiled desire to have our cake and eat it too? In this latter respect, our sentimentalism, we are a cynical people. In business, in politics, we are always droning about the need to be practical, to "face the hard facts of life"—whereas in our education, our religion, our novels and dramas and paintings, those facts are precisely what no consideration could hire us to face.

All these fashions of sundering art from life are fashions of belittling both—how cynically, it takes a decade and a war like the present completely to disclose to us.

Then, of that change in the direction of man's interest, of that growing determination to face and master the seriousness of living, as it is re-

flected in our modern fiction, these authors say:

The only fiction which remains tolerable at all is that which speaks in a clear voice to some direct human needs created or re-emphasised by the war; the only standard of criticism worth raising is the sum of those very needs. Art must be, as never before, a ministry to need; criticism must be, as never before, the quick response of need ministered to, the indifferent silence of need ignored or travestied.

And of the ideal of the art of fiction to-day:

Among all our various actual and possible ideals, there is obviously one element in common: call it the sense of community, the social conscience, human solidarity. It is the thing that craves some form of human understanding, that will be always trying to cross or break down the innumerable barriers of race, of creed, of class, to increase the feeling of kinship among the members and groups of the human guild. It gives us our democracy, our sociology, our general disposition to abolish the misunderstandings that keep the weak degraded, the powerful haughty . . . this perception that, despite our various artifices of creed and class, we are after all a world full of creatures in the same boat, fleeing from the same storm, and certainly doomed unless we pull together.

I wish I could go on quoting from the Folletts' book. These authors have synthetic minds, a grasp of the great drifts of thought that express themselves in their various saliences through the work of the modern novelists. They have a definite standard of truth, an objective and a correct standard—the standard of human needs—by which they observe our modern fiction. Their conclusions are interesting and stimulating, although it is inevitable that some readers will disagree with some individual criticisms. *Some Modern Novelists* is a genuine contribution to the literature of criticism.

G. G. W.

CHICAGO'S OPERATIC DRIVE

THERE are persons for whom the art of the opera (if we may call it an art) is a negligible consideration. Many musicians affect a fine scorn of this phase of music. Their attitude savours of artificiality. Opera is not and never can be the dignified medium of expression that the symphony is, but this fact should not persuade us against accepting opera as a necessary and sometimes supremely beautiful form of musical entertainment. There are not lacking critics who would accord a higher rank to Wagner's *Tristan* than to all the symphonies of Beethoven and Brahms put together. It is obvious that opera merits a serious consideration. Unfortunately, it is oversusceptible to adulterations, and it is taken advantage of by materialism and superficiality. No wonder that its gold becomes so easily tinsel, that its glowing, delightful colours wear thin and threadbare and tawdry and meretricious.

...
The Chicago Opera Association has brought back to New York that indefinable something so long lacking in the operatic activities of this city—namely, charm. Presented to us though it is in a gaudy, second-rate environment, and unsupported by any of the sophisticated graces and amenities of demeanour characteristic of Metropolitan audiences, it nevertheless projects that atmosphere of romantic glamour so essential to the creating of any acute kind of enjoyment. It is precisely this kind of atmosphere that is lacking in the performances of the Metropolitan Opera House.

...
All art is a question of personality. Theoretical or technical considerations alone can never satisfy us; we crave that inner ferventness of appeal,

that spiritual radiance we call Genius. This impalpable, galvanic, propulsive force departed from the Metropolitan with the departure some years ago of Olive Fremstad and Arturo Toscanini. We do not find it there now in the smallest degree. By no stretch of amiable intention can it be credited to Geraldine Farrar. This woman is to the highest degree clever, but her gifts are external, they do not emanate from within. Caruso, of course, is out of the question. Ten years ago he was the greatest voice of our age. To-day he is a dramatic impertinence. Martinelli might accomplish more than he does if his surroundings tended toward earnestness of purpose. As it is, he remains crude, a logical representative of a system wherein operatic art is bared of all adornment, of all enticement, of, in a word, that so precious and necessary thing, Illusion.

...
The present writer does not place the blame for this state of affairs upon the Metropolitan management; he places it upon the New York public. Mediocrity is supported in this city to so overwhelming an extent that the most virile enthusiasm succumbs to discouragement. The musical public of this city accepted the dismissal of a Fremstad, perhaps the most sheerly beautiful of all Isolde, and listened to her successor with avidity. It accepted the departure of Toscanini, perhaps the greatest conductor that ever lived, and enthused over his successor, Bodanzky, a man of limited emotion and feeble dynamic force. It seems to possess no tenacities of judgment, no loyalties, no fine discriminations. Had it not been for the sensational success of Galli-Curci, it would probably have failed to support the Chicago Opera Association, although this or-

ganisation possesses what the Metropolitan does not possess and has not possessed for years—a great, romantic tenor, Lucien Muratore, a man whose magnetic personality and vibrant voice effect a combination that has not been heard in this city since the departure of Jean de Reszke.

. . .

The Chicago Opera Association has supplied us with a something we had almost despaired of securing—individual genius of a compelling, indescribably satisfying nature. The Metropolitan has, in recent years, not only failed to do this, but it has apparently made no effort to supply this city with pre-eminent personalities. The present writer is absolutely ignorant of the inside workings of the Metropolitan management. He insinuates nothing, he merely proclaims the facts as they appear on the surface. The Metropolitan's tardy re-acceptance of that authentic, exquisite artist, Olive Fremstad, cannot cancel the fact that we are indebted to the Chicago Opera Association for the revelation of the first really fine French tenor that New York has known since Saleza. The rôles of Romeo, Faust and Don Jose—the last the most appealing and poignantly picturesque rôle in all opera—have remained dormant in this city entirely because of the fact that we have had no one of sufficient histrionic grace—that inimitable something of poetic *savoir faire*—to

parallel the unforgettable impersonations of the past. Muratore has done this thing; under his gracious witchery of gesture, of exquisite, symmetrical poise the past lives again. In watching him we are watching Romance, Romance come down over long centuries, and out of old strange lands and legends. His Romeo is, for the present writer, the most beautiful performance on the operatic stage of to-day.

. . .

The writer assumes no responsibility for recording a prevalent rumour to the effect that the Metropolitan has done all it could to impede the success of the Chicago Opera Association. If this is so, it suggests a dastardly condition of affairs in the operatic activities of this city. The Chicago Opera Association possesses three artists of a quality so superior to anything possessed by the Metropolitan that no comparison is possible. Galli-Curci, the unique Mary Garden and Lucien Muratore are artists in the true sense of that much-abused word. They are artists because they fulfil the essential function of art—to vivify, to enrapture, to win us away from reality and lead us captive into the long time ago. We can think of no one at the Metropolitan capable of exerting this magic influence. We can even fancy that the Metropolitan might look upon such notions as objects for surreptitious ridicule.

C. L. B.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

THIS month THE BOOKMAN appears in a slightly changed dress.

With We like it, many
Becoming friends of the maga-
Modesty zine who have been

consulted like it too—we hope you all will like it. Indeed without exception every change that has been made was first suggested by some subscriber or friend either personally to the Editor or by mail—it has been most gratifying that so many people have shown such a really helpful interest in the development of the “new” BOOKMAN, for hardly a week goes by that we do not receive some suggestions for enlarging the usefulness of the magazine. And from all these ideas we have put into effect those that from the point of view of our immediate problems seem the most practical at the present time; other changes that have been suggested will appear later as the opportunity for their adoption presents itself, and indeed many changes have been incorporated in the past months that may have generally passed unnoticed, as they were not of the obvious character of the present innovations. We have decided to give THE BOOKMAN a new sub-title: *A Review of Books and Life*. It is the same “Bookman” that it has always been, but to call it a “Review” is more in keeping with the seriousness and dignity of its effort to interpret the books and the life of the times. The type of the text matter, too, has been changed with these same considerations in mind. This new type is known as “Bodoni,” a very recent development of the printer’s art, considered to be very attractive, dignified and with character, yet graceful and readable to a high degree. Not all printing establishments are equipped with

Bodoni type; indeed, we know of no other magazine that has yet taken advantage of this latest achievement of typography.

. . .

Then we are beginning a most important service for the study of THE BOOKMAN in schools, colleges and clubs, which we believe also will prove of real interest and help to all our readers.

*Our
Study
Service*

This new department, appearing for convenience in the advertising section, will consist (as it does this month) of questions, suggestions and outlines based on the discussions and comments in the current issue. News items of the literary world, literary questions and current literary production, the broad problems of our modern life, the revaluation of the classics of literature and the new light upon them that it is the function of a literary magazine to furnish—all these are some of the aims and ideals of this new service to BOOKMAN readers. Indeed in our schools and study courses so often the consideration of literary themes is made so dry, so unrelated to modern interests, so foreign to the warm, human spirit of desire, of idealism, of the craving to know of life, to experience for ourselves the vagaries and the adventures through which our nature is struggling upward toward the light, that the wonder is that the interest in literature does not die of dry rot and inanition. A truly alive literary magazine must revitalise the old in the light of modern living needs, must infuse into the new the warm contact with the earth from which we all gain our vigour and our joy of living—such is the aim of our magazine and such the aim of our new study service.

This new department, then, can be used in a most practical way. First, it will call to your particular notice the most salient features of the current number, some of which might otherwise escape your attention and which you would be very glad not to miss; it will suggest a consideration of the fundamental significance of the questions discussed in the different articles and will, we hope, interest you in the validity, or if you disagree, in the error, of the conclusions that our writers support. A careful and consistent application to the department each month will develop an interest in and an appreciation of the literary aspects of our modern life and thought, will increase one's knowledge of current literature and of what the world is thinking; and then, of course, we aim to make it of practical value in the correlation of **THE BOOKMAN** as a text with regular study in colleges, academies, schools and study-clubs. The department is being conducted by an experienced teacher of college English, now in editorial work and in touch with the literary world, and who has the assistance and advice of a number of professors of English at Columbia University.

...

We are also adding this month, in the *Book Mart*, at the end of the magazine, a schedule of the war books and their relative sales. These books of war experiences are meeting with a demand in many instances greater than that for current fiction, so that, as an indication of the country's interest in books from the point of view of the sales market, this schedule of war book sales is at this time of fully as much value as the regular lists of "best sellers" among books of fiction. *Over the Top*, the first on the list of best selling war books, is having a

sale in actual numbers probably far in excess of the first title on the list of best selling fiction, *The Major*, though how the other books on the two lists would compare in volume of sales it would be difficult to say. In this connection it should be remembered that the number of points given to each of the six "best sellers" in the two lists represents merely *relativity* of sales within each list and does not in any way indicate the actual number of volumes sold. Thus, while *Over the Top* received 283 points and *The Major* 205, this would by no means necessarily indicate that these two books were selling in the proportion of 283 to 205, nor do these points in any way furnish a clue to the *actual number* of volumes sold. On the other hand, the numbers of points *within* each list may be presumed to give a reasonable approximation of the *relative* volume of sales of the titles designated; thus, *Over the Top*, with its 283 points, may be estimated to be selling about four times as fast as *Under Fire*, the sixth and last title in the war book list, which is accredited with 69 points; and *The Major*, with its 205 points, may be estimated to be selling about three times as fast as *His Last Bow*, the last of the fiction list, with its 67 points. This list of "best sellers" among the war books will be continued as long as the public interest in them is maintained at its present high level.

...

And now that we have talked about ourselves and what we are going to do and what we are not going to do at undue length, perhaps you will think, permit us to tell you about what *somebody else* is going to do for us. We take particular pleasure in announcing the further collaboration in an editorial capacity of Mr. Edward J. O'Brien. It

Fiction in
"The
Bookman"

was Mr. O'Brien who conducted in THE BOOKMAN all last year the interesting experiment of *The Masque of Poets*, a series that brought out some of the best poetry of the year and some of the most interesting examples of the work of the modern schools—a series that will shortly be published in book form. Mr. O'Brien is even better known as a critic of the contemporary short story—he makes it his business to read every short story of importance published in the leading magazines and once a year to give them a rating in the *Boston Transcript* (Boston still holds its own in that hoary and venerable institution, its *Transcript*) and to analyse his conclusions for the best of the stories in THE BOOKMAN. Incidentally, of the nine stories published last year in THE BOOKMAN five were included in the *Transcript* list of distinguished work. Then, Mr. O'Brien's selection of "The Best Short Stories" of the year is published every spring in a volume that reaches the astonishing sale of over fifteen thousand copies. It is in this capacity that Mr. O'Brien is to collaborate in THE BOOKMAN. We have been publishing a small department that we have called *Echoes*, composed of short stories or sketches that have been characterised more by atmosphere or tone than by the conventional plot and character form of the popular short story—reflections, "echoes" if you will, of the great world that are too delightful, too exquisite to be lost. And of course the greatest event in the world, the one to cast its shadow into every nook and cranny of life, is the war; and so it has been that our "echoes" have reflected the war, have always had the minor chord of the grim reality echoing through their strains. This department will shortly be entirely under the direction of Mr. O'Brien, and it will then be called *War Echoes*. The sketches will continue of similar character to the former "echoes," they will run between fifteen hundred

and two thousand words in length; and, as a last announcement, manuscripts may be sent to THE BOOKMAN marked "for War Echoes" or they may be submitted directly to Mr. Edward J. O'Brien, South Yarmouth, Massachusetts.

...

Joseph Conrad continues the series of prefaces that he is writing for a number of his books with one to be published in all newly printed editions of *Youth*. Mr. Conrad writes:

The three stories in this volume lay no claim to unity of artistic purpose. The only bond between them is that of the time in which they were written. They belong to the period immediately following the publication of the *Nigger of the Narcissus*, and preceding the first conception of *Nostromo*, two books which, it seems to me, stand apart and by themselves in the body of my work.

Even before appearing in book-form *Youth* was very well received. It lies on me to confess at last, and this is as good a place for it as another, that I have been all my life—all my two lives—the spoiled adopted child of Great Britain and even of the Empire; for it was Australia that gave me my first command. I break out into this declaration not because of a lurking tendency to megalomania, but, on the contrary, as a man who has no very notable illusions about himself. I follow the instincts of vainglory and humility natural to all mankind. For it can hardly be denied that it is not their own deserts that men are most proud of, but rather of their prodigious luck, of their marvellous fortune: of that in their lives for which thanks and sacrifices must be offered in the altars of the inscrutable gods.

Youth is a feat of memory. It is a record of experience. But that experience, in its facts, in its inwardness and in its outward colouring, begins and ends in myself. *Heart of Darkness* is experience too; but it is experience pushed a little (and only very little) beyond the actual facts of the case for the perfectly legitimate, I believe, purpose of bringing it home to the minds and bosoms of the readers. There it was no longer a matter of sincere colouring. It was like another art altogether. That sombre theme had to be given a sinister resonance, a tonality of its own, a continued vibration that, I hoped, would

hang in the air and dwell on the ear after the last note had been struck.

. . .

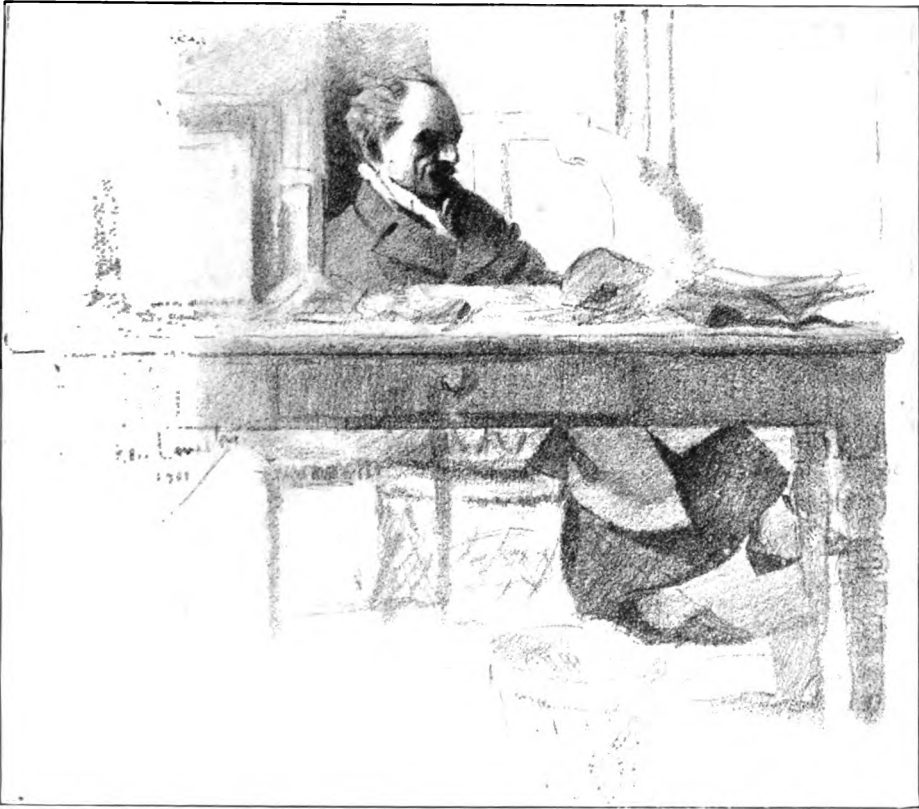
Patience Worth has the commercial instinct. This curious intelligence, whether incarnate spirit, as her sponsors would have us believe, or the subconscious mind of her medium," must have observed from its lofty eminence that the marketability of its last book, *A Sorry Tale*, was seriously impaired by the archaic dialects in which it was written. It might have been a good story, but few people would have the perseverance to wade through the mass of verbiage in which it was buried, and as a result its sale was small and was due more to curiosity probably than to actual enjoyment of the book. At any rate, a new book by Patience is announced for publication in March, and in this work, the advance notice says, she has adopted "standard English of the present day"—it will be most interesting to learn just what "standard English" is to-day—and it will also be free from "grammatical irregularities." Judging from this advance statement, issued by the publishers, this will indeed be a most remarkable book, and from its promise it might even prove available as a first reader in our "pure English" courses in the schools. Its title will be *Hope Trueblood* and the story is "relatively modern in its time, which is about the middle of the nineteenth century"—relatively modern indeed when one considers the unique and almost geological past with which Patience is accredited. And the book is also said to be a "mid-Victorian novel by a pre-Victorian writer"—though why an intelligence that has experienced and observed the life of every brilliant epoch in human history should select the drab mid-Victorian period to write about is a mystery whose solution can only be known in the topsy-turvy world

of spirits. Patience must be very patient.

. . .

But in a more serious vein, we must all recognise the very great interest in spiritualism.

Sanity in Spiritualism In England, so many of whose sons have accepted the supreme sacrifice, the demand for a sure knowledge and a sane comfort by those who remain behind is both natural, beautiful, and to the observer one of the striking features of conditions there. Possibly many of you will remember Mr. Robert Mountsier's article in the January BOOKMAN, *Spiritism in England*, which depicted, in a striking way, this pathetic demand, or rather clamour, for comfort and knowledge. And, by the way, this article was declined by one of the leading general magazines because of its implied criticism of established religion; it then came to THE BOOKMAN and, so far, the Editor has heard only praise and keen appreciation of Mr. Mountsier's sympathetic and unbiased presentation. We wonder if many BOOKMAN readers enjoyed it as we did. But this paragraph was started to recommend a book. It is a book on spiritualism—sane, unprejudiced, scientific in its attitude, a rather complete résumé of the subject giving the most important evidence so far obtained, the possible hypotheses, the religious and philosophical conclusions that may be drawn. The book is *On the Threshold of the Unseen*, by Sir William F. Barrett, professor of Experimental Physics in the Royal College of Science for Ireland from 1873 to 1910 and one of the founders of the Psychical Research Society in 1882. This book is the most complete, the most satisfactory and the most reasonable that has come to our attention, and it is a pleasure to recommend it to those interested in its subject. It has just been issued in this country.



MAURICE HEWLETT. HIS LATEST BOOK IS "GUDRID, THE FAIR," A NORSE LOVE STORY, BASED ON TWO ANCIENT SAGAS WHICH TELL OF THE FIRST EXPLORATION OF AMERICA

Last month we printed a list of books for a guest-room shelf selected by Mr. Christopher Morley, the poet and member of the editorial staff of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Mr. Morley rather arbitrarily laid down the conditions that your guests must be of the male sex and have the habit of reading in bed. There must likewise be a reading lamp by the bed and a bookshelf. As a result of THE BOOK-MAN's invitation for further lists Mr. Harold Crawford Stearns, of Dunkirk, New York, sends us the following letter:

Christopher Morley's list of books for a guest-room shelf interested me deeply, and

I am sending you one of my own—not that I should not be satisfied to snuggle down in bed with any of the volumes he has named.

Now then: *Romany Rye* and *Lavengro*, by Borrow; *The Fall of the House of Usher*, by Poe; *The Red Badge of Courage*, by Crane; *Huckleberry Finn*; Brown-ing's *Dramatic Lyrics and Romances*; Doyle's *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes* and *The Adventures of Gerard*; *Bob, Son of Battle*; *Gulliver's Travels*; Carlyle's *Heroes and Hero-Worship*; *Tom Jones*, by Fielding; *The Prisoner of Zenda*, by Hope; *The Letters of Horace Walpole* and *The Letters of Madame D'Arblay*; *She*, by Haggard; *Essays of Elia*; *Westward Ho!*; *The Beloved Vagabond*, by Locke; *The Poems of François Villon*; *The Mill on the Floss*; *Wuthering Heights*; *The*



LUCIEN MURATORE, OF THE CHICAGO OPERA COMPANY, IN "CARMEN." HIS "MAGNETIC PERSONALITY AND VIBRANT VOICE EFFECT, A COMBINATION THAT HAS NOT BEEN HEARD IN THIS CITY SINCE THE DEPARTURE OF JEAN DE RESZKE," ACCORDING TO THE ARTICLE "CHICAGO'S OPERATIC DRIVE," IN THIS ISSUE

Three Musketeers; The Canterbury Tales; Lorna Doone, by Blackmore; Kipling's *Ballads and Barrack-Room Ballads; The Bible*; Shaw's *The Shewing-Up of Blanco Posnet*; *If Youth But Knew*, by A. and E. Castle, and *The Oxford Book of English Verse*.

If you won't think I am trying to cut in on Carolyn Wells or "F. P. A.," I would like to point out that Wilkie Collins's novel is *The Woman in White*, and not *The Lady*.

Harold C. Stearns.

There is only one duplication, one title appearing in both Mr. Morley's and Mr. Stearns's lists—*The Bible*.

Mr. Morley put this book at the end of his list and Mr. Stearns places it fourth from the end; both lists are confined to approximately thirty volumes. Compare the two lists and see if your taste agrees with either selection for your own guest-room shelf; if not, will you not write and tell us what your choice would be? We should be particularly glad to hear from some of our readers of the, dare we call it so, gentler sex. Surely some of our more aggressively inclined feminists will not allow Christopher Morley and his friends to dis-

pose of the world's guest-room exclusively for mere men!

To be sure Wilkie Collins's novel is *The Woman in White* and not the "Lady." That was a very careless slip on our part, but we wonder whether Mr. Morley himself is not the original trespasser.

...

Mr. Augustine Birrell one time wrote an essay called *Is it Possible to Tell a Good Book from a Bad One?* Be that as it may, the recent catalogue

of Meredith Janvier, dealer in portraits, prints, and "collector's volumes, and who runs a quaint, delightful bookshop in Baltimore, suggests in one of its items the question "Is It Possible to Tell a New Book from an Old One?" as one finds listed in this catalogue the "first edition," "bds., uncut," of Christopher Morley's *Songs for a Little House*, a book of verse published quite within the memory of man, last year in fact. Mr. Janvier informs his clientele of bibliophiles that this book is one "for the wing chair at



AMELITA GALLI-CURCI, OF THE CHICAGO OPERA COMPANY, IN MEYER-BEER'S "DINORAH," THE OPERA SHE CHOSE AS HER INTRODUCTION TO A NEW YORK AUDIENCE. SHE IS THE "SENSATIONAL SUCCESS" OF THE MUSIC WORLD, ACCORDING TO THE PAPER IN THIS ISSUE, "CHICAGO'S OPERATIC DRIVE"

the hour when dusk and darkness fall. A book to read before and after dinner, supper and breakfast, if one would help along his good digestion."



CAPTAIN ALAN BOTT, M.C., OF THE ROYAL FLYING CORPS, AUTHOR OF "CAVALRY OF THE CLOUDS." A VETERAN AIR-MAN OF TWENTY-FOUR

"We must fight the thought, the philosophy back of this war, if we are to win," says Miss

A Librarian Rampant

Nellie M. Russ, the librarian of the Pasadena Public Library, in an interview in the Pasadena *Star-News*. "I recently began a thorough weeding-out, with the result that all books printed in German have been removed, and all modern German philosophy, even including Nietzsche and Treitschke, which many libraries retain. Some three hundred books have been set aside for the term of the war—perhaps longer, and others are being added as fast as they are

returned. These books are not only withdrawn from the open shelves, they are interned, where they are absolutely inaccessible and will remain so." No one could question the wisdom of removing books of recent pro-German propaganda from general circulation; but to make them "absolutely inaccessible," even to students, journalists, historians, and preachers of patriotic sermons, and to add to the small list of such books which a library of the size of Pasadena's might have acquired the works of such world-figures as Nietzsche and Treitschke and volumes of entirely innocent general literature to the number of three hundred, and to hint that this proscription may be continued after the war, is an act of hysterical piety which would not be endured for a single day by any community in which the spirit of democracy was alert.

• • •

Is the moral and intellectual fibre of the citizens of Pasadena so poor that the chance discovery in a German book that Germany was not entirely devoid of all the virtues would lessen their efforts to win the war? or have the love of democracy and the instinct of human kindness grown so weak in them that the mere reading of Treitschke and Nietzsche could convert them to Prussianism and brutality? or have they so completely lost their belief in the power of truth and in freedom of thought that they are ready to fight a philosophy by trying to suppress it? or have they exalted war to such an extent that everything German is to be placed under a tribal taboo?—if any or all of these explanations are true Pasadena has sunk into a parlous state and ought to be investigated for the good of the nation. If the camel of conservatism once gets his cold, suspicious nose well under the public library tent it may be difficult to pre-

The Camel Enters

covery in a German book that Germany was not entirely devoid

of all the virtues would lessen their efforts to win the war? or have the love of democracy and the instinct of human kindness grown so weak in them that the mere reading of Treitschke and Nietzsche could convert them to Prussianism and brutality? or have they so completely lost their belief in the power of truth and in freedom of thought that they are ready to fight a philosophy by trying to suppress it? or have they exalted war to such an extent that everything German is to be placed under a tribal taboo?—if any or all of these explanations are true Pasadena has sunk into a parlous state and ought to be investigated for the good of the nation. If the camel of conservatism once gets his cold, suspicious nose well under the public library tent it may be difficult to pre-

vent him from following it with his whole ungainly body—and the public library is a tent in one of democracy's outposts. But perhaps Pasadena is only trying to supply her tourists with that quaint, mediæval flavour so dear to the tourist heart, but formerly obtainable only in Europe.

. . .

May Sinclair's new book, *The Tree of Heaven*, has been well spoken of

by the "authorities."
This Tree We found it stupid.
Would Not It bored us. To be
Flourish in sure, it is a carefully
Heaven thought-out study of

a phase of the social revolution that was proceeding before the war and is now brought to a crisis by the catastrophe—the renaissance of the human spirit in the Younger Generation, the questioning of institutions, the demand for liberty, the desire for sanity in the ways of living, and of course, the conflict with the Elders whose interest is in maintaining the established folkways; then comes the war and the Young Ones come into their own, while the pressure of circumstance is so great as to break down their resistance and the Elders accept the new order. It is an interesting theme, much is being written about it—perhaps it is the big theme for novelists to-day. But it deals with a situation that is full of promise; we all know that the world is wrong, that society is upside down, that the masses thrust upward apace—but we mean to do something about it, we mean to set ourselves right side up, we see through the gloom of war the promise of better things. Miss Sinclair sees no Promise, she feels the oppression of destiny, she depresses her readers. Wells writes of the same changing order, but the emphasis of his interest is upon the desire of men for betterment and upon the hope of the future; Miss Sinclair sees no hope and feels no desire. If



MAY SINCLAIR. HER LATEST BOOK, "THE TREE OF HEAVEN," IS A STUDY OF WAR'S EFFECT UPON ENGLISH LIFE

she only had a little humour, a little brilliance, a little optimism to illumine her realism—but, as Rupert Hughes would say, we can't have everything.

. . .

Since the appearance of *Limehouse Nights* the reading world has recognised in its author, "London Thomas Burke, a new
Lamps" literary planet. These stories, appearing in book form last fall, have the keen tang of reality infused with the primitive desires of the human heart that appeal to our ever-fresh sentiment for high adventure; nothing like them has been written since, in his early days, Kipling sang of the passionate

East. A limited edition of Burke's *London Lamps* has just been issued—songs that may not ineptly be called poetic versions of his stories in *Limehouse Nights*. A few of these verses originally appeared as chapter headings in Mr. Burke's earlier volume, *Nights in London*, and as the title suggests, they each deal with some aspect of London's ever-changing personality. Before quoting from *London Lamps*—we must give our readers a few verses simply to arouse their desire for more—let us announce that a new volume of Mr. Burke's will shortly be issued under the title, *Twinkletoes*, a novel of a Limehouse dancer in which many of the characters of *Limehouse Nights* will reappear. Now for the verses from *London Lamps*:

CITY DUSK

The day dies in a wrath of cloud,
Flecking her roofs with pallid rain,
And dies its music, harsh and loud,
Struck from the tiresome strings of pain.

Her highways leap to festal bloom,
And swallow-swift the traffic skims
O'er sudden shoals of light and gloom,
Made lovelier where the distance dims.

Robed by her tiring-maid, the dusk,
The town lies in a silvered bower,
As, from a miserable husk,
The lily robes herself with flower.

And all her tangled streets are gay,
And all her rudenesses are gone;
For, howso pitiless the day,
The evening brings delight alone.

And one more little poem that must
be quoted:

THE LAMPLIT HOUR

Dusk—and the lights of home
Smile through the rain:
A thousand smiles for those that come
Homeward again.

What though the night be drear
With gloom and cold,
So that there be one voice to hear,
One hand to hold?

Here, by the winter fire,
Life is our own;
Here, out of muck and mire,
Here is our throne.

Then let the wide world throng
To pomps and powers,
And leave us with the love and song
Of lamplit hours.

...

Frank A. Lewis, who has served in
the American Field
O. Henry Ambulance abroad,
in the writes to the *Publish-*
Trenches *ers' Weekly* some-
thing about the need for books in
the trenches:

For several weeks no reading matter
could be located in the section to which
I was attached. Finally, one of the boys
received a copy of O. Henry's *Options*
in a package from home, and an hour of
insane jubilation ensued. The book was
seized by indelicate hands and torn into
segments, each part representing a story.
The pages of each story were pinned to-
gether. The original owner of the volume
was selected to serve as Section Librarian.
We pored over those stories until the print-
ing actually wore off the pages. When
The Head Hunter came to me for the
seventh time, the only thing I could be
sure of was the title. But I didn't need
to re-read it. I could have told that tale
almost by rote.

Just to show you what we thought of
books, Brentano's Paris store was the sec-
ond place we visited on our first leave
from the front—the first was a restaurant.

...

Collecting is one of the "natural
lines of defence" of the confirmed
amateur, and he has
Japanese made a brave stand
Colour Prints there, but the spirit of
intelligence has been
invading this realm as relentlessly as
it has every other, and the result has
undoubtedly been a greater pleasure
for the collector who has been will-
ing to yield. Mr. Basil Stewart has
now come forward with a little book
On Collecting Japanese Color-Prints
to clear up a subject which the
amateur has always found rather ob-
scure. He tells what prints are
most worth acquiring and why, which
ones should be avoided, and how to



ISHIYAMA TEMPLE, BY THE SHORE OF LAKE BIWA; FROM THE
 "SIXTY-ODD PROVINCES" SERIES (FIRST EDITION). FROM "ON
 COLLECTING JAPANESE COLOUR PRINTS," BY BASIL STEWART

detect counterfeits and reprints, and gives some hint as to the prices which should be paid. He gives a short history of the art, describes the process by which prints were made, analyses the work of the most important men of the school, and interprets the puzzling characters that are scattered so promiscuously across the surface of their productions. It bridges very competently the gap between complete ignorance

of the subject and the advanced works which make up its existing literature. Mr. Stewart quotes with approval the passage in the will of Edmond de Goncourt in which he disposes of the treasures that he has collected during his lifetime: "My wish is that my prints, my curios, my books—in a word those things of art which have been the joy of my life—shall not be consigned to the cold tomb of a museum . . . ; but



WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS. IN HIS ARTICLE IN THIS ISSUE, PROFESSOR PHELPS SAYS YEATS "HAS DONE MORE FOR ENGLISH POETRY THAN ANY OTHER IRISHMAN, FOR HE IS THE GREATEST POET IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE THAT IRELAND HAS EVER PRODUCED." A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PORTRAIT

I require that they shall all be dispersed under the hammer of the auctioneer, so that the pleasure which their acquisition has given me shall be given again . . . to some inheritor of my own taste." A notion that is contrary to the modern spirit, but, for all that, not without its charm.

Hugh Gibson's book, *A Journal from Our Legation in Belgium*, now in its fifth printing, has been translated into French and will soon have publication by one of the large Parisian publishing houses. Negotiations are also under way for a Spanish translation of this same volume.

Word has just come of the death of Dora Sigerson Shorter, whose name is associated with the earlier days of the attempt to bring into English literature some of the colour and picturesqueness that is found in the Gaelic literature of Ireland. Mrs. Shorter was born in Dublin, the daughter of Dr. George Sigerson, who is remembered for his *Bards of the Gael and the Gall*, translations into the original metres of poems from the Irish. Dora Sigerson's work shows greater lyric gift than that of her father, and, at the same time, a desire to draw on the folk-lore of her country. She has, therefore, left behind her many ballads and lyrics which breathe the spirit of Ireland. To her *Collected Poems*, published in 1907, George Meredith contributed an Introduction, praising the poet's skill in metrical narrative. Mrs. Shorter had a command of technique, and that feeling for connotation essential in a ballad writer; while her sense of the supernatural enhances the weirdness of her ballads.

In the lyric, Mrs. Shorter was likewise distinguished: her poem, *Ireland*, found a well-deserved place in the *Oxford Book of English Verse*, as one of the most moving tributes to the poet's native land. Her powerful *Vagrant Heart* is of particular interest to-day, when women in England have won the vote. There will be a shadow across many an Irish heart for the passing of Dora Sigerson Shorter.

When I shall rise, and full of many fears,
Set forth upon my last long journey, lone,
And leave behind the circling earth to go
Amongst the countless stars to seek God's throne.

When in the vapourish blue I wander, lost,
Let some fair paradise reward my eyes—
Hill after hill, and green and sunny vale,
As I have known beneath the Irish skies.

Foreign Minister Trotzky, of the government that prevails in Russia at the moment of going to press, gave the following sketch of his life in a conversation with some of his friends a week or so before leaving New York to return to Russia:

I was born thirty-eight years ago in a little Jewish colony in southern Russia, in the government of Kherson. When about fourteen years of age I entered the gymnasium of Chernigov, and like most of the impressionable youth of Russia soon became interested in the revolutionary movements. Here in America school boys seem to spend most of their time in sports, baseball and football. In Russia, the boys—and the girls too, for that matter—use their leisure for reading books like Buckle's *History of Civilization*, Marx's *Capital*, Kautsky's *The Social Revolution*, and our own great classics that throb with the passion of revolt. Our pastime is chiefly attending underground Socialist meetings and spreading the propaganda among workingmen in the city and peasants in the country.

I was no exception to the rule. The revolutionary cause gripped me early in life and has never relaxed its hold. There was indeed a great deal of work to do. When I was little more than twenty years old, the Russian Revolution blazed up into a mighty flame. Most of the young people of Russia with any education were enlisted in the fight against the unspeakable Czaristic system, determined to put an end to the wrongs it inflicted upon the long-suffering Russian people.

My university education was interrupted, for I soon plunged deep in the work of propaganda, which left no time for anything else. I continued, however, to apply myself to the study of sociology, political economy and history and soon became a convinced Marxian Socialist. When the Russian Social Democracy split up into two sections on the issue of tactics I did not identify myself with either the Mensheviks or the Bolsheviks, but continued to work for the general cause, for the overthrow of Czarism and the cause of Socialism. Since the division in the Party was not based on fundamentals, but only on a difference of opinion as to the method to be applied in gaining the same ends, I used all my efforts to effect a reconciliation between the two wings. However, I leaned strongly to the radical side. In other words, I was a Menshevik of the extreme left, or a near-Bolshevik.

My ability as a speaker and as a writer soon drew me into the very centre of Socialist activity. I wrote for the party press, composed pamphlets, and carried on personal propaganda chiefly among the city populations.

Naturally, I did not escape the general fate of Russian Revolutionists. I was arrested and imprisoned, and as I did not give up my work for the cause after my release I became what the Russian authorities called an "illegal" person, and had to live under an assumed name. My first jailer was called Trotzky, and the idea occurred to me to take his name.

When the Revolution broke out in full force in 1905 I was made president of the first Soldiers' and Workingmen's Council in Petrograd to succeed the first incumbent to that position. I remained president until the defeat of the Revolution, when I was arrested and sent to imprisonment and exile in Siberia. From there I succeeded in making my escape, and went to live in Switzerland.

In Switzerland I founded a Socialist paper called *Prada* (The Truth), which was published both in Russian and in German. I also established an international news service for the dissemination of truthful news of current political and revolutionary events in Russia.

In 1910 I went to Germany, where my revolutionary activity incurred the displeasure of the Prussian authorities. I was arrested and sentenced to imprisonment, but escaped. Three days before the outbreak of the present war found me in Vienna. On the advice of Dr. Adler, the Austrian Socialist leader, I left Austria-Hungary, and was in Serbia when that country was invaded by the Austro-Hungarian troops, and was present at the Serbian parliament, the Kuptchina, when the vote for the first war credits was taken.

I returned to Switzerland, and was later summoned to Paris to edit the Russian Socialist paper there. When a Russian division of troops mutinied and killed the general, I addressed a severe letter of criticism of the French Government to Jules Guesde, a Socialist member of the cabinet, for the savage punishment that was meted out to the Russian troops. This so displeased the French Government that I was ordered out of France. I then went back to Switzerland, but Switzerland feared complications with the Czaristic government and would not let me in. I then turned to Spain. Spain would not have me either. I was detained at Barcelona, where I was to be deported to Cuba, where I knew no one, and where I should have found myself completely stranded. Later the Spanish Government decided to let me go where I pleased, provided only I left Spain. Every

country in Europe practically was now closed to me, and so I turned my gaze across the Atlantic, and arrived at Ellis Island at the end of December, 1916.

Here in New York I lived with my wife and two children in three rooms in a Bronx tenement, wrote for the *Novy Mir*, the Russian Socialist daily and spoke at Socialist meetings. I do not expect my stay here to be very long, however, for a revolution is bound to break out in Russia in a short time, and as soon as that happens I shall hasten to my home country and help in the work of Russia's liberation.

My book *The Bolsheviks and World Peace* expresses in full my convictions on the world war. It is the result of wide and deep study and the programme laid down there is the only solution that I can see to the problems that confront humanity.

This personal account is particularly interesting in comparison with the illuminating estimate of Trotzky, of him and all his works, published elsewhere in this issue.

...

The late William Frend DeMorgan's last novel, *The Old Mad House*, ap-

pears to have the engaging qualities of his *Alice-for-Short* and *Somehow Good* and

it is of a more comfortable length, though it will be nearly seven hundred pages when issued this spring. There is a triple romance: Fred Cartaret's with Nancy (nicknamed "Elbows," not because of any physical singularity, but because of something "cornery" about her personality); the love affair of Nancy's sister, Cintra, and Charles Snaith's romance with Lucy, a real beauty. The "DeMorganish" haunted house and mysterious disappearance are here. Fred Cartaret's uncle goes to look over a house which once had been a private lunatic asylum. The caretaker leaves him a moment, and he is never seen again. As in *Somehow Good*, there is built up for the mystery a sense of something sinister and intriguing, which pervades all the author's casualness and fidelity to life. The romance and the characters are developed within the aura

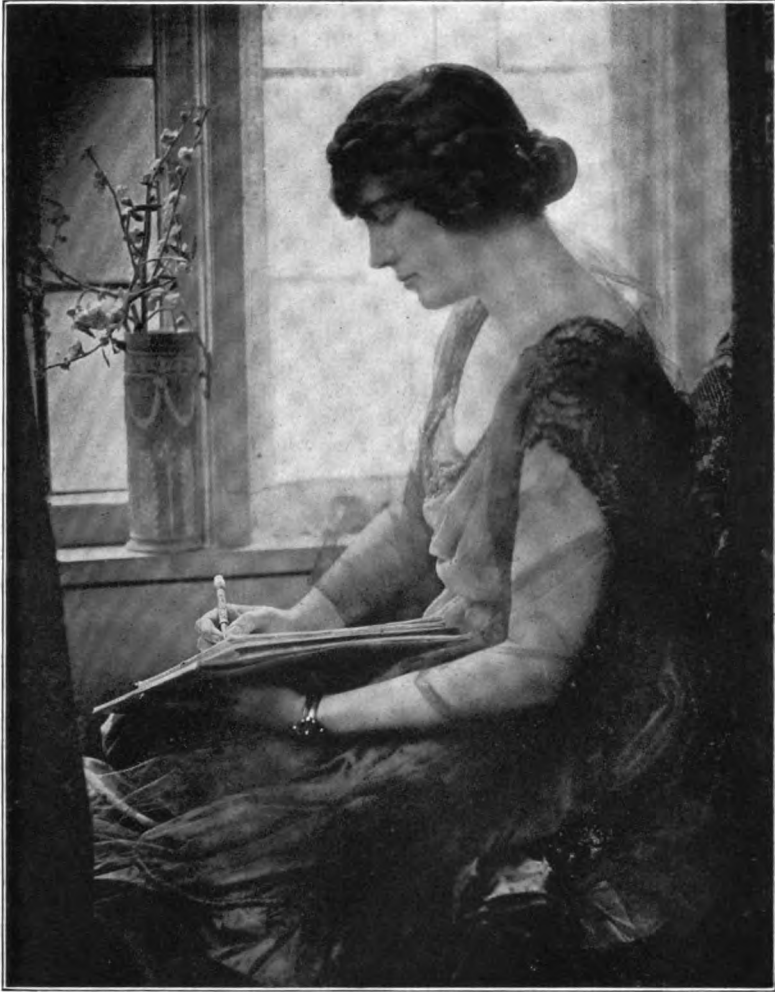


Photo by Ira L. Hill's Studio

DONA GATLIN, AUTHOR OF "THE FULL MEASURE OF DEVOTION," AND FORMERLY LITERARY EDITOR OF "THE NEW YORK SUN." OF HER BOOK CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, EDITOR OF "MC CLURE'S," WROTE, "I RECALL NO PIECE OF LITERATURE . . . THAT HAS SO BROUGHT HOME TO ME . . . WHAT THIS WAR SHALL COME TO MEAN TO THE MOTHERS AND FATHERS OF AMERICA. . . . I WISH THAT EVERYONE MIGHT READ THIS LITTLE TALE." A FURTHER DISCUSSION OF THIS STORY WILL BE MADE IN THE APRIL "BOOKMAN" BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN.

of DeMorgan's wise and kindly humour. Before his death, DeMorgan brought the manuscript to the final chapter or two, and he left Mrs. DeMorgan with some notes and a very clear idea of what he was going to do. From these, Mrs. DeMorgan completed the story.

Charles H. Caffin, who has just died, though he was perhaps the best known art critic in the country, was not an American by birth.

He was an Englishman, a graduate of Oxford in 1876, who came to this country

in 1892 to take part in the 'decorative work of the Chicago World's Fair. Subsequently he made his home in New York, where he was at various times art critic to several prominent newspapers. He was the American editor of *The International Studio*, and had been a regular lecturer at both the University of Pennsylvania and the Yale School of Fine arts. *How to Study Architecture* was his last book, published last fall; others of his works are *How to Study Pictures*, *The Story of French Painting*, *The Story of Dutch Painting*, *The Story of Spanish Painting*.



JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS, AUTHOR OF THAT MOST SUCCESSFUL COMEDY, "WHY MARRY?"

Apropos of Mr. Clayton Hamilton's discussion in his article in this month's issue of that "Why Marry?" most successful comedy, *Why Marry?*, a little information about its author, Jesse Lynch Williams, is in good season. Williams deserves all the success that has come to him; he has served a long and arduous apprenticeship to play-making. His success as a

story writer came early; indeed it was a part of his undergraduate literary output that suggested the volume published in 1895 entitled *Princeton Stories*—a book which is still in demand. Then came his newspaper experience in New York, and from it a series of newspaper stories, the most notable of which, *The Stolen Story*, became the title of the volume. Later it was made into a play with the same title and was produced about two hundred times. It was shortened into a one-act play later and also served as the vehicle for a full-length novel entitled *The Day Dreamer*. He wrote other successful stories—*My Lost Duchess*, 1908; *The Girl and the Game*, 1908; *The Married Life of the Frederick Carrolls*, 1910; and then in 1915 he produced a play in book form, *And So They Were Married*.

...

Prominent stars and managers had a chance to read it in print, but at first they did not see its possibilities. One man, Roi Cooper Me-grue, a successful playwright himself, had years before seen it in manuscript and tried to place it and always believed in it. When the Franklin Sargent dramatic students produced it at a matinée last spring, he was there and said it simply *had to be* put on professionally. He interested the Selwyns and the play was produced (and renamed "*Why Marry?*"), with a cast including Nat Goodwin, Estelle Winwood, Shelley Hull, Ernest Lawford, Beatrice Beckley, Lotus Robb and Edmund Breese. Everything was done beforehand to make it a success—and it succeeded—ten weeks in Chicago and then to New York. But it was not easy—the work, the revision, the perpetual thinking about it; and this revision of the dialogue by Williams counted because his work was intelligently directed. Sparkling dialogue that seems

so spontaneous on the lips of the players has been hammered and engraved with finer strokes and destroyed and built up again, so that the result is a modern play with the best traditions of English comedy, old and new.

. . .

Devoted observers of that Dial upon which the Sun (of New York) never sets read the other day upon its face these so Marquisian sentiments:

Poetic.

Arithmetic

Christopher Morley says, in a piece he wrote for one of the papers, that William Rose Benet, Vachel Lindsay and the editor of the *Sun Dial* are the three best poets in the country.

Chris is a good old scout and a darned good poet himself, besides being four of the twelve best critics in America, H. L. Mencken and James Huneker being the other eight.

. . .

Irvin Cobb, who has just sailed for Europe to write a new series of articles and a book on war conditions, *Irvin Cobb Achieves a Uniform* tells the following story about his acquisition of a correspondent's uniform:

Going to a military tailor he asked to be measured for something adequate to his figure and station.

"You want an American officer's uniform, I suppose?" inquired the fitter briskly.

Mr. Cobb regarded him with the restrained temper of one who has explained who he was (and is) to the British War Office three days in succession.

"I am not an American officer," corrected Mr. Cobb.

"Oh, I see," said the fitter. "Regulation British it is, sir."

Mr. Cobb hated to distress him, so he waited until the calf measurement, at full inhalation, had been noted down, whereupon he mentioned casually:

"I am not a British officer."

"Eh, what?" said the fitter, reclining on his heels. "What shall I make it, sir?"

"God knows," says Mr. Cobb, dejectedly.

The measuring proceeded. After the Sam Browne diagonal had been secured by means of trigonometry and a ball of twine, Mr. Cobb prepared to leave. The fitter seemed bewildered and somewhat depressed. Mr. Cobb had an inspiration.

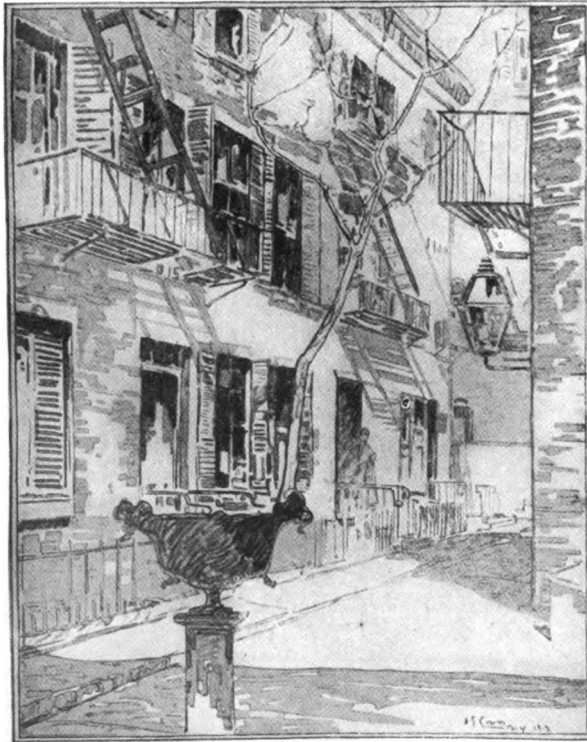
"I have just been appointed a colonel on the staff of the Governor of Kentucky," he remarked, and was rewarded by an instant look of relief on the fitter's face. The atmosphere seemed to have cleared immeasurably.

"And do you know," says Mr. Cobb, "when I put that uniform on and looked at myself in the glass I looked like a Field Marshal in the Palestine Guards."

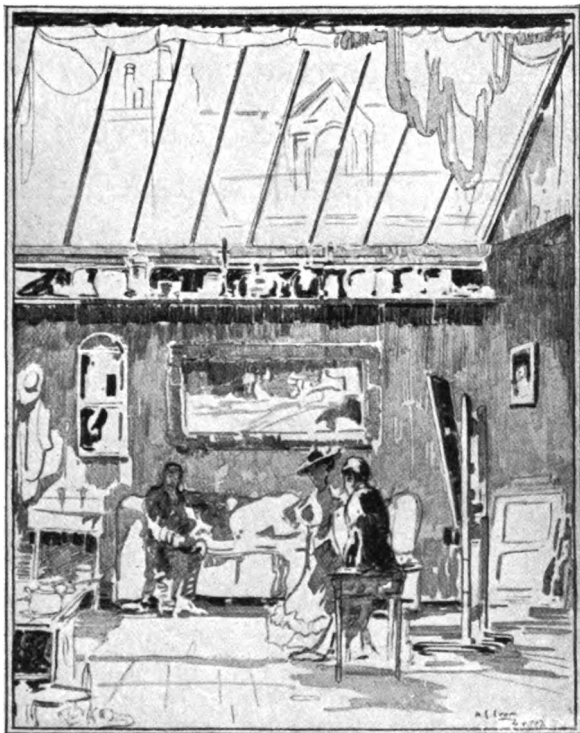
IN GREENWICH VILLAGE

BY ANNA ALICE CHAPIN

JUST a step,—and you're there in the old Child Land
You had thought not to retrieve;
You have lost the load of years, and stand
In the World of Make Believe;
A world of games, and glamour, and gleams,
A world that is young and gay,
A world of toys and a world of dreams,
Where grown-up children play!



MILlicAN COURT, A TYPICAL, FRAGMENTARY SURVIVAL OF OLD GREENWICH. FROM THE DRAWING BY ALLAN GILBERT CRAM FOR MISS CHAPIN'S BOOK, "GREENWICH VILLAGE"



A GREENWICH STUDIO: CHOOSING MODELS. FROM THE DRAWING BY ALLAN GILBERT CRAM FOR MISS CHAPIN'S BOOK, "GREENWICH VILLAGE"

To one is given the sacred fire
 That burns in the flame of song;
 To one the passionate soul desire
 To bear the world along;
 Genius to some—a mighty call!—
 Ambition without stay;
 But the happiest gift among them all
 Is remembering how to play!

And I wonder whether, one rose-gold day,
 On the Floor that is studded with stars,
 We shall sit in a ring and blithely play
 With little moonlight bars?—
 With baby comets, and rainbow strands,—
 (While the high gods smile to see!)—
 Children immortal with toys in our hands,
 For the rest of Eternity!

THE REVOLUTION ABSOLUTE

PART II. THE EPIPHANY OF POWER

BY CHARLES FERGUSON

PROEM

NOTHING in the record of mankind is more remarkable than the general assumption that goodness is naturally opposed to power—that right and might are irreconcilable. It is relevant to my purpose here to show: first, that this opposition is not natural, but factitious; second, that it had its origin in the oriental mind-sickness that has afflicted the race from immemorial times; and third, that this morbidity cannot survive the higher development of modern technology.

I

Observe first, that the contrast between virtue and power is not much felt on frontiers and in new lands. In Mr. Barrie's revealing drama called *The Admirable Crichton* there is an artistic exhibition of this truth. The efficient butler of a ship-wrecked English family, deploying in a crude and savage environment his latent resources of wisdom and valour, becomes the acknowledged head of the household. Thus, in a wilderness, natural rectitude coincides with social power. The case is different in old cities, and the playwright does not miss the clinching point of his demonstration. The family is rescued and returns to London; and there the butler's elemental dominance does not save him from social feebleness. In the last scene of the play he is presented in servile habit as of old, gliding noiselessly over the polished floors, in that hush of self-effacement which is supposed to be becoming to the good.

It would not be difficult to show by historical studies that nearly all aristocracies have gained their original differential of power by their virtues. The tradition of the *beau monde*—patrician, gentry, Samurai—begins generally with a superiority in courage, in skill with tools and arms, and in practical understanding and social sensitiveness—the feeling of the reality and importance of the common life.

But the experience of history is that this originating moral superiority of aristocracies does not last. It stifles itself in settled privilege. Thus it appears that the qualifications that preside at the origin of a ruling class are of a higher moral character than those that preserve its later power.

Ruling classes have their beginnings in pioneering or revolutionary moments when the salutary law of health and service breaks through the false tissues of social conventions. But as the social tissue knits again at the end of pioneering or revolutionary episodes, it has never yet failed, as a matter of historic fact, to develop a law unfavourable to elemental virtue and offering promotion to ambitious men on terms quite other than those of natural worth. Hence has arisen the literary and popular assumption that no man or class can be trusted with power unless another man or class is set to watch. It is falsely supposed that aristocracies decay because power, in its very nature, is corrupting.

Now the truth is that power cleanses and integrates the will, to the extent that it is derived from

courage and enterprise. The kind of power that properly belongs to a man does not corrupt him. He is corrupted only when he consents to exercise powers that are not his—that are merely imputed to him by a legal fiction. It is not characteristic of strong men to take the lead in such inventions. Therefore it is inaccurate to say that power is corrupting, without specifying the kind of power that is meant. The strong do not corrupt the weak, but the weak the strong. Society in the large corrupts its *élite*. The vast tides of false social tradition have overwhelmed again and again, a thousand times, the adventures of high-spirited men toward a happier order of linked power and virtue.

II

This literary and popular notion that power necessarily tends toward moral debasement, is evidently only a special phase of the wider mental phenomenon we are dealing with, to wit: the age-old separation between the thought of what is right and the thought of what is practical. Thus in setting out to discover why it is that aristocracies make their entrances by one law and their exits by another, we are brought in face of the question: Why is it so hard for the mass of men to believe in the goodness of power, or in the potential strength and prevalence of what is right? Why this age-long wistfulness—this abstract and passive devotion to the undoable, and this resigned engrossment in things that are confessed to be of inferior interest and worth?

How is it that Americans—even Americans—have come to think that the business by which people get their living must of necessity be actuated by lower motives than those that are supposed to obtain in churches and law courts? Why do we have institutions to cultivate idealism as a specialty, and other

quite different and wholly incommensurable institutions to cultivate practicality as a specialty? Why are we scandalised by the idea that there is a natural congruity between might and right? Why do we think of democracy as a delicate flower of the spirit growing in a sheltered garden—a flower that can be nurtured only in happy times and that needs to be walled and made safe by something that is not democracy? Why do we imagine that the vital and definitive power of a nation, the power of arms, should be regarded as a peculiar cult, superseding the arts and the humanities in grave moments, and requiring that everybody in civil society should eat, sleep, work and think in unfamiliar moods and tenses? Why is it that nothing but war itself—a war of such magnitude that it is in effect the sum of all wars—can make us understand that war-power is only a by-product of creative power; and that the rule of the world belongs to those who do not keep their creative imagination, their visions of the right way to do things—in a chamber of the mind that does not communicate with the common living rooms?

The answer to this question—or to these questions, for they are all one and the same—is the key to the authentic science of society.

The study of mass action and the psychology of the crowd can never get beyond the refined empiricism of such writers as John Fiske and Gustave Le Bon—can never become true science, furnishing a basis for enterprise and prophecy—until the historical schism between theceptive and the executive faculties of mankind, with its entail of futility and tragedy, is recognised by savants as the right point of departure. This is only another way of saying that we cannot begin to put order into our knowledge of what men in the mass have done or are likely to do until we accept the fact that average

men have never up to this time been normal men, while understanding at the same time that health is forever breaking through the settled absurdities, and that it is immensely contagious and must some day utterly prevail.

The academic psychologists talk about the fickle and convulsive mentality of the mob; but they commonly fail to observe that riots are made of precisely the same stuff as revolutions, and that the pathology of the mob-mind applies as well to the restless mutations of states and empires as to the swifter moods of street-rabbles.

The bottom reason why history is formless and irrational, subject to inconsequent changes and reactions, revealing no clear projective purpose, is that it is in the main a story of mobs. One must consent to the proposition that the human race hitherto has, on the whole, behaved itself very much in the manner of a mob—if only it be duly insisted and allowed that the records of the race are here and there shot through with illustrious stories of gathering order and noble reasonableness.

This is not a doctrine of pessimism. On the contrary, it is a doctrine of faith and high expectancy. Unless one begins with an understanding of the fact that the historic peoples have never really done their best, it is impossible to believe in the possibility—much less the actual imminence—of a pentecost or an epiphany. Such an understanding lies in the background of the Christian doctrine of universal aberration, or original sin. It should be confessed that this idea has suffered monstrous and incredible caricatures and needs to be restated in terms that modern biology and psychology can accept. But it still stands on its own feet, and is bound to be vindicated as the base line of social science. The law of human aberration bears the general relation to sociology that the New-

tonian law of gravitation bears to physics.

Paraphrasing Sir Isaac Newton's formula, one may venture to say—by accommodation of course, since there is no real congruity between social and physical science—that a community's working- and fighting-strength diminishes with the increase of the square of the distance between its political idealism and its business system; and that the energy of its repulsion for other communities, or disposition to fight them, increases in the same ratio.

Stating the same principle from the standpoint of personal relations, we may set it down that the sanity and validity of the individual varies inversely as the squared distance between his religious or political ideals and his day's-work; and that he feels repulsion for persons of a different interest or persuasion and is moved to defend his own morals, with an impulse that is strong in the degree of their abstraction and invalidity. This is the same as to say that in proportion to the aloofness of a man's idealism, its lack of practical bearing upon his personal conduct, is he zealous to impose it upon other men.

It is due to no conscious hypocrisy, but to that more desperate malady of the mind, the blindness of the Pharisee, that the prosecution of an abstract or platonic virtue becomes an end in itself, a feverish infatuation, against which the temperate strength of those who invest their idealism in good work has only rarely prevailed. The champions of abstract principles of right can commonly command the suffrages of the crowd in proportion to the loftiness of their abstractions. Hence it has come to pass that nations have in general been ruled by men lacking in elemental strength, men whose power was in truth not theirs, but was imputed to them by a system of legal conventions.

The most civilised societies have

most conspicuously been governed by the weak. These, while forever fierce to maintain their own moral theories by sword and scaffold, have fortified themselves by a cult of pacifism—insisting that all moral questions ought to be settled by earnest conversation, without resort to elemental forces, the nature of which they never have understood.

Under this immemorial rule of the weak, religion has been protected by those who lacked the energy of faith, the arts have been patronised by men having no ability to practise them, business has been bullied by people devoid of enterprise, and the sacredness of property has been championed by those who never earned a meal.

Such is the state of human affairs that Christianity came into the world to cure. The question was: How can a fresh start be made on a normal basis? How may the frightful gap between the conceptive faculties of mankind and its executive faculties be closed up? What new motive or method can be invoked to restore men to wholeness or holiness?

Now if the sin, or schism, that splits life in two were grounded in the primordial character of man there would be no hope. The leopard does not change his spots nor the Ethiopian his skin—and celestial wings do not sprout from the shoulders of mortals. The reasonableness of the Christian enterprise rests wholly, and rests securely, upon the fact that sin is abnormal. It is not natural. Therefore it is curable. The blindness of the Pharisee is not beyond the reach of therapeutics—Father, forgive them, for they cannot see!

To say that the light in the ruling class of Judea had become darkness was to say that the abstraction of their legal logic and the extravagance of their national idealism had dulled their natural sense. It is a

fact of moral pathology that every excess of sentimentality is balanced by sordidness. Super-righteousness is dogged by cruelty. And the treatment of any fine word—Truth, Honour, Humanity, Liberty—as if it were a real thing, blunts a man's interest in the embodiment of the thing.

Consider now the terrible consequences that flow from this pathological fact, and the desperate pass to which it brings the world—requiring a prodigy of love and faith to restore the health of society. Although in the deepest sense it is not natural for men to be sentimental and sordid, legal and cruel, magniloquent and mean, although it is true that in the mass we are not natural born fools but have rather achieved our rapturous and violent folly—still it remains an historical fact that this madness has propagated itself through the ages with dreadful contagion, and has become a kind of second nature.

Here lies the profound truth of what is called original sin—the sin of Adam. It is not absurd to say—as in a parable, of course—that if the first of “articulately speaking men” (it is Homer's significant phrase) had been an effectual artist or a good farmer instead of a futile moralist and rhetorician, the trouble would not have happened. For in view of the virulence of the contagion everything depended on getting started right.

The temptation is intrinsic and unescapable. We may understand that at a certain momentous epoch in the biologic process a being broke into existence that could properly be called Man—because he could speak. The ability to use words is the power of abstract or conceptive thought. And that implies duality of consciousness—the birth of the imagination as a faculty capable of standing aloof and apart from the current of passing experience. With the entrance of this thaumaturgic power of

abstract thought—the power to conceive things that do not exist and therefore to live, if one please, in an unreal world—we have the stage set for the tragedy of the Temptation and Fall.

It is in the power of the Man to pass out of the realm of creaturehood and into the realm of creatorship. He can cease to be merely the Finest Thing Made, and can become the Maker of Things. He can cease to be governed wholly by an external law and can begin to be self-governing. All he has to do is to hold himself together, to insist upon continuing to be all of one piece—as the naïve animals are. But he has a difficulty that they have not—since he has a new and marvellous consciousness that transcends reality and lures him away from the rough contacts of experience.

Shall he use his imagination—his power to conceive things that do not exist—as a means of escape from the harshness of reality? Or shall he become an artist—employing the power of the imagination to master the difficulties of existence and make new things exist? The Lord of Life advises him to take the latter course—tells him to dress and keep the Garden. That requires only red blood. It requires courage, faith in the practicability of one's own ideal. But behold! the Serpent—immemorial symbol of cold-blooded intellectuality, "the native hue of resolution sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought"—offers a different, a disastrous counsel. Adam is advised to leave the conquest of nature to inferior beings and to devote himself to mental uplift and ethical culture—"to eat of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil!"—to get right, and acquire rights, without risk of body or venture of faith.

The Man refuses to take God for granted and elects to think his way to righteousness. He rejects the creative life and prefers to refine upon

his creaturehood. And this choice we are told is the spring of the unnumbered woes that have fallen upon mankind.

Remember this story stands in the forefront of a literature recording the stages of a brave effort made by a particular race of Asiatics to escape from the spiritual thrall of the Orient. Asia to this day holds stubbornly to the choice that Adam is said to have made. The inner life of the East is mainly characterised in India by spiritual wistfulness, and in China by scholastic pedantry. The peoples of these lands may be said to be the most cultivated races on the planet. They are among the most unsuccessful in the dressing and keeping of the Garden. India has always been afflicted with mighty famines, and has never learned to water its deserts or drain its swamps. And China has not learned to make good roads or to uncover the vast coal-measure beneath its soil. China lies as a helpless and dangerous derelict adrift in the heaving sea of world-conflict.

There is point and pathos in the newspaper story that has recently gone the rounds, to the effect that twenty-five thousand persons in British India have been killed by snake-bites since the beginning of the war. The wile of distempered wisdom is still prevailing; the heel of the Son of the Woman has not yet bruised the serpent's head.

Sir Edwin Arnold in his *Light of Asia* writes: "The East bowed low before the West in silent, deep disdain; she heard the legions thunder past, then plunged in thought again." That is a true description of the pride and impotence of the Orient in its relation to the occidental races.

Christianity crowns the scriptural tradition with a definite revolt from this orientalism—the substance of original sin. The historic Christ is

an indissuadable apostate from the life of the Orient. He is an Asiatic standing with his back to Asia and stretching out his revealing hands toward Europe and America.

There are, of course, a mass of oriental legends clustering about the timeless and incomparable name of Jesus. It is an offence to sound canons of historical and literary interpretation to suppose that these are characteristic of their subject. Men are not made famous for being like everybody else in their neighbourhood—though it is natural enough that their contemporaries should try to describe them in terms of their own habitual thought. If Jesus had been what the orientalists among us suppose him to have been, he would have been lost in the Palestinian census. It is absurd to state the meaning of a man whose fame after two thousand years is worship, in terms that are not distinguishable from the pre-Christian cult of yogia, or the orthodoxy of the doctors he disputed with.

Jesus is the pivotal personality of the ages, because he pioneered the way of escape from the morbid ideality and intellectualism that had complete possession of the *orbis terrarum* of his day. He was crucified because he was alone in the world and had declared war against it. He strove mightily not to be alone. He did not intend to be a victim—nor refuse to be. His intolerable offence was his awful realism—his emphasis of the preciousness of incarnate life. He insisted, in the teeth of the scribes and doctors—and of Socrates, Plato and Aristotle—that the fine thing to do with the mind is to en-flesh it—to spend its force upon living stuff and substance.

To make much of the words of Christ is to make sure of misunderstanding him. Did he say this, or that?—It does not much matter. He is not a philosopher, but rather a man of affairs—the first and authen-

tic type of that new order. He is the despair of philosophers, because he comes to deliver the world from the rule of words. He is the inventor of credit-capital, socialised commerce and the corporate idea. That is to say, he is the prime illustrator of the practical value of faith, the advantages of level reciprocity and the power of free combination.

The ecumenical church was the projection of the personality of Jesus. It spent itself and was lost four hundred years ago, though not beyond recovery in another form. It was the world's most magnificent and successful experiment in social administration. Its success was due to its militant realism—its conquest of racial prejudice, puristic religiosity and the doctrinairism of sects. Its failure was due to a revival in the world at large of the malignancy of the world's old diseases.

To think of Jesus as a proletarian reformer, a champion of the poor, striving to broaden down the social law to the level of the disinherited, is to blunt the point of his world-transforming enterprise. He undertook to normalise society, to deliver it from its inherent deadlock—by cancelling out the legal fictions that support the arbitrary power of incompetents. He set out to establish on a basis of social authority the intrinsic and self-vindicating strength of the sane.

In proclaiming the rule of the servant Jesus penetrated the oriental and classical illusion, that assumes the weakness of those who spend their imagination and devotion in physical ministries to life. He saw in the tender carefulness of a serving-man for the comfort of his master a celebration of the spiritual mastery of material things in their relation to living persons. To him this was a foreshowing of that artistic-scientific power—the power of great builders, chemists, artists and engineers—which is assuredly destined to take

the control of politics out of the nerveless hands of legalists and rhetoricians.

By dint of profound sanity, a genius of simplicity that was proof against sophistication, Jesus understood a truth that is now at last beginning to be apparent even to pedagogic psychologists, to wit: that energy of will and intellect is the ability to make firm decisions concerning the relative worth of things for the practical uses of life; and consequently that powerful personalities cannot be bred otherwise than in eager and interested contact with material values and life-sustaining processes. Jesus knew that it had been provided in the ground-plan of the world that people who live by their legal privileges, in aloofness from the life-struggle, shall decline in intelligence and personal force. To say that the servant shall rule at length is to prophesy in terms of science. It amounts merely to saying that the strong shall rule at length.

The Church of the Middle Ages was a pioneering adventure toward a sane social system—a system in which personal validity becomes the same thing as social authority. This is the heart of the democratic idea. And the Church of the great ecclesiastical administrators was a social order that crossed the frontiers of race and caste and opened the way for a peasant man of whatever breed to mount to the throne of the Servant of Servants. How lethal is the spell of prescriptive time! We talk now of an ecumenic conscience, power, social order—as if it were a dream of benevolent hope, taxing the credulity of realistic minds. Yet the thing was once done—and stood for a thousand years. We have simply forgotten.

We have forgotten that many generations of men like ourselves tilled the soil, built cities, went about their daily work and play, nourished and sustained in the confident expecta-

tion that the best that could befall mankind was planned and half-accomplished in the actual living body of the Church. But the breath of the spiritual plague of Asia, the malific east wind that blows across the world—blighted that expectation. It was not to be—in that manner. We were not to arrive at the Great Deliverance by the way of the Militant Church, but by the way of another militancy less gracious, and less creditable to the human spirit.

It was possible in either of two ways to bring into the light of universal acknowledgment the truth that service is stronger than privilege, and that goodness and power are, in the ground-plan of nature, one and the same thing. The way of the Church was that goodness should go forth into the world proclaiming its right of dominion and summoning the free wills of men to the conquest of the kingdom. That way came within sight of success. It covered the world with the organic tissues of a new and transforming order. But on the whole, we say, it failed. In the sixteenth century the hope of the militant and ecumenic church was practically abandoned. Men ceased to believe that goodness could fight, that it could mass its forces and conquer the world. The institutions of the ideal were thrust out of the forum and market-place. The Church became the ward of the state, and was left to nourish its baffled hope in a region of high abstraction.

The plot that has culminated in the Great War began to work out its fatalities four hundred years ago. But these fatalities are not wholly tragic. On the contrary they lead straight to the goal toward which the militant church strove—but now by a different road.

The Church said: Given the organisation of goodness on a grand scale and we shall arrive at power. But it is equally true to say: Given the

organisation of power on a grand scale and we shall arrive at goodness. For four centuries of travail we have been moving toward the rule of the servant through the organisation of earth-subduing power on an ever-widening basis. The modern development of technological industry forces us, even against our will and purpose, to the discovery of the spiritual laws of society.

III

Percival Lowell, sitting with his eye to his great telescope at Flagstaff, Arizona, in absorbed contemplation of the planet Mars, supposed that he was gazing upon a world that was able to sustain its life only by a complete social unity centring in an intense devotion to the practical arts. His theory was that the astonishing network of geometrical lines appearing upon the face of the planet is in fact a system of canals belonging to a prodigious system of irrigation; that the diminishing moisture in their atmosphere must have forced the Martian people into the finest economy of the forces of life and of nature for the maintenance of a food supply, and must therefore have developed a form of social organisation in which high place and power could be achieved only by those who manifestly excelled in social service.

Now high technology and the Great War are accomplishing on our planet something like what Lowell imagined concerning Mars. The rise of technical science and the machine process, and the consequent grand-scale social organisation for work, have left law and morals far behind. Our legal and moral conceptions, our ideas of right, duty, property, punishment, authority and so on, are reminiscent of the Old Testament or of the antique Mediterranean culture cherished in classical schools. We have gone on defining personal and property rights in a mood that has

no relation at all to the need of putting the control of tools into competent hands, or any other consideration of social economy and efficiency.

The war is the explosion of this absurdity. Now for a moment the energy of the machines is turned against the life of the race. There is dearth everywhere and dire extremity. We are reduced to the plight of the planet Mars. There is no exit from such distress except the road that Mr. Lowell suggested. We shall have a new social order in which virtue shall be linked with property and authority, and in which a man's goodness shall be defined in the pragmatic terms of the New Testament: I was cold, hungry, naked—and he produced the fuel, the food and the clothes.

There are several steps in this disentanglement. Substantially as follows the record may be expected to run. Germany precipitated the catastrophe because Germany was of all countries the most antique in political morals and the most modern in tools. The Teutons had acquired a differential advantage in tool-power because they had invested a small percentage of their political idealism in a direct effort to advance the industrial arts; while the other great nations, excepting perhaps Japan, had reserved their political idealism for other uses. But idealism when turned earthward becomes formidable. It can fight. Thus Germany made war—a war between industrial systems vitalised by diverse degrees of practical idealism. England, France, Italy begin to invest their moral virtue in the machines. But their available percentage is too low, for the moment. Russia drops out and relapses into feebleness, because she is oriental at heart and cannot put the power of dreams into tools. America girds herself. She has immense reserves of creative strength drawn out of every nation under heaven and nur-

tured on the bosom of a fresh continent; but her sectarian religion, her party politics, her academic culture, had been aimed at the sky. With one voice they had protested against the abuses of business and had restrained some of them—a little; but they had never cast their passion for beauty and truth and goodness into the engines of industry as fuel and fire. Yet now the day had come in which this must be done!

I say we are living in the grey morning of an apocalyptic day, because I am acquainted with the American people and the peoples of western Europe, and know the largeness of their spiritual reserves. Without that knowledge it would be reasonable to suppose, from the face of the facts, that Germany would prevail. In that case the day of the great change would be postponed—and there would be a much longer agony of parturition.

There may indeed be brief pauses, truces, futile diplomacies—but the West will not submit to Central Europe. I expect the great change to be precipitated in the United States, and I think it will come quickly because the only alternative is the universal prevalence, for a generation or so, of the Teutonic political type—entailing wars upon wars with only breathing-spaces between.

But the United States cannot prevail over Teutonism in the near future—cannot compress the world-agony into a narrow compass of time—without committing itself at once to a profound internal renovation that will involve every institution of business, politics, religion and culture. We may continue for a moment to think of these changes as war-measures; but they will be irretractable. The short statement of the case is that we are now obliged to make a permanent investment in physical business of at least fifty-one per cent. of our intellectual and emo-

tional energy—most of which has hitherto been used to turn the wind-mills of an abstract and impotent idealism.

If our national reserves of elemental health prove to be inadequate for the present emergency, if we are not yet able to direct the major part of our idealism to the romance of reality—our failure will postpone, but cannot prevent, the coming of the great change. The postponement can hardly reach beyond the middle of the century. For the very existence of modern grand-scale industry, with its universal credit-accounting and the enforced mutuality of the machine, forces the spiritual issue with an irresistible hand. Grand-scale industry is fatal to the rule of abstract idealism—the physically irrelevant kind of goodness or rightness that obtains in our actual churches, schools, courts and chambers of commerce. It is fatal to that rule, not directly and obviously, but in a manner that is none the less decisive.

When industry becomes organised on a national or international scale it drives the rule of abstract idealism to suicide. There is no possibility of escape. The march of the fatality is as irresistible as the movement of an *Æschylean* play. The economy of small and unintegrated crafts that preceded the machine process, or what is called “the great industry,” could manage to exist for a thousand years under the sway of an ancient legalism. For small-scale industry can keep tolerably close to the natural laws of life, in spite of the worst that lawyers and politicians may do; it can follow the instinctive law that yields craft-mastership only to those who have proved their fitness. But when the agencies that sustain the life of a great nation become linked in a single indissoluble system, the safe and instinctive rule of the craft-master is thrown into the background, and the control of the life-

sustaining system is committed for weal or woe to such masters as the conventional laws of property and precedence may happen to endue with power.

Thus the great industry challenges the existence of the old transcendental legalism by submitting to it, committing the life of the nation to it, and so exposing its physical feebleness and incompetency. The old juristic order is forced to undertake a work that it is unable to perform, and is therefore driven to self-destruction. Its definitions of personal and property rights are found to be wholly out of drawing with the facts of life.

The discrepancy is first revealed in the yawning of an unbridgable chasm between "labour" and "capital"—between those who live by the natural law of physical function and those who depend for their existence upon the validation of conventional claims. It is discovered that the lowest depths of poverty are reached in the countries that have the highest per capita rate of income, and that the schism between riches and poverty does not tend to close up, but rather to widen, with the increase of documentary wealth. Thereupon it is made evident to competent observers that the self-destruction of the old legal order cannot be postponed in any country save by expan-

sion of its credit and commerce to fresh lands. But the international rivalry for the possession of fresh fields must of necessity produce war; and this is the swiftest way of suicide for the powers of transcendental politics. For modern wars are waged primarily with tools; and victory in such warfare must inevitably rest with the contestant who is able to invest the highest percentage of his intellectual and moral force in the practical arts.

These considerations furnish, I think, solid grounds of assurance that the greatest of human events is either close at hand or else will be reached by the mid-century. The world will be delivered at last from the immemorial deadlock between idealism and enterprise; the creative imagination will master the machines in the service of art, and of a finer civility than we have known.

War will come to an end quite incidentally and as a matter of course—with the rise of a great people emotionally devoted to the creative process and therefore sovereign in the realm of chemical and physical force. Such a people will hold the hegemony of a universal alliance—by the diffusion of benefits and by the compulsion of power.

War will be stopped by the predominant force of a free people, romantic about realities.

THE ADVANCE OF ENGLISH POETRY IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

PART VI

Irish poetry a part of English Literature—common-sense the basis of romanticism—misapprehension of the poetic temperament—passing of the “typical” Irishman.—William Butler Yeats—his education—his devotion to art—his theories—his love poetry—resemblance to Maeterlinck—the lyrical element paramount—the psaltery—pure rather than applied poetry.—John M. Synge—his mentality—his versatility—a terrible personality—his capacity for hatred—his subjectivity—his interesting Preface—brooding on death.—A. E.—the Master of the island—his sincerity and influence—disembodied spirits—his mysticism—homesickness—true optimism.—James Stephens—poet and novelist—realism and fantasy.—Padraic Colum.—Francis Ledwidge.—Susan Mitchell.—Thomas MacDonagh.—Joseph Campbell.—Seumas O’Sullivan.—Maurice Francis Egan.—Norreys Jephson O’Conor.—The advance of English poetry in Ireland.

IN WHAT I have to say of the work of the Irish poets, I am thinking of it solely as a part of English literature. I have in mind no political bias whatever, for political questions in the field of art seem to me of subordinate importance. During the last forty years Irishmen have written mainly in the English language, which assures to what is good in their compositions an influence bounded only by the dimensions of the earth. Great creative writers are such an immense and continuous blessing to the world that the locality of their birth pales in importance in comparison with the glory of it, a glory in which we all profit. We need original writers in America; but I had rather have a star of the first magnitude appear in London than a star of lesser power appear in Los Angeles. Everyone who writes good English contributes something to English literature and is a benefactor to English-speaking people. An Irish

or American literary aspirant will serve his country not according to his local flavour or fervour, but according to his ability to write the English language. The language belongs to Ireland and to America as much as it belongs to England; excellence in its command is the only test by which Irish, American, Canadian, South African, Hawaiian and Australian poets and novelists will be judged. The more difficult the test, the stronger the appeal to national pride.

In a recent work, called *The Celtic Dawn*, I found this passage: “The thesis of their contention is that modern English, the English of contemporary literature, is essentially an impoverished language incapable of directly expressing thought.” I am greatly unimpressed by such a statement. The chief reason why there is really a Celtic Dawn, or a Celtic Renaissance, is because Irishmen like Synge, Yeats, Russell and others have

succeeded in writing English so well that they have attracted the attention of the whole world.

Ireland has never contributed to English literature a poet of the first class. By a poet of the first class I mean one of the same grade with the leading half-dozen British poets of the nineteenth century. This dearth of great Irish poets is all the more remarkable when we think of her splendid contributions to English prose and to English drama. Possibly, if one had prophecy rather than history to settle the question, one might predict that Irishmen would naturally write more and better poetry than Englishmen; for the common supposition is that the poetic temperament is romantic, sentimental, volatile, reckless. If this were true, then the lovable, careless, impulsive Irish would completely outclass in original poetry the sensible, steady-headed, cautious Englishmen. What are the facts about the so-called poetic temperament?

Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Gray, Wordsworth, Keats, Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, were in character, disposition, and temperament precisely the opposite of what is superficially supposed to be "poetic." Some of them were deeply erudite; all of them were deeply thoughtful. They were clear-headed, sensible men—in fact, common sense was the basis of their mental life. And no one can read the letters of Byron without seeing how well supplied he was with the shrewd common sense of the Englishman. He was more selfish than any one of the men enumerated above—but he was no fool. There is nothing inconsistent in his being at once the greatest romantic poet and the greatest satirist of his age. His masterpiece, *Don Juan*, is the expression of a nature at the farthest possible remove from sentimentality. And the greatest poet in any language since Shakespeare, the author of *Faust*, was remarkable

among all the children of men for his poise, balance, calm—in other words, for common sense.

It is by no accident that the British—whom foreigners delight to call stodgy and slow-witted, have contributed to the literature of the world the largest amount of high-class poetry. English literature is instinctively romantic, as French literature is instinctively classic. The glory of French literature is prose; the glory of English literature is poetry.

As the tallest tree must have the deepest roots, so it would seem that the loftiest edifices of verse must have the deepest foundations. Certainly one of the many reasons why American poetry is so inferior to British is because our roots do not go down sufficiently deep. Great poetry does not spring from natures too volatile, too susceptible, too easily swept by gusts of emotion. Landor was one of the most violent men we have on record; he was a prey to uncontrollable outbursts of rage, caused by trivial vexations; but his poetry aimed at cold, classical correctness. In comparison with Landor, Tennyson's reserve was almost glacial—yet out of it bloomed many a gorgeous garden of romance. Splendid imaginative masterpieces seem to require more often than not a creative mind marked by sober reason, logical processes, orderly thinking.

John Morley, who found the management of Ireland more than a handful, though he loved Ireland and the Irish with an affection greater than that felt by any other Englishman of his time, has, in his *Recollections*, placed on opposite pages—all the more striking to me because so wholly unintentional—illuminating testimony to the difference between the Irish and the British temperament. And this testimony powerfully supports the point I am trying to make—that the "typical" logicless, inconsequential Irish mind, so win-

some and so exasperating, is not the kind of brain to produce permanent poetry.

"A peasant was in the dock for a violent assault. The clerk read the indictment with all its legal jargon. The prisoner to the warder: "What's all that he says?" *Warder*: "He says ye hit Pat Curry with yer spade on the side of his head." *Prisoner*: "Bedad an' I did." *Warder*: "Then plade not guilty." This dialogue, loud and in the full hearing of the court.

"Read Wordsworth's two poems on Burns; kind, merciful, steady, glowing, manly they are, with some strong phrases, good lines, and human feeling all through, winding up in two stanzas at the close. These are among the pieces that make Wordsworth a poet to live with; he repairs the daily wear and tear, puts back what the fret of the day has rubbed thin or rubbed off, sends us forth in the morning *whole*."

Robert Browning, whose normality in appearance and conversation pleased sensible folk and shocked idolaters, summed up in two stanzas the difference between the popular conception of a poet and the real truth. One might almost take the first stanza as representing the Irish, and the second the English temperament.

"Touch him ne'er so lightly, into song he broke:

Soil so quick-receptive,—not one feather-seed,

Not one flower-dust fell but straight its fall awoke

Vitalising virtue: song would song succeed
Sudden as spontaneous—prove a poet-soul!"

Indeed?

Rock's the song-soil rather, surface hard and bare:

Sun and dew their mildness, storm and frost their rage

Vainly both expend,—few flowers awaken there:

Quiet in its cleft broods—what the after age

Knows and names a pine, a nation's heritage.

People who never grow up may have a certain kind of fascination, but they will not write great poetry. It is exactly the other way with creative artists; they grow up faster than the average. The maturity of Keats is astonishing. Now I believe that in the last forty years Ireland has really begun to grow up. The fantastic, happy-go-lucky Irishman is becoming as rare in real life as he is on the stage. Spirituality has taken the place of frivolity. Mr. Yeats's wonderful lamentation, *September 1913*, that sounds like the wailing of the wind, actually gives us a reason why Irishmen are getting the attention of the world in poetry, as well as in fiction and drama.

What need you, being come to sense,
But fumble in a greasy till
And add the halfpence to the pence
And prayer to shivering prayer, until
You have dried the marrow from the bone;
For men were born to pray and save,
Romantic Ireland's dead and gone,
It's with O'Leary in the grave.

Yet they were of a different kind.
The names that stilled your childish play
They have gone about the world like wind,

But little time had they to pray
For whom the hangman's rope was spun,
And what, God help us, could they save;
Romantic Ireland's dead and gone,
It's with O'Leary in the grave.

Was it for this the wild geese spread
The grey wing upon every tide;
For this that all that blood was shed,
For this Edward Fitzgerald died,
And Robert Emmet and Wolfe Tone,
All that delirium of the brave;
Romantic Ireland's dead and gone,
It's with O'Leary in the grave.

Yet could we turn the years again,
 And call those exiles as they were,
 In all their loneliness and pain
 You'd cry "some woman's yellow hair
 Has maddened every mother's son:"
 They weighed so lightly what they gave,
 But let them be, they're dead and gone,
 They're with O'Leary in the grave.

William Butler Yeats has done more for English poetry than any other Irishman, for he is the greatest poet in the English language that Ireland has ever produced. He is a notable figure in contemporary literature, having made additions to verse, prose and stage-plays. He has by no means obliterated Clarence Mangan, but he has surpassed him.

Mr. Yeats was born at Dublin, June 13, 1865. His father was an honour man at Trinity College, taking the highest distinction in Political Economy. After practising law, he became a painter, which profession he still adorns. The future poet studied art for three years, but when twenty-one years old definitely devoted himself to literature. Apart from his original work, one of his foremost services to humanity was his advice to that strange genius, John Synge—for it was owing to the influence of his friend that Synge became a creative writer, and he had, alas! little time to lose.

Mr. Yeats published his first poem in 1886. Since that date, despite his preoccupation with the management of the Abbey Theatre, he has produced a long list of works in verse and prose, decidedly unequal in merit, but shining with the light of a luminous mind.

From the first, Mr. Yeats has seemed to realise that he could serve Ireland best by making beautiful and enduring works of art, rather than by any form of political agitation. This is well; for despite the fact that a total ineptitude for statesmanship seldom prevents the enthusiast from issuing and spreading dogmatic

propaganda, a merely elementary conception of the principle of division of labour should make us all rejoice when the artist confines himself to art. True artists are scarce and precious; and although practical men of business often regard them as superfluous luxuries, the truth is that we cannot live without them. As poet and dramatist, Mr. Yeats has done more for his country than he could have accomplished in any other way.

Never was there more exclusively an artist. He writes pure, not applied poetry. I care little for his theories of symbolism, magic and what not. Poets are judged not by their theories, not by the "schools" to which they give passionate adherence, but simply and solely by the quality of their work. No amount of theory, no correctness of method, no setting up of new or defence of old standards, no elevated ideals can make a poet if he have not the divine gift. Theories have hardly more effect on the actual value of his poetry than the colour of the ink in which he writes. The reason why it is interesting to read what Mr. Yeats says about his love of magic and of symbols is not because there is any truth or falsehood in these will-o'-the-wisps, but because he is such an artist that even when he writes in prose, his style is so beautiful, so harmonious that one is forced to listen. Literary art has enormous power in propelling a projectile of thought. I do not doubt that the chief reason for the immense effect of such a philosophy as that of Schopenhauer or that of Nietzsche is because each man was a literary artist—indeed I think both were greater writers than thinkers. A good thing this is for their fame, for art lasts longer than thought. The fashion of a man's thought may pass away; his knowledge and his ideas may lose their stamp, either because they prove to be false or because they become universally

current. Everybody believes Copernicus, but nobody reads him. Yet when a book, no matter how obsolete in thought, is marked by great beauty of style, it lives forever. Consider the case of Sir Thomas Browne. Art is the great preservative.

Mr. Yeats has a genius for names and titles. His names, like those of Rossetti's, are sweet symphonies. *The Wind Among the Reeds*, *The Shadowy Waters*, *The Secret Rose*, *The Land of Heart's Desire*, *The Island of Statues* are poems in themselves, and give separate pleasure like an overture without the opera. Perhaps it is not too fanciful to observe that *The Wind Among the Reeds* suggests better than any other arrangement of words the lovely minor melodies of our poet, while *The Shadowy Waters* gives exactly the picture that comes into one's mind in thinking of his poems. There is an extraordinary fluidity in his verse, like running water under the shade of overhanging branches. One feels that Mr. Yeats loves these titles, and chooses them with affectionate solicitude, like a father naming beautiful children.

The love poetry of Mr. Yeats, like the love poetry of Poe, is swept with passion, but the passion is mingled with unutterable reverence. It is unlike much modern love poetry in its spiritual exaltation. Just as manners have become more free, and intimacies that once took months to develop, now need only minutes, so much contemporary verse-tribute to women is so detailed, so bold, so cock-sure, that the elaborate compliments only half-conceal a sneer. In all such work love is born of desire—its sole foundation—and hence is equally short-lived and fleeting. In the poems of Mr. Yeats, desire seems to follow rather than to precede love. Love thus takes on, as it ought to, something of the beauty of holiness.

Fasten your hair with a golden pin,
And bind up every wandering tress;
I bade my heart build these poor rhymes:
It worked at them, day out, day in,
Building a sorrowful loveliness
Out of the battles of old times.

You need but lift a pearl-pale hand,
And bind up your long hair and sigh; .
And all men's hearts must burn and beat;
And candle-like foam on the dim sand,
And stars climbing the dew-dropping sky,
Live but to light your passing feet.

A still more characteristic love-poem is the one which gleams with the symbols of the cloths of heaven.

Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths,
Enwrought with golden and silver light,
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half-light,
I would spread the cloths under your feet;
But I, being poor, have only my dreams;
I have spread my dreams under your feet;
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

In mysticism, in symbolism, and in the quality of his imagination, Mr. Yeats of course reminds us of Maeterlinck. He has the same twilight atmosphere, peopled with elusive dream-footed figures, that make no more noise than the wings of an owl. He is of imagination all compact. He is neither a teacher nor a prophet; he seems to turn away from the real sorrows of life, yes, even from its real joys, to dwell in a world of his own creation. He invites us thither, if we care to go; and if we go not, we cannot understand either his art or his ideas. But if we wander with him in the shadowy darkness, like the lonely man in Titanic alleys accompanied only by Psyche, we shall see strange visions. We may be led to the door of a legended tomb; we may be led along the border of dim waters; but we shall live for a time in the realm of Beauty, and be the better for the experience, even though it resemble nothing

in the town and country that we know.

Mr. Yeats, like Browning, writes both lyrical poems and dramas; but he is at the opposite remove from Browning in everything except the gift of song. Browning was so devoted to the dramatic aspect of art, that he carried the drama even into its seemingly contradictory form, the lyric. Every lyric is a little one-act play, and he called them dramatic lyrics. Mr. Yeats, on the other hand, is so essentially a lyric poet, that instead of writing dramatic lyrics, he writes lyric dramas. Even his stage-plays are primarily lyrical.

Those who are interested in Mr. Yeats's theory of speaking, reciting, or chanting poetry to the psaltery should read his book, *Ideas of Good and Evil*, which contains some of his most significant articles of faith, written in limpid and beautiful prose. Mr. Yeats cannot write on any subject without illuminating it by the light of his own imagination; and I find his essays in criticism full of original thought—the result of years of brooding reflection. In these short pieces his genius is as clear as it is in his poems.

I admire his absolute devotion to the art of poetry. He knows that politicians and "practical" men at the very best regard him as a harmless dreamer; for to them he seems to be talking in his sleep just when he ought to be wide awake. But more regard him as worse than harmless, for they cannot understand how, in the midst of political excitement, he can calmly go on writing poems and lyrical dramas. But he will not apologise. Nor will he use his poetic genius for any purpose except for the creation of beauty and the interpretation of life. He will not turn Pegasus into a dray-horse, and make him haul cart-loads of political or moral propaganda. In his fine apologia, *The Cutting of an Agate*, he states and restates his

creed: "Literature decays when it no longer makes more beautiful, or more vivid, the language which unites it to all life, and when one finds the criticism of the student, and the purpose of the reformer, and the logic of the man of science, where there should have been the reveries of the common heart, ennobled into some raving Lear or unabashed Don Quixote. . . . I have been reading through a bundle of German plays, and have found everywhere a desire not to express hopes and alarms common to every man that ever came into the world, but politics or social passion, a veiled or open propaganda. . . . If Homer were alive to-day, he would only resist, after a deliberate struggle, the temptation to find his subject not in Helen's beauty, that every man has desired, nor in the wisdom and endurance of Odysseus that has been the desire of every woman that has come into the world, but in what somebody would describe, perhaps, as 'the inevitable contest,' arising out of economic causes, between the country-places and small towns on the one hand, and, upon the other, the great city of Troy, representing one knows not what 'tendency to centralisation.'"

In other words, if I understand him correctly, Mr. Yeats believes that in writing pure rather than applied poetry, he is not turning his back on great issues to do filigree work, but is merely turning aside from questions of temporary import to that which is fixed and eternal, life itself.

John Millington Synge was born near Dublin, April 16, 1871, and died in Dublin, March 24, 1909. It is a curious thing that the three great Irishmen of the Celtic renaissance—the only men who were truly inspired by genius—originally studied another form of art than literature. Mr. Yeats studied painting for years; A. E. is a painter of distinction;

Synge was an accomplished musician before he became a man of letters. There is not the slightest doubt that the effect of these sister arts upon the literary work of the Great Three is pervasive and powerful. The books of Mr. Yeats and Mr. Russell are full of word-pictures; and the rhythm of Synge's strange prose, which Mr. Ernest Boyd ingeniously traces to Dr. Hyde's translations, is full of harmonies.

Dr. Hyde ought to be one of the happiest men in the world; he has not only witnessed a new and wonderful literary revival in his country, but he has the satisfaction of knowing that he is vitally connected with its birth and bloom.

Synge had the greatest mental endowment of all the Irish writers of his time. He had an amazingly powerful mind. At Trinity College he took prizes in Hebrew and in Irish, and at the same time gained a scholarship in harmony and counterpoint at the Royal Irish Academy of Music. As a boy, "he knew the note and plumage of every bird, and when and where they were to be found." As a man, he could easily have mastered the note of every human being, as in addition to his knowledge of ancient languages, he seems to have become proficient in German, French, and Italian with singular speed and ease. He was an excellent performer on the piano, flute, and violin, did conjuring tricks, and delighted the natives of the Aran Islands with his penny whistle. He must have had a positive genius for concentration, obtaining a real command over anything to which he cared to devote his attention. Mr. Yeats found him in that ramshackle old Hôtel Corneille in the Latin Quarter, busily writing literary criticism in French and English, and told him as an inspired messenger to go to the primitive folk in Ireland and become a creative artist. He went; and in a few years

reached the summit of dramatic achievement.

Synge was a terrible person, as terrible in his way as Swift. When Carlyle saw Daniel Webster, he said, "I should hate to be that man's nigger." I do not envy any of the men or women who, for whatever reason, incurred the wrath of Synge. He was never noisy or explosive, like a dog whose barks are discounted, to whom one soon ceases to pay any attention; we all know the futile and petty irascibility of the shallow-minded. Synge was like a mastiff who bites without warning. Irony was the common chord in his composition. He studied life and hated death; hated the gossip of the world, which seemed to him the gabble of fools. Physically he was a sick man, and felt his tether. He thought it frightful that he should have to die, while so many idiots lived long. He never forgave men and women for their folly, and the only reason why he did not forgive God was because he was not sure of His existence. The lady addressed in the following "poem" must have read it with queasy emotion, and without the slightest difficulty have unwillingly learned it by heart. A photograph of her face immediately after its perusal would look like futurist art.

THE CURSE

To a sister of an enemy of the author's who disapproved of "The Playboy."

Lord, confound this surly sister,
Blight her brow with blotch and blister,
Cramp her larynx, lung, and liver,
In her guts a galling give her.

Let her live to earn her dinners
In Mountjoy with seedy sinners:
Lord, this judgment quickly bring,
And I'm your servant, John M. Synge.

(Mountjoy is a prison).

Irish exaggeration is as often seen in plenary curses as in plenary bless-

ings; both have the quality of humour. The curses are partly compounded of robust delight, like the joy of London cabmen in repartee; and the blessings are doubtless commingled with irony. But Synge had a savage heart. He was essentially a wild man, and a friend of mine had a vision of him that seems not without significance. He was walking in a desolate part of Ireland in a bleak storm of rain; when suddenly over the hills came the solitary figure of Synge, dressed in black, with a broad hat pulled over his brows.

As a stranger and sojourner he walked this earth. In the midst of Dublin he never mentioned politics, read no newspapers, and little contemporary literature, not even the books of his few intimate friends. Everyone who knew him had such immense respect for the quality of his intellect that it is almost laughable to think how eagerly they must have awaited criticism of the books they gave him—criticism that never came. Yet he never seems to have given the impression of surliness; he was not surly, he was silent. He must have been the despair of diagnosticians; even in his last illness, it was impossible for the doctors and nurses to discover how he felt, for he would not tell. I think his burning mind consumed his bodily frame.

Synge wrote few poems, and they came at intervals during a period of sixteen or seventeen years. Objectively, they are unimportant; his contributions to English literature are his dramas and his prose sketches. But as revelations of his personality they have a deep and melancholy interest; and every word of his short Preface, written in December, 1908, a few months before his death, is valuable. He knew he was a dying man, and not only wished to collect these fugitive bits of verse, but wished to leave behind him his theory of poetry. With characteristic bluntness, he says that

the poems which follow the Preface were mostly written "before the views just stated, with which they have little to do, had come into my head."

No discussion of modern verse should omit consideration of this remarkable Preface—for while it has had no effect on either Mr. Yeats or Mr. Russell—it has profoundly influenced other Irish poets, and many that are not Irish, Mr. Masfield, for example. Indeed much aggressively "modern" work is trying, more or less successfully, to fit this theory. In the advance, Synge was more prophet than poet.

Many of the older poets, such as Villon and Herrick and Burns, used the whole of their personal life as their material, and the verse written in this way was read by strong men, and thieves, and deacons, not by little cliques only. Then, in the town writing of the eighteenth century, ordinary life was put into verse that was not poetry, and when poetry came back with Coleridge and Shelley, it went into verse that was not always human. [This last clause shows the difference between Synge and his friends, Yeats and Russell.]

In these days poetry is usually a flower of evil or good; but it is the timbre of poetry that wears most surely, and there is no timbre that has not strong roots among the clay and worms.

Even if we grant that exalted poetry can be kept successful by itself, the strong things in life are needed in poetry also, to show that what is exalted or tender is not made by feeble blood. It may almost be said that before verse can be human again it must learn to be brutal.

Like Herrick, he wrote verse about himself, for he knew that much biography and criticism would follow his funeral.

ON AN ANNIVERSARY

After reading the dates in a book of Lyrics.

With Fifteen-ninety or Sixteen-sixteen
We end Cervantes, Marot, Nashe or Green:

Then Sixteen-thirteen till two score and
 nine,
 Is Crashaw's niche, that honey-lipped divine.
 And so when all my little work is done
 They'll say I came in Eighteen-seventy-one,
 And died in Dublin. . . . What year will
 they write
 For my poor passage to the stall of night?

A QUESTION

I asked if I got sick and died, would you
 With my black funeral go walking too,
 If you'd stand close to hear them talk or
 pray
 While I'm let down in that steep bank of
 clay.

And, No, you said, for if you saw a crew
 Of living idiots pressing round that new
 Oak coffin—they alive, I dead beneath
 That board—you'd rave and rend them with
 your teeth.

The love of brutal strength in Synge's work may have been partly the projection of his sickness, just as the invalid Stevenson delighted in the creation of powerful ruffians; but the brooding on his own death is quite modern, and is, I think, part of the egoism that is so distinguishing a feature in contemporary poetry. So many have abandoned all hope of a life beyond the grave, that they cling to bodily existence with almost gluttonous passion, and are filled with self-pity at the thought of their own death and burial. To my mind, there is something unworthy, something childish, in all this. When a child has been rebuked or punished by its father or mother, it plays a trump card—"You'll be sorry when I am dead!" It is better for men and women to attack the daily task with what cheerful energy they can command, and let the interruption of death come when it must. If life is short, it seems unwise to spend so much of our time in rehearsals of a tragedy that can have only one performance.

In the modern *Tempest* of Ireland,

Yeats is Ariel and A. E. is Prospero. He is the Master of the island. As a literary artist, he is not the equal of either of the two men whose work we have considered; but he is by all odds the greatest Personality. He holds over his contemporaries a spiritual sway that many a monarch might envy. Perhaps the final tribute to him is seen in the fact that even George Moore treats him with respect.

One reason for this predominance is the man's absolute sincerity. All those who know him regard him with reverence; and to us who know him only through his books and his friends, his sincerity is equally clear and compelling. He has done more than any other man to make Dublin a centre of intellectual life. His single force is greater than that of the whole University. At one time his house was kept open every Sunday evening, and any friend, stranger, or foreigner had the right to walk in without knocking, and take a part in the conversation. A. E. used to subscribe to every literary journal, no matter how obscure, that was printed in Ireland; every week he would scan the pages, hoping to discover a man of promise. It was in this way he "found" James Stephens, and not only found him, but founded him. Many a struggling painter or poet has reason to bless the gracious assistance of A. E.

It is a singular thing that the three great men of modern Ireland seem more like disembodied spirits than carnal persons. Synge always seems to those who read his books like some ghost, waking the echoes with ironical laughter; I cannot imagine A. E. putting on coat and trousers; and although I once had the honour—which I gratefully remember—of a long talk with W. B. Yeats, I never felt that I was listening to a man of flesh and blood. It is fitting that these men had their earthly dwelling in a sea-girt isle, where every foot of

ground has its own superstition, and where the constant mists are peopled with unearthly figures.

I do not really know what mysticism is; but I know that Mr. Yeats and Mr. Russell are both mystics and of a quite different stamp. Mr. Yeats is not insincere, but his mysticism is a part of his art rather than a part of his mind. He is artistically, rather than intellectually, sincere. The mysticism of Mr. Russell is fully as intellectual as it is emotional; it is more than his creed; it is his life. His poetry and his prose are not shadowed by his mysticism, they emanate from it. He does not have to live in another world when he writes verse, and then come back to earth when the dinner or the door bell rings; he lives in the other world all the time. Or rather, the earth and common objects are themselves part of the Universal Spirit, reflecting its constant activities.

DUST

I heard them in their sadness say
 "The earth rebukes the thought of God;
 We are but embers wrapped in clay,
 A little nobler than the sod."

But I have touched the lips of clay,
 Mother, thy rudest sod to me
 Is thrilled with fire of hidden day,
 And haunted by all mystery.

The above poem, taken from the author's first volume, *Homeward: Songs by the Way*, does not reflect that homesickness of which A. E. speaks in his Preface. Homesickness is longing, yearning; and there is little of any such quality in the work of A. E. Or, if he is really homesick, he is homesick not like one who has just left home, but more like one who is certain of his speedy return thither. This homesickness has more anticipation than regret; it is like healthy hunger when one is assured of the next meal. For assurance is the prime thing in A. E.'s tempera-

ment and in his work; it partly accounts for his strong influence. Many writers to-day are like sheep having no shepherd; A. E. is a shepherd. To turn from the wailing so characteristic of the poets, to the books of this high-hearted, resolute, candid, cheerful man, is like coming into harbour after a mad voyage. He moves among his contemporaries like a calm, able surgeon in a hospital. I suspect he has been the recipient of many strange confessions. His poetry has healing in its wings.

Has any human voice ever expressed more wisely or more tenderly the reason why Our Lord was a man of sorrows? Why He spake to humanity in the language of pain, rather than in the language of delight? Was it not simply because, in talking to us, He who could speak all languages, used our own, rather than that of His home country?

A LEADER

Though your eyes with tears were blind,
 Pain upon the path you trod:
 Well we knew, the hosts behind,
 Voice and shining of a god.

For your darkness was our day,
 Signal fires, your pains untold,
 Lit us on our wandering way
 To the mystic heart of gold.

Naught we knew of the high land,
 Beauty burning in its spheres;
 Sorrow we could understand
 And the mystery told in tears.

Something of the secret of his quiet strength is seen in the following two stanzas, which close his poem *Apocalyptic* (1916):

It shall be better to be bold
 Than clothed in purple in that hour;
 The will of steel be more than gold;
 For only what we are is power.
 Who through the starry gate would win
 Must be like those who walk therein.

You, who have made of earth your star,
 Cry out, indeed, for hopes made vain:
 For only those can laugh who are
 The strong Initiates of Pain,
 Who know that mighty god to be
 Sculptor of immortality.

It is a wonderful thing—a man living in a house in Dublin, living a life of intense, ceaseless, and extraordinarily diversified activity, travelling on life's common way in cheerful godliness, and shedding abroad to the remotest corners of the earth a masculine serenity of soul.

James Stephens was not widely known until the year 1912, when he published a novel called *The Crock of Gold*; this excited many readers in Great Britain and in America, an excitement considerably heightened by the appearance of another work of prose fiction, *The Demi-Gods*, in 1914; and general curiosity about the author became rampant. It was speedily discovered that he was a poet as well as a novelist; that three years before his reputation he had issued a slim book of verse, boldly named *Insurrections*, the title being the boldest thing in it. By 1915 this neglected work had passed through four editions, and during the last six years he has presented to an admiring public four more volumes of poems, *The Hill of Vision*, 1912; *Songs from the Clay*, 1915; *The Adventures of Seumas Beg*, 1915, and *Green Branches*, 1916.

A. E. believed in him from the start; and it was owing to the influence of A. E. that *Insurrections* took the form of a book, gratefully dedicated to its only begetter. Both patron and protégé must have been surprised by its lack of impact, and still more surprised by the immense success of *The Crock of Gold*. The poems are mainly realistic, pictures of slimy city streets with slimy creatures crawling on the pavements. It is an interesting fact that they appeared the same year of Synge's

Poems with Synge's famous Preface counselling brutality, counselling anything to bring poetry away from the iridescent dreams of W. B. Yeats down to the stark realities of life and nature. They bear testimony to the catholic breadth of A. E.'s sympathetic appreciation, for they are as different as may be imagined from the spirit of mysticism. It must also be confessed that their absolute merit as poetry is not particularly remarkable; all the more credit to the discernment of A. E., who described behind them an original and powerful personality.

The influence of Synge is strong in the second book of verses, called *The Hill of Vision*, particularly noticeable in such a poem as *The Brute*. Curiously enough, *Songs from the Clay* is more exalted in tone than *The Hill of Vision*. The air is clearer and purer. But the real James Stephens—the man known to us all through *The Crock of Gold* and *The Demi-Gods*—did not appear in verse until *The Adventures of Seumas Beg* was published. In these charming poems we have that triple combination of realism, humour, and fantasy that gave so original a flavour to the novels. They make a valuable addition to child-poetry; for men, women, angels, fairies, God and the Devil are treated with easy familiarity, in practical, definite, conversational language. These are the best fruits of his imagination in rime.

THE DEVIL'S BAG

I saw the Devil walking down the lane
 Behind our house.—There was a heavy bag
 Strapped tightly on his shoulders, and the
 rain

Sizzled when it hit him. He picked a rag
 Up from the ground and put it in his sack,
 And grinned and rubbed his hands. There
 was a thing

Moving inside the bag upon his back—
 It must have been a soul! I saw it fling
 And twist about inside, and not a hole
 Or cranny for escape. Oh, it was sad.

I cried, and shouted out, "Let out that soul!"

But he turned round, and, sure, his face went mad,
And twisted up and down, and he said "Hell!"

And ran away. . . . Oh, mammy! I'm not well.

In 1916 Mr. Stephens published a beautiful threnody, *Green Branches*, which illustrates still another side of his literary powers. There is organ-like music in these noble lines. The sting of bitterness is drawn from death, and sorrow changes into a solemn rapture.

Padraic Colum has followed the suggestion of Synge, and made deep excavations for the foundations of his poetry. It grows up out of the soil like a hardy plant; and while it cannot, in any sense of the word, be called major work, it has a wholesome, healthy earthiness. It is realistic in a totally different way from the town eclogues of James Stephens; it is not merely in the country, it is agricultural. His most important book is *Wild Earth*, published in Dublin in 1901, republished with additions in New York in 1916. The very smell of the earth is pungent in such poems as *The Plougher* and *The Drover*; while his masterpiece, *An Old Woman of the Roads*, voices the primeval and universal longing for the safe shelter of a home. I wonder what those who believe in the abolition of private property are going to do with this natural, human passion? Private property is not the result of an artificial social code—it is the result of an instinct. The first three stanzas of this poem indicate its quality, expressing the all but inexpressible love of women for each stick of furniture and every household article.

O, to have a little house!

To own the hearth and stool and all!
The heaped up sods upon the fire,

The pile of turf against the wall!

To have a clock with weights and chains
And pendulum swinging up and down!
A dresser filled with shining delph,
Speckled and white and blue and brown!

I could be busy all the day
Clearing and sweeping hearth and floor,
And fixing on their shelf again
My white and blue and speckled store!

Lord Dunsany brought to public attention a new poet, Francis Ledwidge, whose one volume, *Songs of the Fields*, is full of promise. In October, 1914, he enlisted in Kitchener's first army, and was killed in 1917. Ledwidge's poetry is more conventional than that of most of his Irish contemporaries, and he is at his best in describing natural objects. Such poems as *A Rainy Day in April*, and *A Twilight in Middle March* are most characteristic. But occasionally he arrests the ear with a deeper note. The first four lines of the following passage, taken from *An Old Pain*, might fittingly apply to a personality like that of Synge:

I hold the mind is the imprisoned soul,
And all our aspirations are its own
Struggles and strivings for a golden goal,
That wear us out like snow men at the thaw.
And we shall make our Heaven where we
have sown
Our purple longings. Oh! can the loved
dead draw
A near us when we moan, or watching wait
Our coming in the woods where first we
met,
The dead leaves falling in their wild hair
wet,
Their hands upon the fastenings of the
gate?

A direct result of the spiritual influence of A. E. is seen in the poetry of Susan Mitchell. She is not an imitator of his manner, but she reflects the mystical faith. Her little volume, *The Living Chalice*, is full of the beauty that rises from suffering. It is not the spirit of acquiescence or of resignation, but rather

dauntless triumphant affirmation. Her poems of the Christ-child have something of the exaltation of Christina Rossetti; for to her mind the road to victory lies through the gate of Humility. Here is a typical illustration:

THE HEART'S LOW DOOR

O Earth, I will have none of thee.
Alien to me the lonely plain,
And the rough passion of the sea
Storms my unheeding heart in vain.

The petulance of rain and wind,
The haughty mountains' superb scorn,
Are but slight things I've flung behind,
Old garments that I have out-worn.

Bare of the grudging grass, and bare
Of the tall forest's careless shade,
Deserter from thee, Earth, I dare
See all thy phantom brightness fade.

And, darkening to the sun, I go
To enter by the heart's low door,
And find where Love's red embers glow
A home, who ne'er had home before.

Thomas MacDonagh (1878-1916) was, like so many of the young Irish writers of the twentieth century, both scholar and poet. In 1916 he published a prose critical work, *Literature in Ireland*, in which his two passions, love of art and love of country, are clearly displayed. His books of original verse include *The Golden Joy*, 1906; *Songs of Myself*, 1910, and others. He was a worshipper of Beauty, his devotion being even more religious than æsthetic. The poems addressed to Beauty—of which there are comparatively many—exhibit the familiar yet melancholy disparity between the vision in the poet's soul and the printed image of it. This disparity is not owing to faulty technique, for his management of metrical effects shows ease and grace; it is simply the lack of sufficient poetic vitality. Although his ambition as an artist appears to

have been to write great odes and hymns to Beauty, his simple poems of Irish life are full of charm. The *Wishes to My Son* has a poignant tenderness. One can hardly read it without tears. And the love of a wife for "her man" is truly revealed in the last two stanzas of *John-John*.

The neighbours' shame of me began
When first I brought you in;
To wed and keep a tinker man
They thought a kind of sin;
But now this three year since you're gone
'Tis pity me they do,
And that I'd rather have, John-John,
Than that they'd pity you.
Pity for me and you, John-John,
I could not bear.

Oh, you're my husband right enough,
But what's the good of that?
You know you never were the stuff
To be the cottage cat,
To watch the fire and hear me lock
The door and put out Shep—
But there now, it is six o'clock
And time for you to step.
God bless and keep you far, John-John!
And that's my prayer.

Joseph Campbell, most of whose work has been published under the Irish name Seosamh Maccathmhaoil, writes both regular and free verse. He is close to the soil, and speaks the thoughts of the peasants, articulating their pleasures, their pains, and their superstitions. No deadness of conventionality dulls the edge of his art—he is an original man. His fancy is bold, and he makes no attempt to repress it. Perhaps his most striking poem is *I am the Gilly of Christ*—strange that its reverence has been mistaken for sacrilege! And in the little song, *Go, Ploughman*, *Plough* one tastes the joy of muscle, the revelation of the up-turned earth, and the promise of beauty in fruition.

Go, ploughman, plough
The mearing lands,

The meadow lands:
 The mountain lands:
 All life is bare
 Beneath your share,
 All love is in your lusty hands.

Up, horses, now!
 And straight and true
 Let every broken furrow run:
 The strength you sweat
 Shall blossom yet
 In golden glory to the sun.

In 1917 Mr. Campbell published a beautiful volume, signed with his English name, embellished with his own drawings—one for each poem—called *Earth of Cualann*. Cualann is the old name for the County of Wicklow, but it includes also a stretch to the northwest, reaching close to Dublin. Mr. Campbell's description of it in his preface makes a musical overture to the verses that follow. "Wild and unspoilt, a country of cairn-crowned hills and dark, watered valleys, it bears even to this day something of the freshness of the heroic dawn."

The work of Seumas O'Sullivan, born in 1878, has often been likened to that of W. B. Yeats, but I can see little similarity either in spirit or in manner. The younger poet has the secret of melody and his verses show a high degree of technical excellence; but in these respects he no more resembles his famous countryman than many another master. His best poems are collected in a volume published in 1912, and the most interesting of these give pictures of various city streets, *Mercer Street* (three), *Nelson Street*, *Cuffe Street*, and so on. In other words, the most original part of this poet's production is founded on reality. This does not mean that he lacks imagination; for it is only by imagination that a writer can portray and interpret familiar scenes. The more widely and easily their veracity can be

verified by readers, the greater is the challenge to the art of the poet.

We may properly add to our list the names of two Irish poets who are Americans. Maurice Francis Egan, full of years and honours, a scholar and statesman, giving notable service to America as our Minister to Denmark, has written poetry marked by tenderness of feeling and delicacy of art. His little book, *Songs and Sonnets*, published in 1892, exhibits the range of his work as well as anything that he has written. It is founded on a deep and pure religious faith. . . . Norreys Jephson O'Connor is a young Irish-American, a graduate of Harvard, and has already published three volumes of verse, *Celtic Memories*, which appeared in England in 1913, *Beside the Blackwater*, 1915, and *Songs of the Celtic Past*, 1917. American by birth and residence, of Irish parentage, he draws his inspiration almost wholly from Celtic lore and Celtic scenes. He is a natural singer, whose art is steadily increasing in authority.

It will be seen from our review of the chief figures among contemporary Irish poets that the jolly, jigging Irishman of stage history is quite conspicuous by his absence. He still gives his song and dance, and those who prefer musical-comedy to orchestral compositions can find him in the numerous anthologies of Anglo-Irish verse; but the tone of modern Irish poetry is spiritual rather than hearty.

Whatever may be thought of the appropriateness of the term "Advance of English Poetry" for my survey of the modern field as a whole, there is no doubt that it applies fittingly to Ireland. The last twenty-five years have seen an awakening of poetic activity in that island unlike anything known there before; and Dublin has become one of the lit-

erary centres of the world. When a distinction, it should be recognised
 new movement produces three men with respect for its achievement, and
 of genius, and a long list of poets of with faith in its future.

The subject of Professor Phelps's next article in "The Advance of English Poetry in the Twentieth Century" will be Vachel Lindsay and Robert Frost.

THE OULD IRISH LANDLORD

BY CARL McDONALD

MASTHER of the lands was he—cud till it by the looks av him
 A-walkin' lightly down the sthreet—his blackthorn stick in hand,
 Tipped his hat to all av us—not a bit o' pride in him,
 A kindly twinkle in his eye—beloved by all the land.

Ever singin' gaily—an Irish lilt upon his tongue—
 A penny for the childer—an' a smile for all galore.
 Well do I remember him—his goodness was on ivery tongue,
 But now the twinkle in his eye has ceased for ever more.

Many's a year he's dead now—many's an eye was wet for him,
 A grand ould Irish gintleman—the grandest in the land,
 An' niver more we'll see him—the kindly laughin' eyes o' him,
 He's walkin' down the Golden Road—his blackthorn stick in hand.

SATIRE ON THE AMERICAN STAGE

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

IT HAS frequently been pointed out that the ability to laugh is the only function that distinguishes mankind from all the lower animals. Furthermore, a man's degree of evolution may be measured by the sort of things at which he laughs most heartily. There are many different grades of refinement in the sense of humour,—so many that to codify them all would require the attention of a profound philosopher. I have never read the celebrated essay of M. Henri Bergson on the subject of laughter, and cannot tell—in consequence—whether or not he has covered the field: but this point, at least, is pertinent,—that it is possible to paraphrase an ancient proverb by saying, "Tell me what you laugh at, and I will tell you what you are." If any evidence were needed to confute the utterly unreasonable statement that "all men are created equal," it would be necessary merely to point out that all men do not laugh at the same order of ideas. The Germans laughed when the *Lusitania* went down; and by this laughter they distinguished themselves from the preponderant proportion of mankind.

It is easy enough to laugh at physical eventualities. When a man's feet slip from under him and he falls "with a dull, sickening thud" on the fattest and least vulnerable part of his anatomy, no human observer of the incident can easily suppress a loud guffaw. The appeal of such material is perpetuated in the theatre by the proverbial slap-stick [which the greatest of all comic dramatists did not forbear to use in such farces as *Les Fourberies de Scapin*], and is kept alive forever by an endless race of amply-cushioned actresses like Marie Dressler.

A slightly higher degree of evolution is demanded before a man can learn to laugh at mental accidents. The French—in their reasoned catalogue of criticism—have registered a clear distinction between the *mot de situation* and the *mot de caractère*. To the common mind, it is obviously funny for anyone to fall downstairs; but a greater degree of culture is required to realise the fact that some people may be funnier still if they merely walk downstairs and never fall at all. Of a certain small but very pompous citizen, some happy-minded commentator once remarked that he always seemed to strut while sitting down; and this phrase may be accepted as an illustration of what the French intend by a "quip of character."

But it is still comparatively easy to laugh at someone else; and civilisation may be said to begin at the point when a man becomes capable of laughing also at himself. It is easy to be humorous; it is harder to sustain a sense of humour. It is easy to make fun, at the expense of the other fellow: it is harder to take fun, at the expense of oneself. Some of our greatest humourists have—by common account—been deficient in the receptive sense of humour. I never knew Mark Twain,—although I met him half a dozen times and talked with him as a very young apprentice would naturally talk with an admitted master; but many of his friends have told me that this monumental humourist was incapable of seeing and accepting a joke against himself.

A slightly higher rung upon the ladder is attained when men begin to laugh at words, and at the jugglery of words, instead of laughing merely

at situations or at people. Words are symbols of ideas; and only a civilised person can see the fun in an idea. When Oscar Wilde permitted one of his puppets to say, "I can resist anything except temptation," he carried laughter into the higher realm of the philosophical abstract.

A still higher realm is reached when the ideas that are laughed at are the very ideas that are held most seriously by the man that leads the laughing. This is the realm of satire, —which must consequently be regarded as the most loftily developed mood of humour. The satirist laughs not only at himself but also at those very thoughts which he regards as the light and leading of his life. A humourist can make a joke; a man endowed with the more subtle sense of humour can see and take a joke against himself; but a satirist can see and make a joke against his very God. Many things in life are holy; but to the satirist the gift of laughter is more sacred than any of the others.

The satirical mood may be illustrated easily by reference to Lord Byron's immense and teeming poem called *Don Juan*. Time after time, in the course of this composition, the poet winged his way aloft on a wind of lyric inspiration,—only to pause suddenly and laugh tremendously at the very incentive that had excited him to eloquence. When I was in my teens, I used to hate this poem, because of Byron's habit of laughing in his loftiest moments and blaspheming [as it seemed to me] against the dictates of his genius; but, in recent years, I have begun to appreciate [and almost to admire] his nimbleness of mind in presenting an august idea from antithetic points of view. Any man can see a subject from one side; but the mark of culture comes when a man is able to see a subject from several sides at once.

The satiric mood demands an extraordinary alertness of intelligence,

not only on the part of the humourist, but also on the part of his audience. Mr. Chesterton, for instance, whose essential mood is one of deep religious reverence, has a disconcerting habit of laughing his way into the very presence of his God; and this habit is bewildering to minds that are less cultivated than his own.

As a test of the different degrees of humour, the reader may be recommended to enter any barber's shop and say, with due solemnity, "I desire a diminution of the linear dimension of my capillary appendages." An uncivilised barber will be offended, and may even cause the philosophical experimenter to be ejected from his chaste establishment [for there is nothing more offensive to the common mind than the sort of humour that it cannot understand]; but a civilised barber will say, "Oh hell!,—you mean a haircut!," and will proceed, with laughter, to suit his action to your words.

Satire—which may be defined as an irresponsible and happy-hearted toying with ideas—can flourish only in those ages which acknowledge an obeisance to the high ideal of culture. Satire can be conceived and written only by gentlemen—like the Roman Horace, the French Boileau, the English Dryden, or the American Henry James. A man must be distinguished before he can afford to laugh in public against the very things he holds most holy. Also, he must feel assured of the existence of an agile-minded audience to appreciate the perilous gymnastics of his mind.

Our American theatre has long been regarded as an ugly duckling; but a certain sign of promise has been registered by its recent incursion into the unprecedented realm of satire. If our native playwrights can afford to be satirical, a time has come at last when our American theatre may be accepted as a grown-up institution.

"WHY MARRY?"

The popular success of *Why Marry?*, by Jesse Lynch Williams, obtrudes a hopeful indication that our theatre is becoming civilised. This piece has been published by Charles Scribner's Sons—under the different title, *And So They Were Married*: and it constitutes a contribution not only to the American drama but also to American literature.

Mr. Williams has come forward as a satirist of marriage as a social institution. The defects of marriage are discussed and illustrated from the different points of view of half a dozen various and truthfully imagined characters. The author's art is indicated by his reticence in forbearing to express, *ex cathedra*, an opinion of his own. In answer to his initial question, "Why marry?", he finally says, "Why not?": and this rejoinder is the biggest joke of an unusually lively evening.

Mr. Williams is so much a public figure that it is scarcely necessary to inform the reader that he has been happily married for a score of years and is the father of three sons, one of whom is sufficiently grown-up to be serving now in the navy of the United States. This author, in his own experience, has never had occasion to quarrel with the institution of marriage. Precisely for this reason, he is ready to laugh—with liveliness of mind—at the causes and effects of matrimony. His wit is all the more engaging because it dallies lightly with ideas that are sacred to such persons as himself; and the success of his satire bears witness to a corresponding nimbleness of mind on the part of the theatre-going public.

"THE MADONNA OF THE FUTURE"

No idea is cherished more punctiliously by nine-tenths of humankind than the idea of motherhood: yet this is precisely the point that

Mr. Alan Dale has chosen as a target for satirical attack in his playful comedy entitled *The Madonna of the Future*. The heroine of this play is a very rich young woman, unencumbered with relatives, who desires to become a mother but does not desire to be saddled with a husband. In consequence of her convictions, she picks out an apparently eugenic mate and becomes, in due time, the mother of a nameless child. The play deals with her endeavour to re-establish, after this adventure, her position in conventional society, and records her ultimate surrender to that extraneous insistence which demands that she shall marry the father of her child.

Mr. Dale, with agile mind, has dallied lightly with many intimations of immorality; yet his play is sound in thesis and reasonable in its resolution. The author may not care to have the reader furnished with the information that he is himself the father of a successful family: yet this personal point affords an underscoring to the lightness of his laughter.

"THE GIPSY TRAIL"

There is nothing more sacred in life than the miracle of being young. As Stevenson remarked, in his immortal essay on *The Lantern-Bearers*, "A poet has died young in the breast of the most stolid." To recall the poetry of youth and to crown it with the laurel of commemorative laughter is to achieve a satirical endeavour of the highest order. This endeavour has been accomplished by Mr. Robert Housum in *The Gipsy Trail*. In this play, a very young and very foolish hero [as foolishness is reckoned up by men much wearier and wiser than himself] is inspired to dive headlong into life and enjoy a series of madcap and preposterous adventures. Finally, however, the laugh is turned against him when he is caught and tamed and married by an utterly conventional young lady. One trembles to think of the future of this

ill-assorted couple:—but that is, of course, another story.

The play takes its tone, as well as its title, from the glowing song composed, in the heyday of his young adventuring, by Rudyard Kipling. There is ample evidence, throughout the dialogue, that Mr. Housum has steeped his mind in the collected works of the greatest living master of our English fiction. It is evident also that the author of *The Gipsy Trail* has trained his ear by reading lovingly aloud the chapter entitled *Wayfarers All* in Mr. Kenneth Grahame's *The Wind in the Willows*. These annotations are intended in his praise. Too few of our American playwrights are endowed with ears to hear, or give evidence that they have ever read anything worth reading. Mr. Housum is a graduate of Yale; and New Haven should be proud of his developed literary taste, and his light ability to laugh at many matters that must, perforce, seem sacred to a mind so cultivated as his own.

"JOSEPHINE"

In past years, most of the successful satires that have been shown on the American stage have been written by authors that were not American. The reason for this fact is obvious. A successful satirist—so to speak—must have a grandfather; and the literary lineage of most of our American playwrights cannot be traced back beyond the second generation. In the special realm of satire, our native theatre is still admittedly provincial, and tributary to the primal sources overseas.

Our tardy decision to defend ourselves against the insufferable bestiality of the Huns has led us to regard their friends, the Austrians, as "alien enemies"; but critics of the arts cannot forget the fact that Vienna is, in many respects, a more cultivated capital than New York. Herman Bahr is the second greatest living dramatist of Austria. While regretting his nationality, no theatre-

patron in New York who has enjoyed *The Concert* and *The Master* would be willing to deny his manifest ability; and in *Josephine* he has written a satire that is delightful to the civilised intelligence.

No historical idea is more commonly accepted than the image of Napoleon as a sort of super-human hero. This idea is ridiculed by Herman Bahr in *Josephine*. He sets forth, with sufficient plausibility, the leading points in the chronicle of Napoleon's rise to power, and, as each successive incident occurs, laughs lightly at the hero of the narrative. The play contains a memorable scene between Napoleon and the famous actor, Talma. The Corsican adventurer, on the eve of being crowned, realises that he stands in need of lessons in imperial deportment. He sends, therefore, for the noted artist who has never failed to live up to that line of Shakespeare's—"Every inch a king"—to rehearse him in the part that he is called upon by destiny to play. Talma studies his physical peculiarities and limitations, and finally invents the pose and gesture that have come down to posterity—immortalised by many painters—as most definitive of the imperial Napoleon.

The American public is still sufficiently provincial to be bewildered by the satirical intention of a European author who has dared to make a joke of the most tremendous man of modern times. For this reason it seems likely that a New York audience may miss many of the subtle laughs that have been planned and planted by the author of *Josephine*. Napoleon, no doubt, was a very human person and was subject to many of our common frailties. But, to most minds, the image of Napoleon calls up an image of France. And France is not a joke, and nevermore a theme for jesting:—not even among minds more nimbly satirical than any others in the world.

ECHOES

I. TRIVIA THE AVIARY

PEACOCK Vanities, great crested Cockatoos of Desire and painted Day-dreams—what a pity it is that all these blue birds of impossible Paradises have such beaks and dangerous claws, that one really has to keep them shut up in their not very cheerful cages.

ACTION

I am no mere thinker, a creature of dreams and imagination. I stamp and post letters, I buy new boot-laces and put them in my boots; and when I set out to get my hair cut, it is with the iron determination of a man of action and intrepid will—of those Cæsars and Napoleons whose footsteps shake the earth.

THE EPITHET

“Occult,” “night-wandering,” “enormous,” “honey-pale,”—

There lay the morning paper unopened—I knew I ought to look at the news, but I was too busy just then trying to find an adjective for the Moon—the magical unheard-of, moony epithet which, could I find or invent it, what then would the earth’s conflicts and quakes matter?

IN THE CAGE

“My own view is, my own view”—I vociferate, as a Parrot in the great cage of the world, I hop screeching

“My own view is!”—from perch to perch.

REASSURANCE

I look at my overcoat and hat hanging in the hall with reassurance; for although I go out of doors with one ego to-day, when yesterday my individuality was quite different, yet my clothes keep my varying selves buttoned up together, enable these otherwise irreconcilable aggregates of psychological phenomena to pass as one person.

VOICES

“You smoke too much,” the still small voice of Conscience mutters; “you are a failure; nobody likes you,” Self-Contempt keeps whispering; “What’s the good of it all?” sighs Disillusion, like an arid breath from Sahara.

I cannot tell you how these persistent voices bore me; but I can listen all day with grave attention to the plausible and wise voice which with polite but incontrovertible logic keeps on unweariedly proving that all my appetites and inclinations and actions are in the completest harmony with Reason’s dictates and the Moral Law. Only I am a little staggered sometimes by the image of myself which this bosom-Jesuit forces on me: can anything of such exceeding brightness, so pure, so noble, so unspotted, really exist, really go on existing in this imperfect world?

Logan Pearsall Smith.

. . .

II. MAKING THE NURSERY SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY

Our Four-Year-Old is profoundly ignorant of history and political experience. He would not distinguish between a Tammany alderman and a justice of the supreme court. He is

unaware that there are forty-eight States in the Union, or indeed that such things as States exist, or even the Union itself. The struggles of our forefathers, the founders of the Republic, to establish democracy and overthrow the rule of kings have not

come within his knowledge. The story would puzzle him. Undoubtedly he would feel aggrieved over the action of those heroic radicals who deprived our country of the trappings of royalty forever.

Kings, in his experience, are invariably wise and good and princesses surpassingly beautiful and princes wonderful and brave. He is pleasantly familiar with their appearance and habits. In fact he can recognise a king at a glance—in his story books. The word democracy is without significance in his young life, but he is most enthusiastic about kings.

Each evening after he has finished his meal and while I am waiting for mine, he sidles up to my chair with the request: "Daddy, read me a story?"

If I agree to this he comes in hugging an armful of multi-coloured volumes, of which he carefully selects one, usually night after night the same one.

"What's this, son?" I exclaim, registering astonishment.

"Henny-Penny," he replies triumphantly, as he scrambles up on my knee.

I read:

"One day a hen was picking peas in a farmyard, under a pea-stack, when a pea fell on her head with such a thump that she thought the sky was falling. 'I must run to tell the king,' she cried.

"So she ran and she ran, till she met a goose," etc.

Now in the world of reality no man, bird or beast who was convinced that the sky was falling would think of running to a king. He might call up the police department, or attempt to get in touch with Washington, or communicate with Mr. Edison or the Standard Oil Company (thereby probably sending the price of gasoline up a notch) or the Associated Press.

I picture to myself a king, seated in state at his evening repast, being

interrupted with this intelligence. Probably he would exclaim: "My word, what a bother!" and, after an interval, frowning petulantly over the food, would continue his meal. Or he might turn to his German consort (so many kings seem to be provided with German queens) and remark: "My dear, I am informed the sky is falling. Most annoying, I'm sure." And the lady, biting angrily through a peach stone or chewing up the stem of her wine glass, would reply: "Humph! I don't believe it. It's probably just another British lie," and would hurry through her dinner and go out to distribute Potsdamerei among the officers of the royal army.

At this point in the narrative of Henny-Penny these misanthropic reflections occur to me, but my son is not troubled with them. To him, in the case of some untoward event, it seems most natural to seek the wise aid of some crowned head.

Among the illustrations in our edition of the excellent tale of Henny-Penny is no picture of a king, but usually, as soon as I conclude the reading, the new generation rummages through some other story book and holds up triumphantly for my admiration the likeness of a resplendent individual with crown and sceptre, clad in purple and gold and ermine. "There, daddy! There's the king!" There is a thrill in his voice!

We take up our Mother Goose and find ourselves in a nest of royalty.

When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing.
Wasn't that a dainty dish
To set before the king?

On the next page is that jovial inebriate, King Cole, and beyond him the melancholy tale of Humpty Dumpty, whose accident was so serious that even the king's restorative might could not aid him. Even a king, it seems, is unable to unscramble eggs. Just beyond this tragedy we find the itinerant feline:

Pussy cat, pussy cat,
Where have you been?
I've been to London,
To visit the queen.

Thus we progress from one crowned head to another, and finally, if mother is lenient, we take up Grimm's Fairy Tales, a veritable galaxy of royal personages.

"Then," I read, "the king took Gretel to his palace and celebrated the marriage in great state. And she told the king all her story, and he sent for the fairy and punished her."

Think of having the power of punishment over fairies! The King und Gott! But my son swallows it all complacently. He does not question the divine right of kings.

After he is tucked away in bed I continue to turn the pages musingly.

"Once upon a time two princes went out into the world to seek their fortunes." . . . "Snow-drop and the prince lived and reigned happily over that land for many many years." . . . "One fine evening a young princess went into a wood and sat down by the side of a cool spring of water. She had a golden ball in her hand, which was her favourite plaything, and she amused herself by tossing it into the air and catching it." The idle-rich hussy! . . . "A certain king had a beautiful garden, and in the garden stood a tree which bore golden apples."

Of course the Brothers Grimm were of that race which our most respected newspaper editors love to refer to as Huns, butchers and barbarians. Probably they didn't know any better than to celebrate kings and queens and their offspring. If the trouble were with the Grimm book alone, it could be easily disposed of. But the other volumes in the nursery library are tainted to an equal extent with the obsession of royalty. In a world wherein we are pouring out our blood and treasure that democracy may live safely

and rule, our children scarcely out of the cradle are being made into staunch little monarchists.

What are we going to do about it? How can we make the nursery safe for democracy?

Probably it is impossible at this time to abolish autocracy from the literature of childhood. Kings and queens are too deeply rooted there. Long after the last throne has fallen and the last monarch has become merely an unpleasant item of historical record, little boys will be devouring tales of kingly adventure and little girls will be thrilled with stories of millers' daughters and butchers' girls and woodcutters' wenches who are wed by princes and live happily ever after. (In real life the daughters of some of our best-known millers and packinghouse millionaires and lumber magnates have married princes and the like, only to find their unions neither happy nor permanent.)

Once you delete royalty from the nursery stories, you rob them of their charm and glamour. Reduce them to reality and you make them unintelligible to the juvenile hearer. Take the lines

The money-king was in his counting house,
Counting out our money;
The mayor was on the roof garden,
Dancing with his honey.

Here you have both rime and reason, but the metre has suffered and the story has entered the puzzling realm of American politics and finance.

For many nights without success I have projected my intelligence into the task of writing a democratic Mother Goose and democratic fairy tales. I have lain awake cogitating the problem. Last night, after tossing restlessly, I fell into a slumber troubled with ghastly dreams, and in one of them I was reading to my son a revised version of Henny-Penny.

"One day a hen was picking peas

in a farmyard under a pea-stack, when a pea fell on her head with such a thump that she thought the sky was falling. 'I must run to tell the President,' she cried.

"So she ran and she ran until she met the Postmaster General. . . ."

Obviously this sort of stuff will not do. It shows a loss of the charm of the original autocratic narrative, with probably no corresponding gain in democratic feeling.

The substance of the folk legends of the nursery can no more be changed than the mythology of Greece or Scandinavia. We must concede to our infants their kings and princesses along with their giants and witches and fairies, trusting that as the young minds mature they will realise that the royal persons of the stories are compounded of the same stuff of unreality as the hobgoblins. There are no such animals.

Conscientious democratic parents

can easily prove this, when the time comes, by calling the child's attention to photographs of really-truly royalties in the illustrated magazines. The picture of some vacuous king, discreetly bearded to hide his recessionary features, pinning a medal on a mutilated soldier and saying: "I only regret that you have but two legs to lose for my country," or whatever the court chamberlain or press agent has told him to say—this is a great help in weaning the child from monarchism. A similar purpose is served by the photograph of a typical princess, whose hat and features alike seem so unfortunately chosen, opening a Red Cross bazaar with the words "Eeney meeney miney mo," or some appropriate phrase of similar meaning.

Of course the disillusion must not be made too abruptly, or the child might do himself some injury.

Harold Kellock.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A LIBERALIST*

BY LUTHER E. ROBINSON

"WHEN we see a soul," says Emerson, "whose acts are regal and graceful and pleasant as roses, we must thank God such things can be and are." When a great book appears, garnering into the world's treasure-house the ripe fruitage of a long rich experience for the delight of souls coming after, civilisation is the grateful gainer. Such a book is Lord Morley's *Recollections*. These two handsome volumes contain the modestly written account of his distinguished career as a man of letters, as *compère* of men eminent for their liberalisation of the human mind, and as public servant long devoted to the social improvement of the state. In the midst of the daily journalisation of world-wide dissonance, a work like this comes among us like a fostering voice of culture to render the "feelings more sane, pure, and permanent."

Native of Blackburn in Lancashire, Morley was educated at Oxford, where he just missed the tutelage of Mark Pattison and where Connington, Stanley, Mansel, and Goldwin Smith were among his instructors. There also he came under the liberalising speech of Cotter Morison, a senior commoner, who, we are told, brought more than one undergraduate into contact with the awakening ideas of Carlyle, Emerson, and Comte. Morley took his degree in 1859, a time of tense mental atmosphere in England. Darwin, Buckle, Tennyson, and Ruskin were among those producing the literature of a new era of thought. The spirit of liberalism, which had proved too

potent for the Tractarians, called for a definition of knowledge based upon scientific inquiry and radical thinking. Gladstone, following the impress of Peel, was breaking away from his earlier conservatism to become the protagonist of a more democratic order in political life. In the field of thought Mill's doctrines vindicated the compatibility between liberty and discipline. Carlyle had given impulse to the study of German literature and history, and Comtism had become a cult among certain English intellectuals whom the young Oxonian was shortly to count among his intimate friends. Morley "revelled" in the books of Victor Hugo and felt the warm glow of Mazzini. The genius of George Sand served him as a "stirring rebuke to the loitering quietism of the brain," and George Eliot kindled his enthusiasm for her "wide and profound culture." He makes acknowledgments to the books of Adam Smith, of Bentham, Maine, and Turgot; but for "practical principles in the strategy and tactics of public life" he admits his chief indebtedness to Burke. "Well might Macaulay exclaim, 'The greatest man since Milton.'"

Finding the law unalluring, Morley became a journalist. For fifteen years he was editor of the *Fortnightly Review* and served in similar capacity on the *Pall Mall Gazette* and *Macmillan's Magazine*. His editorial posts brought him into intimate and sympathetic relations with Swinburne, Meredith, Gabriel Rossetti, Bagehot, Huxley, Pater, Leslie Stephen, Matthew Arnold, Frederic Harrison, and others active in visualising and shaping the more progres-

**Recollections*. By Lord Morley. New York: The Macmillan Company. In two volumes. \$7.50.

sive mental and moral conceptions of the Victorian age. These friends stood for the "spirit of liberalism in its most many-sided sense." Under the mirror of their independent criticism traditional beliefs were interrogated and the new theories of science were examined under the militant rationalism of the day. Huxley probably denoted the intellectual altruism of these battling agnostics as clearly as any in his feeling that "there is no alleviation for the sufferings of mankind except veracity of thought and action, and the resolute facing of the world as it is, when the garment of make-believe, by which pious hands have hidden its uglier features, is stripped off."

Uniting him with this powerful circle of diverse minds and talents was the author's indubitable spirit of friendship. He has possessed a genius for maintaining *affection mutuelle* with those whose intellectual conclusions clashed in action with his own. His keen and generous discernment of excellence gives fascination to his critical judgments. Representative of this is his estimate of Meredith. None knew better than that abstemious philosopher of life that his books could make no popular appeal. Yet his "brave faith in good," says Lord Morley, "in the rise of good standards . . . made him a teacher of many a sane and wholesome lesson, among those who had the happiness to be his friends, long years before the world found out the fire and strength and richness of his genius." Similarly with John Stuart Mill. At Blackheath Morley often shared the table-talk of Mill in company with other intellectuals, among whom were Herbert Spencer, Grote, Froude, Charles Kingsley, Faucett, and Louis Blanc. "What gave value to his talk . . . was mental discipline at least as much as his tenets." Mill's generalisations were usually well freighted; for example, this pregnant remark: "The future of man-

kind will be gravely imperilled if great questions are left to be fought out between ignorant change and ignorant opposition to change." His quality of quickening other minds is apparent in advice to Morley like this: "Keep yourself in the fresh air of the world; do your best in the world's affairs; study the active rather than the passive; do not be an ergoteur, but take pains for clear and limpid expression."

Morley's friendship for Joseph Chamberlain began in 1873, the year of Mill's death. The commensal discourse under Chamberlain's roof at Birmingham, where other guests included Mazzini, Carlyle, and Emerson, was not "brilliant contention, but fruitful co-operation in thought and knowledge for plain common ends." Popular education, municipal life, and "religious equality above all," were among the themes discussed. Unlike many others, Chamberlain had not been brought up in an atmosphere of books. His politics came to him from penetrating observation of his environment. Under his inspiration Morley began his Parliamentary career in 1883. In spite of their unfailing mutual regard, they gradually drifted apart politically. Morley's friendliness to the Home Rule programme never fitted with the imperialistic philosophy of the Birmingham statesman; it agreed with Gladstone's views and led to their political alliance and personal friendship, which endured to the end. A touch of pathos glows underneath the Greek-like restraint and directness with which is told the story of Gladstone's final discomfiture over his last Home Rule measure and the *impasse* in the Cabinet which brought about his retirement from political life and leadership. Mrs. Gladstone importuned Morley to tell her how matters stood. "The poor lady was not in the least prepared for the actual stroke. . . . What a curious scene! Me breaking to her

that the pride and glory of her life was at last to face eclipse, that the curtain was falling on a grand drama of fame, power, acclamation." Another political current had already set in, antagonistic to the old leader's Irish and peace policies. The new ideal was imperialistic, and one of its most significant moves was the exchange of Heligoland for Zanzibar. On this event Lord Morley refrains from comment.

To the Gladstone-Morley school of politics this new ideal was portentous. Out of it grew the Boer War, which Morley denounced in the face of a determined popular sentiment in its favour. It enlarged the military establishment in the interest of imperial defence. The Foreign Office acquired greater power of self-direction. Morley as head of the Indian Office, maintaining the generous principles he had employed as Secretary for Ireland and sympathising with the native aspirations of the imperial population, knew nothing of what was passing in the diplomatic office. His correspondence with Lord Minto, Indian Viceroy, introduced at this point in the *Recollections*, contains no reference to foreign events beyond a notice of the German Emperor's visit to London in 1907. This visit he describes as an event which would "much improve the chances of a little decent calm all over Europe." Almost in vain, too, the reader of these instructive pages waits for some comment upon the present world conflict, whose beginning led to Lord Morley's voluntary withdrawal from political responsibility. The meagre statement touching the matter contains a piquant reminder that the "new Liberalism" in power at the opening of the war had proved no more "fertile than the respectable old;" that its representatives had broken down, "or thought they had (1915) and could discover no better way out of their scrape than to seek deliverance (not without a

trace of arbitrary proscription) from the opposing party that counted Liberalism, old or new, for dangerous and deluding moonshine."

More characteristic of the writer's genial moods is the impressive question he frankly raises whether the influence of Liberalism in the "civilised world" has been "so much more potent than the gospel of the various churches"? The question baffles, for he finds that diplomacy is "as able as ever it was to dupe governments and governed by grand abstract catchwords veiling obscure and inexplicable purposes, and turning the whole world over with blood and tears to a strange Witches' Sabbath." As a matter of fact Lord Morley's England felt the powerful leaven of both Liberalism and religion as they have united to advance the ideals and practices of an enlightened and progressive democracy. He is more accurate in his estimate of Liberalism than Arnold was, or could be, fifty years ago. His appraisal of the Victorian period is the most satisfactory that has yet been written:

Some ages are marked as sentimental, others stand conspicuous as rational. The Victorian age was happier than most in the flow of both these currents into a common stream of vigorous and effective talent. New truths were welcomed in free minds, and free minds make brave men. Old prejudices were disarmed. Fresh principles were set afloat, and supported by right reasons. The standards of ambition rose higher and purer. Men learned to care more for one another. The rational prevented the sentimental from falling into pure emotional. It was Bacon who penned that deep appeal from thought to feeling. "The nobler a soul is, the more objects of compassion it hath." This of the great Elizabethan was one prevailing note in our Victorian age. The splendid expansion and enrichment of Toleration and all the ideas and modes that belong to Toleration was another.

In these *Recollections* autobiography as such is artistically subdued.

Self-predication is everywhere subordinated to the interpretation of his age and its leading forces and personalities. His tastes and character, his ideals and his achievements, are delightfully reflected in the wide range of serious literature he draws upon to illustrate the changing scene of life as he has seen and lived it. His method is that of the literary workman setting down, in the spirit of intellectual repose, the more striking and essential events of a long and supremely inviting experience, from the heights of a detached and unclouded eminence. He is one of the last survivors of a great circle of personages to whom scholarship and reason stood as the guides of a creative and disinterested social service. They sought to make their conception of civilisation prevail, and were in large

measure successful. That conception at heart is "Respect for the dignity and worth of the individual . . . pursuit of social good against class interest and dynastic interest." In public life Lord Morley opposed the extension of the imperial frontiers; he preferred to strengthen, through benevolent measures, the human interests already under the broad lines of the imperial ægis. Probably he did not clearly discern upon the horizon the greater struggle yet in store for the very principle of Liberalism to which he had devoted his own great talents. Be this as it may, he has made a rich and noble contribution to life. Like the eminent Roman essayist and statesman to whose higher tastes and virtues his own bear a marked resemblance, he may truly write, *Diu multumque vixi*.

SNAP-SHOTS OF FOREIGN AUTHORS: FRANCE

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

THE sanctum of your mind
Must be an enchanting spot
For eclectics to luxuriate:
Athanasius communing with Renan,
Joan of Arc gossiping with Thaïs,
Rabelais jesting with Paracelsus—
A gathering gorgeous with irony
But manipulated without discords
Like a Liszt fantasy
Played by Joseph Hofmann.

THE OXFORD METHOD*

BY MALCOLM TAYLOR

AMONG other things that the war is doing to America is the awakening of many people to an indignant realisation of how completely our educational ideals and methods have been handed over to German influence. Only now are we beginning to appreciate fully the slavish imitation of all things German which has, in the past, characterised American educational theory. But the effect of the war is not limited to this. It is also bringing to a head a feeling, long slowly crystallising before the war, of extreme dissatisfaction with the results this German imported system has brought.

This discontent has evinced itself in two ways, as regards our universities particularly. First, against the curriculum proper, in a belief that both the elective system and the conceptions of education behind it are mistaken and ineffectual. Second, in an increasing revolt against college athletics, the importance they have assumed, the manner of their administration, and the spirit in which they are pursued. With these and kindred matters this volume of essays deals illuminatingly. The fruit of a Rhodes scholarship and of several years' practical experience with the problems of college education here, these studies cannot be neglected by serious students of the subject. For the layman as well they afford invaluable assistance in gauging the trouble and finding the remedy.

What has Oxford to teach us in solving our own problems and in readjusting our educational values? Let us take athletics first. In his essay

on *Spectators and Sport* Mr. Aydelotte lays his finger most discerningly on the root of the whole trouble. It is the spectator. Stop and think a moment, and it will immediately be plain that American university sport is really built up around the spectator. For him is the enormous paraphernalia now surrounding games. He has made college athletics a tremendous way of advertising. He has made it so important to win. He has given rise to the huge financial side of the system. But, the author points out, "games run for the benefit of the spectators always degenerate morally, for the reason that the spectator is irresponsible morally and demands that his team win at any cost." Games not run for the benefit of the crowd tend naturally to be clean.

Why are the spectators bad sportsmen? Because most of them have not been trained in sport.

The great value of sport is not physical, but moral. It teaches a man—or woman—that he—or she—should play the game squarely, that it is better to lose a gentleman's game than to win a mucker's. It teaches respect and admiration for good play on the other side; it teaches self-control and decency. . . . The great value of sport is to develop these qualities, and to give men the habit of them in intense situations.

These qualities the crowd too often does not possess, especially when emotionally excited. The way out is not so much to abolish the crowd as to educate each member of it morally by individual training in sport. That is Oxford's lesson for us. We must make the spectator a sportsman also, by making sports universal. Only then will our *athletics* be *sport*, or

*The Oxford Stamp and Other Essays, by Frank Aydelotte. New York: Oxford University Press, American Branch. \$1.20.

anything but the highly specialised pursuits of the few for the amusement of the many.

On the scholastic side, what Oxford has to give us is perhaps a matter more of spirit than form. "It is her best," the author says in his first essay, "that we Americans should strive to understand and to appropriate." Some things we should learn:

One is to make our social life an interchange of ideas, and thus give it an intellectual value which it often has not at present. . . . [Another] is so to alter the administration of our courses as to put more emphasis upon individual effort, to make our programmes less pretentious and more thorough, to force our undergraduates to study subjects rather than merely to take up courses, to lay emphasis upon thought rather than information, which is, after all, the secret of education.

It is no mere imitation that Mr. Aydelotte advises. He realises that any system we set up, in order to be valid, must be representative, expressive of American needs and conditions. We have had enough of importations. Yet even some of the actual methods in use at Oxford might well be adopted, and Mr. Aydelotte in several interesting essays relates his experience as professor of English at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in making English studies more like Humane Letters.

But perhaps the best of the essays is *The Religion of Punch*. Punch he defines as bluff raised to a higher power. "It survives 'calling'—at least for a generation." It is not so much "the faculty of getting results as of

getting the appearance of them." The present confusion in education gives the man with punch his opportunity. He is a real menace to the right development of our educational institutions, a danger all the greater in this time of ferment.

Whether the Rhodes scholarships have been a success is a question that has been much asked. It cannot be justly answered yet, but the time is approaching when it can be. For much depends on returned Rhodes men, and American Oxonians generally, in the coming reconstruction of our educational system and revaluation of values. Against the religion of punch, with its charlatanism and flashiness, its catchwords of "efficiency," "scientific management" and "practical methods" must be triumphantly opposed the realities of education:—honesty, thoroughness, solidity, faith in substance more than form, thought rather than administrative machinery. If we learn that the main purpose of education is to train men how to use their minds, how to think, and think for themselves; if we come to see that information, accumulation of facts, is only a means (neither the sole nor maybe the best) toward this end; if we make power of thought our aim rather than so-called practical knowledge or the learning of some trade or vocation (sure that if we teach our children to use their minds, they will soon become good mechanics, or something better than mechanics)—the Rhodes scholarships will not have been in vain. For these things, despite all faults and shortcomings, Oxford and the Oxford spirit stand for.

TROTSKI*

LEO BRAUNSTEIN, better known as Trotsky, was born in Odessa some forty years ago of a Jewish family. Because of his name and the embarrassment which he has caused to Great Britain he is currently reported in this country to be a German Jew, who found it convenient to hide his identity under an assumed Russian name. His original name really proves that his family did not come from Germany, and the new name was meant to disguise his person, not his race or extraction.

Braunstein is one of those innumerable names, compounded of German, common to Jews in Eastern Europe. At the time when Poland was partitioned, most Polish Jews had no family names, but were simply known by their personal names and patronymics—as Abraham, son of Moses, or Isaac, son of Solomon. The Prussian and Austrian officials, who in 1795 obtained dominion also over what is now known as Russian Poland, manufactured names by the thousand for the Jews, going through the whole gamut of flowers, animals, colours, and stones, sometimes venturing to the best of their German taste upon attempts at humour. If a Jew's name is Offenbach or Hildesheimer or Speyer, one may assume that his family has come from one of the Rhenish towns, but if it is Blumenduft (scent of flowers) or Unterleibsgeschwür (abdominal ulcer—an authentic case!), it is clear that an ancestor of his was the object of German mockery, or of subsequent Russian imitation. If such a man goes to Germany he will immediately

be recognised by the true Teuton as an East-European Hebrew under his name, and he has to travel all the way to England before he is conceded the status of a full-blown German or of a German Jew.

Braunstein-Trotsky had no reason to hide his race, which was a matter of complete indifference to the Socialists among whom he has spent his life. Names for special use in party activities, the so-called "party names," were assumed by Jewish and Gentile revolutionaries alike, and the tale which they tell is of the years which, for the sake of an ideal, these men have spent without a home and without a real name—hunted beasts, hiding their identities from the most highly organised secret police in the world. When Leo Braunstein chose his "party name" he naturally did not feel bound to imitate the humour or the scientific methods of the German officials who had labelled his ancestors; yet the name Trotsky still suggests a Jewish origin to the average Russian, for it is derived from the town of Troki, in the very heart of the old Jewish Pale.

When a student of the Juridical Faculty at Odessa, Trotsky joined the Socialist movement. Some revolutionary *fracas* or conspiracy led to his expulsion from the University and started him on his career of Socialist propaganda, diversified by years in Siberia and in prison. The men of the Russian revolution are now frequently described in Western Europe as "wind-bags" or "talkers" by people who have never known Russian prisons or Siberia. Let them read the gruesome story of Maria Spiridonova, which at one time made the whole civilised world shudder (the recent Peasants' Congress at Petrograd elected Maria Spiridonova its

*From *The New Europe*, London, January 17, 1918.

The English spelling of the proper names has been retained in this article.—*Editor's Note.*

president). Or let them read Leo Deutsch's *Reminiscences of Siberia* or any other lives from that new martyrology. There has been horror in the past experience of these men and women; a madness has been engendered by it and a fanaticism which alone has enabled them to endure all things and conquer in the end.

In Trotski the fanatic is much less conspicuous than in most Bolsheviki leaders. Socialism supplies him with an outlook rather than with doctrines. He is clear-sighted, he understands the logic of events, the force of ideas, their uncompromising nature, and the need for simplicity and cogency in political thinking. Where minor men are unbending from pedantry, experience forbids Trotski to compromise where principles are concerned. He knows the only terms on which one can fight with the arms of the spirit against material weapons, and he knows how to capture the man behind the machine gun instead of countering the two in their own kind. In 1905 he fought autocracy and succumbed—the Russian army had remained with the Czar; twelve years later it went over to the revolution. In July he fought Kerenski and succumbed; the army was with his rival. In November he won without having raised or armed new forces. He is now trying the same game on Germany, nay, on the entire world—each man has only one method of acting, just as he has only one face.

Can Trotski win this time? He will undoubtedly succumb again, but the seed will have been sown. That quaint idea of "the dictatorship of the proletariat" will remain, a burning sign to those who have a sense of wrong; it is not democracy which the Bolsheviks aim at, but "a turn of the wheel"—the rule of the down-trodden. They address to the upper classes what Meredith calls "the parent question of humanity": "Am I

thy master or thou mine?" If their sign is to endure, if their teachings are to work in the consciousness of the masses, they must remain pure. For ideas, compromise with reality means a kind of decay; it is like the decay of fruit at seed time; if the fruit perishes when the seed is still immature, the loss is unredeemed and uncompensated. Conservatism is the philosophy of reality; revolution results from the logic of ideas.

If Trotski compromises, he is lost; if he does not, he is probably lost too—which few men are likely to regret more than he himself. He is not a calm, iron ascetic with a deeply human heart and an inhuman mind, like Lenin. His *nature* has proved too strong even for the long schooling of Russian revolutionary life. Trotski enjoys life, loves pleasure, is very ambitious and rather vain; he cares for Trotski and thinks a deal of him, so much indeed that at moments this foolhardy fighter becomes accessible to doubt and fear. He enjoys power and has a sense of humour, and the humour of power seems to appeal to him almost as much as its responsibility (this also fits him admirably for dealing with European Chancelleries). There is nothing of the pathos about him which attached to Kerenski, the Hamlet of the Russian revolution. He will make himself respected, men shall reckon with him, the world must not forget Trotski or leave him out of account. He imposes himself on it by his cleverness and energy. These qualities have served him well with crowds and with women. To vain men no one can replace success on the wider stage so well as women; they are the perfect audience for "Kings in Babylon."

Trotski has been poor all his life. He has lived in garrets, has starved, and yet has thought of how the world should be ruled. He knows what life is to those cast into the outer darkness. Easeful pleasure is suited

for men who safely possess; destruction is the instinct, the living art and the wild joy of the dispossessed—the dark, cynical, defiant face of Michael Angelo's statue of Brutus menaces the exquisite and aristocratic beauty of Leonardo da Vinci. As Trotski has been poor all his life, the usual stories are now told of his having been bribed by the Germans. "German agent" is the most appropriate label for anyone who does not suit us. The curse of being a politician and poor is temptation, and next, that even if the man resists temptation, there is circumstantial evidence to suggest the opposite. The only temptation which approaches the rich politician and to which he duly succumbs is that of giving bribes—he "nurses" his constituency, subscribes to party funds, ends by buying hereditary legislative power in the House of Lords and remains "respectable—damned respectable."

Trotski achieved prominence for the first time during the revolution of 1905. Nosar ("party name": Hrustalev), an insignificant person, was chairman of the Central Sovjet. Trotski, his assistant, supplied the brains of the movement, and it was with him that the Prime Minister, Count Witte, negotiated previous to the publication of the October Manifesto. After the collapse of the revolution, Trotski sought refuge abroad and relapsed into comparative obscurity. Unequaled as an agitator, a speaker, a man of action, Trotski is not the leader for a persecuted creed who could fortify them in their devout prayers in the Catacombs, or—to give the Russian-Socialist equivalent—take part with all seriousness in their sterile discussions in exile. Trotski's socialism is sincere, his very temperament is revolutionary socialism, he is carried away by it. He thinks through his temperament. In the white heat of abstract passion he sees issues with a logical consistency such as cannot be attained in

the everyday perception of reality, when comparatively small accidents of environment compete with the ideas which are the work of the speculative human understanding. To Trotski socialism and its creed have become his world, and he could hardly live or act outside their sphere. But the theoretical differences between the various socialist groups were unessential to him at a time when as yet none of their doctrines could give rise to action. His restless ambition, his excitable temper, his desire for action, made him shift from one Socialist group to another, while blind zeal and lack of humour made other men persevere and attain leadership. Trotski finished by being called "the morass" by those strong in faith—the uncertain, dangerous ground between the immovable mountains.

August, 1914, found him in Paris. His first move was an attack on the German Socialists for having voted war-credits. During the next two years he edited a Russian Socialist paper. Toward the end of 1916 the French Government, to disembarass itself of Trotski, decided to put him across the Swiss frontier; it seemed that there he would remain high and dry till the end of the war. He succeeded, however, in getting himself sent to Spain instead, and thence embarked for America. To one born in bondage, chained in his youth, exiled in his manhood, the revolution was the sign that the days of sterile misery had come to an end. Not yet! By order of the British authorities Trotski was forcibly taken off a homeward-bound Norwegian steamer and interned at Halifax. Those few weeks of detention in Nova Scotia did not kill him; but, as Machiavelli, puts it—*si vendicano gli uomini delle leggiere offese; delle gravi non possono*. The remembrance of wrong done to his own person rendered more pointed Trotski's action for the release of Cicerin. Yet the

first document compromising to the German Government which he selected for publication was a letter from the Kaiser to the Czar, complaining of the asylum accorded to revolutionaries in Great Britain, and proposing joint representations on that subject. Trotski thus reminded his comrades of the time when Prussia had offered itself as an assistant to their hangmen, and when it was Prince Bülow, not the *Morning Post*, who sneered at "Silberfarb" and "Mandelstamm"! Not even our most God-forsaken official underlings with a *flair* for the psychological moment, when petty chicanery creates the maximum of irritation, can altogether wipe out the memory of those other days.

The pre-revolutionary opposition in the Duma was political; the revolution which broke out in the streets, social. The Cadets aimed at constitutional reform and at a more efficient prosecution of the war. They could not give the sign for active revolt lest it should interfere with the conduct of the war. The revolution was made by men to whom the war was not the first concern. The Cadets joined it after the day was won. The peasantry and army cried out for land and peace. The Cadets desired to go on with the war till victory was won and to check social revolution. These were two irreconcilable programmes. Kerenski tried to reconcile them. He wanted all classes to unite, to offer sacrifices and to have confidence in each other. The masses were to submit to the leadership and discipline of the educated *bourgeoisie*, suffer yet further in a war of which they hardly understood the meaning, and trust to the upper classes not to use in future their regained power for preventing the social revolution. The upper classes were to work cheerfully, viewing with equanimity the certain doom in store for them on the conclusion of peace. Kerenski's endeavours were met with opposi-

tion, nay, with direct *sabotage*, from the Right and the Left, and with scant understanding among the Western Allies. His attempt broke down.

Then came Trotski's day and burden. With him and the Bolsheviks the strangest factor has entered the war—a belligerent power to whom war on national lines has neither sense nor meaning. The only war which they understand is between classes, and that war knows no frontier. It is not peace which they carry to the world but strife; they are militants, but in a different dimension. Could Trotski raise, arm, and officer a sufficiently big army he would menace, not the Central Powers alone but all the bourgeois governments of the world; though he would probably try to avoid fighting their armies in battles which indiscriminately sacrifice bourgeois and proletarians. He naturally demands complete self-determination for all nationalities throughout the world—which implies, among other things, the end of German imperialism, the complete disruption of the Habsburg Monarchy and of the Turkish Empire (one has to come to England to find socialists or "democrats" who from sheer controversial perversity become champions of such dynastic creations!). But to Trotski self-determination is merely one aspect of a much wider problem. "Why should people object so strongly to the dominion of one nation over another," the Bolshevik would say, "and yet within the same nation admit that one man should be born in economic subjection to another man? Why talk about 'submerged nationalities' and be silent about submerged classes?" To the Bolsheviks the different ideas of possession and dominion are but parts of one organic whole of which the vital nerve may be destroyed by a violent blow, but which it is almost impossible to transform by degrees. Evolution comes after revolution to eliminate

the moribund forms by a gradual process. That is why systems survive revolutions and yet cannot be killed apart from revolution. As Grillparzer put it in 1848, referring to the constitutional problem raised by the French Revolution:

“Das ist der Zeiten bittere Not
Der Widerspruch der schwer zu heben,
Dass die Monarchie wohl tot,
Aber die Monarchen leben.”

Most of Trotski's ideas are incomprehensible to the illiterate masses in the armies and peasantry of Russia which have raised him to power. They want peace because they are tired of fighting, not because they hold any particular views on international relations. They desire to expropriate the rich without any clear idea of the condition which is to supplant the order they destroy. The immense, almost inconceivable, suffering inflicted on the Russian peasant-soldier during the first three years of the war by the criminal callousness and corruption of the *ancien régime* has resulted in a psychological catastrophe—a disappearance of military and social discipline unequalled in history, and a collapse of routine and tradition, the framework of everyday life. The intellectual revolutionaries sail in the storm and their sails rise over the waves, in appearance a triumphant sign of the storm itself. Yet they have no real control over the blind elemental forces which cannot be disciplined, least of all by the revolutionaries themselves. For if Trotski tried to coerce them and succeeded in that attempt—which in reality is impossible—he would break the very spirit and force of the revolution. He is not the man for such work.

Without an army at his command, with a country plunged in anarchy and demanding peace, with masses only very dimly comprehending the meaning of the events which now

unfold, Trotski has to face the Teutonic power. It would seem that he is at their mercy. And yet a dark fear haunts his opponents. There is the suffering and despair of their own peoples, their craving for peace, their rage, which, hitherto silent, may any moment burst out in a desperate cry. They, too, have heard the watchword about “the rule of the downtrodden” and “the turn of the wheel.” It is to them that Trotski speaks over the heads of their rulers. What do the starving German masses care for dominion over other races? Has not enough blood been shed; are the maimed and crippled too few in number? Trotski speaks sincerely about peace. Russia sets all her nations free. She threatens nobody. If peace negotiations break down, will anyone believe that it was through Russia's fault? German and Austrian statesmen wriggle, they manoeuvre for positions; they make the most amazing professions of principle and contradict them in the same breath, they try to set themselves right in the eyes of their peoples. Trotski unmasks their game and analyses aloud each move they make. The scene is almost grotesque. As Dr. Harold Williams put it in one of his Petrograd despatches, the Germans “are in the position of the mediæval knight, playing a weird game of chess with supernatural powers.”

If the war continues, what can the German Government do? Can it risk ordering its armies across the undefended Russian front? Will they obey? Will they attack the country which was the first to offer peace? Perhaps. But if the Germans get to Russia—again, what can they do? They cannot coerce Russia. Revolutionary Russia is already a nightmare to them, and even from their own country Germany's rulers cannot eliminate any more the forces and ideas which the war has set in motion.

EARTH

BY JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

THIS is the Earth.

Brown clogged and dull,
Turned in wet, sticky furrows,
It sleeps in the still evening
Of some late autumn day.

Ages ago tides rose against it,
And heaped it thus in shelving folds,
And monstrous scaly creatures
Swam through those tides;

Ages ago men hunted on it,
Seeking amid the frozen spaces,
For furs and food;

Ages ago men settled on it,
Emerging from the forests
Driving the cattle before them;

Ages ago men fought for it,
Struggled and died
For foothold in these scanty fields.

And now at last
The earth cries out for food,
This slave of man has too long given its harvests,
It asks the life it gave be yielded back to it.

In the autumn evening,
You can hear it plainly,
The cry of the ancient earth.

Moaning and tossing,
Under the heavy steel rain that falls on it from heaven;
Crying for blood, blood to make fertile
Its growing barrenness.

POETS MILITANT

BY JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE

I

ARE poets dreamers and impractical folk, shirking the real business of life? No better answer could be made to this query than the roll call of those who have exchanged the singer's robes for the khaki. As far as America is concerned, and considering the brief time we have been in the war, our roll of poet-soldiers is one to be reckoned with.

First in point of time, or surely among the first, to spring to the ranks was Joyce Kilmer. Just beyond the draft age and with a little family, Uncle Sam not only had no legal claim upon him but would probably have hesitated to take him from more immediate obligations; but this did not deter one whose blood beat to a martial as well as lyric strain, and not waiting to go through an officer's training, he cast in his lot with the million others whose distinction is in service alone.

Joining first the Seventh Regiment of New York, he remained in it for part of the period of his training, but coming to suspect that the Seventh might, according to its tradition, be content to achieve its glory elsewhere than on the field,—he succeeded in getting transferred to the "Rainbow Division," with the Irish Regiment, formerly famous as the "Fighting Sixty-ninth." This proved a shrewd guess, as the Seventh is still at Spartanburg while the "Rainbow Division," with its Irish contingent, has been for some months in France.

To follow Mr. Kilmer through the exigencies of war will be possible only when we have the record, which is eventually to come, of his experiences "From Mineola to Flanders." This will make excellent reading, as a decade of training in journalism

has given him not only the essential but the picturesque approach to a subject. Indeed Mr. Kilmer's career in the decade in question has covered not only journalism but so varied a list of other pursuits that it is not strange that adventure is in his blood and that he is ready to break a lance in still another field. Book-seller, lexicographer, college teacher, editor of a religious journal, critic, interviewer, lecturer and poet,—he has crowded so much into a brief span that when to it he adds experience of the trenches, he will be able to say with Byron,

For I had the share of life which might
have filled a century
Before its fourth in time had passed me
by.

The last thing before leaving for France, Mr. Kilmer read the proofs of his new book of verse, *Main Street, and Other Poems*, issued as an autumn publication. The collection is perhaps unduly weighed down with religious poems, which are not his best, although the sonnets are excellent, but who can resist the whimsical charm of *A Blue Valentine* or the human note of *Roofs*, or of *The Snow-Man in the Yard*? If childhood, domestic love, and religion have inspired most of the poems in Mr. Kilmer's volume, that is not to say that they are less authentic, for where shall one find more legitimate themes than childhood, domestic love and religion? We should like to pause by the way to quote from the book, but it will lead us too far from our theme of "Poets Militant."

Robert Haven Schauffler, of *Scum-o'-the-Earth* fame, was also among the earliest to volunteer. After getting his commission as Second Lieu-

tenant, he was assigned to Camp Meade, where he is now teaching in the Officers' Training School, but hoping soon to see more active service. Arthur Davison Ficke, who is an officer in the Ordnance Department, has been more fortunate and has already been several months in France. He was recently sent back to America on an important mission, but has returned to the front. William Rose Bénét has entered the Aviation Corps, most fitting for a poet, and is now at San Antonio, learning to mount upon other wings than song. Charles Buxton Going, forsaking the editorial desk, is giving his valuable knowledge of engineering to the Government and is now a major in that department. J. E. Spingarn, whose volume, *Creative Criticism*, is the most valuable contribution to this subject made in America in recent years, has been in the war almost from the outset of our own participation in it, and has now the rank of a Major of Infantry. Curtis Hidden Page, another poet-critic, left his professorship at Dartmouth College to enter the service and is a Captain of Ordnance. Lastly, Franklin P. Adams, "F. P. A.," the genial, the inimitable, has gone to dispense a little of his cheer in the great army, where he is a captain. When F. P. A. enters the trenches, the gloom will give way, and mud and cold and rain—which Service declares are more formidable than bullets—will be forgotten. *Weights and Measures*, F. P. A.'s latest book, is a veritable lifesaver in these days of whelming horror. It has more wholesome and spontaneous fun, more clever wit than any book in its field that has appeared in many a moon. That the army is not going to quench this wit, is shown by *A Change of Heart*, written in camp and published last month in *McClure's*:

In other and more peaceful times—
(*Eheu!* the years seem thrice a million

Since I committed daily rhymes
As a civilian!)

In those, the typing times of peace,
As master of a Dome Diurnal,
I told the hated Hun to cease
The strife infernal.

My wealth of verbiage was great;
Of bitter phrase I was no miser;
I screamed a daily hymn of hate
Against the Kaiser.

My pen was sharp, my lyre was loud,
I hated Bernstorff and Boy-Ed so!
I hated all the German crowd,
And often said so.

But now I am in closer touch;
I sense the spirit and the letter;
And now I know the Germans much,—
Oh, so much,—better.

I understand their purpose now—
I, who was given to flay and flout them—
How green I was! I don't see how
I wrote about them.

Withdraw my rhyme of earlier date!
Erase each previous high endeavour!
Now that I *know* those birds, I hate
'Em worse than ever.

II

So much for the roll call of our own poets in camp or trench. In England that call takes on daily a tragic significance from the increasing number who no longer respond. Undoubtedly Francis Ledwidge was the greatest loss to poetry since the death of Rupert Brooke, and aside from Brooke's incomparably beautiful sonnet, it is a question if Ledwidge had not the finer possibilities of the two. Ledwidge had been in the war from the outset, serving at Gallipoli, Mesopotamia, and finally in Flanders, where he fell. Still in the middle-twenties, his annals as poet and soldier were as picturesque as they were brief. The fairies must have directed him to send to Lord Dunsany, though not, we may imagine, without trepidation, those first poems of the fields and hedges which made him beloved far beyond his native Ireland. Through Dunsany he was introduced

to the world, through Dunsany we have the *Songs of Peace*, written in the midst of war, and through him we are promised a volume of the posthumous poems, of which a considerable number were found.

Nothing could be more indicative of the temperament of Ledwidge than the slender volume, *Songs of Peace*. I have searched it vainly for anything that could be called a war poem. Although written in the thick of war, it is one continuous memory of Ireland, one continuous longing for the blackbird, the hedges and the rainy veils of his beloved country. Now and then one gets an intimation that the poet realises to what stern business he has set his hand, as in these lines, *In the Mediterranean—Going to the War*:

Lovely wings of gold and green
Flit about the sounds I hear,
On my window when I lean
To the shadows cool and clear.

* * * *

Roaming, I am listening still,
Bending, listening overlong,
In my soul a steadier will,
In my heart a newer song.

or in this stanza from the poem *To a Distant One*:

There is so much to do, so little done,
In my life's space, that I perforce did leave
Love at the moonlit trysting-place to grieve
Till fame and other little things were won.
I have missed much that I shall not retrieve,
Far will I wander yet with much to do.
Much will I spurn before I yet meet you,
So fair I can't deceive.

The *Songs of Peace* are to the last degree delicate; nothing of the fighting man appears in them. One is the more surprised, therefore, at the virile, soldier note that rings in these lines which will appear in the posthumous volume and which were published last month in the *Touchstone*:

When I was young I had a care
Lest I should cheat me of my share
Of that which makes it sweet to strive
For life, and dying still survive,

A name in sunshine written higher
Than lark or poet dare aspire.

But I grew weary doing well;
Besides, 'twas sweeter in that hell
Down with the loud banditti people
Who robbed the orchards, climbed the
steeples
For Jackdaws' eggs and made the cock
Crow ere 'twas daylight on the clock.
I was so very bad the neighbours
Spoke of me at their daily labours.

And now I'm drinking wine in France,
The helpless child of circumstance.
To-morrow will be loud with war.
How will I be accounted for?

It is too late now to retrieve
A fallen dream, too late to grieve
A name unmade, but not too late
To thank the gods for what is great:
A keen-edged sword, a soldier's heart,
Is greater than a poet's art,
And greater than a poet's fame
A little grave that has no name.

What a spirit they all show, these young singers, who lift the cup of battle to their lips as if it were the Grail! Even more willingly, almost blithely, Charles Hamilton Sorley surrendered his life that spanned but twenty years. His volume, *Marlborough, and Other Poems*, is full of the soldier's dedicated gladness. It takes a high spirit to go to death with a song, but Sorley did it and exhorted his comrades to do it, in lines of hasty and immature technique but of the temper of heroes:

Cast away regret and rue,
Think what you are marching to.
Little live, great paces.
Jesus Christ and Barabbas
Were found the same day.
This died, that went his way.
So sing with joyful breath.
For why, you are going to death.
Teeming earth will surely store
All the gladness that you pour.

Earth that never doubts nor fears,
Earth that knows of death, not tears,
Earth that bore with joyful ease
Hemlock for Socrates,
Earth that blossomed and was glad
Neath the cross that Christ had,
Shall rejoice and blossom too
When the bullet reaches you.

Wherefore, men marching
On the road to death, sing!
Pour your gladness on earth's head,
So be merry, so be dead!

Like Rupert Brooke, Sorley had a charm of personality that is likely to become a tradition. Many testify to it, as well as to his gifts, and at the annual dinner of the Poetry Society of America, John Masefield declared that had Sorley had time to develop these gifts we might have expected almost anything of him. Mr. Masefield also spoke of W. N. Hodgson ("Edward Melbourne") as one of the finest of the younger group who have paid the toll to war. Hodgson was the son of the Bishop of Ipswich and Edmundsbury and was a lieutenant in a Devon regiment. Refined and idealistic in temperament, his battle songs are consecrations, as a few lines of *Before Action* will show:

I, that on my familiar hill
Saw with uncomprehending eyes
A hundred of Thy sunsets spill
Their fresh and sanguine sacrifice,
Ere the sun swings his noonday sword
Must say good-bye to all of this:—
By all delights that I shall miss,
Help me to die, O Lord!

One takes up book after book of these young poets who have fallen in action or who are still in the ranks, and is more than ever impressed with the fact that the whole emphasis of war, as far as the poets are concerned, has shifted to a spiritual basis. To compare the poetry of this war with that of any earlier one, is to see not only that the poet is using a new terminology, as befits the new technique of war, but that he is expressing a new reaction, a new mood. Formerly, when war was less terrible in its operation, it was romantic, it stirred the spirit of adventure. Open warfare was a superb spectacle and one's imagination thrilled to "battle's magnificently stern array" and to the "fiery mass of living valour rolling on the foe." Martial music, flags and banners, gorgeous uniforms,

resplendent cavalry, and all other externals of war, gave to it a glamour and covered its terrors with Romance. Now war is Realism; war is ugliness; war is horror. No longer in brilliant uniform, the soldier goes protectively coloured, like a creature of the earth, and burrows like a mole in the ground; he fires at an enemy he does not see; he is not inspired by martial music or banners; endurance must largely take the place of action; concealment must be his constant study and against bursting shrapnel there is no use to oppose his valour. Even when the charge comes, it is not that gallant encounter of open warfare with a fair field and no favours, but opposing skill in the use of ingenious instruments of destruction such as modern warfare has brought. It is ghastly and terrible in its physical features, and what has been the result? One no longer goes to war for romance, he goes for an ideal. The more realistic war becomes on its technical side, the more idealistic it becomes on its spiritual side. Only for the great inner purpose would anyone endure the outer horror; and the poets, who are the seers, looking wholly above the modern operation of war, sing only of it as an instrument, only of its operation in the great ends of world destiny.

Instead of descriptive poetry, presenting the spectacle of war, we have interpretative poetry, giving the meaning of war; and since one in the immediate throes of a conflict can give little more than his own personal reaction to it, being too near for a focus,—we have chiefly the personal spiritual effect upon the poet who undergoes the baptism of fire. To present this war in its physical sense, in the air, on the sea, and with all the terrible but marvellous instruments of its execution,—would require a Homer; and to interpret it in its psychological sense, with all the interplay of race and motive, would re-

quire a Dante. Instead we have as its recorders youths just finding themselves and learning their art, but from these direct experiences we gain much more than from the more ambitious poems of those who write at second hand. Particularly is one impressed with this fact in looking over the various anthologies of war verse which have been issued in the past year. For example, in *A Treasury of War Poetry*, edited by George Herbert Clarke, an admirable collection containing most of the poems of note which have appeared during the war, one turns to the brief section called "Poets Militant," as one would turn from a clamorous place to a shrine. One after another the poets not in the war have moralised upon it, meted out judgment, and forecast an altered world, while quietly as a prayer in Gethsemane the poet face to face with death utters in song his dedication.

Professor Clarke's collection covers much the same field as that of Professor Cunliffe's *Poems of the Great War*, which antedated it considerably. Both contain the finest poems written up to the period of their publication, but Professor Clarke's *Treasury of War Poetry*, being issued later, has the advantage of greater timeliness. It also follows an excellent arrangement, presenting in separate groups the poems pertaining to each country. Still a later anthology is *A Book of Verse of the Great War*, edited by William Reginald Wheeler and issued by the Yale University Press. It has to me less interest, owing to the fact that it is largely made up of work by non-militant poets, of whom nearly a third are Americans. As we are so lately in the war, we cannot in the nature of things have so immediate and vital an approach to it in our poetry. Then, too, Mr. Wheeler, who sends his manuscript from Hangchow, China, quotes certain poems which are now misleading, as *The*

Woman's Cry, by Edith Thomas, written at the very outset of the war, when Miss Thomas held very different convictions from those which she now holds. One in America could not escape knowing this, when her work constantly appears in the daily press. We are glad to see that Mr. Williams includes Olive Tilford Dargan's high-visioned and beautiful poem, *Beyond War*, and W. N. Ewer's searching *Five Souls*.

From all of these anthologies, one keeps coming back to the books written out of direct experience, and one of the most arresting of these is *The Old Huntsman*, by a young Jewish poet from India, Siegfried Sassoon, now fighting in the British army. Sassoon is a remarkable blend of mystic and realistic. Satire, humour, irony, keen thrusts at the waste and stupidity of war, alternate with moods of consecration when nothing seems more desirable than to die for his Vision:

Horror of wounds and anger at the foe,
And loss of things desired; all these must
pass.

We are the happy legion, for we know
Time's but a golden wind that shakes the
grass.

There was an hour when we were loth to
part

From life we longed to share no less than
others.

Now, having claimed this heritage of heart,
What need we more, my comrades and my
brothers?

It scarcely does Sassoon justice to quote these lines which, as poetry, are of indifferent merit, compared with his celebration of *Brother Lead and Sister Steel*, or other poems which show the more sinister side of war; but, by his leave, I prefer to represent him in his more exalted, if less poetically inspired, moments. In *Enemies* one gets the point of view that Service constantly presents in the *Rhymes of a Red Cross Man*—that one is not at war with the individual and deplores

the fact that he must slay a brother man in making war upon a system. Evidently this poem is of a beloved officer or comrade:

He stood alone in some queer sunless place
Where Armageddon ends; perhaps he longed
For days he might have lived; but his
young face
Gazed forth untroubled: and suddenly there
thronged
Round him the hulking Germans that I
shot
When for his death my brooding rage was
hot.

He stared at them, half-wondering; and then
They told him how I'd killed them for his
sake,—

Those patient, stupid, sullen ghosts of men:
And still there seemed no answer he could
make.

At last he turned and smiled, and all was
well

Because his face could lead them out of hell.

At the end of the book Sassoon has a poem to Robert Graves—son of Alfred Percival Graves—who has distinguished himself in the war and is himself a poet of ability. His book, *Over the Brazier*, is soon to be followed, as befits an Irishman, by *Fairies and Fusiliers*. At the Poetry Society dinner, previously referred to, Masfield told a story of Graves which shows the mettle of the young poet. After a battle in Flanders, where he was fighting, Graves was so severely wounded that when the stretcher bearers went out at night to search the field, they paused beside him and said, "There's no use bringing him in; he's dead." Whereupon, with the true fighting blood of the Irish, young Graves aroused and exclaimed, "No, I'm not dead and I'm d—d if I die!" This is the spirit that will carry poet and soldier and race to victory.

One cannot leave our poets militant without a word of the sadness that has swept over the country at the death of Lieutenant-Colonel John McCrae, our Canadian neighbour, who has endeared himself to everyone by his exquisite poem, *In Flanders*

Fields. Perhaps no poem of the war is so widely known and loved. McCrae did not fall in battle, but died of pneumonia, at Boulogne, France, where he was chief medical officer of one of the Canadian brigades. He was a poet who wrote unaffected, beautiful, moving things, sure to be cherished. *To the Anxious Dead* is less familiar than *In Flanders Fields*.

O guns, fall silent till the dead men hear
Above their heads the legions pressing on,—
(These fought their fight in time of bitter
fear
And died not knowing how the day had
gone).

O flashing muzzles, pause and let them see
The coming dawn that streaks the sky afar;
Then let your mighty chorus witness be
To them, and Cæsar, that we still make war.

Tell them, O guns, that we have heard their
call,
That we have sworn, and will not turn aside,
That we will onward, till we win or fall,
That we will keep the faith for which they
died.

Bid them be patient, and some day, anon,
They shall feel earth enwrapt in silence
deep,
Shall greet, in wonderment, the quiet dawn,
And in content may turn them to their
sleep.

We all know the earlier lines, yet because they are likely to become Lieutenant-Colonel McCrae's monument and are words which we do not weary of recalling, I venture to put them once more into print:

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.
We are the dead, short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe.
To you from failing hands we throw
The Torch—be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

FABLES OF WAR AND PEACE*

BY H. W. BOYNTON

FOR some years James Lane Allen has been lost to his public in a dim thicket of mysticism out of which, at times, has escaped the sound of his voice, mellowly spouting one knew not what. The only plain thing has been that a good story-teller whom we wanted had joined the swamis and minor prophets, of whom we had plenty. He is back again among us, still a trifle wild of eye, but with a smile on his lips, and a will to be human and intelligible once more. *The Kentucky Warbler*, from its title onward, directly challenges the interest of readers who twenty years ago were willing captives to the charm of *The Kentucky Cardinal*. It has, to be sure, its quality as parable or even as tract; but there are real people in it, and plenty of that demure humour we so sadly missed in the swami-phase of this writer's public expression. The little narrative (for this, like all Mr. Allen's later books, is of small compass) is of the chiselled cherry-tone order. No stroke is wasted in the picture of the odd yet somehow recognisable family that has produced the boy Webster: the father, sentenced for life at hard

labour as a clerk in a bank, and getting what consolation he may out of self-mockery and a pose of indifference; the mother, just a mother; the little daughter, restless, assertive, modern, concealing her love for her brother under the appearance of malice; the boy himself, vaguely distrustful and rebellious against life, the life of narrow routine led by such men as his father,—until a light is set to his feet and he sees the world before him. As for the means of his enlightenment, the professorial lecture on the ornithologist Wilson that fills the long second chapter, a third as long as the whole of the narrative proper—here I must feel that the writer's Southern love of platform eloquence gets the better of him. The gist of the matter might be given in a fifth of the space, and given more effectively for the purpose of the main fable. However, it is the romantic story of the Scotch weaver who after many failures as an ordinary citizen achieved greatness in the wilds, that rouses and inspires the boy Webster. Wilson becomes the guardian spirit of his dreams, and the rare little warbler first named by Wilson becomes the favourite object of his pursuit. Perhaps he is not to find it—we do not know; but the main thing is the search itself, and the bird is but a symbol. Ambition works in the boy, a plan for the future takes shape; meanwhile he has had a glimpse of the riches held for him by nature the interpreter. We part with him as he sets out once more to find the warbler: "Wholeheartedly, with a boy's eagerness, Webster suddenly took off his hat and ran down the middle of the gleaming white turnpike toward the

**The Kentucky Warbler*. By James Lane Allen. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

The Tree of Heaven. By May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Comrades. By Mary Dillon. New York: The Century Company.

Potterat and the War. By Benjamin Valotton. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Just Outside. By Stacy Aumonier. New York: The Century Company.

A Daughter of the Morning. By Zona Gale. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The Heart of O Sono San. By Elizabeth Cooper. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

green forest—toward all, whether much or little, that he was ever to be."

The title of *The Tree of Heaven* is also symbolic. That friendly sheltering presence in the garden of the Harrisons at Hampstead represents the comfortable enclosed well-being of prosperous England in the years before the war. It is to the Harrisons much what Mr. Walpole's *Green Mirror* was to the Trenchards. There are points of close analogy between these two novels. Both are stories of family; and in both instances this family life, self-absorbed and self-sufficient, typifies the existence and the point of view of the British upper middle class during the early years of the twentieth century. In both instances the central figure is the mother of the family: it is she, at least, who most strongly values and clings to the family solidarity, and to those ideas of social and national stability, to that comfortable *status quo*, upon which she feels that the safety of the family depends. Mrs. Harrison, like Mrs. Trenchard, pretends that change does not exist, because change is what she dreads of all things. But she lacks Mrs. Trenchard's satanic pride, and thereby in the end snatches spiritual victory from her temporal defeat. The Trenchards, it will be recalled, were disrupted by modernity, the cleavage between new ideas and old, the pitting of the younger generation against the elder. The Harrisons are in peril of such disruption; but they save the family soul by losing its body for England. A more striking analogy, in some ways, might be drawn between this book and St. John Ervine's *Shifting Winds*. Here again is the Britain that has been so long safe from foreign enemies that it is no longer safe from itself, a Britain of feverish in-consequence, avid of meaningless pleasures, heckled by Woman, stumbling toward the verge of civil strife

—a land of individualism cavorting among theories. The admirably "sound" business of the elder Harrison is menaced by strikes; the lad Nicky, scorning Victorian conventions, marries a self-confessed wanton; the girl Dorothy tries her hand at militancy; the boy Michael will own allegiance to nothing but his right to be "himself." Stone by stone the foundations of the family happiness and security fall away. Then comes the war: and, in sweeping away the last vestiges of the old cherished structure, miraculously reveals a deeper foundation in the love and service of England. Even Michael, that stubborn individualist who as a schoolboy has pronounced "*esprit de corps* the putriddest rot," and has grown up a rebel to the will and manners of the crowd,—a scornful non-conformist as Nicky is a genial one—is to pay with joy the supreme tribute to his kind. This is a far stronger and sounder book than *The Belfry*, which, with all its adroitness, was over-preoccupied with its satirical portrait of a certain prominent English writer, and which made a convenience of the war in order to effect a plausible but false solution of the hopeless matrimonial problem that had been set. There is not a trace of mere cleverness, much less of claptrap, in *The Tree of Heaven*. We know these people, their problems are real (and indeed have become largely our own). Out of the personalities they are and the world they live in, their story grows steadily and naturally, not toward an effect, but toward a completed interpretation. That interpretation is based upon faith not only in the essential soundness of England, but in human nature and its destiny.

We cannot wish to have our storytellers treat the period of the war always upon this high and somewhat severe plane. Between the anxious seriousness of those who stay at home and the defensive buffoonery of the

trenches, romantic fancy still plies her healing trade. It is well for us to understand the thing that is, and it is also well for us to clothe it, now and then, with what glamour we may,—to assure ourselves that the old dreams may still be dreamed. The author of *Rose of Old St. Louis* is primarily a romancer, and her *Comrades* has its central thread of "heart-interest" in the love-story of a young Briton and a girl from Kentucky who make each other's acquaintance on the Continent during the days before the war, and are presently caught in the mill and put through. In her handling of all this, in her machinery of plot and situation, Mrs. Dillon follows those conventions of romance of which the world, in its coming-on disposition, never grows tired. Things happen very handily; coincidence accommodates its long arm to our needs. On the other hand, the course of true love must not be too smooth, since its final goal (in romance) is marriage. Hence fate and the chronicler interpose the familiar obstacles of untoward incident and misunderstanding, to the end of a suitable postponement of that consummation which we never seriously doubt from the outset. Our hero is wounded and loses an arm in a German hospital, but we know that the rest of him is safe enough. When the moment comes for his desperate attempt at escape through the German lines, our fears are a pleasant pretence. Nor is our excitement intolerable when our heroine is discovered driving her ambulance daily into the thick of the fighting at the front. We know that she is invulnerable, since she is ours. The villain of the piece is a German Secret Service agent of diabolic nature, who of course gets his deserts in the long end. But this purely romantic plot is not the whole of the book. The "Foreword" gives a hint of graver purpose which is not unfulfilled in these pages: "Many

happy days spent among the kindly and simple-hearted Saxons only add to the poignancy of my sorrow that they should have been deluded and driven into this awful holocaust by Prussian Junkerism, Militarism, and Kaiserism." The scene opens in Dresden, is thence transferred to Leipzig, Rome, Berlin, and America. The Dresden pension, where our British younger son, "Mr. Hatfield of Hatfield Abbey," is sojourning, is kept by a Prussian widow, who has two attractive but very German daughters. The guests are a polyglot assembly: Hatfield the Englishman, a Pole, a Swede, a Russian, a Rumanian, a Frenchman, and a "Herr Geheimrath," a type of German officialdom. War seems far off, yet Hatfield is puzzled by some things—for one, the coldness of the daughters of the house toward the Frenchman and himself. To this happy family are presently added two Americans, whom he has already rescued from the attentions of some German officers—Beatrice, the beautiful Kentuckian, and her quaint companion, the spinster Miss Martin. All the men succumb to the beauty and charm and intellect of the American girl excepting the Frenchman, who is betrothed, and the German, whose bureaucratic soul is not responsive to an alien attraction. But it is another sort of German that is presently to become Hatfield's chief rival. Though a baron and high in German official circles, he is capable of being both loyal to his Fatherland and constant to his friends of whatever race. The friendly German vow of *Bruderschaft* sworn between him and Hatfield, already open adversaries in love and destined to be adversaries in war, is not an idle one. To the Baron the English prisoner owes his chance of escape. It is the ideal of a wider *Bruderschaft*, to embrace all nations, toward which Mrs. Dillon sees the world blindly struggling. Who

may safely attach the stigma of sentimentalism to the declaration of faith with which she concludes?—"My faith does not falter. Some day it will end and *Right will prevail!* And the God of nations, the God of the Englishman, the German, and the Frenchman,—of all the warring brothers,—will know how to bring some great good out of this holocaust of evil to all his bruised and broken children."

Feminine sentiment, undeniably, gives this book its atmosphere. *Potterat and the War* is a book of masculine sentiment and humour. Potterat is a kind of Swiss Tartarin; this is the third and final instalment of his memoirs. It finds him a retired Police Inspector of sixty, with an admirable second wife, and one child of his old age; with a pleasant old cottage facing the lake, on the borders of the town of Lausanne; with a fine garden, warm friends, a perfect digestion, and an immense enthusiasm for life. Potterat is of the pure Vaudois stock, and has none too much affection for the other strains in the composite Swiss nation. But he likes to be friendly with everybody, and as chosen orator of his Choral Society speaks eloquently of the Switzerland of three languages and of three races that "dwell together in perfect harmony within her borders, bound together by the ties of mutual respect and mutual rights. . . . Little quarrels and differences we have, certainly, and sometimes feeling runs high, but the moment the red flag with the white cross is hoisted, the ranks close up, and the Swiss Confederation is the cement which unites all hearts in one." Privately, perhaps, he has his reservations; there is a natural friction of race, for example, between himself and his son-in-law Schmid. When the war breaks out, his French blood asserts itself, and he chafes and blusters about the absurd nature of that official neutrality

which forbids an honest man to recognise the facts. His heart is with the defenders of France, he exults openly when Joffre turns and the Hun is driven back from Paris; he cannot forbear pluming himself a little on the prowess of his kinsmen. On the other hand, when, at the first breath of war, Switzerland's wonderful little army rushes to defend her borders, Schmid and his fellows of Teutonic stock are in their places, not less resolute than the Vaudois. The heart of the nation is sound for defence. But that is not enough to content the chivalrous soul of Potterat. Always there weighs upon his consciousness the tragic plight of that other little country which has been denied neutrality, which has been ravished, and trampled under foot before the eyes of the world. What right has Switzerland or any other country to be safe and neutral in the presence of this outrage? The presence and testimony of the two old Belgian refugees who are presently allotted to the Potterat household strengthens his feeling. That Switzerland should not at least have filed a protest is more than he can bear. The thing becomes an obsession; he, at least, must put himself on record. In the end, he writes three letters, one to Joffre, expressing in the name of "thousands of citizens, neutral by national obligations outwardly" his hope for France's success in driving the invaders out of Belgium; one to King Albert, to the same purport; and one to the Supreme Council of Switzerland, urging that in the name of true neutrality, Switzerland ought to speak out for the rights of Belgium. And so, having uttered itself, the stout heart of Potterat ceases to labour and, with a jest and a blessing on his honest lips, he goes to sleep forever. A neighbour speaks his fitting epitaph: "Poor Potterat! . . . We shall never see his like again. . . . It's this war that has killed him. He felt it and lived it with all his heart.

... Ah, he was a splendid fellow! One of the very best!" So much for Potterat and the war. But the human substance of him, his philosophy, his delicious humour, cannot be conveyed at second hand. If there are still "Anglo-Saxon" readers who cling to the notion that the Latins have a kind of wit, but that we others have a monopoly of pure fun, I should like to turn them over to Potterat, and see what he will do with them. One more thing: it is strange that the name of the author of this remarkably skilful and idiomatic translation should not be given on the title-page of the book.

Compared with the hearty and downright humanity of such a story, the *Just Outside* of Stacy Aumonier seems a trifle niggling and inconsequential. You may say that this is because one is sentimental and the other "realistic"; and that human nature is not really such a simple matter as the builder of a Potterat represents it to be. I am not at all sure that this is true. Mr. Aumonier himself admits that the majority of human beings are consistent enough, we can tell what they are from their looks, and what they will do from what they have done. But this type does not interest him; his concern is frankly with the "others of whom we cannot take stock . . . the wayward children whose impulses make the history books uncertain records. Sometimes they live great lives obscurely; at other times they lead mean lives, although they figure on a great canvas. It is yet to be completely understood that there never was a hero, except a stage hero." Granted, if by hero we mean the Hatfields of romantic tradition, the leading juveniles who must comport themselves to order or fail to satisfy us in our romantic mood. But if we are to be serious, let us compare Potterat with the Arthur Gaffyn of this story and *feel* whether, in substance and in truth, the fat Swiss ex-police-

man does not at least equal the "temperamental" young Briton of Mr. Aumonier's story. To take it on its own ground (and so I should have done but for the writer's specific assumption that to "paint a man," as Thackeray said that Fielding had done for the first time with Tom Jones, is normally to paint a personality not only complex but vacillating and inconclusive) this is a study of a human type with which British novelists before the war were somewhat monotonously preoccupied. Arthur Gaffyn is a youth, and a man, whose character is overlaid and partly vitiated by "temperament." He has high impulses and fine theories, but is harassed and stultified by his sense of the complexity of things. His spirit revolts against the coarseness and hypocrisy of modern "civilisation," he has a sincere desire to get into "the big game," to do his part in making the world better; but his energy goes into fumbling for some general specific, and he is unable to move in a straight line toward any single objective. He remains "just outside" the current of the active world, a spectator who now and then casts an experimental brick into the flood and is grieved that it shows no sign of turning aside. Meanwhile, of course, he is being nagged by the flesh, there is always some habit or desire twitching at his sleeve. He is without grossness, but sex will neither let him alone nor satisfy him, till divorce offers him escape from an unhappy marriage to the sanctuary (momentary, at least) of union with an American girl twenty years his junior, who blithely sets herself the task of making a man of him. All this takes place before the war, of which the book contains a hint in the forecast of Leffbury, the old designer. The world, he says, is working to no purpose: "In the trouble that is coming—and there is very big trouble coming to humanity—it won't be the

young who are to blame, or even the weak or the sensual! It will be the old, who have worked without love. . . . Things to save time, to increase comfort, to 'speed up' humanity, to create luxury! And what does it all amount to? Work without love. Do you remember the old punishment, now abolished,—the punishment of abortive labour? A man was made to carry bricks across a yard, and then carry them back again, and so on all day. In time it drove him mad. What does this prove? That even the vile have a soul, the instinct for service. Man cannot work without love. But these chartered libertines of righteousness, these old men whispering in their secret chambers and pulling the wires, are simply carrying bricks from one end of the yard to the other and back again. One day they will go mad, and then they will drive the young before them like cattle to the slaughter." Leffbury himself, who is strong where Gaffyn is weak, who has seen his road of service, and pressed forward upon it, has yet been defeated of his end by these brutal forces. But his spirit is unconquered, and I defy his creator's attempt to disprove him a hero by making him swear and tell bawdy stories!

The day draws near when the political equality of the sexes will be assured, but let no man flatter himself that he is going to dispose of his mate by giving her the vote. To begin with, he cannot do better than divest the word mate of its biological meaning: his mate is to be his partner, not his servant, in the affairs of the household; she is to be equally free to choose her own friends and to do her own work; she is to be "economically independent;" and she is not to be a mother unless motherhood suits her own inclination and convenience. All this is made clear not only by the published and listened-to utterances of feminist propaganda, but by the testimony

of current novelists, especially in America. Men like Rupert Hughes, Winston Churchill, and Henry Kitchell Webster lift the refrain, and the voices of story-telling women are a chorus nearly in unison as they repeat the burden. Even the writers of the sweet-pretty stories, the rocking-chair romancers, cannot afford to be mute. Witness *A Daughter of the Morning*, in which a country lass begins by running away from the family drudgery (housework in this kind of fiction always involves knotted fingers, soiled aprons, and ugly tempers) and ends by nearly refusing to marry the man she adores because she does not want to take care of his house or his babies. She is not, she admits complacently, a "mother-woman." And she wants to keep on helping him in his great work as a social reformer: "I care now for the big issues—for life and death and the workers—for the future more than for now. We are working for them—you and I. I will not let myself care only for getting your food and keeping the house tidy." And all the gentleman can do is to look away over the fields and murmur: "To think what we have done to love—all of us. I know that the possibility is exactly what you say it is." And when she goes on to boast that she is not the "mother-woman," he says that is all right, too—of course she does not want to bother with taking care of children: besides, she is "the new factor we've got to deal with, the mother-to-the-race woman." This looks pretty unpromising for the kiss-curtain: however, we only need another half-page to get to it, for our modern wooer stoops to conquer, and says he knows what a horrible problem it all is, but he thinks perhaps they ought to have a try at it, since it cannot be solved "by every womanfunking it, and staying unmarried." "Will you come," he cried, "will you come and face it with me? And do your best,

somehow, to work it out with me?" She will. Curtain. I am inclined to laugh at this, as I did not laugh at a similar situation in Ernest Poole's *His Family*, because, apart from this motive, *A Daughter of the Morning* is sheer romance of the pretty sort, with appropriate machinery and accessories. The feminist flavour has the effect of one of those strange sauces with which experts of the soda fountain are now crowning the most unlikely substances: we have the literary "sundae," also.

The reader who is a bit surfeited with this kind of thing may guiltily enjoy, now and then, a story like *The Heart of O Sono San*. Here, contrary to certain expectations which might be roused by the title, of something in the *Madame Butterfly* line, he will find an open celebration of the old-fashioned woman, as exemplified by the woman of Japan. In her Preface the author has the temerity to assert not only that these women are the conservers of the best and oldest ideals of Japan, but that they are so by virtue of their fulfilment of the old ideal of womanly character: "They still believe that the only qualities that benefit a woman are gentle obedience, chastity, mercy and quietness. She is taught from infancy to love, yield, help others and

forget self. Under such influences she is able to make any sacrifice, and brave enough to bear any cross. Her education within the home cultivates simplicity of heart, natural grace of manner, unquestioning obedience and love of duty. . . ." Heavens! what an ideal to hold up before the occidental girl of the twentieth century—the ideal of her own silly old great-grandmother! According to this reactionary chronicler, "it has produced one of the finest, sweetest types of womanhood that the world has ever known," and she here tells a tale of a little Japanese which would seem to bear out her contention. O Sono San does not find happiness, in the sense of getting what she wants; she loses, in the name of obedience and duty, her beloved doll, her lover, and her son, who dies for Japan at the taking of Port Arthur. And yet she has not failed: "Regret, —regret—? Her life would be one long sorrow, but above that sorrow and the heart-breaking knowledge that she must be forever alone, was the exultant thought that *she* had helped pay the price of victory. She had given a life, more than her life, she had given the life of her son." The little story, as artless in its structure as *Potterat*, is told with great delicacy and sympathy.

THE BOOKMAN RECOMMENDS

In this department the editors each month will endeavour to select from among the previous month's publications those volumes in each classification which seem in their opinion to be most worthy of recommendation to BOOKMAN readers. The editors will be happy to answer any questions in their power regarding these books and indeed regarding any books concerning which BOOKMAN readers may desire information.

DRAMA

The Story of the Scots Stage. By Robb Lawson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.00.

Happenings and stories of the plays and players of Scotland to the middle of the nineteenth century.

The Dramatic Works of Gerhart Hauptmann. Edited by Ludwig Lewisohn. New York. \$1.50.

A translation of four plays which mark the culmination of the dramatist's work.

ECONOMICS

Man's Supreme Inheritance. By F. Matthias Alexander. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.00.

A thesis on conscious guidance and control in relation to human evolution in civilisation.

ESSAYS

Mountain Meditations. By L. Lind-Af-Hageby. London: George Allen and Unwin, Ltd. 4/6.

Critical and humorous essays on subjects of the day and war, written from the author's mental view-point of her hermitage among the Alps.

Ezra Pound. His Metric and Poetry. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

A little essay of critical appreciation.

Last Words on Great Issues. By J. Beattie Crozer, LL.D. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.50.

The author's "last words"—a group of essays dealing with religion, faith, spiritualism, politics, and sociology.

ETHICS

Moral Values. A Study of the Principles of Conduct. New York: Henry Holt and Company. \$2.75.

A treatment of ethics as a science of values, to give the reader the ability to win for himself a constructive view of the moral life.

FICTION

The White Morning. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: Frederick A Stokes Company. \$1.00.

A novel of the power of the German women in war-time: of the revolution that may come.

The Mystery of the Downs. By Watson and Rees. New York: John Lane and Company. \$1.40.

Another detective story by the two ex-detectives of Scotland Yard.

Under the Hermes. By Richard Dehan. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.

A clever miscellany of fiction, comprising eighteen stories of the widely different types characteristic of this versatile author.

Potterat and the War. By Benjamin Vallotton. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.

The French original of this story has been one of the greatest successes of recent years, its theme being the tragedy of the human spirit harried by inhuman war.

The Kentucky Warbler. By James Lane Allen. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.25.

Another characteristic tale of the Blue Grass country, in which the hero finds in a bird's note, romance and the key to his own locked nature.

Mary Regan. By Leroy Scott. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

A tense story of night life in New York, in which figure a detective and the aristocracy of the underworld.

South Wind. By Norman Douglas. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.60.

A novel for the cosmopolitan, centring around an Abbe in an island of the Mediterranean.

The U. P. Trail. By Zane Grey. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.

A typical Grey romance of the building of the first iron trail across the Continent.

To Arms. By Marcelle Tinayre. Translated by Lucy H. Humphrey. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$1.50.

A story of France in the days of mobilisation before the outbreak of hostilities.

Carolyn of the Corners. By Ruth Belmore Endicott. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.35.

A wholesome "look up" story.

The Transactions of Lord Louis Lewis. By Roland Pertwee. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

A humorous tale of the dealings of a gracious lord with two rogues of antique dealers.

The Scar that Tripled. By William G. Shepherd. New York: Harper and Brothers. 50 cents.

A true short story of the great war—whose hero might have been Richard Harding Davis's "The Deserter."

The Lost Naval Papers. By Bennett Coplestone. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$1.50.

A series of spy-stories bound into a single narrative by the personality of a new type of detective—with a background of the English Secret Service and the German Spy Service.

Clock, the Master Detective. By Thomas W. Hanshew. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. Illustrated. \$1.40.

An oriental story of mystery and crime unravelled by the Detective of Scotland Yard—now published in America for the first time.

The Golden Block. By Sophie Kerr. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.40.

A story of love and business success, dealing with a woman in New York's political "inner ring."

Eastern Red. By Helen Huntington. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A story of two married women whose lives in outward things are contrasted, but who both have the spirit of unrest and rebellion characteristic of to-day.

Mistress of Men. By F. A. Steel. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. \$1.40.

A novel of India in which a poor little girl becomes an empress.

The Full Measure of Devotion. By Dana Gatlin. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. 50 cents.

A little story whose theme is the meaning of the war to the fathers and mothers of America.

Love and Liberty. Alexander Dumas. Translated by R. S. Garnett. \$1.40.

A translation for the first time, for English readers, of one of the author's most remarkable romances.

GENERAL LITERATURE

Thomas Woolner, R.A. His Life in Letters.

Written by his daughter, Amy Woolner. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. With fifty illustrations. \$6.00.

Through the Victorian sculptor's letters to distinguished men and women of his day, and theirs to him, light is thrown on his inspiration and ideals, as well as upon the entire field of Victorian art and literature.

HISTORY

A Short History of Rome. By Guglielmo Ferrero and Corrado Barbagallo. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.90.

A narrative and organic account of the Monarchy and the Republic from the foundation of the city to the death of Julius Caesar.

The Virgin Islands of the United States of America. By Luther K. Zabrieski.

New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. With one hundred and nine illustrations and two maps. \$4.00.

Historical and descriptive commercial and industrial facts, figures, and resources, regarding our new Caribbean possessions.

Denmark and Sweden with Iceland and Finland. By Jon Stefansson. The Story of the Nations Series. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. With thirty-three illustrations and a map. \$1.50.

The story of the political history of these countries, by an islander.

Ancient Law. Everyman's Library. By Sir Henry Maine. Edited by Ernest Rhys.

New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

A new edition of the old classic first published fifty-six years ago.

JUVENILE

The Breakfast of the Birds. From the Hebrew of Judah Steinberg. By Emily Solis-Cohen, Jr. New York: Jewish Publication Society. With cover and illustrations in colour by a child student in the Boston Museum of Art.

2 vols.

Jewish tales for children, some fanciful, others satirical or allegorical.

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. By Lewis Carroll. Edited by William J. L. Long. Boston: Ginn and Company. 56 cents.

An edition, with notes and sketch of the author, of this story of Wonderland first told to a boating party of children resting under a hayrick in a meadow.

Robin Goodfellow and Other Fairy Plays for Children. By Netta Syrett. New York: John Lane Company.

Six little plays, three of which are arranged as frames for ballets.

MISCELLANEOUS

Russian Verbs Made Easy. By Stephen J. Lett. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$1.00.

A guide to the use of Russian verbs, intended for the use of business men and others, who wish to acquire rapidly a command of the Russian language for every-day use.

Russian Proverbs and their English Equivalents. By Louis Segal. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 50 cents. A little collection representing all sides of Russian life.

First Steps in Russian. By J. Solomonoff. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. Illustrated. \$1.00.

A beginning study by means of the picture and conversational method.

The Homely Diary of a Diplomat in the East. By Thomas Skelton Harrison. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrations. \$5.00.

Letters of a former diplomatic agent and consul-general of the United States to the court of Cairo, Egypt.

The Marvel Book of American Ships. By Captain Orton P. Jackson and Major F. E. Evans. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. With twelve coloured plates and over 400 illustrations from photographs. \$2.50.

The secrets of ship yards, with accounts of great sea battles, diving, and other subjects connected with the seas.

Training and Rewards of the Physician. By Richard C. Cabot, M.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. \$1.25.

Another of the Training Series "for those who want to find themselves."

A Text Book of Precious Stones. By Frank B. Wade. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.00.

Technical methods and principles in use for identifying precious stones—for jewelers and the gem-loving public.

Simplest Spoken French. By W. F. Giese and Barry Cerf. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 65 cents.

A little manual for soldiers.

History and Methods of Ancient and Modern Painting. By James Ward. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. Vol. 2. With twenty-four full-page illustrations. \$3.50.

Italian painting from the beginning of the Renaissance period, including the work of the principal artists from Cimabue to the Pollaiuoli.

The New Business of Farming. By Julian A. Dimock. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. \$1.00.

A handbook on the business side of farming.

Booth Tarkington. By Robert Holliday. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. Illustrated. \$1.25.

A biographical and critical study of the novelist.

POETRY

The Moods of Ginger Mick. By C. J. Dennis. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.00.

Humorous poems, in Australian dialect, laid in Melbourne, Egypt, and Gallipoli.

The Rhyme Garden. Verses and Drawings by Marguerite Buller Allan. New York: John Lane Company.

Verses some of which have appeared before in the *Youth's Companion* and *St. Nicholas*.

Trackless Regions. By G. O. Warren. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. \$1.25.

A collection of poems, some of which formerly appeared in magazines.

One Who Dreamed. By Arthur Crew Inman. Boston: The Four Seas Company. \$1.25.

Songs and lyrics written before the author was twenty-one.

Poems. By Edward Thomas (Edward Eastaway). New York: Henry Holt and Company. \$1.00.

The first American edition of the work of the British poet who was killed at Arras—poetry indirectly of the war, and primarily of the English character and countryside.

London Lamps. A Book of Songs. By Thomas Burke. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. \$1.00.

A collection of poetry worthy of the author of *Limehouse Nights*.

Sonnets and Other Lyrics. By Robert Silliman Hillyer. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.

A collection of poems, some of which have been reprinted from other magazines.

In the Paths of the Wind. By Glenn Ward Dresbach. Boston: The Four Seas Company. \$1.00.

Another volume of Mr. Dresbach's poetry of unusual charm—many of the poems are reprinted from magazines.

Songs of Hafiz. Translated by Edna Worthley Underwood. Boston: The Four Seas Company. \$1.00.

A translation of the lyrics of the Persian poet.

POLITICS

- A Survey of International Relations Between the United States and Germany. By James Brown Scot. New York: Oxford University Press.

A weighty volume, based on official documents—the royalties from which are to be presented to the Department of State War Relief Work Committee.

- National Progress, 1907-1917. By Frederic Austin Ogg. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$2.00.

An authoritative and compact history of the decade 1907-1917.

- A Year in Russia. By Maurice Baring. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.50.

A revised and cheaper edition of the book dealing with the year 1906 as the critical year in Russian history.

- Principles of American Diplomacy. Harper's Citizen's Series. By John Bassett Moore. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$2.00.

A manual for the student and general reader, with full presentation of the peculiar individualism of American foreign policy, and with references and documents.

PSYCHOLOGY

- On the Threshold of the Unseen. By Sir William F. Barrett, R.F.S. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.50.

An examination, from the scientific and religious standpoints, of the phenomena of spiritualism and of the evidence for survival after death. With appendix and experiences of the author during forty years.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

- A Roumanian Diary. By Lady Kennard. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. With many illustrations. \$1.25.

An account of the situation in Roumania during the months preceding her declaration of war, with much description of the people and their life.

- Vacation Journeys East and West. By David M. Steele. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Three illustrations and two maps. \$1.50.

Discursive essays by a traveller over world-famous trails.

WAR

- The Prisoner of War in Germany. By Daniel J. McCarthy, M.D. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company. \$2.00.

A survey of the author's work as investigator of prison camp conditions for the American Embassy in Berlin in 1916.

- Campaigns and Intervals. By Jean Giraudoux. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.50.

Experiences on the Western front, by the novelist and diplomat.

- On the Field of Honor. By Hugues Le Roux. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.50.

The story of a young French lieutenant who was mortally wounded in his first engagement.

- Democracy after the War. By J. A. Hobson. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.

A discussion of the policy by which political and industrial democracy after the war may be achieved.

- The Willy-Nicky Correspondence. By Herman Bernstein. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.00.

The secret and intimate telegrams exchanged between the Kaiser and the Czar.

- Letters of a Canadian Stretcher Bearer. By R. A. L. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. \$1.35.

Letters of a Canadian soldier, telling of three years at the front.

- Trotsky's Message. The Bolsheviks and World Peace. By Trotsky. New York: Boni and Liveright. \$1.50.

The Bolshevik Minister of Foreign Affairs for Russia speaks in eleven sensational chapters.

- Hand-to-Hand Fighting. By A. E. Marriott. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.00.

A system of personal defence for the soldier, by a camp physical director.

- At the Serbian Front in Macedonia. By E. P. Stebbing. New York: John Lane Company. With fifty-five illustrations from photographs and a map. \$1.50.

A transport officer's pen pictures of operations on the Serbian front, with accounts of the work of the Scottish Women's Hospital.

- A Second Diary of the Great War. By Samuel Pepys, Jr. New York: John Lane and Company. With sixteen effigies by John Kettelwell. \$1.50.

A second volume: a humorous chronicle of current events.

- Comrades in Courage. By Lieutenant Antoine Redier. Translation by Mrs. Philip Duncan Wilson. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.40.

The reactions of a cultivated French officer as he views the horrors of world conflict.

THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the first of January and the first of February:

First book given for each city, in each column, is Fiction.

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York City.....	The Mystery of the Hasty Arrow Over the Top	Long Live the King Private Peat
New York City.....	Sonia All In It	Three Black Pennys Treasury of War Poetry
Albany, N. Y.....	Cabin Fever Carry On	Missing Over the Top
Baltimore, Md.....	Salt of the Earth	Missing
Baltimore, Md.....	Over the Top The Major	Fighting for Peace Missing
Birmingham, Ala.....	Carry On The Major Over the Top	Fighting for Peace The Light in the Clearing Private Peat
Boston, Mass.....	Extricating Obadiah Over the Top	The Dwelling Place of Light Private Peat
Boston, Mass.....	His Last Bow Under Fire	The Major Private Peat
Boston, Mass.....	Sonia Over the Top Extricating Obadiah	The Dwelling Place of Light Private Peat
Buffalo, N. Y.....	Over the Top The Dwelling Place of Light	Frenzied Fiction My Four Years in Germany
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	With the Colors The Major	His Last Bow Private Peat
Indianapolis, Ind.....	My Four Years in Germany The Dwelling Place of Light	Sonia The Edge of the War Zone
Jacksonville, Fla.....	My Four Years in Germany The Red Planet	Mr. Britling Sees It Through A Student in Arms The Vanguard of the Plains
Kansas City, Mo.....	Over the Top	Private Peat
Milwaukee, Wis.....	Christine Over the Top	Missing Private Peat
New Haven, Conn.....	The U. P. Trail Over the Top	Mary Egan Private Peat
New Orleans, La.....	Christine Rhymes of a Red Cross Man	Missing Fighting for Peace
Norfolk, Va.....	Salt of the Earth	The Dwelling Place of Light
Philadelphia, Pa.....	Over the Top Missing	Private Peat Sonia

(Continued)

The second book is about the War.

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
Frenzied Fiction	The U. P. Trail	The Major	The Tree of Heaven
Rhymes of a Red Cross Man.			
The Man Who Killed	The Major	The White Ladies of Worcester	The Winds of the World
The Little Grandmother of the Russian Revolution	Private Peat	Under Fire	
The Major	The U. P. Trail	The Kentucky Warbler	The False Faces
The Mystery of the Hasty Arrow	Sonia	Faulkner's Folly	Extricating Obadiah
Under Fire	The Green Mirror	Dwelling Place of Light	The Mystery of the Hasty Arrow
Christine	Over the Top	Private Peat	The Land of Deepening Shadow
Yankee in the Trenches	The Thoroughbred	Long Live the King	The Soul of a Bishop
When a Man's a Man	All In It	Carry On	
The First Hundred Thousand	The U. P. Trail	The Mystery of the Hasty Arrow	The Major
Frenzied Fiction	My Four Years in Germany	All In It	Yankee in the Trenches
Carry On	Extricating Obadiah	Salt of the Earth	The Green Mirror
The U. P. Trail			
United States and Pan-Germania	His Last Bow	The Wolf Cub	Extricating Obadiah
The Indian Drum	My Four Years in Germany	Carry On	A Student in Arms
All In It	The Major	His Last Bow	Dwelling Place of Light
Great Possessions	His Own Home Town	Calvary Alley	The Major
Private Peat	His Last Bow	The Wishing Ring Man	The Secret Witness
Christine	His Last Bow	The U. P. Trail	Extricating Obadiah
Over the Top	Over the Top	Under Fire	Private Peat
Dwelling Place of Light	The White Ladies of Worcester	The Second Fiddle	Calvary Alley
All In It		Under Fire	My Four Years in Germany
The Major		Extricating Obadiah	In Happy Valley
Carry On	The Indian Drum	A Student in Arms	My Home on the Field of Honor
Christine	All In It	His Family	The Luck of the Irish
A Student in Arms	The High Heart	The Bolsheviks and World Peace	Fragments of France
	Under Fire	Dwelling Place of Light	The Mystery of the Hasty Arrow
The Major	The Major	Over the Top	Carry On
Carry On	My Four Years in Germany	Extricating Obadiah	The Major
	His Last Bow		
The Secret Witness		The White Ladies of Worcester	The Green Mirror
All In It	The Major		
The Secret Witness			
Rhymes of the Rookies			
The White Ladies of Worcester			
My Four Years in Germany			
Dwelling Place of Light			

(Continued)

First book given for each city, in each column, is Fiction.

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
Philadelphia, Pa.....	Cavalry of the Clouds	Private Peat
Philadelphia, Pa.....	The Major	The Dwelling Place of Light
	Over the Top	Private Peat
Pittsburgh, Pa.....	The Dwelling Place of Light	Salt of the Earth
	Over the Top	Private Peat
Portland, Ore.....	The Dwelling Place of Light	The Major
	Over the Top	My Four Years in Germany
Portland, Maine.....	The U. P. Trail	Extricating Obadiah
	Over the Top	Private Peat
Rochester, N. Y.....	The Major	Salt of the Earth
	Private Peat	The Land of Deepening Shadow
Seattle, Wash.....	The Major	Salt of the Earth
	Private Peat	The Land of Deepening Shadow
St. Louis, Mo.....	The Dwelling Place of Light	His Last Bow
	Over the Top	Private Peat
St. Louis, Mo.....	The Light in the Clearing	The Indian Drum
	Over the Top	Private Peat
San Antonio, Texas....	Miss Million's Maid	Long Live the King
	Private Peat	Fighting for Peace
St. Paul, Minn.....	The Major	The Dwelling Place of Light
	Over the Top	A Student in Arms
San Francisco, Cal.....	The Major	His Last Bow
	Private Peat	The Land of Deepening Shadow
Spokane, Wash.....	Long Live the King	The Soul of a Bishop
	Over the Top	My Four Years in Germany
Tacoma, Wash.....	Winds of World	Christine
	Over the Top	First Hundred Thousand
Toronto, Ont.....	The Major	The U. P. Trail
	Over the Top	All In It
Utica, N. Y.....	Our Square and the People in it	Extricating Obadiah
	Over the Top	Private Peat
Washington, D. C.....	Christine	Extricating Obadiah
	Over the Top	Private Peat
Worcester, Mass.....	Extricating Obadiah	The Major
	Private Peat	Over the Top

(Continued)

The second book is about the War.

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
War and the Bagdad Railway	Inside the Russian Revolution	Little Grandmother of the Russian Revolution	
Red Pepper's Patients	Extricating Obadiah	The Mystery of the Hasty Arrow	The Forfeit
All In It	Under Fire	My Home in the Field of Mercy	On the Right of the British Line
His Family Carry On	The Light in the Clearing German Menace to America	Extricating Obadiah All In It	The Major
Christine	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Long Live the King	My Four Years in Germany
Private Peat	All In It	The First Hundred Thousand	Webster-Man's Man
The Major	Anne's House of Dreams	The Mystery of the Hasty Arrow	Carry On
Under Fire	My Four Years in Germany	All In It	Calvary Alley
Calvary Alley	Dwelling Place of Light	Extricating Obadiah	Land of the Deepening Shadow
My Four Years in Germany	Over the Top	Fighting for Peace	Webster-Man's Man
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Long Live the King	The High Heart	My Home in the Field of Mercy
Over the Top	Carry On		The Light in the Clearing
The Major	Fanny Herself	Calvary Alley	
The U. P. Trail	His Family	Sunny Slopes	The Indian Drum
Under Fire	Land of the Deepening Shadow	Three Things	Dwelling Place of Light
The Soul of a Bishop	The Red Planet	In Happy Valley	Rhymes of a Red Cross Man
A Student in Arms	My Four Years in Germany	Over the Top	The Dark Star
Anne's House of Dreams	Extricating Obadiah	The Salt of the Earth	Rhymes of a Red Cross Man
Carry On	All In It	Private Peat	Christine
Limehouse Nights	The Green Mirror	The Mystery of the Hasty Arrow	My Four Years in Germany
All In It	Over the Top	Under Fire	The King in Babylon
Calvary Alley	Ladies Must Live	The Secret Witness	Missing
Private Peat	Fragments from France	Pan-German Plot Unmasked	Cross at the Front
The Broken Gate	The Major	The Light in the Clearing	Miss Million's Maid
Calvary Alley	The White Ladies of Worcester	False Faces	Love and Hatred
My Four Years in Germany	Journal from Our Legation in Belgium	Private Peat	
The Indian Drum	Vanguards of the Plains	The Major	The White Ladies of Worcester
The Land of the Deepening Shadow	Journal from Our Legation in Belgium	My Four Years in Germany	
The Major	Dwelling Place of Light	The Tree of Heaven	Red Pepper's Patients
My Four Years in Germany	Under Fire	Journal from Our Legation in Belgium	
The U. P. Trail	False Faces	Dwelling Place of Light	His Last Bow
My Four Years in Germany	Rhymes of a Red Cross Man		

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 110-113) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing 1st on any list receives	10
" " " 2d " " " "	8
" " " 3d " " " "	7
" " " 4th " " " "	6
" " " 5th " " " "	5
" " " 6th " " " "	4

FICTION

The Major. Connor. (Doran.)	\$1.40..	205
The Dwelling Place of Light. Churchill. (Macmillan.)	\$1.60	139
Extricating Obadiah. Lincoln. (Appleton.)	\$1.50	104
The U. P. Trail. Zane Grey. (Harper.)	\$1.50	72
Christine. Cholmondeley. (Macmillan.)	\$1.25	70
His Last Bow. A. Conan Doyle. (Doran.)	\$1.35	67

WAR BOOKS

Over the Top. Empey. (Putnam.)	\$1.50	283
Private Peat. Peat. (Bobbs-Merrill.)	\$1.50	240
My Four Years in Germany. Gerard. (Doran.)	\$2.00	125
All In It. Beith. (Houghton Mifflin.)	\$1.50	92
Carry On. Dawson. (Lane.)	\$1.00....	79
Under Fire. Barbusse. (Dutton.)	\$1.50	69

A COMPLETE LIST OF BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS MENTIONED IN THE FOREGOING REPORTS

All In It.
 Anne's House of Dreams.
 The Bolsheviks and World Peace.
 Cabin Fever.
 Calvary Alley.
 Calvary of the Clouds.
 Carry On.
 Christine.
 The Dark Star.
 Crumps.
 The Dwelling Place of Light.
 Extricating Obadiah.
 The False Faces.
 Faulkner's Folly.
 Fighting for Peace.
 The First Hundred Thousand.
 The Forfeit.
 Fragments from France.
 Frenzied Fiction.
 German Menace to America.
 Great Possessions.
 The Green Mirror.
 His Last Bow.
 The High Heart.
 His Family.
 The Indian Drum.
 Inside the Russian Revolution.
 A Journal from Our Legation in Belgium.
 The Kentucky Warbler.
 Laugh and Live.
 The Light in the Clearing.
 The Little Grandmother of the Russian Revolution.
 Long Live the King.
 Love and Hatred.
 The Land of Deepening Shadow.
 The King in Babylon.
 The Man Who Killed.
 Missing.

The Major.
 Miss Million's Maid.
 Mistress Anne.
 My Home in the Field of Mercy.
 My Four Years in Germany.
 Mr. Britling Sees It Through.
 The Mystery of the Hasty Arrow.
 On the Edge of the War Zone
 On the Right of the British Line.
 Over the Top.
 Our Square and the People in It.
 The Pan-German Plot Unmasked.
 Private Peat.
 Red Pepper's Patients.
 Rhymes of the Rookies.
 Rhymes of a Red Cross Man.
 Salt of the Earth.
 The Soul of the Russian Revolution.
 Sonia
 A Student in Arms
 The Three Black Pennys
 The Second Fiddle.
 The Soul of a Bishop.
 Sunny Slopes.
 The Tree of Heaven.
 Under Fire.
 A Treasury of War Poetry
 The Secret Witness.
 Three Things.
 The U. P. Trail.
 When a Man's a Man.
 The War and the Bagdad Railway.
 Webster-Man's Man.
 The Winds of the World.
 The Wolf Cub.
 With the Colors.
 Vanguard of the Plains.
 A Yankee in the Trenches.

WHAT IS MAN'S SUPREME INHERITANCE?

A practical and comprehensive answer to this question will be found in an original work

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By F. Matthias Alexander

Net, \$2.00

A practical system of physical and mental guidance and control is offered, based not on a specific, but on a general re-education, co-ordination, and readjustment of the organism which commands adequate activity of the vital processes with the minimum of effort and complete adaptability to an ever changing environment.

Professor John Dewey says in his Introduction: "No one, it seems to me, has grasped the meaning, dangers, and possibilities of this change more lucidly and completely than Mr. Alexander."

John Madison Taylor, M.D., Professor of Applied Therapeutics, says: "I feel that you have reached the heart of a great matter. It will prove a notable contribution to human welfare."

ON THE THRESHOLD OF THE UNSEEN

By Sir William F. Barrett

Net, \$2.50

A New American Edition just published, with an Introduction by James H. Hyslop, Secretary of the American Society of Psychical Research

Margaret Deland says: "I am very deeply—I may say very poignantly—interested in this whole subject of survival. I am groping about to get hold of whatever has been written on this subject. But the trouble is to separate the wheat from the chaff. There is about one grain of wheat in a bushel of chaff; yet if I can find that one grain, the search is well worth while. Sir William Barrett's book, for which I am deeply grateful to you, seems to me to be of the very greatest significance."

James H. Hyslop says in his Introduction: "It is the best book of the kind that has ever appeared in English. Every aspect and difficulty of the subject is canvassed and evidence produced for the claims made in the book."

A CRUSADER OF FRANCE

Translated from the French of Captain Ferdinand Belmont

Net, \$1.50

Introduction by Henry Bordeaux. Second Edition
Just Published

Philadelphia Record says: "This remarkable picturing of life in the French army has already found favor with many who know a book when they see it. Captain Belmont's book is a truly wonderful revelation of a singularly winsome and manly character. It is a mosaic of tears and the pure joy of life for a mighty purpose."

TO ARMS! (La Veillée des Armes)

Translated from the French of Marcelle Tinayre by Lucy H. Humphrey

Net, \$1.50

Introduction by Dr. John Finley. 2d Edition in Press

New York Tribune says: "The author has so successfully portrayed the awakening of France to the meaning and the duties of war that nobody how alien to France can fail to appreciate. It is a book which visualizes for us what the war has meant to France for nearly three and a half years and what it will presently be meaning for us."

UNDER FIRE (Le Feu)

Translated from the French of Henri Barbusse by Fitzwater Wray

Net, \$1.50

Twelfth Edition in Press

Field Artillery Journal says: "This book is surely one of the great works of the year. Vivid word pictures whether of the individuals who live in this squad, whether of their experiences or whether of their very thoughts in their moralizings, bring such an air of realism to the reader that he seems to be in the midst of this little military colony and living with them, and absorbing their viewpoint by the surroundings."

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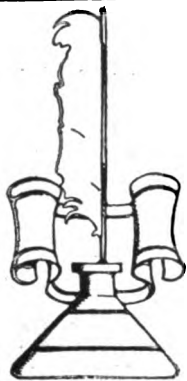
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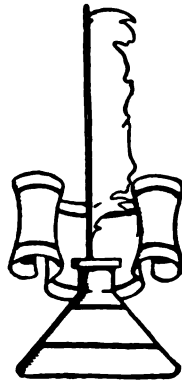
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This month we give our readers a few of those whimsical and charming paragraphs of *Trivia* which Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith has made his own special artistic form of expression. These are, of course, new paragraphs, not before published, but it will be remembered that the publication of Mr. Smith's book, this season, called *Trivia*, was hailed with high acclaim by all the critics. The *Boston Transcript* review is the most interesting and we are giving a little quotation from it to give our readers a representative idea of critical opinion upon the book:

"Blessed, blessed little book, how you will run like quicksilver from mind to mind, leaping—a shy and shining spark—from brain to brain! I know of nothing since Lord Bacon quite like these inef-
fable dainty paragraphs of gilded whim, these rainbow nuggets of wistful inquiry, these butterfly wings of fancy, these pointed sparklers of wit. A purge, by Zeus, a purge for the wicked! Irony so demure, so quaint, so faraway; pathos so purged of regret, merriment so delicate that one dare not laugh for fear of dispelling the charm—all this is *Trivia*. Where are Marcus Aurelius or Epictetus or all the other Harold Bell Wrights of old time? Baron Verulam himself treads a heavy gait besides this airy elfin scamper. It is Atalanta's heels. It is a heaven-given *scenario* of that shyest, dearest, remotest of essences—the mind of a strolling bachelor."

• • •

In an introductory note to his book Mr. Smith described himself in this way:

"These pieces of moral prose have been written . . . by a large Carnivorous Mam-
mal, belonging to that sub-order of the Ani-
mal Kingdom which includes also the

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Orang-Outang, the tusked Gorilla, the Baboon with his bright blue and scarlet bottom, and the long-eared Chimpanzee."

...

This further note about himself is most interesting and characteristic:

"When I read in the newspaper about problems and populations, when I look at the letters in large type of important personages, and find myself face to face with the Questions, the Movements of thought, and the great activities of the age, 'Where do I come in?' I ask uneasily.

"Then in the great newspaper-reflected world I find the corner where I play my humble but necessary part. For I am one of the unpraised, unrewarded millions without whom Statistics would be a bankrupt science. It is we who are born, who marry, who die in constant ratios, who regularly lose so many umbrellas, post just so many unaddressed letters every year. And there are enthusiasts among us—Heroes who, without the least thought of their own convenience, allow street-cars to run over them, or throw themselves month by month, in fixed numbers, into the bay."

...

Concerning something of the author's history, Logan Pearsall Smith is an American, descended from a long line of Quaker ancestors, but he has lived in England since he was a very young man. Mr. Smith was graduated from Oxford under Jowett, and has written much of importance, including a large historical work, *The Life and Letters of Sir Henry Wotton*, published by the Oxford University Press. He also is the author of a volume published in the Home University Library on the *English Language*, several books of Oxford life, and has contributed many articles on linguistic subjects to the most important English reviews. His latest "Trivia" will be found in the department *Echoes* in this month's BOOKMAN.

...

John Gould Fletcher, who contributes the poem *Earth* to this issue, is an American by birth, though he is now living in London, and his poetry has received a possibly wider circulation there. He was born at Little

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Rock, Arkansas, in 1886, the son of a Confederate captain who had amassed a considerable fortune and died about the time Fletcher graduated from Harvard. Since his graduation the poet has spent most of his time in Europe; he returned to this country at the beginning of the war, but in the spring of 1916 he went back to England and was married there. He is now living in London. Three volumes of his poems have been published in this country: *Irradiations: Sand and Spray* (1915), *Goblins and Pagodas* (1916), *Japanese Prints* (this month) and a new volume is announced for April. In England he has had five books published; he is represented in the three last imagist anthologies.

...

The April number of THE BOOKMAN will be devoted to a large extent to a consideration of the leading books of the spring season, that is those noteworthy volumes that have been issued since the beginning of the year. The books will be discussed in special articles somewhat in the manner of THE BOOKMAN's fall book number issued last November. This next month the leading review articles will be: Fiction (H. W. Boynton), Books of Short Stories (Edward J. O'Brien), War Experiences (Louise Maunsell Field), War and the Supernatural in Current Literature (Dorothy Scarborough), Politics and History (Luther E. Robinson), American Ideals and Democracy (Archibald Henderson), and Poetry (Jessie B. Rittenhouse).

...

There was announced for this issue the first of a series of three papers on *America and the New Statesmanship*, by Dr. Robert Goldsmith, the author of the widely read book, *A League to Enforce Peace*. This series of articles has been postponed for a month and will therefore commence in the April issue. Dr. Goldsmith will outline and discuss the new and large part that America has come to play in world affairs and the well-matured plans for a league of democracies to guarantee the peace of the world. Dr. Goldsmith's articles will be entitled, I. *The Foundations of a Lasting Peace*.

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II. *A Society of Nations.* III. *America and the New Statesmanship.*

...

A good discussion of Bernard Shaw and his work will soon be given in *THE BOOKMAN* by Dr. Archibald Henderson who, in his literary work certainly, is known especially as the biographer of Shaw. Dr. Henderson has a particularly fine collection of pictures, drawings and caricatures of Shaw, and his articles will be profusely illustrated from these pictures.

...

In an early issue Mr. H. G. Wells will contribute an article on Realism and the latest novel by Frank Arthur Swinnerton, *Nocturne*, which will shortly be published and which Mr. Wells greatly admires even though it differs widely from his own interest in writing. Mr. Wells's discussion will be entitled, *Concerning Realists in General and Mr. Swinnerton in Particular.*

...

Professor Grant Showerman has discovered an amusing parallel between certain of the character sketches of the ancient Greek philosopher, Theophrastus, and some of our ultra modern thought which he has drawn with his own inimitable humour and grace in a paper entitled *Theophrastus Up-to-Date*, to appear in an early number.

...

In Dickens Land: a Reverie is the title of a fanciful sketch contributed by Michael Monahan. It is certain to delight all Dickens readers as they recall the different characters that Mr. Monahan brings back to life in his fantasy. We hope to have this article in the April issue.

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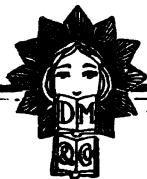
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V. Comment on the technique, themes, and literary quality of the following poems, and tell what you know of their authors: *Song*, by Laurence Housman; *The Gray Magician*, by Margaret Widdemer; *Hymn to Light*, by Edward J. O'Brien.

OTHER BOOK REVIEWS

I. Sir Arthur Pinero (reviewed by PROFESSOR PHELPS).

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II. A Study of Three Personalities (Book-review article on Edward Everett Hale, Stopford Brooke, Robert Collyer), by MRS. KELLY, of the *New York Times*.

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MISCELLANEOUS

I. Using the Bookman Recommends as a guide, make a selection for your home, school or club library, of the best current books.

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as edited by EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

The leading "Echo" in this first installment will be *The White Battalion*, a vivid, inspiring story of the charge of France's "battalion of death," by Frances Gilchrist Wood. Other stories for this and following issues describe war's echoes not only from the front trenches, but from all corners of the world and from distant eddies of the social stream, far removed from the actual fighting, but to the observing eye as fundamentally affected in thought, action and in their conditions of living. These short stories will be characterised more by atmosphere and tone than by the usual formulæ of the plot or character story; and they will be selected for their validity and for their unusualness—stories of too great charm and brilliance to be lost and possibly of too intense a character or too realistic to be issued in the more popular journals. The department "War Echoes" will appear regularly every month.

LEADING SPECIAL ARTICLES in the May number will be contributed by Robert Goldsmith on *The Foundations of a Lasting Peace* (Dr. Goldsmith is the author of the book, *A League to Enforce Peace*); Charles Buchanan will have a discussion on the art of the American "Old Master," George Inness, while the recent biography of Inness by his son will be reviewed by Carl H. P. Thurston, the author of the volume, *The Art of Looking at Pictures*; H. G. Wells will have a paper on his notions of realism and of one realist in particular, Frank Arthur Swinnerton, whose new novel, *Nocturne*, shortly to be published, has provoked Mr. Wells's admiration.

OTHER ARTICLES TO APPEAR IN THIS OR FOLLOWING NUMBERS:

THEOPHRASTUS UP-TO-DATE.....GRANT SHOWERMAN
the author of the famous "professor" stories.

A STUDY OF BERNARD SHAW.....ARCHIBALD HENDERSON
the official biographer of Shaw.

THE UNDERGRADUATE AND THE SCENARIO.....THOMAS H. INCE
of moving-picture fame.

DEMOCRACY AND THE MOVIES.....HERBERT SHERWOOD
of the National Board of Censorship, formerly of the editorial staff of the *New York Tribune*.

IN DICKENS LAND: A REVERIE.....MICHAEL MONAHAN
(whose recent book, *New Adventures*, was reviewed in the February BOOKMAN).

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THE BOOKMAN

A REVIEW OF BOOKS AND LIFE

APRIL, 1918

WAR AND THE SUPERNATURAL IN CURRENT LITERATURE

BY DOROTHY SCARBOROUGH

WE ARE in the midst of a revival of the supernatural in literature. While it is true that the ghostly has always been present in man's poetry and prose, both oral and written, from the earliest recorded time, there are periods when it seems to occupy more of his attention than at others. Man loves the weird. He is easily intoxicated with spirits. He longs to feel vicariously the thrills that more than one world offer. He craves more than human knowledge, hence he writes and reads of magic vision, of second sight, of wisdom's wizardry. Discontent with petty poverty, he dreams of a philosopher's stone. Rebelling against the impending prison of the grave, he loves to read of those who have snatched victory from it or who have escaped it, so he broods over the Wandering Jew, or the Elixir of Life. Craving immortality, he is comforted at reading of man's indestructible self, the all-conquering Ego that transcends death and lives on eternally, "content to be anything in the ecstasy of being ever." Hedged in by life's ironic circumstance of law and order, fettered in flesh by

multiple conventions, he seeks a magical chance of escape through the realms of spirit, and while his sober feet tread trivial rounds he revels in bacchantic fears, in dissipations of the intellect.

The more man learns of the natural laws the more he seems to believe in the supernatural. Witchcraft and alchemy he has put aside, only to turn to psychical research. Astrology he has reluctantly yielded up, yet the stars in their courses still pester him. He must be peopling them, accounting for their aberrations, staging cosmic comedies. He has given up ancient magic, but he dallies with the ouija board. He loves to traffic with the other world, even though he does not know the customs of the country. It appears that the proper study of man is ghosts.

This love for the supernatural, manifest in literature as in life, though never absent, is more marked in the literature of the past twenty or thirty years than ever before. And since we have turned the corner of the twentieth century, we have seen more unearthly beings than ever

in the past. One can scarcely fathom why. Perhaps the pendulum is swinging violently back to faith after a period of scientific scepticism. Perhaps man is merely shaking off the shackles of the past conventions and asserting his right to believe in what he will. Who knows? Possibly it is that man loves the thrill of fear, and since pure terror exists only in association with the supermortal, he yearns after the ghostly. Perhaps the secret of the power that the ghost story has over us lies in the fact of our pathetic ignorance of spiritual things, of the mysteries that lie before us. We'd like to speak some friendly wraith to tell us news of the far land to which we hasten.

This advance of ghosts in the twentieth century has shown a marked increase since the Great War began. We may go a-ghosting on all pages now, and devilled fiction is much the vogue. The flutter of innumerable new-cut leaves echoes the rustle of angel wings, and the curtains of our dramas rise as smoothly on heaven or hell as on earth. Man is not content with one little world to write about, but claims the right of eminent domain over all. All sorts of picaresque immortals furnish the complicating struggle for fiction now, and myriads of kindly spirits rise—or descend—to give aid in time of human need.

Perhaps the reasons are not far to seek. This war has belittled ordinary thinking for us, so that we need superlative symbols, more than mortal images, to match the mighty swing of events. One does not go on merely thinking afternoon tea thoughts when a world is aflame, when the sword-point is at humanity's throat. "Our blind conceiving

soars," yes, and the clay-shuttered casements seem less obstinate than of old. One might apply to this world condition the words of Sainte-Beuve, written of the events of 1815, a period so like our own a century later: "At these moments of universal rending, it happens, I imagine, that the ideal which lies behind the terrestrial world is revealed, made suddenly visible to certain eyes."

One feature of this revival of interest in the supernatural is found in the books and articles that claim to be communications from the dead. It appears that nowadays many ghosts have itching pens, and others desire to speak vicariously through the lips of mortals,—though royalties do not carry beyond the Styx, and the fame (such as it is!) must be shared with one or more grasping mortals in each case. But there is no accounting for ghostly tastes. Why the spirits choose such limited and slow media as the pen and the human voice for transmitting their utterances I do not know. Patience Worth, for instance, could write a deal faster if she used a typewriter instead of a ouija board,—though, patience knows, she writes enough as it is!

War Letters from a Living Dead Man, written by Elsa Barker, but dictated (she claims) by the late Judge Hatch, constitutes a series of extraordinary communications from the dead to the living. Mrs. Barker asserts that she has been seized by an overwhelming impulse to write, unaccompanied by any inspiration as to subject. That is not uncommon! But it appears that when she grasps a pencil, ideas flow from a source which she identifies (to her satisfaction) as Judge Hatch, formerly of California, now apparently

a citizen of worlds at large. She says that the judge tells her thrilling facts concerning the other cosmos, especially of conditions since the war began. He informs her that the war was planned in hell,—which sounds more sensible than most post-mortem statements. He is in a position, it would seem, to judge the comparative merits of the case, and does not side with Germany.

The author entertains the Maeterlinckian theory that the war is a manifestation of a cosmic conflict, a struggle between the forces of evil and of good, of which the fight on earth is but an infinitesimal part. Her space correspondent gives lurid accounts of the astral world, and says that the spirits of the slain go through torments since the ghostly world is overcrowded now and in dire confusion on account of the war. He describes an interview that he has had with the devil, who is keeping bad company, it seems, having been seen with the Kaiser. But in spite of a promise to tell Mrs. Barker the secrets of the war as seen from the other side, the astral journalist fails to reveal what would be of most interest to readers on this planet, when and on what terms the war will end.

Another spirit communicant said to be recently interviewed concerning the war as seen from the far side of death, is Hugo Münsterburg. The late Harvard professor, who before his death showed interest in psychical phenomena chiefly by his catching Eusapia Palladino by the heel and showing up her trickery in a séance, has apparently changed sides on that as on other questions. The October issue of the *Journal* of the American Society of Psychical Research publishes an account of

conversations believed to have been held with Professor Münsterburg, which might be considered genuine, since on these occasions nobody caught anybody's heel. Münsterburg is quoted as asserting that he does not want to see the war, that it makes him sick. He is not by himself in that! He speaks of the "arrogant ignorance" of the German people, whose downfall he prophesies. It certainly is a gentlemanly thing for Münsterburg to admit himself wrong on such an important question as Kaiserism.

Among those publications describing what are claimed to be actual communications of the dead with the living, Mr. Warr's collection of stories under the title of *The Unseen Host* is interesting. Mr. Warr gives a number of scenes from the battle-field, in which the dead are represented as revealing themselves to the living. He says of an experience of his own in the Service of Intercession in St. Paul's, on the first anniversary of the war, "That dear friend of mine whose earthly body sleeps in Flanders, but whose spirit is with the winged hosts in heaven, was very near to me then, and spoke to me . . . and told me . . . of a meeting which awaits us beyond the shadows and tears of this dying world." Mr. Warr is a Highlander and, like the true Celt, believes in the unearthly.

True Ghost Stories is another collection of assumed veridical apparitions on the battle-field, believed in by the writers. There are many other examples of war psychics in our literature claiming to be real.

The most appealing book among those purporting to be inspired by revelations from the dead is Sir Oliver Lodge's *Raymond*, written to

convince the world of the reality of the spirit life, following the death of the young son in the war. The volume is at once appealing and ineffective. One feels reverence for the grief of a father who is grasping after proof of a loved son's continuing life, though one feels here, as elsewhere, that the revelations given are scarcely worthy of spirit inspiration.

The accounts of the other world given by this mediumistic dictation present incongruities, ideas that are oddly at variance with the ordinary concepts of spiritual life. For instance, Raymond is made to say that one who has been blown to pieces in an explosion has difficulty in gathering himself together after death,—as if the spiritual entity were divided among the physical atoms. He says that souls who still have earthly appetites are given food, or something that has that appearance and effect. Hard drinkers will be comforted by the news that the heavenly laboratory furnishes alcoholics for those who have a thirst. *Spirits* of whiskey, no doubt! He also says, "A chap came over the other day who would have a cigar,"—and the wish was gratified. We should have supposed that one could smoke more appropriately in the lower regions! William Dean Howells's article on *Raymond* in the November *Harper's Magazine* is interesting, especially since Howells has used psychic material in one of his own novels, *The Undiscovered Country*.

In addition to the stories, poems and articles telling of the supernatural given as fact, we find a mass of literature in all forms, dealing with the weird frankly as literary material, not claiming any right to the reader's faith. A considerable part

of the literature dealing with the war introduces the unearthly in some way, either as specific complicating material or as atmospheric influence. The ghostly now colours and permeates everything, it would seem. We find the war supernaturalism in poems, stories, novels, and in the drama, and in the literature of all the countries involved in the conflict. This war supernaturalism shows an interesting diversity of creatures, angelic, deific, satanic. Various types of ghosts and super-ghosts, of angels, of diabolised beings haunt the pages and constitute the protagonists for mortal struggles, whose scenes are laid in heaven and in hell as well as on earth.

The frequent and reverent use of the personality of God and of Christ in the literature of to-day suggests a return to the old religious mysticism of mediævalism, wherein divinity figured much in literature. The appearances of God are related for the most part with scenes in heaven, while Christ generally walks the earth among men.

A few of the instances of the appearance of God may be mentioned. In *A Legend of Ypres*, by Elinor Jenkins, the scene is in heaven, where the spirits of the slain are shown as looking down upon the battle-field. Seeing the line at Ypres about to fail, the newly dead beseech God to let them go back to help their comrades. God, smiling indulgently upon them, says, "Begone, then, foolish ones, and fight again!" And the shining hosts reinforce the Allies, saving the day for them. In *A Wayside Calvary*, by Owen Seaman, God reveals to the Kaiser what he has done in projecting the war, showing him that he has crucified Christ afresh. The climax consigns

the Emperor to the ultimate hell, along with Judas Iscariot. *The Old Soldier*, by Katherine Tynan, shows a considerate God, who makes heaven a homelike place for the young soldiers so suddenly thrust into immortality, arranging to have their loved commander there in advance to greet them.

Across the Border, a war drama by Beulah Maria Dix, introduces a wounded soldier who in his delirium sees heaven, and talks with the Master of the House, who shows him the wrong and cruelty of war. *The Only Son*, by Katherine Tynan, is a touching poem of a mother in heaven, who cannot be happy for thinking of her boy and fearing lest some hurt may come to him with her away. At last God hears her prayer, and an angel returns from earth to tell her, "He fell in action yesterday." Another picture of heaven and God is found in *The Poor Man in Paradise*, by Sainte-Georges de Bonhelier, where an angel comes on wings of gold to carry a poilu to heaven. The Eternal Father welcomes the peasant who has died for others. *The Vision*, by Katherine Tynan, relates one of war's sweet miracles, wherein Private Flynn, who has the Celtic heritage of belief in the supernatural, lovingly cares for the grave of his dead captain. One night when the soldier comes to the place, Christ opens his eyes and shows him heaven and God. A moment later his eyes are blinded by a volley from a hidden gun, but Private Flynn lives on and smiles, because he has seen God. These are merely a few of the instances of this motif in recent literature.

Christ is an appealing figure in many poems of the war, as in various symbolic examples of fiction and

of the drama. His compassion, His fellowship of suffering, His healing power of comfort, are expressed over and over again. *His Coming*, by J. C. Snaith, is a somewhat remarkable novel associated with the war, showing the Christ reincarnate in the person of a village carpenter, who embodies the divine love for mankind, enduring the scorn of an unbelieving world. The theme reminds one somewhat of *The Passing of the Third Floor Back* and *The Servant in the House*. Christ here is shown as returning through metempsychosis, nowadays a frequent motif of the supernatural.

The Second Coming, by Frederick Arnold Kummer and Henry P. Janes, shows the return of Christ to earth in His own person, not through metempsychosis. The book is a prophecy of the end of the war. On the day before Christmas Christ walks among men on the battle-fields. He appeals to the Kaiser to end the war justly, but to no avail, for the Emperor orders a more terrible attack for Christmas Day. At Easter Christ comes again to the ruler, who now lies dying, while outside his palace may be heard the rioting of the people desperate because of their sufferings. The heart of the Emperor is softened at last, and he cries, "Lord, I have sinned! Let my people have peace!" The book is written with sincerity and simplicity.

The White Comrade, by Robert Haven Schaffer, portrays a scene after a battle, where a wounded soldier crawls off to die alone. A stranger, clad in white, comes to him, ministers to him, comforts him, gathers him into his arms. Seeing that the stranger's hands clasped in prayer have been pierced, that his

feet, too, are wounded, and that a stain of red is showing on the white robe above the heart, the soldier cries, "You are hurt, White Comrade!" but already foreknowing the answer.

"These are old wounds," he said,
"But of late they have troubled me."

There are various other poems of the *White Comrade*, which show the presence of the incarnate Christ in the trenches to comfort and to bless.

The Old Road to Paradise, by Margaret Widdemer, shows Christ receiving the souls of the slain, welcoming troops of soldiers who have died in battle, leading them home. "The old road to Paradise is crowded now!" A similar scene is shown in *Any Friend to Any Friend*, by H. W. Bliss.

Yea, God of battles, what a time to die!
Thy courts are echoing to the tuck of drums.
The wide days flame with comet souls that fly
Triumphant at a bound from earth to heaven,
The nights ablaze, with their swift passage riven,
As, trailing clouds of glory, swift they come.

Christ in Flanders, a widely reprinted poem from the *Spectator*, contrasts the attitude of the average man in times of careless peace and in days of war. Contrasted with the neglect of Him, the change that war has brought is shown.

This hideous warfare seems to make things clear;
We never thought about You much in England,
But now that we are far away from England,
We have no doubts, we *know* that You are here!

Charles Rann Kennedy's drama,

The Terrible Meek, employs the Christ character in a protest against capital punishment. The mother of a soldier who has been court-martialled for some slight offence, is weeping beside the gallows, and talking with the officer stationed to guard the place for the night. As the dawn slowly comes, we see that the man who has been slain is the Christ, the officer is the Roman centurion, and the mother is Mary. This play, while lacking the power of Kennedy's other drama of the Christ, has considerable force and beauty. Another embodiment of Mary and her son is found in Margaret Widdemer's *And His Name Shall Be Called Prince of Peace*.

To illustrate the number and variety of the poems in our recent literature dealing with Christ, Martha Foote Crowe has just compiled an anthology, her investigations revealing a genuine and marked revival of the use of Christ in our present poetry. Many of the poems that she reprints are associated with the war, showing that the conflict has had much to do with this renaissance of appreciation of Christ as literary material. The poems are reverent, introducing in a variety of ways the actual and symbolic presence of Jesus among men at war.

Not only Deity and the Christ, but the devil as well, appears in various dramas, novels, stories and poems of the war. We may note an interesting change seen in this war diabolism from that of recent years, in that there is a reversion to type, a return of the old-fashioned, indubitable devil with physical make-up of horns, hoofs and tail, as well as with his demoniac character. The Satan of recent years—before the war, that is—had shown a levelling ten-

dency, a more human nature than of old. We had come to sympathise with the fiend, to feel that there is so much of the human in the devil and so much of the devil in us that it would be unbecoming for us to treat him harshly. But now the demon is again the convenient fiend whom we can loathe conscientiously.

One devil makes a bid for sympathy, however, in this war literature in *The Ultimate Hell*, by Franklin Giddings, a satire against America's early position with reference to the war. Satan indulges in a monologue concerning events, hell, the world and God. He thinks that the old hell does not exist in name any more, but survives under a different terminology. He considers that the ultimate hell is a land "once dedicated to liberty," and pictures America as hammering gold beneath a sulphuring sky, careless of her own dead that went gurgling down to death. He ends by saying:

I'm growing old. I do not relish quite
The modern way, a Democratic Hell!
I'm growing old. I wonder if I sometimes
wish
That God would come again!

Another satiric devil is found in B. U. Burke's *Erasmus at the Court of Satan*. Erasmus decides to come back to earth on the occasion of the anniversary of his publication of the first Greek Testament, in March, 1916. Arriving in Flanders, he feels that the devil has been at work there, so searches him out in his domain to demand an explanation. An interesting dialogue ensues. Satan is sarcastic, satirical, more like Iago than most demons. He explains the current conditions on the basis of too much nationalism. He says that he has produced a brand of patriotism of his own make, of which the

emotional enthusiasms are potent and evil beyond belief. He satirises religion by saying that Christianity is an aid to the continuance of hostility, that, flourishing as never before, it has been reduced to such a science that it can be adapted to fit any need or prove any end. The devil rocks with mirth as Erasmus shrinks appalled from the horrid conditions.

Stephen Phillips's last play, *Armageddon*, shows in its prologue and in its epilogue scenes in hell, where the war is represented as being planned. Other scenes introduce supernatural material, but the play, a fevered production, touched with the weakness of the dying poet's brain, will add nothing to Phillips's fame.

These examples may serve to illustrate the types of diabolism current in the war literature. The demon is not the cultured gentleman he has seemed in recent years, but now is merely Kultured. The scenes from hell are not impressive for the most part, not dimming the diabolic glory that Dante and Milton have shown us. They are symbolic, satiric, rather than realistic or imposing, too much disposed to propaganda to be generally popular and with little literary value.

In addition to the more obvious elements of supernaturalism, such as angels and demons, God and the devil, various other motifs appear in the war literature. The theme of metempsychosis comes in to a considerable extent. The dream element is also largely used, as in J. M. Barrie's drama, *Der Tag*, where it is employed in combination with prophecy. The Kaiser sees in his dreams the burning of Rheims Cathedral, hears the thundering cannon and views the ravages of war, argu-

ing with the spirit of Culture meanwhile, but deciding for war. This is not a strong play, not in the Barrie manner.

An answer to this, a phantasmagoria in four acts, called *The Night*, by one who signs himself *Barrie Americanus Neutralis*, is an example of magic vision. The Witch of Time tells King Edward VII that England's downfall is coming unless things take a change. She shows him by magic his foes in council, among them France and Russia, and when he asks if England has no friends, she draws the curtain on Bismarck and the Kaiser Wilhelm, who piously prate of peace. The last scene gives the report of cannon, shows the Belgium fortifications falling and reveals German soldiers swarming everywhere, German war-music sounding off stage as the curtain falls. (The reader may decide for himself as to the neutrality of the writer.) Another dramatic representation of war is in *The Metal Checks*, by Louise Driscoll. The Counter, Death, sits at a table, cloaked and hooded in mystic grey. The Bearer represents the World that is made to bear the burdens of war, carrying on his shoulders a sackful of the metal discs used to identify the corpses of common soldiers.

The scientific type of supernaturalism, of which we have had so much in recent years, is not so prominent as we might expect, but it does appear sporadically. *Efficiency*, a one-act play, is a satire on war methods. An inventor has perfected a plan of piecing together dismembered limbs of the slain, making living men out of fragments, thus sending more fighters back to the line. The ruler has one of these automa-

tions appear before him, praising the scheme, but the machine-made thing revolts at a system that puts efficiency above humanity and slays the autocrat.

Another scientific example of the weird is Arthur Machen's *The Terror*, the story of an awful and insidious danger that sweeps over England during two years of the war. A series of murders, enveloped in dreadful mystery, occur, for which the scientists are unable to account. But at last the explanation is found to lie in the animal psychosis. The hate in human hearts has so affected the brute world that animals turn against men and murder them in sinister ways. Above all hovers a visible cloud of hate, of psychic terror that paralyses humanity till it is lifted. The story, which is told with Machen's usual uncanny effectiveness in dealing with the darker aspects of supernaturalism, suggests Maeterlinck's theory that the brute world is secretly hostile to mankind.

Magic vision constitutes one of the interesting aspects of war un-earthliness, of which Arthur Machen has given us various valuable specimens, akin to the type that Wells used to be fond of. Machen specialises in magic visualisation of the war before the event, as in *The Dazzling Light*, and *The Little Nations*. The latter tells of the prophetic vision of a clergyman, in whose garden one day a plot assumes strange shapes, the exact topography of the peninsula of Gallipoli, over which swarming hordes of ants fight in mad array. The story, which closes significantly, suggests the theory of *The Terror*. "There have been some who have held that the earthly conflict is but the reflection of a war

in heaven; what if it be reflected infinitely, if it penetrate to the uttermost depths of creation? And if a speck of dust be a cosmos—a universe—of revolving worlds? There may be battle between creatures that no microscope shall ever find.”

Stories and poems and plays of the war reveal miracles, show visions and use most of the conventional motifs of the unearthly. The mechanistic spirit of supernaturalism, so common in late literature, is reflected in the war stories, for instance, in the accounts of various enchanted ships. The scientific aspects are less frequent now than in other supernaturalism, perhaps because man has been so stunned by the emotional side of war, by the brutal facts of horror, that his brain cannot busy itself with the intellectual concepts necessary for the scientific ghostliness previously popular.

We find a large element of the symbolic, as well as of the satiric, present in the war literature. The satire is especially manifest in the works introducing the diabolic. But the humorous supernaturalism, which has been so prominent a feature in our twentieth century un-earthliness, is rare. We can readily understand that, for no one is inclined to be funny over the war, not even the ghosts that have waxed merry in recent years. The devil is the only one whose risibilities are excited by present conditions. There are a few exceptions, however, a notable one being *The Last Post*, by Nan Moulton, which is a story of a dead soldier in heaven, showing a whimsical reverence, a tender humour that is appealing and delightful.

It is difficult to pass judgment with respect to the literary value of

the war supernaturalism. On the whole, the plays seem weak, too turgid and sensational, too obviously written for occasion and for national emotions to have wide appeal. They lack the breadth of sympathy, the clarity of vision, that great dramas should possess. So far, the war has seen scarcely a play that effectively represents the war supernaturalism. All the plays seem to fall below the usual level of merit, as shown in the work of their authors. The novels are more effective, though one wonders if any of them will live long after the war.

The short stories appear to have a higher range of literary power than the dramas or novels. Perhaps the reason for that lies in the fact that the ghostly is better expressed in brief form than at length, since the unearthly thrill cannot hold for long without too great a strain upon the nerves of the reader or audience. Yet the short stories are weak when compared with some of the matchless French stories based on the Franco-Prussian War, for instance. The poetry of the war is, on the whole, of a more genuine power and has more depth of feeling, more sympathy and comprehension, than any of the other types. Some of the war poetry, struck from the fire of emotion, will go down among our noble poems. Yet much of it is weak. The war poetry of William Watson, for instance, leaves one cold. One is not stirred by it as by the verse of Alfred Noyes, which moves one to martial ardour, wakes one as by flute and drum. The poetry of Katherine Tynan, with its delicacy of tenderness, its ineffable pathos of grief and desolation, touches the tenderest strings of pity. Her simple Celtic songs of war's

miracles and visions, of love beyond death, of immortality, are poetry of a high order, it seems to me, for they have the power to express deep emotion with simplicity and power. Her poems of the pitiful ghosts of war touch both the heart and the spinal cord. Her scenes of heaven are indeed "homely," and her Irish

earth at times a paradisiacal place. No literature of the war supernaturalism has touched me so deeply as has her verse. If all literature were like hers, we should have a compensation for the conflict,—but some of the poems and plays are calculated to add a new terror to war.

THE GRAY MAGICIAN

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

I was living very merrily on Middle Earth,
 As merry as a maid might be,
 Till the Gray Magician came down along the road
 And flung his cobweb cloak on me:

The cobweb cloak of grey brushed my eyes and my ears
 And all the curtained air was thinned
 And I came to the sight of the quiet Other People
 Who live in the water and the wind . . .

And I cannot go abroad now to gather up the fagots
 Singing to the honest air,
 Because of the fingers of the brown wood-women
 Catching in my blowing hair;

And I cannot sit at home and be quiet at my spinning,
 Singing to the thread I spin,
 Because of the crying of the green sea-women
 Beneath my sill to be let in:

And I wish the Gray Magician had been swung to an oak
 Or flung within the deep green sea
 Before he brushed my face with his cobweb cloak
 And stole the Middle Earth from me!

THE ADVANCE OF ENGLISH POETRY IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

PART VII

Lindsay the Cymbalist—first impression.—Harriet Monroe's Magazine—training in art—the long vagabond tramps—correct order of his works—his drawings—the "Poem Game"—"The Congo."—General William Booth—wide sweep of his imagination—sudden contrasts in sound—his prose works—his interest in moving pictures—an apostle of democracy—a wandering minstrel—his vitality—a primary man—art plus morality—his geniality—a poet and a missionary—his fearlessness.—Robert Frost—the poet of New England—his paradoxical birth—his education—his career in England—his experiences on a farm—his theory of the spoken word—an out-door poet—not a singer—lack of range—interpreter as well as observer—pure realism—rural tragedies—centrifugal force—men and women—suspense—the building of a poem—the pleasure of recognition—his sincerity—his truthfulness.

"But you—you can help so much more. You can help spiritually. You can help to shape things, give form and thought and poignancy to the most matter-of-fact existence; show people how to think and live and appreciate beauty. What does it matter if some of them jeer at you, or trample on your work? What matters is that those for whom your message is intended will know you by your work."

—STACY AUMONIER, *Just Outside*.

I

OF ALL living Americans who have contributed to the advance of English poetry in the twentieth century, no one has given more both as prophet and priest than Vachel Lindsay. His poems are notable for originality, pictorial beauty, and thrilling music. He belongs to no modern school, but is doing his best to found one; and when I think of his love of a loud noise, I call him a Cymbalist.

Yet when I use the word *noise* to describe his verse, I use it not only

in its present, but in its earlier meaning, as when Edmund Waller saluted Chloris with

While I listen to thy voice,
Chloris! I feel my life decay;
That powerful noise
Calls my fitting soul away.

This use of the word, meaning an agreeable, harmonious sound, was current from Chaucer to Coleridge.

My first acquaintance with Mr. Lindsay's poetry began with a masterpiece, *General William Booth Enters into Heaven*. Early in the year 1913, before I had become a subscriber to Harriet Monroe's *Poetry*, I found among the clippings in the back of a copy of the *Independent* this extraordinary burst of music. I carried it in my pocket for a year. Nothing since Francis Thompson's *In No Strange Land* had given me such a spinal chill. Later I learned that it had appeared for the first time in the issue of *Poetry* for Jan-

uary, 1913. All lovers of verse owe a debt of gratitude to Miss Monroe for bringing the new poet to the attention of the public; and all students of contemporary movements in metre ought to subscribe to her monthly magazine; the numbers naturally vary in value, but almost any one may contain a "find"; as I discovered to my pleasure in reading *Niagara* in the summer of 1917.

Nicholas Vachel Lindsay—Vachel rimes with Rachel—was born at Springfield, Illinois—which rimes with boy—on November 10, 1879. His pen name omits the Nicholas. For three years he was a student at Hiram College in Ohio, and for five years an art student, first at Chicago, and then at New York. This brings us to the year 1905. From that year until 1910 he drew strange pictures, lectured on various subjects, and wrote defiant and peculiar "bulletins." Then he became a tramp, making long pilgrimages afoot in winter and spring through Florida, Georgia, the Carolinas, invading even the Northern States. These wanderings are described with vigour, vivacity, and contagious good humour in his book called *A Handy Guide for Beggars*. His wallet contained nothing but printed leaflets—his poems—which he exchanged for bed and board. He was the Evangelist of Beauty, preaching his gospel everywhere by reciting his verses. In the summer of 1912 he walked from Illinois to New Mexico.

To understand his development, one should read his books not according to the dates of formal publication, but in the following order: *A Handy Guide for Beggars*, *Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty*, *The Art of the Moving Picture*—these three being mainly

in prose. Then one is ready for the three volumes of poetry, *General William Booth Enters into Heaven* (1913), *The Congo* (1914), and *The Chinese Nightingale* (1917). While I am writing this essay, another prose work is well under way, *The Golden Book of Springfield*, concerning which Mr. Lindsay tells me, "The actual Golden Book is a secular testament about Springfield, to be given to the city in 2018, from a mysterious source. My volume is a hypothetical forecast of the times of 2018, as well as of the Golden Book. Frankly the Lindsay the reviewers know came nearer to existing twelve years ago than to-day, my manuscripts are so far behind my notes. And a thing that has helped in this is that through changing publishers, etc., my first prose book is called my latest. If you want my ideas in order, assume the writer of the *Handy Guide for Beggars* is just out of college, of *Adventures While Preaching* beginning in the thirties, and the *Art of the Moving Picture* half-way through the thirties. The Moving Picture book in the last half embodies my main social ideas of two years ago. In mood and method, you will find *The Golden Book of Springfield* a direct descendant of the general social and religious philosophy which I crowded into the photoplay book whether it belonged there or not. I hope you will do me the favour and honour to set my work in this order in your mind, for many of my small public still think *A Handy Guide for Beggars* the keynote of my present work. But it was really my first wild dash."

The above letter was written August 8, 1917.

Like many creative writers, Mr. Lindsay is an artist not only with

the pen, but with the pencil. He has made drawings since childhood; drawing and writing still divide his time and energy. The first impression one receives from the pictures is like that produced by the poems—strangeness. The best have that Baconian element of strangeness in the proportion which gives the final touch to beauty; the worst are merely bizarre. He says, "My claim for them is that while laboured and struggling in execution, they represent a study of Egyptian hieroglyphics and Japanese art, two most orthodox origins for art, and have no relation whatever to cubism, post-impressionism, or futurism. . . . I have been very fond of Swinburne all my life, and I should say my drawing is nearer to his ornate mood than any of my writing has been. But that is a matter for your judgment." I find his pictures so interesting that I earnestly hope he will some day publish a large collection of them in a separate volume.

One of his latest developments is the idea of the *Poem Game*, which is elaborated with interesting poetic illustrations in the volume called *The Chinese Nightingale*. In giving his directions and suggestions in the latter part of this book, he remarks, "The present rhymer has no ambitions as a stage manager. The Poem Game idea, in its rhythmic picnic stage, is recommended to amateurs, its further development to be on their own initiative. Informal parties might divide into groups of dancers and groups of chanters. The whole might be worked out in the spirit in which children play King William was King James's Son, London Bridge. . . . The main revolution necessary for dancing improvisers, who would go a longer

way with the Poem Game idea, is to shake off the Isadora Duncan and the Russian precedents for a while, and abolish the orchestra and piano, replacing all these with the natural meaning and cadences of English speech. The work would come closer to acting than dancing is now conceived."

Here is a good opportunity for house parties, in the intervals of Red Cross activities; and while I am writing this, word comes to me from the University of Chicago, that on February 15, 1918, at Mandel Hall, *The Chinese Nightingale* was given with a spoken chorus of twelve girls, selected for their speaking voices. From the testimony of one of the professors at the university, it is clear that the performance was a success, realising something of Mr. Lindsay's idea of the union of the arts, with Poetry at the centre.

Among the games given in verse by the author in the latter part of *The Chinese Nightingale* volume is one called *The Potatoes' Dance*, which appears to me to approach most closely to the original purpose. It is certainly a jolly poem. But whether these games are played by laughing choruses of youth or only by the firelight in the fancy of a solitary reader, the validity of Vachel Lindsay's claim to the title of Poet may be settled at once by witnessing the transformation of a filthy rum-hole into a sunlit forest. As Edmond Rostand looked at a dunghill, and saw the vision of Chantecleer, so Vachel Lindsay looked at some drunken niggers and saw the vision of the Congo.

Fat black bucks in a wine-barrel room,
Barrel-house kings, with feet unstable,
Sagged and reeled and pounded on the
table,

Pounded on the table,
 Beat an empty barrel with the handle of a
 broom,
 Hard as they were able,
 Boom, boom, Boom,
 With a silk umbrella and the handle of a
 broom,
 Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, Boom.
 THEN I had religion, THEN I had a vision,
 I could not turn from their revel in
 derision.
 THEN I SAW THE CONGO, CREEPING THROUGH
 THE BLACK,
 CUTTING THROUGH THE FOREST WITH A
 GOLDEN TRACK.
 Then along that river bank
 A thousand miles
 Tattooed cannibals danced in files;
 Then I heard the boom of the blood-lust
 song
 And a thigh-bone beating on a tin-pan
 gong. . . .
 A negro fairyland swung into view,
 A minstrel river
 Where dreams come true.
 The ebony palace soared on high
 Through the blossoming trees to the even-
 ing sky.
 The inlaid porches and casements shone
 With gold and ivory and elephant-bone. . . .
 Just then from the doorway, as fat as
 shot,es,
 Came the cake-walk princes in their long
 red coats,
 Canes with a brilliant lacquer shine,
 And tall silk hats that were red as wine.
 And they pranced with their butterfly part-
 ners there,
 Coal-black maidens with pearls in their
 hair,
 Knee-skirts trimmed with the jessamine
 sweet,
 And bells on their ankles and little black-
 feet.

There are those who call this non-
 sense and its author a mountebank.
 I call it poetry and its author a poet.
 You never heard anything like it be-
 fore; but do not be afraid of your
 own enjoyment. Read it aloud a
 dozen times, and you, too, will hear
 roaring, epic music, and you will see
 the mighty, golden river cutting
 through the forest.

I do not know how many towns I

have visited where I have heard
 "What do you think of Vachel Lind-
 say? He was here last month and
 recited his verses. Most of his audi-
 ence were puzzled." Yet they re-
 membered him. What would have
 happened if I had asked them to give
 me a brief synopsis of the lecture
 they heard yesterday on "The Mes-
 sage of John Ruskin." Fear not, lit-
 tle flock. Vachel Lindsay is an au-
 thentic wandering minstrel. The fine
 phrases you heard yesterday were
 like snow upon the desert's dusty
 face, lighting a little hour or two,
 now gone.

*General William Booth Enters
 into Heaven*—with the accompany-
 ing instruments, which blare out
 from the printed page—is a sublime
 interpretation of one of the varie-
 ties of religious experience. Two
 works of genius have been written
 about the Salvation Army—*Major
 Barbara* and *General William Booth
 Enters into Heaven*. But *Major
 Barbara*, with its almost appalling
 cleverness—Granville Barker says
 the second act is the finest thing
 Shaw ever composed—is written,
 after all, from the seat of the scorn-
 ful, like a metropolitan reporter at
 a Gospel tent; Mr. Lindsay's poem
 is written from the inside, from the
 very heart of the mystery. It is in-
 terpretation, not description.
 "Booth was blind," says Mr. Lind-
 say; "all reformers are blind." One
 must in turn be blind to many ob-
 vious things, blind to ridicule, blind
 to criticism, blind to the wisdom of
 this world, if one would understand
 a phenomenon like General Booth.

Booth led boldly with his big bass drum—
 (Are you washed in the blood of the
 Lamb?)

The Saints smiled gravely and they said:
 "He's come."

(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)

Walking lepers followed, rank on rank,
Lurching braves from the ditches dank,
Drabs from the alleyways and drug fiends
pale—

Minds still passion-ridden, soul-powers
frail—

Vermin-eaten saints with mouldy breath,
Unwashed legions with the ways of Death—
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)

And when Booth halted by the curb for
prayer

He saw his Master thro' the flag-filled air.
Christ came gently with a robe and crown
For Booth the soldier, while the throng
knelt down.

He saw King Jesus. They were face to
face,

And he knelt a-weeping in that holy place.
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)

Dante and Milton were more successful in making pictures of hell than of heaven—no one has ever made a common conception of heaven more permanently vivid than in this poem.

See how amid the welter of crowds and the deafening crash of drums and banjos the individual faces stand out in the golden light.

Big-voiced lassies made their banjos bang,
Tranced, fanatical they shrieked and
sang. . . .

Bull-necked convicts with that land make
free. . . .

The lame were straightened, withered limbs
uncurled

And blind eyes opened on a new, sweet
world. . . .

Gone was the weasel-head, the snout, the
jowl!

Sages and sibyls now, and athletes clean,
Rulers of empires, and of forests green!

It is a pictorial, musical, and spiritual masterpiece. I am not afraid to call it a spiritual masterpiece; for to anyone who reads it as we should read all true poetry, with an unconditional surrender to its magic, General William Booth and his horde will not be the only persons present who will enter into heaven.

Vachel Lindsay needs plenty of room for his imagination—the more space he has in which to disport himself, the more impressive he becomes. His strange poem, *How I Walked Alone in the Jungles of Heaven*, has the vasty sweep congenial to his powers. *Simon Legree* is as accurate an interpretation of the negro's conception of the devil and of hell as *General William Booth* is of the Salvation Army's conception of heaven, though it is not so fine a poem. When he rises from hell or descends from heaven, he loves big, boundless things on the face of the earth, like the Western Plains and the glory of Niagara. The contrast between the bustling pettiness of the artificial city of Buffalo and the eternal fresh beauty of Niagara is like Bunyan's vision of the man busy with the muck-rake while over his head stood an angel with a golden crown.

Within the town of Buffalo
Are prosy men with leaden eyes.
Like ants they worry to and fro,
(Important men, in Buffalo.)
But only twenty miles away
A deathless glory is at play:
Niagara, Niagara. . . .

Above the town a tiny bird,
A shining speck at sleepy dawn,
Forgets the ant-hill so absurd,
This self-important Buffalo.
Descending twenty miles away
He bathes his wings at break of day—
Niagara, Niagara.

True poet that he is, Vachel Lindsay loves to show the contrast between transient noises that tear the atmosphere to shreds and the eternal beauty of unpretentious melody. After the thunder and the lightning comes the still, small voice. Who ever before thought of comparing the roar of the swiftly passing motor-cars with the sweet

music of the stationary bird? Was there ever in a musical composition a more startling change from fortissimo to pianissimo?

Listen to the iron-horns, ripping, racking,
Listen to the quack-horns, slack and clack-
ing.

Way down the road, trilling like a toad,
Here comes the *dice*-horn, here comes the
vice-horn,

Here comes the *snarl*-horn, *brawl*-horn,
lewd-horn,

Followed by the *prude*-horn, bleak and
squeaking:—

(Some of them from Kansas, some of them
from Kansas.)

Here comes the *hod*-horn, *plod*-horn, *sod*-
horn,

Nevermore-to-roam-horn, *loam*-horn, *home*-
horn,

(Some of them from Kansas, some of them
from Kansas.)

Far away the Rachel-Jane,
Not defeated by the horns,
Sings amid a hedge of thorns:—
"Love and life,
Eternal youth—
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet,
Dew and glory,
Love and truth,
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet."

Of Mr. Lindsay's prose works, the one first written, *A Handy Guide for Beggars*, is by all odds the best. Even if it did not contain musical cadenzas, any reader would know that the author was a poet. It is full of the spirit of joyous young manhood and reckless adventure, and laughs its way into our hearts. There is no reason why Mr. Lindsay should ever apologise for this book, even if it does not represent his present attitude; it is as individual as a diary, and as universal as youth. His later prose is more careful, possibly more thoughtful, more full of information; but this has a touch of genius. Its successor, *Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty*, does not quite recapture the

first fine careless rapture. Yet both must be read by students of Mr. Lindsay's verse, not only because they display his personality, but because the original data of many poems can be found among these experiences of the road. For example, *The Broncho That Would Not Be Broken*, which first appeared in 1917, is the rimed version of an incident that happened in July, 1912. It made an indelible impression on the amateur farmer, and the poem has a poignant beauty that nothing will ever erase from the reader's mind. I feel certain that I shall have a vivid recollection of this poem to the last day of my life, assuming that on that last day I can remember anything at all.

A more ambitious prose work than either of the tramp books is *The Art of the Moving Picture*. It is rather singular that Mr. Lindsay, whose poetry primarily appeals to the ear, should be so profoundly interested in an art whose only appeal is to the eye. The reason, perhaps, is twofold. He is professionally a maker of pictures as well as of chants, and he is an apostle of democracy. The moving picture is the most democratic form of art that the world has ever seen. Maude Adams reaches thousands; Mary Pickford reaches millions. It is clear that Mr. Lindsay wishes that the limitless influence of the moving picture may be used to elevate and ennoble America; for here is the greatest force ever known through which his gospel may be preached—the gospel of beauty.

Like so many other original artists, Mr. Lindsay's poetry really goes back to the origins of the art. As John Masfield is the twentieth century Chaucer, so Vachel Lindsay

is the twentieth century minstrel. On the one occasion when he met Mr. Yeats, the Irishman asked him point-blank, "What are we going to do to restore the primitive singing of poetry?" and stayed not for an answer. Fortunately the question was put to a man who answered it by accomplishment; the best answer to any question is not an elaborate theory, but a demonstration. In *The Congo*, we have real minstrelsy. The shoulder-notes, giving detailed directions for singing, chanting, and reciting, are as charming in their way as Mr. Barrie's stage-directions. They not only show the aim of the poet; they admit the reader immediately into an inner communion with the spirit of the poem.

Everyone who reads *The Congo* or who hears it read cannot help enjoying it; which is one reason why so many are afraid to call it a great poem. For a similar reason, some critics are afraid to call Percy Grainger a great composer, because of his numerous and delightful audacities. Yet *The Congo* is a great poem, possessing as it does many of the high qualities of true poetry. It shows a splendid power of imagination, as fresh as the trackless forests it describes; it blazes with glorious colours; its music transports the listener with climax after climax; it interprets truthfully the spirit of the negro race.

I should not think of attempting to determine the relative position of Percy Grainger in music and of Vachel Lindsay in poetry; but it is clear that both men possess an amazing vitality. Is it not the lack of vital force which prevents so many accomplished artists from ever rising above the crowd? I suppose we have all read reams on reams of

magazine verse exhibiting technical correctness, exactitude in language, and pretty fancy; and after a momentary unspoken tribute to the writer's skill, we straightway forget forevermore what we have read. But when a poem like *Danny Deever* appears, it is vain to call it a music-hall ballad, or to pretend that it is not high art; the fact is that the worst memory in the world will always retain it. Such a poem comes like a breeze into a close chamber; it is charged with vitality. We are in contact with a new force—a force emanating from that mysterious and inexhaustible stream whence comes every manifestation of genius. To have this super-vitality is to have genius; and although one may have with it many distressing faults of expression and an unlimited supply of bad taste, all other qualities combined cannot atone for the absence of this one primal element. Indeed the excess of wealth in energy is bound to produce shocking excrescences; our Springfield poet is sometimes absurd when he means to be sublime, bizarre when he means to be picturesque. The same is true of Walt Whitman—it is true of all creative writers whom John Burroughs calls *primary* men, in distinction from excellent artists who remain in the secondary class. Mark Twain, Rudyard Kipling, Walt Whitman, John Masefield, Vachel Lindsay are primary men.

I have often wondered who would write a poem worthy of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. Vachel Lindsay is the only living American who could do it, and I hope he will accept this challenge. Its awful majesty can be revealed only in verse; for it is one of the very few wonders of the world which no

photograph and no painting can ever reproduce. Who ever saw a picture that gave him any conception of this incomparable spectacle?

In order to understand the primary impulse that drove Mr. Lindsay into writing verse and making pictures, one ought to read first of all his poem *The Tree of Laughing Bells, or The Wings of the Morning*. The first half of the title exhibits his love of resounding harmonies; the second gives an idea of the range of his imagination. His finest work always combines these two elements, melody and elevation, "and singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest." I hope that the picture he drew for *The Tree of Laughing Bells* may some time be made available for all students of his work, as it was his first serious design.

Vachel Lindsay is essentially honest, for he tries to become himself exactly what he hopes the future American will be. He is a Puritan with a passion for Beauty; he is a zealous reformer filled with Falstaffian mirth; he goes along the highway, singing and dancing, distributing tracts. "Apollo's first, at last the true God's priest."

We know that two mighty streams, the Renaissance and the Reformation, which flowed side by side without mingling, suddenly and completely merged in Spenser's *Faery Queene*. That immortal song is a combination of ravishing sweetness and moral austerity. Later the Puritan became the Man on Horseback, and rode roughshod over every bloom of beauty that lifted its delicate head. Despite the genius of Milton, supreme artist plus supreme moralist, the Puritans managed somehow to force into the common

mind an antagonism between Beauty and Morality which persists even unto this day. There is no reason why those two contemporaries, Oscar Wilde and the Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon, should stand before the London public as the champions of contending armies; for Beauty is an end in itself, not a means, and so is Conduct.

In the best work of Vachel Lindsay, we find these two qualities happily married, the zest for beauty and the hunger and thirst after righteousness. He made a soap-box tour for the Anti-Saloon League, preaching at the same time the Gospel of Beauty. As a rule, reformers are lacking in the two things most sedulously cultivated by commercial travellers and life-insurance agents, tact and humour. If these interesting orders of the Knights of the Road were as lacking in geniality as the typical reformer, they would lose their jobs. And yet fishers of men, for that is what all reformers are, try to fish without bait, at the same time making much loud and offensive noise. Then they are amazed at the callous indifference of humanity to "great moral issues."

Vachel Lindsay is irresistibly genial. Nor is any of this geniality made up of the professionally ingratiating smile; it is the foundation of his temperament. What has this got to do with his poetry? It has everything to do with it. It gives him the key to the hearts of children; to the basic savagery of a primitive black or a poor white; to peripatetic harvesters; to futurists, imagists, blue-stockings, pedants of all kinds; to evangelists, college professors, drunken sailors, tramps whose robes are lined with vermin. He is the great American democrat, not be-

cause that is his political theory, but simply because he cannot help it.

His attitude toward other schools of art, even when he has nothing in common with them, is positively affectionate. Could there be two poets more unlike in temperament and in style than Mr. Lindsay and Mr. Masters? Yet in the volume, *The Chinese Nightingale*, we have a poem dedicated "to Edgar Lee Masters, with great respect." He speaks of "the able and distinguished Amy Lowell," and of his own poems "parodied by my good friend, Louis Untermeyer." Many of the uninformed have supposed that because he is a new poet and wholly unconventional, he must be either an "imagist" or a believer in "free verse," or both. Now as a matter of fact, his work is as near as may be to an antithesis of both these schools. He says, "I admire the work of the Imagist Poets. We exchange fraternal greetings. . . . But neither my few heterodox pieces nor my many struggling orthodox pieces conform to their patterns. . . . The Imagists emphasise pictorial effects, while the Higher Vaudeville exaggerates musical effects. Imagists are apt to omit rime, while in my Higher Vaudeville I often put five rimes on a line."

Impossible to quarrel with Vachel Lindsay. His stock of genial tolerance is inexhaustible, and makes him regard not only hostile humans, but even destructive insects, with inquisitive affection.

I want live things in their pride to remain.
I will not kill one grasshopper vain
Though he eats a hole in my shirt like a door.

I let him out, give him one chance more.
Perhaps, while he gnaws my hat in his whim,
Grasshopper lyrics occur to him.

During his tramps, the parents who unwillingly received him discovered, when he began to recite stories to their children, that they had entertained an angel unawares; and I have not the slightest doubt that on the frequent occasions when his application for food and lodging was received with a volley of curses, he honestly admired the noble fluency of his enemy. When he was harvesting, the singing stacker became increasingly and distressingly pornographic; instead of rebuking him for foulness, which would only have bewildered the stacker, Mr. Lindsay taught him the first stanza of Swinburne's chorus. "The next morning when my friend climbed into our barge to ride to the field he began:
When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,

The mother of months, in meadow or plain,
Fills the shadows—

'Dammit, what's the rest of it? I've been trying to recite that piece all night.' Now he has the first four stanzas. And last evening he left for Dodge City to stay overnight and Sunday. He was resolved to purchase *Atalanta in Calydon* and find in the Public Library *The Lady of Shalott* and *The Blessed Damsel*, besides paying the usual visit to his wife and children."

If a man cannot understand music, painting, and poetry without loving these arts, neither can a man understand men and women and children without loving them. This is one reason why even the cleverest cynicism is never more than half the truth, and usually less.

Mr. Lindsay is a poet and a missionary. As a missionary, he wishes all Americans to be as good judges of poetry as they are, let us say, of baseball. One of the numerous joys

of being a professional ball-player must be the knowledge that you are exhibiting your art to a prodigious assembly of qualified critics. John Sargent knows that the majority of persons who gaze at his picture of President Wilson in the Metropolitan Museum are incompetent to express any opinion; his subtlety is lost or quite misunderstood; but Tyrus Raymond Cobb knows that the hundreds of thousands who daily watch him during the summer months are quick to appreciate his consummate mastery of the game. Vachel Lindsay, I suppose, wants millions not merely to love, but to detect the finer shades of the poetic art.

If he set out to accomplish this dream by lowering the standards of poetry, then he would debase the public and be a traitor to his guild. But his method is uncompromising—he taught the harvester not Mrs. Hemans, but Swinburne. He calls his own verse the higher vaudeville. But *The Congo* is the higher vaudeville as *Macbeth* is the higher melodrama.

Mr. Lindsay is true to the oldest traditions of poetry in his successful attempts to make his verses ring and sing. He is both antique and antic. But he is absolutely contemporary, "modern," "new," in his fearlessness. He has this in common with the practitioners of free verse, with the imagists, with the futurists; he is not in the least afraid of seeming ridiculous. There can be no progress in art until artists overcome wholly this blighting fear. It is the lone individual, with his name stamped all over him, charging into the safely anonymous mass; but that way lies the Advance.

When Thomas Carlyle took up

the study of Oliver Cromwell, he found that all previous historians had tried to answer this question: What is the masque that Oliver wore. And suddenly the true answer came to him in the form of another question: What if it should prove to be no masque at all, but just the man's own face? So there are an increasingly large number of readers who are discerning in the dauntless gambols of Vachel Lindsay, not the masque of buffoonery, worn to attract attention, but a real poet, dancing gaily with bronchos, children, field-mice and potatoes.

Such unquenchable vitality, such bubbling exuberance, cannot always be graceful, cannot always be impressive. But the blunders of an original man are sometimes more fruitful than the correctness of a copyist. Furthermore, blunders sometimes make for wisdom and truth. Let us not forget Vachel Lindsay's poem on Columbus:

Would that we had the fortunes of Colum-
bus,
Sailing his caravels a trackless way,
He found a Universe—he sought Cathay.
God give such dawns as when, his venture
o'er,
The Sailor looked upon San Salvador.
God lead us past the setting of the sun
To wizard islands, of august surprise;
God make our blunders wise.

II—COLD PASTORAL!

The difference between Vachel Lindsay and Robert Frost is the difference between a drum-major and a botanist. The former marches gaily at the head of his big band, looking up and around at the crowd; the latter finds it sweet

with unuplifted eyes
To pace the ground, if path be there or
none.

Robert Frost, the poet of New England, was born at San Francisco, and published his first volume in London. Midway between these two cities lies the enchanted ground of his verse; for he belongs to New England as wholly as Whittier, as truly as Mr. Lindsay belongs to Illinois. He showed his originality so early as March 26, 1875, by being born at San Francisco; for although I have known hundreds of happy Californians, men and women whose love for their great State is a religion, Robert Frost is the only person I ever met who was born there. That beautiful country is frequently used as a spring-board to heaven; and that I can understand, for the transition is less violent than from some other points of departure. But why so few natives?

Shamelessly I lift the following biographical facts from Miss Amy Lowell's admirable essay on our poet. At the age of ten, the boy was moved to Lawrence, Massachusetts. He went to school, and disliked the experience. He tried Dartmouth and later Harvard, staying a few months at the first and two years at the second. Between these academic experiences he was married. In 1900 he began farming in New Hampshire. In 1911 he taught school, and in 1912 went to England. His first book of poems, *A Boy's Will*, was published at London in 1913. The review in *The Academy* was ecstatic. In 1914 he went to live at Ledbury, where John Masefield was born, and where in the neighbourhood lived W. W. Gibson. His second volume, *North of Boston*, was published at London in 1914. Miss Lowell quotes a sentence, full of insight, from the review in the *Times*. "Poetry burns up out of it, as when

a faint wind breathes upon smouldering embers." In March, 1915, Mr. Frost returned to America, bringing his reputation with him. He bought a farm in New Hampshire among the mountains, and in 1916 appeared his third volume, *Mountain Interval*.

Was there ever a better illustration of the uncritical association of names than the popular coupling of Robert Frost with Edgar Lee Masters? They are similar in one respect; they are both poets. But in the glorious army of poets, it would be difficult to find two contemporaries more wholly unlike both in the spirit and in the form of their work than Mr. Frost and Mr. Masters. Mr. Frost is as far from free verse as he can stretch, as far as Longfellow; and while he sometimes writes in an ironical mood, he never indulges himself in cynicism. As a matter of fact, Mr. Frost is nearer in his art to Mr. Lindsay than to Mr. Masters; for his theory of poetry, which I confess I cannot understand, requires the poet to choose words entirely with reference to their spoken value.

His poetry is more interesting and clearer than his theories about it. I once heard him give a combination reading-lecture, and after he had read some of his poems, all of which are free from obscurity, he began to explain his ideas on how poetry should be written. He did this with charming modesty, but his "explanations" were opaque. After he had continued in this vein for some time, he asked the audience which they would prefer to have him do next—read some more of his poems, or go on talking about poetry? He obtained from his hearers an immediate response, picked up his book, and read in admirable fashion his excel-

lent verse. We judge poets by their poems, not by their theories.

Robert Frost is an out-door poet. Even when he gives a picture of an interior, the people are always looking out of the windows at something or other. In his poems we follow the procession of the seasons, with the emphasis on autumn and winter. One might be surprised at the infrequency of his poems on spring, were it not for the fact that his knowledge of the country is so precise and definite. Spring is more beautiful in the city than in the country; it comes with less alloy. No one has ever drawn a better picture of a country road in the pouring rain, where "the hoof-prints vanish away."

In spite of his preoccupation with the exact value of oral words, he is not a singing lyricist. There is not much *bel canto* in his volumes. Nor do any of his poems seem spontaneous. He is a thoughtful man, given to meditation; the meanest flower or a storm-bedraggled bird will lend him material for poetry. But the expression of his poems does not seem naturally fluid. I suspect he has blotted many a line. He is as deliberate as Thomas Hardy, and cultivates the lapidary style. Even in the conversations frequently introduced into his pieces, he is as economical with words as his characters are with cash. This gives to his work a hardness of outline in keeping with the New England temperament and the New Hampshire climate. There is no doubt that much of his peculiarly effective dramatic power is gained by his extremely careful expenditure of language.

It is, of course, impossible to prescribe boundary lines for a poet, although there are critics who seem to enjoy staking out a poet's claim.

While I have no intention of building futile walls around Mr. Frost's garden, nor erecting a sign with the presumptuous prohibition of trespassing beyond them, it is clear that he has himself chosen to excel in quality of produce rather than in variety and range. In the first poem of the first volume, he concludes as follows:

They would not find me changed from him
they knew—

Only more sure of all I thought was true.

This is certainly a precise statement of the impression made on the reader who studies his three books in chronological order. *A Boy's Will*, as befits a youth who has lived more in himself than in the world, is more introspective than either *North of Boston* or *Mountain Interval*; but this habit of introspection gave him both the method and the insight necessary for the accurate study of nature and neighbours. He discovered what other people were like, simply by looking into his own heart. And in *A Boy's Will* we find that same penetrating examination of rural scenes and common objects that gives to the two succeeding works the final stamp of veracity. I do not remember ever having seen a phrase like the following, though the phrase instantly makes the familiar picture leap into that empty space ever before the reader's eye—that space, which like bare wall-paper, seems to demand a picture on its surface.

*Or highway where the slow wheel
pours the sand.*

It is fortunate that the law of diminishing returns—which every farmer is forced to heed—does not apply to pastoral poets. Out of the same soil Robert Frost has successfully raised three crops of the same

produce. He might reply that in the intervals he has let the ground lie fallow—but my impression is that he is really working it all the time.

The sharp eye of the farmer sees nothing missed by our poet, but the poet has interpretation as well as vision. He not only sees things but sees things in their relations; and he knows that not only is everything related to every other thing, but that all things are related to the eternal mystery, their source and their goal. This is why the yellow primrose is so infinitely more than a yellow primrose. This also explains why the poems of Mr. Frost, after stirring us to glad recognition of their fidelity, leave us in a muse.

His studies of human nature are the purest realism. They are conversations rather than arias, for he uses the speaking, not the singing voice. Poets are always amazing us, and some day Robert Frost may astonish me by writing a romantic ballad. It would surely be a surprise, for with his lack of operatic accomplishment, and his fondness for heroes in homespun, he would seem almost ideally unfitted for the task. This feeling I find strengthened by his poem called *An Equal Sacrifice*, the only one of his pieces where anything like a ballad is attempted, and the only one in all three books which seems to be an undeviating failure. It is as flat as a pancake, and ends with flat moralising. Mr. Frost is particularly unsuccessful at preaching.

No, apart from his nature poems, his studies of men and women are most impressive when they follow the lines of Doric simplicity in the manner of the powerful stage-plays written by Susan Glaspell. The rigidity of the mould seems all the better

fitted for the suppressed passion it contains, just as liquid fire is poured into a vessel with unyielding sides. His two most successful poems of this kind are *Home Burial*, in *North of Boston*, and *Snow*, in *Mountain Interval*. The former is not so much a tragedy as the concentrated essence of tragedy. There is enough pain in it to furnish forth a dozen funerals. It has that centrifugal force which Mr. Calderon so brilliantly suggests as the main characteristic of the dramas of Chekhov. English plays are centripetal; they draw the attention of the audience to the group of characters on the stage; but Chekhov's, says Mr. Calderon, are centrifugal; they throw our regard off from the actors to the whole class of humanity they represent. Just such a remark applies to *Home Burial*; it makes the reader think of the thousands of farmhouses darkened by similar tragedies. Nor is it possible to quote a single separate passage from this poem, for each line is so absolutely necessary to the total effect that one must read every word of it to feel its significance. It is a masterpiece of tragedy. And it is curious, as one continues to think about it, as one so often does on finishing a poem by Robert Frost, that we are led first to contemplate the number of such tragedies, and finally to contemplate a stretch of life of far wider range—the broad, profound difference between a man and a woman. Are there any two creatures on God's earth more unlike? In this poem the man is true to himself, and for that very reason cannot in his honest, simple heart comprehend why he should appear to his own wife as if he were some frightful monster. He is perplexed, amazed,

and finally enraged at the look of loathing in the wide eyes of his own mate. It was a little thing—his innocent remark about a birch fence—that revealed to her that she was living with a stranger. Grief never possesses a man as it does a woman, except when the grief is exclusively concerned with his own bodily business, as when he discovers that he has cancer. To the last day of human life on earth, it will seem incomprehensible to a woman that a man, on the very day of a death in the family, can sit down and eat with gusto a hearty meal. For bodily appetite, which is the first thing to leave a woman, is the last to leave a man; and when it has left every other part of his frame, it sometimes has a repulsive survival in his eyes. The only bridge that can really cross this fathomless chasm between man and woman is the bridge of love.

The dramatic quality of *Snow* is suspense. The object through which the suspense is conveyed to the reader is the telephone, employed with such tragic effect at the Grand Guignol. Mr. Frost's art in colloquial speech has never appeared to better advantage than here, and what a wave of relief when the voice of Meserve is heard! It is like a resurrection.

In order fully to appreciate a poem like *Mending Wall*, one should hear Mr. Frost read it. He reads it with such interpretative skill, with subtle hesitations and pauses for apparent reflection, that the poem grows before the audience even as the wall itself. He hesitates as

though he had a word in his hands, and was thinking what would be exactly the best place to deposit it—even as the farmer holds a stone before adding it to the structure. For this poem is not written, it is built. It is built of separate words, and like the wall it describes, it takes two to build it, the author and the reader. When the last line is reached, the poem is finished.

Nearly every page in the poetry of Robert Frost gives us the pleasure of recognition. He is not only sincere, he is truthful—by which I mean that he not only wishes to tell the truth, but succeeds in doing so. This is the fundamental element in his work, and will, I believe, give it permanence.

GOOD HOURS

I had for my winter evening walk—
No one at all with whom to talk,
But I had the cottages in a row
Up to their shining eyes in snow.

And I thought I had the folk within:
I had the sound of a violin;
I had a glimpse through curtain laces
Of youthful forms and youthful faces.

I had such company outward bound.
I went till there were no cottages found.
I turned and repented, but coming back
I saw no window but that was black.

Over the snow my creaking feet
Disturbed the slumbering village street
Like profanation, by your leave,
At ten o'clock of a winter eve.

A poem like that gives not only the pleasure of recognition; it has an indescribable charm. It is the charm when joy fades, not into sorrow, but into a deep, abiding peace.

Professor Phelps's next essay will discuss the work of Amy Lowell, Edgar Lee Masters, Louis Untermeyer, Conrad Aiken.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

BOOTH TARKINGTON has achieved the fame of having a book written about him. It is a good book, too, and interesting even if, unimagined as it

Booth
Tarkington:
A Biography

seems, one is not particularly interested in Mr. Tarkington, because the author has a point of view that in itself is interesting and somewhat unusual in the criticism of living authors. Mr. Tarkington is considered "with an effort at honesty and intelligence" that contrasts with the "flood of 'blurb' tales about living authors, as florid and as empty as the gift book," and, asks the author, "Has he (Tarkington) got any justification for being around these days and for going on? Are you making a decent use of your time in reading him? Ought all his early books to be scrapped? And how, exactly, did he come about, anyhow?" Mr. Robert C. Holiday, who is responsible for this biography, *Booth Tarkington*, makes out a strong case for his client and we leave the book well convinced that Tarkington is quite a desirable citizen. Holiday used to review books for the *New York Times*, and of his reviews it was said that he seldom mentioned either the book under discussion or its author—that he just wrote. This deft criticism, however, would not apply to his book, for with all his interesting excursions into the evolution of the novel and the allusions to the famous stories of the past decade or two, he always reverts to Tarkington as an illustration of his theme.

It is as the protagonist of the boy that we are most likely to think of

The Boy
of Him

Tarkington to-day,
for his *Penrod* and
Penrod and Sam
are fresher in our

minds than even *Monsieur Beaucaire*. And Mr. Holiday is best in his description of this phase of Tarkington's work; let us quote from his book:

Mr. Tarkington's interpretation of the creature, boy, has a weird quality; and, one has an uncanny feeling, his studies in boy psychology call for some sort of a pathological explanation. In effect his analysis of the utterly mad workings of the boy's mind and the throbbing of his inflamed nerves is as if a boy himself had suddenly become endowed with the faculty of thinking it out aloud. That is, the author's interpretation of the boy, moving about in what is to him the cataclysm of life, does not so much seem to be the work of a mind observing him from without, as it appears to be a voice from within explaining the matter, the voice of a boy uniquely gifted with the power of self-analysis. It is as if the author had a device in his head like the plumbing giving hot and cold water to a bath-tub, and as if he could at will turn off the stream of mature thinking and turn on the boy thinking. And to recapture the sensations of twelve or of seventeen is exactly what the normal adult mind cannot do. Mr. Tarkington's earlier books might have been produced by any brilliant young writer had he happened to possess this particular author's personality, but for the production of his boy stories something else was required, something for which I really know no other name than genius, though that is a deuce of a word to have to use. However, to talk you have to use what words we have. And a genius, according to the most modern theories, bears a relationship to the so-called trance medium: he goes into a sort of trance, and produces work which no other person can produce by the

mere application of skill and labour. The author of Penrod and William Baxter certainly is not as other men; he commands some occult power. And the joke of this mystery is that Mr. Tarkington says boy stories are the "easiest" things to write there are. He can "do any of them" in a day and a half. And he thinks that "anybody could do it."

...

Christopher Morley's guest-room shelf continues to stir the interest (and ire) of our readers and, as the old Latin poet hath it, gives some of them furiously to think. Mr. Morley's guest-room is apparently adapted solely to the needs of his male friends—or is it that his women visitors are of the kind that do not read?—and his friends to qualify as visitors must have the habit of reading in bed by the soft light of a reading lamp. Mr. Morley's list comprised thirty volumes among which he was tactful enough to include the *Bible* as the thirtieth title. Last month we printed a list from Mr. Harold Crawford Stearns—in this list the *Bible* came in a poor fourth from the end. This month we have so many valuable contributions that it is with real regret that space compels the omission, at least for this month, of a few of the lists. We are printing, however, three of the letters illustrative of quite different ideals of a guest-room shelf; we especially recommend the list from the "Two Old Maids"—we confess we rather like the Two Old Maids. The letters follow:

DEAR CHRONICLER AND COMMENTATOR:

I, for one, don't yearn to sleep in Christopher Morley's guest-room!

I don't feel that his selection of bedside books is in any way representative of US, the reading-bunch-in-bed, for he selects books that one wants to read when wide

awake on a cold afternoon before the fire, or in a hammock under trees in warm weather.

Reading in bed, or at bedtime, seems to me like the intense desire to eat candy one experiences immediately after church service, a sort of reactive indulgence, a kind of "now-I-can-do-as-I-please-for-the-rest-of-the-night" feeling. Habitual readers in bed must of necessity, I think, abstain from definitely "beginning a new book" in the sense that one settles to it on a free afternoon, if they did not they would never sleep and therefore could not live.

Therefore, my guest-room, if I possessed one, would hold the following books for the following reasons:

David Penstephen (Richard Pryce). Because any and every chapter in it induces more or less pleasant reminiscences of childhood that are conducive to quiet sleep.

Robinson Crusoe. Because every page reminds the reader that where there's a will there's a way.

The Rubaiyat. Because every man and most women sometime at night want to feel as happy-go-lucky and sentimental as Omar.

The Caravanners (Lady Russell). Because its opinion of the average German husband is thoroughly satisfactory to us!

The Twilight of the Gods (Lafcadio Hearn). Because it is exquisitely written and therefore is soothing.

Dr. Nikola. Because he always comes out safely and his affairs can be settled before one sleeps.

The Golden Butterfly (Besant and Rice). Because it is refreshing and never out of date.

Love and Mr. Lewisham (H. G. Wells). Because most people like to remember Wells could be so humanly amusing, and familiar.

Many Cargoes (W. W. Jacobs). Because it is so funny.

Table Talk (Boswell on Johnson). Because it is so illuminating.

The Letters of Mark Twain. Because they ought to be read anyhow.

Holy Dying (Jeremy Taylor). Because it is one of the most really ironically humorous books ever written.

My Friend Prospero (Henry Harland). Because it is light and amusing.

Books and Persons (Arnold Bennett). Because it is intensely interesting to anyone who reads anything.

Man and Superman (G. B. Shaw). Be-

cause its arguments are utterly irrefutable and every line is witty.

The Irrational Knot (Shaw). Because it reorganises feminine minds and comforts masculine.

The Bible. Because some one might read it and become a poet.

Hymns—Ancient and Modern. Because everyone at some time wants to remember "the second verse" when in bed.

Indian Love Songs (Laurence Hope). Because when anyone wants poetry at bed time they want it pretty strong.

Barnaby Rudge (Dickens). Because someone will be certain to want to find out the name of his raven and read again of rivers of whiskey alight in the street.

Michael, or Sinister Street (Compton Mackenzie). Because it is a first-rate story.

Lavengro (George Borrow). Because all serious readers love it.

John Masefield's Poems. Because it is good to sleep with the air blowing over one.

South Sea Bubbles (Henry Kingsley and Earl Pembroke). Because no one else would be likely to have it, as it is long out of print.

Short Stories of Tragedy and Comedy (De Maupassant). Because they are short and vivid.

Voyage autour de mon jardin (?). Because it teaches a reader not to hate even spiders on the coverlet.

Grimm's Fairy Tales. Because everyone likes to pretend once again, at intervals.

Ghosts (William De Morgan). Because no matter where you begin or stop you can read a few pages and love it.

The Success of Mark Wyngate (Una Silberrad). For its pure humour.

The Golden Treasury (Francis Palgrave). Absolutely essential to anyone who reads.

Poems of the Great War (Cunliffe Selection). Because on the verge of sleep we need to take only the beauty and the pathos out of the great daily stress and pain.

This is my hasty, first-thought list. It is compiled, as Morley's was, for men chiefly, but would suit most women who read at night in bed.

Needless to add I should occupy my guest-room myself whenever polite and reasonable!

D. M. T. WILLIS.

...

EDITOR OF "THE BOOKMAN":

I once knew a man who found it very hard to save money, and whose ambition it was to have a house of his own some

day. Whenever he succeeded in saving a dollar, he used to ink in five bricks on the front elevation of his house plan. It is my ambition some day to have a guest-room, and you tempt me to set my first five bricks in place by selecting its bookshelf. As this is the most practical and most easily realised part of my ambition, here is my heretical selection: *Canterbury Tales*. Scott, *Journal*. Brown, *Horæ Subsecivæ*. Howell, *Familiar Letters*. Guiney, *Patrim.* Herodotus. Blackwood, *The Centaur*. Claudel, *The Annunciation to Mary*. Leith, *Sirenica*. Patmore, *Religio Poetæ*. Branch, *Heart of the Wind*. Trevena, *Matrimony*. Lamb, *Letters*. Borrow, *Bible in Spain*. Corkery, *A Munster Twilight*. Thomas, *Rest and Unrest*. Hudson, *Green Mansions*. O'Brien, *The Whale and the Grasshopper*. De La Mare, *The Listeners*. Apuleius, *Cupid and Psyche*. (Adlington's translation.) *Alice in Wonderland*. Gogol, *Dead Souls*. *Bhagavad-Ghita*. Traherne's *Poems*. Plato, *Phædrus*. Euripides, *Iphigenia in Tauris*. (Gilbert Murray's translation.) Cowper, *Letters*. Synge, *Playboy of the Western World*. Gil Blas. Meredith, *Ordeal of Richard Feverel*. Pepys. De Retz, *Memoirs*. Burney, *Evelina*. Trollope, *Barchester Towers*. Cellini, *Memoirs*. *The Three Musketeers*. Gillis, *The Cape Breton Giant*.

EDWARD J. O'BRIEN.

South Yarmouth, Mass.
March 8, 1918.

...

EDITOR OF "THE BOOKMAN":

Interesting as we found the guest-room book lists of the two men, we beg to submit a rather different list for women guests who read in bed. We can only hope the men will not feel sorry for our guests.

Here is the list: *the Bible*; Maeterlinck's *Treasure of the Humble*, and *The Blue Bird*; Jacobs's *Many Cargoos*; Kipling's *Day's Work*; *The Trimmed Lamp*, by O. Henry; *Poems of Alfred Noyes*; *Twenty Years at Hull House*, by Jane Addams; Crothers's *Gentle Reader*; Walpole's *Fortitude*; Leacock's *Literary Lapses*; Stevenson's *Virginibus et Puerisque*; *The Open Road*, by E. V. Lucas; Edna Ferber's *Personality Plus*; *The Gardener*, by Tagore; Van Dyke's *Blue Flower*; *The Great Tradition and Other Stories*, by K. F. Gerould; the Carlyle *Letters*; Tarkington's *Penrod*, and *Monsieur Beaucaire*; Marcus Aurelius's *Thoughts*; Gibson's *Journal of Our Legation in Belgium*; *Friendship*, by Hugh

Black; *The Forest Lovers*, by Hewlett; Cram's *Substance of Gothic*; Lady Mary Montagu's *Letters*; Doyle's *Hound of the Baskervilles*; Barrie's *Sentimental Tommy*; Braithwaite's *Book of Elizabethan Verse*; Conrad's *Chance*; and the 1917 BOOKMAN.

TWO OLD MAIDS.

New York City,
March 1, 1918.

...

Le Rire of Paris is to France what *Punch* is to England and *Life* to the United States.

The All-Highest Goes to Jerusalem Soon after the Emperor of Germany's journey to Constantinople and the Holy Land, nearly twenty years ago, the whole French nation was convulsed over an issue of *Le Rire* which purported to reveal the private travel notes of the Kaiser on what he termed his divine mission. The explanations upon the title page of *Le Rire*, as originally published, were as follows:

TOUR OF WILLIAM THE II—15 DAYS IN TURKEY, PALESTINE, JERUSALEM AND THE HOLY LAND.

In view of the demand of the itinerary only a single performance will be given in each locality.

Soldiers will be admitted for half price.

THIS NUMBER IS PROHIBITED IN GERMANY.

...

As France and Germany were at this time theoretically at peace, a mild attempt was

Leading a Cook's Tour

made by the French Government to suppress the issue; but everyone secured a copy and the laugh was general at the Kaiser's expense. The witty author wrote with a prophetic vision. He might well have written yesterday. We now see the fruits of His Majesty's intrigue with the Sultan and his pompous entrance into the Holy Land. The taking of Jerusalem by British

forces has a significance for the Christian world which can hardly be overestimated, and at this juncture the publication of a translation of this shrewd and delightful *jeu d'esprit* is particularly opportune. The French satirist beholds the August One leading a Cook's tour, and nothing more delicious has ever been printed about the German Emperor and his weakness for occupying the centre of the stage and living in the spotlight. Thus the jest begins:

Le Rire offers to its readers to-day the impressions of this trip to the Orient of Emperor William II; these impressions were written by the august traveller himself. This is how we procured them; the Emperor wrote every evening the recital of the day's events upon the leaves of a little note-book which never left him. On retiring at night William II placed this note-book under his bolster; on rising he placed it (the note-book, not the bolster, let it be understood) in the left pocket of his coat.

Wednesday, at the moment when the Emperor had just fallen asleep one of our men stole the note-book and brought it away. In less time than it takes to tell it we photographed the written pages which we here transcribe; and, a few moments afterward, the secret document was replaced under the head of the sleeping Sovereign. One sees how simple it was! Only the matter had to be thought out.

We have accomplished the greatest stroke of reporting that has been seen for a long time.

The first entry in the Diary is:

"October 15. I have always loved to travel; in spite of the fact that one is an Emperor, it teaches you many things of which you are ignorant. The Orient especially attracts me and I would like to lead there a peaceful crusade; all the Sovereigns of any consequence have gone there from their journey into Asia Minor.

"It is not that I profess great sympathy for the Christians of Syria. I hold them, if I dare to say so, in slight esteem. But the mission which I have received from the King of Kings leads me to the banks of the Jordan; and then Pierre Loti asserts that it is necessary to see the Jordan; now I

have confidence in Pierre Loti, who was a soldier."

On October 18 the Tour began. The Emperor wrote: "I gave the signal for departure myself by blowing into a little order-trumpet. The train starts. I climb

"October 31. I announced a trip to Bethlehem to be followed by a sermon in my own style. I do not know but that that was a mistake, as no one followed me.

"It is from Bethlehem that the custom came of placing shoes in the chimney Christ-



ESCORT OF HONOUR SUPPLIED BY THE SULTAN TO THE KAISER

aboard and install myself in the compartment for *Sovereigns only*.

"I take out this note-book in order to write my impressions.

"What do I feel?

"Nothing."

The Emperor was disappointed in Venice. He recorded:

"Humberto kisses me. I return it, and this will do for a few years. When they see me here again it will be hot.

"I gain the *Hohenzollern* and they raise the anchor.

"October 20. At sea, on board the ——— yes, I have already said that.

"What do I feel?

"Always nothing!

"This absence of impressions begins to disturb me.

"October 21. I am not well.

"October 24. As I awakened, the Sultan sent me the brevet of Corporal of Turkish Infantry. By chance, I had brought the costume; I put it on; Abdul informs me that they are going to have a review in my honour. At last I shall have some distraction.

"Four o'clock. I return; the review did not satisfy me; the men manoeuvred like firemen."

From Turkey the Emperor proceeded to the Holy Land:

mas eve; it must be a curious custom, as there are no chimneys and no shoes to speak of.

"I asked to see the famous stable; they showed it to me, or rather the first one at hand. For want of preservation the veritable stable has disappeared. Always the lack of organisation."

Frank Alvah Dearborn is the translator of the Diary.

...

The ordinary reading list is anything but interesting; but the Pa-

triotism book recently compiled by Miss Annie Carroll

Moore, supervisor of the work with children in the New York Public Library, is a notable exception. A little book of sixty pages, it shows how the idea and ideals of freedom and justice and liberty, handed down to us through the centuries, are influencing our lives to-day. To boys and girls of high-school age, for whom it was originally planned, and to their

elders it is alike alluring. It attracts the immigrant child, who finds the liberty for which his father or grandfather struggled one and the same with the liberty making the background of his new home. And to the American child, American of many generations, who thinks of all history as dating from 1776, and that date meaning only "the time we licked the British," is suggested a new viewpoint, connecting our own history with Europe's and counteracting the harm done by the school-books' isolation of America, by grouping Pitt with Webster and Wendell Phillips, and giving a Washington quotation from Thackeray.

...

Besides the winning of freedom for the various nations, the list suggests abundant reading on the individual fighters for freedom—ancient and modern—of many lands. But the ideals for which they fought are eternal verities, identical in every age. Glance at the quotations and see how, with scarcely a word changed, they apply to-day—Judas Maccabeus and Marshal Joffre, Pershing and William Wallace, David and Achilles, Manzoni linking up with Mr. Britling, Wolfe with the Anzacs. The list includes also reading about the flag, patriotic plays, the songs of the nations and their epics—listed here not so much as literature as living history; poetry, letters and journals from the front; and addresses showing how President Wilson and Viviani are reviving the literature of oratory. Work out for yourself the significance of the space given to Germany—just two references, the result of days of research work. Notice, too, that they both

refer to Germans who lived in America—Schurz's volume on Lincoln, and Root's address on the author of our Civil War military code.

...

Not by chance were these pages made so attractive to the eye. Really

it is most "unlibrarian," with its varying arrangement of the books,

if that word means only painstakingly tabulated work. Wherever you open it, the list is attractive, the generously used quotations stimulating your mind, like colour on a poster. Not by chance are there so many references which are only a chapter, only ten or twenty pages—short cuts to thoroughly readable history and dramatic biography. Here are brought together, in a beautiful chain, the nations and the heroes associated with freedom through the ages. They are like beads of many colours, strung on the golden thread of patriotism. The New York Public Library will send a copy of this patriotism list for ten cents, to cover the cost of printing and postage; in quantity the charge is four dollars a hundred. THE BOOKMAN will gladly forward orders.

...

There has recently turned up in England, from goodness knows

where, a singular and hilarious contraption which seems immediately

to have become there a kind of national enjoyment, like Bank Holiday. This is called *The Book of Artemas* (just issued in this country); and a popular sport on the other side appears to be to try to guess who wrote it. The book went



THE LONDON "BOOKMAN" PRESENTS THESE FEATURES AS THOSE OF THE AUTHOR OF "THE BOOK OF ARTEMAS"

to twenty-eight editions in a few months, and was variously ascribed to G. K. Chesterton, J. M. Barrie, Hilaire Belloc, Bernard Shaw, and others of the most piquant and distinguished of writers.

"Artemas" relieves the tension everyone feels in his perplexity as to whether the war is being well conducted, by hitting off all the absurdities brought about by the war. Conscientious objectors, prohibitionists, politicians, journalists, munition workers, meatless days, lightless nights, and all that kind of thing figures in the satire. In England the papers are full of the book, and its quips have become catchwords of the day. *Punch* has got many a jest out of the book. And England is still kept guessing. The book is most humorously written, and printed, in the biblical style. A por-

tion of the part directly concerning America follows:

CHAPTER XV

1 *Concerning the land of Amer.* 4 *And the ruler thereof.* 11 *Certain men of Amer are slain.* 12 *Wudro, the son of Wyl, writeth an epistle.* 26 *He writeth again.* 27 *He writeth many times.* 28 *Certain men do question him.* 38 *He revealeth himself.*

Now the land of Amer was at the other side of the sea *that is* Atlantic, and it *was* many days' sail in a ship from the island of En.

2 And the bounds of that land were set far apart, and the people that did live there were more numerous than the waves of all the seas.

3 And it was a fertile land of extreme fruitfulness, and the earth *underneath* it yielded precious metals in abundance. And the people were for ever extolling its greatness *amongst* the nations of the earth.

4 ¶ Now the ruler of the land of Amer was a certain man and his name was Wudro, the son of Wyl; and it happened in *this wise*.

5 Whilst Wudro, the son of Wyl, was tending his flock of young men in the pasture *that is* knowledge, and after he had taught them how they should go and what things they should know,

6 Behold, the men of Amer came unto him, saying, We have chosen thee for to rule over us; and we have *brought* thee an high hat for to wear as the badge of thine office; and the size of the hat, *it is* six and seven-eighths.

7 And because he knew not what he was letting himself *in for*, he gave way to their importuning, and did put on the high hat, the *size* whereof was six and seven-eighths.

8 And it came to pass that when the men of En fought against the men of Hu, they did send messengers unto the land of Amer for to buy them munitions for the war. And they took *with them* gold in great quantity wherewith to satisfy the merchants that did sell unto them. Therefore did the land of Amer prosper exceedingly.

9 Now when the men of Hu found out that *there was* peril in the enterprise, they forbore to send out vessels of war for to fight; in place thereof, they did send them out for to murder those that *were* peaceful and did *sail* the seas without any weapon *wherewith* to defend themselves. . . .

CHAPTER XVI

1 Wudro delivereth a warning. 5 Willi seeketh advice. 9 And taketh it. 10 Wudro acteth according to his word. 11 Whereat Willi is amazed. 13 He speaketh boastfully. 17 Wudro setteth about the matter. 22 He frighteneth Willi. 23 Who perceiveth the blessings of peace.

Now the longest rope, *it hath* an end. Wherefore it came to pass *in time* that Wudro, the son of Wyl, did send unto Willi, that was the King of the Hu, and he said unto him,

2 Such things and such things hast thou done, *all these* being against thy plighted word; and thine iniquity, it hath tormented me for a long *time* past. Now, therefore, hearken unto me, and pay attention:

3 Because I am a man of peace, therefore have I borne with thee long *enough*; and I am become sick unto death *with* thy carryings on. And the blood of my murdered people, it crieth out for retribution.

4 Take heed, *therefore*, and mend the evil of thy ways, for, *on the* next occasion, assuredly shalt thou rue the day.

5 And when Willi had heard *these* things that Wudro, the son of Wyl, did say unto him, he sent in haste unto his chief captains, and he did commune *with them*.

6 And he questioned them closely concerning the words of Wudro. And he said unto them, Think ye that this man, he meaneth *anything*?

7 And they made answer unto him, saying, Be of good cheer and heed him not, for he is a man that acteth only *according* to his advantage. And to make war, it would advantage him nothing. For the land of Amer, it prospereth exceedingly; and the miller turneth not away *that stream* which worketh his wheel.

8 Also he liveth afar off and his servants, *they are* unready. Verily, the threats of such an one, they be full of emptiness; and whatsoever he sayeth, that hath he *also* said before. *Nevertheless*, we will smite him *because* of it when the time is ripe.

9 And after Willi had heard all the things that the captains of his host did say unto him, his heart was rejoiced *within* him, and he said unto them, Assuredly are ye men after mine own understanding. Let us, therefore, *see about* it. And they did *see about* it.

. . .

Readers of *The First Hundred Thousand* and *All In It*, who have

heard Major Ian Hay's Lecture Returns

on the war will be interested to know that during 1916 and 1917 Major Beith delivered more than one hundred and seventy-five addresses throughout the United States. For ninety-one of these addresses he received a fee which enabled him to give the remaining eighty-four gratuitously to training camps, workingmen's clubs, and other organisations. After paying personal expenses, hire of buildings, royalty on films, and advertising, Major Beith was enabled to hand over to various war relief societies, such as the American and British Red Cross, and certain British regimental benevolent funds, the sum of eight thousand six hundred and sixty-



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THE BUST OF PRESIDENT WILSON, BY THE AMERICAN SCULPTOR, JO DAVIDSON, EXHIBITED RECENTLY BY THE "ALLIED SCULPTORS" AT THE RITZ-CARLTON IN NEW YORK. MR. WILSON POSED FOR A WHILE EVERY DAY FOR TWO WEEKS AT THE WHITE HOUSE, AND THE SCULPTOR, MR. DAVIDSON, SAYS THAT THE PRESIDENT'S MOBILE FACE SEEMED TO PRESENT A DIFFERENT ASPECT EVERY DAY. OBSERVE THE LIGHTING EFFECTS OBTAINED IN THIS EXCEPTIONALLY FINE PHOTOGRAPH

seven dollars. This sum represents Major Beith's personal contribution, and does not include sums raised by public meetings in aid of various war charities at which he happened to be the speaker, or one of the speakers, of the evening. Major Beith receives no allowance or travelling expenses of any kind from the British Government.

...

The women of America have mobilised for war service so swiftly, so

effectually, and in such large numbers, that although Ida Clyde

Clarke's interesting
Women in War and inspiring
 Work *American Women*
and the World War

is a thick volume, she has been obliged to relate the history of their efforts with the utmost conciseness. For, despite the fact that their work is being extended so rapidly that new fields of labour are literally being ploughed and reaped over-night, so

much has already been accomplished that a detailed account of it would fill a good-sized library. Mrs. Clarke devotes a large portion of her book to the activities of the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defence, a brief account of which was published in the January BOOKMAN in an article by Miss Louise Maunsell Field. The work of the Red Cross, the National League for Woman's Service, the state organisations, the numerous relief organisations, and last but by no means least, of those associations which existed before the war, and have added war service to their other duties, is here clearly outlined. And while the author has limited herself to direct war service, saying nothing about that work which releases men for the Front, she has provided an excellent reference book for the many



MAJOR STEWART EDWARD WHITE, WHOSE "SIMBA" HAS JUST BEEN PUBLISHED

women who want to know how they can best "do their bit"—and something more—as well as put into convenient form a record of which all Americans may well be proud.

...

"John Ayscough" is the pen name of Right Rev. Mgr. Francis Bickerstaffe-Drew, K.H.S.

"John Ayscough" He was born in Cork, Ireland, in 1858, the son of an

Anglican minister, and was converted to the Catholic Faith in 1878, was ordained a priest in 1884, was made a Domestic Prelate and Protonotary Apostolic and decorated with the Cross Pro Ecclesiæ et Pontifice by Pius X. Before the war he was senior chaplain at Plymouth, England, but is now at the front. His novels *San Celestino* and *Faustula* are especially well known. A new book from his able pen, under the title *The Tideway*, has just been announced for publication this month.

...

The whereabouts of Catherine Breshkovsky, the "Little Grandmother of the Russian Revolution," is

Madame Breshkovsky in Hiding a matter of deep concern to her many American friends. Her American biographer, Alice Stone Blackwell (her book is *The Little Grandmother of the Russian Revolution*), says:

Madame Breshkovsky, as we know, represented the pro-war Socialists, and was in full sympathy with Kerensky. I therefore supposed that the cablegram announcing her arrest by the Bolsheviki might be true. But Miss Lillian D. Wald, of the Henry Street Settlement, New York, informs me that Madame Breshkovsky's friends say that she is now in hiding, but that she has not been arrested.



DR. DOROTHY SCARBOROUGH, THE "KEEPER OF PET GHOSTS," WHO CONTRIBUTES "WAR AND THE SUPERNATURAL IN CURRENT LITERATURE" IN THIS ISSUE OF "THE BOOKMAN." A BRIEF SKETCH OF DR. SCARBOROUGH IS GIVEN IN "BOOKMAN BREVITIES"

"The latest direct news that I have had from Madame Breshkovsky was a post card received about a fortnight ago. It had come by way of Japan, and had taken a long while to get here. It was dated October 12, 1917, and was written from her special car somewhere near Moscow. She said that she was again *en route*, and that she liked it much better than 'sitting in Petrograd, with many troubles and few sane people.'"

...

The fourth holiday season of the war has, it is reported from London, been marked there by a great increase in the book trade.

The general opinion among English publishers for some time, it seems, has been that the taste for fiction is diminishing to some extent, but that the taste for

war books, books dealing with politics and policies before the war, international relations, the history and modern conditions of European nations and the United States, and memoirs of famous men and women are growing in popularity. In short, literary taste appears to be turning to the serious side. This opinion is borne out by the statement of the manager of one of the largest book shops in London, who told an American journalist they had never had such sales as they have had this Christmas, but serious books rather than the lighter novels were in greatest demand, and of these books pertaining to the war had first place. The list he displayed contained one hundred and fifty-five such volumes, and out of these he selected *My Four Years in Germany*, by ex-Ambassador Gerard, as the first among the three best sellers.



ROBERT C. HOLLIDAY, WHO SAYS IN HIS BOOK, "BOOTH TARKINGTON," THAT THE AUTHOR OF PENROD AND WILLIAM BAXTER "CERTAINLY IS NOT AS OTHER MEN; HE COMMANDS SOME OCCULT POWER"

Miss Jessie B. Rittenhouse's new book—her first book of poetry—is reviewed elsewhere in this issue by Miss Clement Wood, and we take especial pleasure in calling it to the attention of our readers. Mr. Wood has



MISS JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE, SECRETARY OF THE POETRY SOCIETY OF AMERICA, WHOSE "THE DOOR OF DREAMS" IS REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE BY CLEMENT WOOD. MISS RITTENHOUSE CONDUCTS THE DEPARTMENT OF NEWS AND REVIEWS OF POETRY REGULARLY IN "THE BOOKMAN"

quoted freely, so that in addition to his able estimate we can gain for ourselves some little idea of the beautiful talent for original work possessed by this critic. It is better still, of course, to get her book, *The Door of Dreams*, and read it all. Her poems are of a rare and charming delicacy that suggest a peaceful summer afternoon out on the hills—a respite from the oppression and cares of this worst period in man's history. Consider her *Release*:

What can you care, forgetful Time,
Who drop all sweet things by the way,
How long this voice within my heart
Should call to me, and stay?

So loose me, Time, and let me go,
No longer to old dreams a thrall—
Yet with what dream shall I replace
That sweetest dream of all?

• • •

Miss Rittenhouse has spent freely of her time and energy for the cause of poetry in this country. It has been nearly a decade since her charming book of appreciative essays, *The Younger American Poets*, was published, and since then she has edited two little anthologies, *The Little Book of Modern Verse* and *The Little Book of American Poets*; and it is noteworthy that her first volume, the essays, has been used at the Sorbonne and even as far afield as the University of Tokio. Miss Rittenhouse is the Secretary of the Poetry Society of America and lectures throughout the country on modern poetry. For several months her department of news and *critiques* of the poetry world has been appearing regularly in *THE BOOKMAN*.

• • •

American reviewers have been suspected by their foreign brethren of an undue fondness for superlatives. In the face of this, we commit ourselves to the statement that the Hearn sale of foreign and American paintings, conducted and concluded in New York during the week of February the twenty-fifth, was an event of incalculable significance to the art of this country. It fulfilled in a sensational and unmistakable manner the beliefs and expectations of that small minority of persons who have consistently advertised and advocated the merits of American painting.

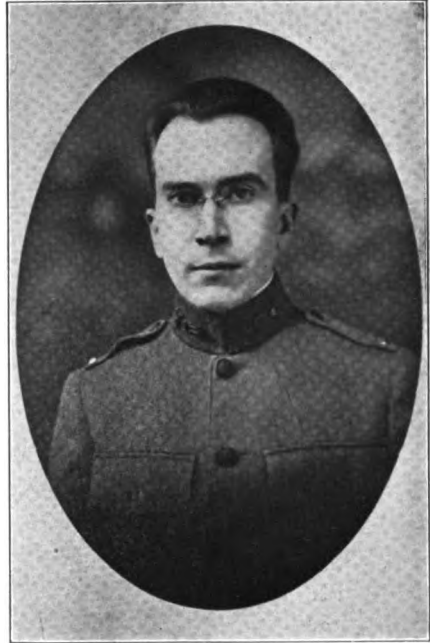
The salient feature of the sale was the prices brought by American pictures. As against the thirty-eight thousand dollars paid for Gainsborough's *Blue Boy*, the twenty thousand five hundred dollars paid for a Turner, and the eight thousand two hundred dollars paid for Daubigny's *On the Oise*, we have the thirty thousand eight hundred dollars paid for Inness's *Wood Gatherers*, the twenty-one thousand five hundred dollars paid for Wyant's *In the Adirondacks*, the seventeen thousand five hundred dollars paid for a Blakelock, and the fifteen thousand six hundred dollars paid for a Murphy by Ex-Senator W. A. Clark. The sum-total of the impression conveyed would seem to indicate, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that American painting is the dominant issue in the art world of this country to-day.

...

Readers of **THE BOOKMAN** may recall that this fact has been repeatedly emphasized in these pages

A National Art

Mr. Charles L. Buchanan. In our attempts to discriminate between trends that are valid and legitimate, and trends that are transient and fictitious, we have been suspected, no doubt, of a somewhat inordinate conservatism. In our immediate time of precipitant and preposterous affectations, a tenacious adherence to what the superficial may call academic standards is, paradoxically enough, the one authentic manifestation of progress. As it happens, our "conservatism" has consisted merely of a recognition of certain concrete, demonstrable actualities. We have observed and recorded the significant and inescapable fact that the Ameri-



LIEUTENANT GLENN WARD DRESBACH, THE AUTHOR OF THE POEM "WHEN SPRING COMES BACK" IN THIS ISSUE. LIEUTENANT DRESBACH HAS CONTRIBUTED A NUMBER OF POEMS TO "THE BOOKMAN." A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF HIM WILL BE FOUND IN "BOOKMAN BREVITIES"

can public is buying American painting. By American painting we do not mean the kind of painting our "cognoscenti" would urge upon us (which is to say the kind of painting one sees in Greenwich Village or on view at the MacDowell Club or at "Independent" exhibitions or reproduced in *Vanity Fair*.) No, we mean the kind of painting that has grown out of the heart and soul of this country, the kind that includes such names as Inness, Homer, Murphy, and so on. At a time when our "advanced" gentlemen of the press are agreed that there is no such thing as an American art, we find houses of fundamentally foreign affiliations like Knoedler and Company and Scott and Fowles competing with each other in the auction

room for the possession of American pictures. Perhaps it is no longer permissible for the reviewer that would avoid facile banalities to recall the monstrous amount of obtuseness and superficiality that has opposed a clear proclamation and an equitable estimate of this subject. When at some future time a competent and comprehensive history of American painting shall be written, wonder will no doubt be expressed at the lack of perception displayed by those critics of our own time that were not only incapable of seeing and responding to sublimities of vision and integrities of purpose in our painting, but were, moreover, incapable of perceiving the dominant trend of the art of their country and the authentic gist of its development.

...

So much of the field of art criticism has been invaded by the Jungle, with its tropical exuberance of personality and its atmosphere of tense struggle for existence between the artists who have been caught in its verbiage, that it is pleasant to come on such a cool, clear spring of interpretation as Mr. Frederic Fairchild Sherman's *Landscape and Figure Painters of America*. A comment of his on the spirit of modern painting would, with the change of a word or two, serve as a description of his own ideal of criticism: "There is a lot of feeling in contemporary landscape art, but too much of it is personal feeling and not enough the feeling, the sentiment, the mood of Nature herself." He does not adventure forth like a lion-hunter among masterpieces, but more as a sympathetic naturalist; and he is even inclined to neglect the masterpieces altogether for the work of solitary,

serious, somewhat epic souls, like Homer Martin, Albert Ryder, and Elliott Daingerfield, whom the everyday world is apt to slight. The shadow of a somberer world which falls across his appreciation of Miss Lillian Genth's lyrics to sunshine and youth is equally symbolic of his turn of mind: "The tragedy of bent forms and misshapen bodies, the endless drama of the human face, has, as yet, no representation in her work." It is a book for those who care more for art than for criticism, and more for life than for art.

...

Edward J. O'Brien's book of *The Best Short Stories of 1917* has just been issued, and in putting it out Mr. O'Brien says: "I deny that the

American short story is at a low ebb, and I offer the present review as a revelation of the best that is now being done in this field. I agree that the best stories are only to be found after a laborious, dusty search, but this is the proof rather than the refutation of my position. I am not at all interested in formulæ, and organised criticism at its best would be nothing more than dead criticism. What has interested me, to the exclusion of other things, is the fresh, living current of life which flows through the best of our work, and the psychological and imaginative reality that our writers have conferred upon it. During the past year I have sought to select from the stories published in American magazines those which have rendered life imaginatively in organic and artistic form."

In this number of *THE BOOKMAN* Mr. O'Brien makes a discussion of the volumes of short stories that have come from the publishers so far

More for Art
Than for
Criticism

this season; and there will begin in the May BOOKMAN a department of "War Echoes," to be conducted by Mr. O'Brien, as announced in these columns last month.



The Champlain Studios, N. Y.

RICHARDSON WRIGHT, AUTHOR OF "LETTERS TO THE MOTHER OF A SOLDIER"—A MANUAL OF ARMS FOR AMERICAN MOTHERS—EDITOR OF "HOUSE AND GARDEN," AND CHIEF SURGEON OF THE SMALL FRY, A LUNCHEON CLUB OF YOUNGER PUBLISHERS, AUTHORS AND EDITORS

Richardson Wright, editor of *House and Garden*, and author of two important works on Russia, is of the opinion that there are two trenches the Allies must hold if the Kaiser is to be vanquished. "One," says Mr. Wright, "runs through France, the other cuts through the hearts of the mothers back home." It is to help the mothers of soldiers hold the "home trench" that Mr. Wright has written his new volume, *Letters to the Mother of a Soldier*. It is a war manual for mothers, going straight to the bottom of the

doubts and fears which are apt to do as deadly work at home as the gas bombs and bullets do at the front.

...

Miss Carolyn Wells, author of a round hundred books, whose latest volumes, *Faulkner's Folly*, a mystery story for adults—likely to be much

enjoyed by younger readers, and *Doris of Dobb's Ferry*, a mystery story for the young—enticing enough for the more mature, were recently published, has let it be known that about the Easter holidays she is to marry Mr. Hadwin Houghton, of New York City. The engagement has just been announced.

...

Mr. Franklin P. Adams, the "F. P. A." gentleman who for so long was the faithful typographical critic of THE BOOK-

MAN and who incidentally conducted a "Conning Tower" in the *New York Tribune*, is now a captain in the army and will sail sometime for somewhere in France to conduct a new "Conning Tower" for the soldiers. This new "tower" will be a feature of the *Stars and Stripes*, the trench newspaper of our expeditionary force in France—may it give the boys "over there" a full measure of the pleasure we on this side have enjoyed in Mr. Adams's work and may there be a French counterpart to THE BOOKMAN to afford Mr. Adams exercise for that all-discerning eye of his, for which there is nothing typographical hidden, neither in the heavens above nor the earth beneath nor in the waters under the earth. Good fortune to F.P.A., patriot and satirist!



R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM, "DOING HIS BIT" IN URUGUAY, AS HEAD OF A GOVERNMENT COMMISSION TO BUY WAR HORSES IN THE PAMPAS. HE NARROWLY ESCAPED DEATH, RECENTLY, FROM THE KICK OF A BAGUAL, OR HALF-WILD HORSE

AN ARTIST-FIGHTER IN ENGLISH PROSE: CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM

BY AMY WELLINGTON

THE first American publication of R. B. Cunninghame Graham's stories and sketches (nine volumes in all) is a literary event of no little importance, for it makes easily accessible to curious American readers the work of perhaps the boldest, most original and unpopular of living British writers. For many years, these sincere studies of life, intense and vivid, striking a blow, now here, now there, at some cruelty or hypocrisy in our civilisation, have added a fascination to serious English periodicals; appearing later in book form under such enigmatic and ironical titles as *Faith, Hope, Charity, Success and Progress*. They are a unique artistic record of the author's adventures in Spain and Morocco, on the South American pampas, and in his native Scotland—a record of his adventures and his hostilities.

Cunninghame Graham is a romantic figure, as one may see by looking at John Lavery's superb portrait of him in his youth,—a man of action more than of the study, following the tradition of Spanish writers since Cervantes fought with sword and pen. A Scotch baronet, of Spanish birth on his mother's side, he is an extraordinary combination of the hidalgo and the "canny Scot." "How he contrives to be authentically the two things at the same time," says his friend, Bernard Shaw, "is no more intelligible to me than the fact that everything that has ever happened to him seems to have happened in Paraguay or Texas instead of in Spain or Scotland."

As one of that early group of British socialists and men of letters

whose thought has permeated English life and literature, the political career of the Laird of Ardoch was brief and violent. He fought for free speech with William Morris in the famous battle of Trafalgar Square, while Shaw looked on, as he confesses, a "discreet spectator." And later, as a member of the House of Commons, he publicly damned that body for its hypocrisy. Possessing, then, neither the patience of a politician nor the wisdom of a Shaw, Cunninghame Graham withdrew from all political entanglements and started on a life of travel and adventure.

Mogreb El Acksa (Morocco the Most Holy) is the captivating title of his first book of travel. Shaw congratulates himself upon the fact that he was "intelligent enough" to steal its scenery and knowledge of the East, its Cadis, Sheikhs and Krooboyes, for his play, *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*. But not the hero. Cunninghame Graham, as hero of his own book, was taken prisoner by the Cadi of Kintafi; but Shaw refused to make him the leading character in his most improbable play, because "so incredible a personage must have destroyed its likelihood."

He rides like an Arab or a South American "Gaucho," and his knowledge of horses is as keen as his knowledge of men. They figure almost as conspicuously in his writings. Man's inhumanity to the horse is the subject of his most indignant descriptions. There is irony in the fact that as an active supporter of the British Government in the pres-

ent war, Cunninghame Graham's services have been required, not in the trenches, but on the plains of Uruguay, selecting and marking the half wild creatures which he loves for the European battle-field. The departure of the horses is picturesquely described in *Los Pingos* and *Bopicuá*, but with revolt at the writer's task and curses (in Spanish) for "the Boches."

As an unconventional traveller and historian, Cunninghame Graham is the author of several volumes, including an account of Bernal Diaz del Castillo and a life of Hernando de Soto; and he is the writer of many provocative prefaces. His original power, however, lies in the hundred and more sketches and stories, tossed to us by the way apparently, yet wrought with all the passion and particularity of the great word painter.

Some of his most idyllic pictures are of old and vanishing Spain. His quarrel is with what he considers its present superficial Europeanisation. In Spain, he tells us, through the mouth of one of his characters, "life is so primitive and yet so intense, it seems as if you touched the Middle Ages and the most ultra-modern life when you stretch out your hand." Which is precisely how he pictures it, in scene after scene, gaining his wonderful effects by contrasts. In the shabby romance of one poor overworked hidalgo, timid, arrogant and ineffectual, one is made to feel all the sadness of this irreconcilability, and its weakness. "Madrid woke up to talk, as other towns wake up to work, and the streets slowly filled with people who at first sight were going nowhere, by the longest way they could find."

Degenerate Spain, with its bull-

fight and drinking places for tourists, reeking with blood and sensuality, is the realistic and contemptuous background for the figure of a dancer, "Aurora La Cujini," which makes Sargent's "Carmencita" look like a polite wooden puppet. In sharpest contrast is this idyll taken from the sun-baked Castilian plains, in their fiery heat and violet haze:

A shepherd stood immovable and brown, and looking like a trunk of a dead tree, as he leant on his stick, guarding a flock of brown-woolled sheep, who searched amongst the stones for any herbage that had escaped the drought. When they strayed out of bounds he cracked his sling, unwinding it from where he wore it, wrapped above his sash. . . . His great, brown dog, with its spiked collar round its neck, slept at his feet, changing position when he moved, to keep itself within the shade its master's figure threw upon the ground. The red-roofed town, wild sierra, and the shepherd with his sling, his *angarina*, knotted quince-tree staff, his gnarled, brown hands, rough hempen sandals, his sheep-skin jacket, and his clear-cut features, shaded by a broad hat, such as was worn in Thessaly when the world was young . . . all formed a picture of that Spain, now so fast passing.

It is very remarkable that a literary artist of to-day should have wiped our civilisation almost completely off his canvas; a writer, too, who is not a dreamer but a man of action and affairs, intensely modern and, in many ways, born before, not behind his time. He does not appear to have left even the curiosity of his pious old Arab "Sherif," who liked to talk to Europeans, if only "to hear about the devilries they had invented to complicate their lives." Glimpses there are, here and there, of London, Paris, or Buenos Aires, just showing through in dark spots, which only serve to emphasise the writer's uncompromising hostility to our civilisation, the power of its

"hideous riches" and their vulgarisation of human life. It is an hostility mingled with cynicism in some of his later work, which makes one turn with relief to the intense and indignant reactions of his earlier studies.

In *Set Free*, for example, London is pictured on a rainy night in Christmas week. The pitiless life of its underworld has never been felt more keenly or, with a few strokes of the pen, more deeply etched on our consciences. For Cunninghame Graham, like one of his own Scotch lairds, has "an eye intil him like a hawk" for any injustice or cruelty. A beaten horse, an old street-walker, overworked, underfed men and women, wherever the strong have pushed the weak into the gutter, there he has been among us taking notes. In *Set Free* an old abused cart-horse is dying, in a London street, with a leg broken by a motor bus:

The horse's yellow teeth, which his lips, open in his agony, disclosed, showed that he was old and that his martyrdom was not of yesterday. . . .

The little crowd stood gazing at him as he lay, not without sympathy but dully, as if they too were over-driven in their lives.

The electric lamps flared on the scene. In the deserted park the wind amongst the trees murmured a threnody, and on the road the dying horse lay as a rock sticks up, just in the tideway of a harbour, thin, dirty, overworked, castrated, underfed, familiar from his youth with blows and with ill-treatment, but now about to be set free.

One doubts if Cunninghame Graham has ever been happy in London or in any other city. Cities rouse in him only unrest and scorn for the human intellect which has shaped them, for our vaunted progress which appears to him merely self-praise, and the self-sufficiency which is "the measure of success." He has

been happy on the South American pampas, where life is instinctive, human and subhuman, riding horseback for weeks at a time, swimming the rivers, sleeping in native huts, or sometimes alone, beside his horse, out on the open plain. "Well did the ancient Quichuas name the plains with the word signifying 'space' " he has written, "for all was spacious—earth, sky, the waving continent of grass; the enormous herds of cattle and of horses; the strange effects of light; the fierce and blinding storms and, above all, the feeling in men's minds of freedom, and of being face to face with nature, under those southern skies."

He first visited South America about forty years ago, and nothing that he has written quite equals in magnificence of colour and action his sketches of the pampas—an Indian raid, a stampede of cattle, the exploits of Gaucho riders, or some vivid memory of a ride through the gorgeous densities of a tropical forest:

Occasionally a crashing in the bushes near the trail told of the passage of a tapir, through the underwood, and once as I came to a little clearing a tiger lay stretched flat upon a log, watching the fish in some dark backwater, just as a cat lies on the garden wall to watch the birds. Butterflies floated lazily about, scarce moving their broad, velvet wings, reminding one somehow of owls, flitting across a grass ride in a wood, noiseless, but startling by their very quietness.

Nevertheless, Cunninghame Graham's genius is of the North, not the South. In all his wanderings, he has remained a Scotchman. And just as Stevenson turned, at the end, to his "precipitous city," writing of Scotland in his unfinished masterpiece, so this other and very different Scotchman of genius, never writes with so much emotion as when,

in mind at least, he is within sight of Ben Lomond. Above even the colour and wild joy of his scenes of the pampas, one places the emotional beauty and rhythm of *The Crow Road*, *Caisteal-na-Sithan* (Castle of the Elves), *A Braw Day*, *The Beggar Earl* and *Mist in Menteith*. The writer feels the same happiness on these wild old Scottish roads (not the Roman roads of empire), and in the decaying manors, the peat moss and encircling mists, that he experienced on the free stretches of the pampas, only it is deeper, more racial and personal. Their beauty enthalls him.

Cunninghame Graham has not only immortalised the old roads and manors, the bygone gentlefolks and half obliterated landmarks of his Scottish home, but even the old documents and records which, as laird, have come into his hands. Once more, under the magic of his incomparable word-painting, the shadowy figure of "The Beggar Earl" rides on his old white pony through the valley of Menteith. It gives him pleasure to recall that while Addison was politely translating *Ovid* in London, "loose and broken men"—the "long-haired, light-footed, wild-eyed, ragged carles"—were still making raids in his native Gartmore. He would have the word "Tryst" preserved by act of Parliament, if only to keep in memory the kilted Highland drovers whom he saw, as a boy, straying along the roads beside their cattle, to "Tryst" or market, "with their targets at their backs, girt with their claymores, their feet shod in hairy brogues," stopping to sleep by the road, and rising at dawn to wring the dewdrops from their plaids.

The citizens of Glasgow on the

day of Kier Hardie's funeral receive no such sympathetic treatment. *With the North-East Wind* is a grey and realistic description. Intimate, yet detached, the writer pictures his friend in a few words; yet biographers will find it difficult to tell more about Kier Hardie:

Standing amongst the band of shadowy comrades I had known, I saw him, simple and yet with something of the prophet in his air, and something of the seer. Effective and yet ineffectual, something there was about him that attracted little children to him, and I should think lost dogs. He made mistakes, but then those who make no mistakes seldom make anything. His life was one long battle, so it seemed to me that it was fitting that at his funeral the north-east wind should howl amongst the trees, tossing and twisting them as he himself was twisted and storm-tossed in his tempestuous passage through the world.

With the North-East Wind seems to close the book of Cunninghame Graham's own long and chivalrous fight for the despised and rejected of this earth; just as, a little later, he attaches his formal farewell as a writer to the preface of his final volume, *Brought Forward*. Both artist and fighter have grown a little cynical and very weary. For Cunninghame Graham has neither a vision, like Wells, nor a logic, like Shaw, to hearten him. His thought ends in a philosophical mist—in the poetic invocation of *Mists in Menteith*, a study in lyrical prose which reveals, above all others, the quality of his literary genius:

Refuge of our wild ancestors, moulder of character, inspirer of the love of mystery, chief characteristic of the Keltic mind, spirit that watches over hills and valleys, lochs, clachans, bealachs and shaggy baadans, essence compounded of the water of the sky and earth, impalpable, dark and threatening, Fingal and Bran and Ossian, and he who in outstretching Ardnamurchan strung his harp to bless the birlinn of

Clanranald, all have disappeared in thy grey folds.

Whether thou art death stealing amongst us, veiled, or life concealed behind a curtain, or but an emanation from the ground . . . who shall say?

All that I know is that when the mantle of the damp rolls down upon us, battling

with the rough oak copse upon Ben Dearch or Craigmore till all is swallowed up and a smooth surface stretches out over what, but half an hour before, was a thick wood of gnarled and secular trees . . . the mist has conquered.

Somehow, I think, its victory brings a sense of rest.

HYMN TO LIGHT

BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

WIND-LOVING daughter of eternal day
 Flooding the sky from urns of starry fire
 To leap upon the altar of our clay
 And rouse the curled flame of our desire,
 O Thou, whose liquid element hath power
 To colour dreaming grasses with thy prayer
 And curve the petals of an April flower,
 Be unto us the passion of our air.
 Thou turnest flesh to flowers and earth to flame.
 Now, in thy name,
 We shape the dust of stars into a song,
 For thou art strong.

Here, where the glancing memory of the leaves
 Stirred by a windless longing, dropping white,
 Patterns the tranced music midnight weaves
 Under the vanished boughs of April night,
 And where the violet-haunted pasture sleeps
 Drowsy with fragrance, be the gentle guide
 Of mystery-laden flocks the hillside keeps
 Sheltered beneath thy wonder-flooding tide.
 Thou ledest earth and wind and water home,
 The swallow to the nest.
 Open our shadow-path across the foam
 Into the west.

Or, 'neath the tented majesty of air
 That wraps the golden body of the sun,
 Scatter thy robes and rise, divinely fair,
 Under the spreading arch of clouds that run.
 Foam-flanked, and streaming in the molten east,
 Come to us over the waters, breasting day.
 The Bridegroom calls thee to the wedding feast.
 Come with us, naked, over the fields away.
 The morning stars are ringing in the sky,
 The morning lark below.
 Shoulder the hill with us, the wind laughs high,
 The flowers of April blow.

THE REVOLUTION ABSOLUTE

PART III. TOOL-POWER POLITICS*

BY CHARLES FERGUSON

It is easily possible in any community for a group of citizens—representing say, from ten to twenty-five per cent. of the people—to put an end to privilege, and establish a new and democratic centre of political and economic control. There are two principal reasons why this fact has been obscured: first, it is seldom that so many as ten per cent. of any community have had wisdom enough to act together for any other purpose than to get privileges for themselves; and second, we have generally been unaware of the existence of certain social methods of operation whereby a transplacement of economic power can be effected by a small minority of resolute men.

The general persuasion has been that privilege has its lodgment in the legal system; and therefore it has seemed obvious that it cannot be displaced otherwise than by the co-operation of a political majority. But as a matter of fact, privilege is not lodged in the legal system but in the working organisation. The law of the courts takes its character from the conditions that obtain in the industrial process. It is, of course, possible for statute law to make detailed changes in the habit and custom of business; but it appears that fundamental changes, changes that alter the balance of economic power, cannot be accom-

plished by statute. The nations of western Europe and America have been victims of an age-long delusion in this matter. It is not too much to say that the delusion that liberty can be got and guaranteed by what Thomas Carlyle called "ballot-boxing and parliamenteing," has furnished the mainstay of privilege in the countries that call themselves democratic. Socialism, so far as it rests on the idea of majority-rule in industry, is the historical climax of this delusion.

Since economic privilege, which includes all other kinds of privilege, has its seat in the business system, it should be plain that it can be dislodged only by a rectification of that system. Notwithstanding respectable opinions to the contrary, I am sure that the modern business system does not furnish a favourable *milieu* for the lodgment of privilege. It is in fact so constituted, in its internal economy and in its relation to the uncovenanted facts of life, that privilege is poison to it—tending always toward convulsions and a rigor of death. So it comes to pass that those who seek to purge this system of its unsocial elements have their strongest ally in the very constitution of the thing.

The constitution of business is democratic in the sense that its organs of control work toward stability and expansion, only in the degree that they give power to those who serve the commonwealth, and

*This article is a chapter from Mr. Ferguson's forthcoming book, *The Revolution Absolute*.—Editor's Note.

withhold it from those who waste the public fortune. Thus when bank-credit is administered in the exclusive interest of a creditor class, the social working-plant is crushed under the weight of intolerable fixed charges, and the result is financial panic and industrial prostration. Again, when prices are raised by monopolistic combination, the purchasing-power of the masses cannot reach the product—and the wheels slow down. It is true that a poisoned and half-paralysed business system may stagger on from panic to panic through several generations—so long as it can find fresh fields of exploitation in which to renew its failing strength.

But I insist that privilege was never so vulnerable to the attack of resolute men, never so easily unhorsed, as to-day under the modern system of credit-capital, free contractualism and corporate organisation. This system contains within its own structure an admirable social technique for the convenience of orderly revolution. The system is so constructed that it tends by its own laws to find its centre of gravity at the point from which its social functions can best be administered. If business is administered to-day by a group of men who are gravely lacking in social competency, it is solely because no other group, having better social competency, is prepared to administer it.

Let us bear in mind that modern economic-social power consists—first, in the control of credit, whereby social backing is given to the projects and persons that are accounted most worthy; second, control of the market, whereby assessment is made of the value of products and services; third, control of the organs of

information, whereby appraisal is made of the value of facts and events. Observe that as things stand in the United States none of these three branches of economic power is frankly developed to its full significance in the hands of any namable group of men. Yet it is perfectly clear that the partial and unavowed development of all of them is to be found in every American community. It is clear also that they tend to be concentric, and that in practical fact they vest a dominant economic power in namable citizens in every town.

Our false persuasion that deliverance from economic evils is to come through the ballot-box and the legislature, has indisposed us to grant that there is any sort of validity in the nucleation of economic power that actually and obviously exists in every community. We have been blind to the truth that the modern working organisation, by which we all live, is so extremely complex that it must of very necessity have a government of its own.

If our times were not singularly devoid of the habit of political reflection this fact would certainly have received general recognition long ago. Times like those that produced *The Spirit of Laws* or the *Federalist* and the *Letters of Junius* could hardly have failed to understand that a business organisation, when it becomes very complex and delicate in its internal adjustments, should come to be regarded as a civil polity, requiring the development of organs of control within its own body. We have accepted heedlessly and very unfortunately an array of political theories that were thought out in the eighteenth century in application to social facts that then

obtained, but have long since passed away—carrying the sense and worth of our inherited political philosophy with them.

At the base of modern business lies a conception that played no part in the social thinking of the eighteenth century; namely, the idea of community of interest in the exploitation of nature. The modern business system maintains its social nexus in a manner that was unimaginable to the fathers of the Republic; it is held together, not by consecrated formularies or consent to any stated law, but by joint participation in the gains of a perpetual adventure.

The system is held together by nothing whatever but this common interest in the success of innumerable interdependent exploits—flowing together in an enormous current of conquest directed against the strongholds of nature. When, and so far as, the exploitation is turned aside from this main purpose and directed against an economic class, the cohesion of the system is relaxed. And when, through a slowing down of the current of enterprise or any other cause, the mass of the people cease to feel an actuating interest in the movement, the system is thrown into disastrous confusion.

To grasp the truth that modern business is society in motion, and that the movement is measureless both in its object and its inspiration—evoking all the latent resources of art and science for the winning of a public fortune to which the infinite reserves of nature set no limit—is to free one's mind for good and all from the eighteenth century formulas. It becomes clear that modern business cannot be governed from

the outside, that it must be governed from the inside.

Business government is leadership in enterprise, exercised by means of agencies that pass upon the priority of particular claims with reference to a general purpose. To say that there is no need of such agencies is to fail to understand the interdependence of all private undertakings. Without correlation of enterprises, the working organisation would fall into chaos. And this correlation is government.

The government of business may be bad but not wholly insufferable, or it may be bad to the pitch of impossibility, wrecking the industrial structure; it may be good but feeble, or it may be good to the heights of genius and inspiration generating a volume of creative power sufficient to sweep away all poverty, ugliness, malignance and brutal toil. It is all a question of the release of the latent energies of the mind—a question of giving social backing to the right man at the right moment.

There are no social problems that cannot be reduced to utter insignificance—simply by generating a sufficient current of creative enterprise. Slight inequities of property distribution have not been interesting, in times and places where the creative imagination has worked free—with an open career for every man that cared for a career. It is indeed the special characteristic of all buoyant and expansive epochs—such as the age of Elizabeth and the fifty years that witnessed the settlement of western America—that the new values, in process of creation or discovery, so outweigh the old values, that men care more for a place in the advancing column than they do for juridic niceties. Even so, in the

wholesomer social order toward which we now strive, men will care little for a formal definition of exact justice, will be well content that there should be a wide and elastic margin of mutuality around everybody's private fortune—so only that fortune be clear and unencumbered in the vital centre.

When the working principles that lie at the base of the modern industrial order cease to be mysteries and are brought into the light of day, it will be seen that nothing is more fundamental to that order than the idea that the working force of society is a single and indissoluble quantity—an estate *in posse* that necessarily belongs to everybody. This principle is linked as a moral axiom to the fact that, under the modern system of highly organised tool-power, a million men can do at least ten million times as much as one man. It follows that society as a whole is put in possession of a nine-million-man power that belongs to nobody in particular.

If you would seize upon a shining clue to guide you through the dark labyrinth of modern finance—lay fast hold upon this fact. The language of finance has become a jargon, half-unintelligible even to the priests of its own arcana, simply because its grammar has been shaped in studied neglect of the bottom truth of the financial process.

I have been permitted to hold some slight converse with eminent financiers in many countries, and I have never been able quite clearly to verify my hope that some one of them might explain to me, in a homely and untechnical way, what credit-capital really is, and why it can be indefinitely expanded. I have found out, from other sources, that

credit-capital is money, or what passes as money, issued by banks, to represent the nine-million-man power spoken of above—in expectation that this power will express itself in tangible goods within an assignable time. And the reason why credit-capital has an indefinite expansibility, is that the nine-million-man power may shrink to nothing or rise to a ninety-million-man power—according to the degree of success achieved by the economic governors of a community in social team-play or the co-ordination of working forces.

The point not to be missed is that the chief characteristic of modern finance is that it has to do with values *in posse*, as well as *in esse*. It is actuarial in its operations. It capitalises expectancies. It facilitates production by issuing money to represent productive power in advance of the productive process. Now it is not true to say that money thus issued by a bank to a business man represents the productive power of that man; the meaning of the transaction with respect to the particular person, is that he is accounted to have the ability to organise a part of the creative force of the community. It is obviously anomalous—an historical accident needing to be rectified—that the social governors that decide who shall be trusted to evoke and marshal the communal powers, do not generally recognise any obligation to others than their clients.

But whatever may be the present abuses in the administration of credit-capital, we must not suppose that the existence of credit-capital is itself an abuse. On the contrary the discovery of a method for the capitalising of the latent values of

creative intelligence, was a *tour de force* of the human imagination, deserving to rank with the invention of printing as a prime motor of civilisation. If we had not learned to discount the future in this manner it is difficult to see how grand-scale organisation for work could be made possible.

Those who suppose that great business is, or could be, run on a basis of mere savings, have not grasped the elements of the modern industrial order, or thought their way through the problem that nature presents to us in our effort to effect high mobilisations of working force. The chemistries of earth, water and air operate day and night to destroy our savings. Food, fuel, clothes, housing, transportation materials, move in a constant flux of use and waste, requiring ceaseless reproduction. The yearly product of the whole manufacturing apparatus of the United States needs to be much greater than the capital-value of the plant. It is to be borne in mind that the comfortable or luxurious domestic establishments, which are the chief objects of most men's savings, are of no direct use in the productive process; and that apart from such establishments it is physically impossible, in the hard conditions of existence that nature imposes upon the race, that the average man should command, in the way of savings, so much as a year's supply of goods.

This fact of the intrinsic precariousness of human life on our kind of a planet, has been universally obscured by the literature and culture of the well-to-do. It is not perceived that to provide for one's own distant future by sheer stress of accumulated legal claims against the common-

wealth—or in any other way than by making one's life and livelihood organic to the commonwealth, and therefore indispensable to it—is only to render the lives of others more insecure.

With this elementary truth well in hand, we are in a position to understand how vital is the function of credit-capital. In making use of it one does not "run in debt" to other men—except as a mayor or a street-commissioner incurs an obligation to the people in accepting a public office. A merchant or manufacturer, when he borrows money from a bank to run his business, simply accepts responsibility for the directing and economising of a fractional portion of the current stream of social productive power. If he deposits corporate securities of a railroad or a gold-mine as collateral, that does not alter the case; the physical values represented by the stocks or bonds are presumably already engaged in the railroad or the mine, and are therefore unavailable for his present use. And for this use he does not employ his own savings or the banker's savings, or the savings of the banker's other clients or of the community at large. He undertakes to administer a portion of the capitalised labour-force of the community in such a manner that it shall, within a certain time, produce goods of social value.

That this is an exact description of the case, could be made perfectly evident in a new and toolless country, or in a community suddenly stripped of all or most of its substantial values by some devastating calamity. Under such circumstances the whole mechanism of credit-capital would be found applicable, and would furnish the best possible

means of organising the skills and aptitudes of a multitude of men for the essaying of a fresh civilisation from the ground up.

Now it is impossible for any reflective man to understand these primary things about the essential constitution of our actual finance and industry, without perceiving that what he has to deal with is a new and very modern kind of government. He will see that he must reckon with social powers that, in the nature of the case, cannot be administered by everybody or left unadministered; that they must be administered by somebody in particular. And he will see that it is a very serious historical misadventure, that tradition and custom have brought it to pass that in our actual society these social powers are being exercised without any definite sanction of social accountability.

Thus the internal economy of our high-tensioned working order has become the social interest that deserves to absorb all other social interest. The question is, How can we establish good government at the controlling centres of the business world? If now we will accept this question as the right question, we shall find a solution for the problem of privilege. To those who will not accept it I can promise no solution to which they can contribute.

Having, therefore, freed our minds of the notion that the business of a community ought not to have a governing centre—we will cease to complain of the existence of concentrated authority in business. We will agree that the trouble lies in the manner in which this authority is achieved and administered.

Business government from authoritative centres of credit, com-

merce and information must now be brought out of the twilight and given an orderly and consistent development in all its parts and faculties. If we will carefully study the nature of the three governing powers of business we shall see that they are correlative—that each draws the others after it. There has been no lack of observers to note the fact that those who control the credit of a community are likely to control the newspapers, and also to exercise a predominant power in the market. But the concentration of authority could begin equally well with either of the other terms.

If a group of men had enough energy, science and social understanding to create a commanding organ of intelligence—a news service that should be generally accepted as authoritative—no opposing group of financiers could stand against them; the power of finance and commerce would pass into their hands. Or if the whole purchasing-power of a community could be organised and vested in representative persons, they would control also the press and the banks. One should infer from such considerations that the three powers are normally concentric, that they are the natural components of the government of the working world—just as executive, legislative and judiciary constitute another kind of government.

I have said that this government of business actually exists, in a somewhat ill-composed and irresponsible form, in every American community—that it cannot be done away with because it is indispensable to the working of our complex industry and commerce; that the groups of men in whom this power is lodged, however badly they may

exercise it, are less incompetent and more representative of the public than any other groups that have yet offered their associated services, and that when in any community ten to twenty-five per cent. of the citizens shall combine to constitute an abler and more representative business government, the economic power will pass into their hands.

Now the strength of a socially incompetent financial power is illusory. The illusion lies in the false assumption that the basis of finance is the legal ownership of concrete capital goods; the position of the financiers seems inexpugnable because they are undoubtedly the accepted trustees and curators of the bulk of such goods. It is therefore made to appear that nothing but an assault upon the institution of property, or the taking over of all financial power by the state, can possibly avail to effect a change of financial government.

I say this view is erroneous because of the falsity of its initial assumption that ownership of capital goods is the controlling factor in finance and industry. The controlling factor is organised productive power. The financier rules, not because he is the trustee of those who own goods, but because he is permitted to act for those who own productive power.

The important point is that the possessors of productive power have not organised themselves with reference to the productive process—but have permitted the banker to organise them, in such manner as investors might approve. Thus the investing class has subjugated the *entrepreneur* class, as well as the mass of the workers. The masters of industrial organisation have made themselves

the servants of the organisation of ownership over which the banker presides. This servitude is historical and habitual, but its chains are straw.

There is no reason why industrial engineers, and those who are adepts in marshalling men for the conquest of materials, should not cast off the yoke of organised ownership—as men walk out of prisons when the doors are open.

Since modern finance is primarily a capitalisation of productive skills, and only secondarily a capitalisation of savings, those who possess the skills hold the whip-hand of financial power—if they did but know it. And there is no great difficulty about their being made to know it. Indeed the secret can no longer be kept. With every advance in technology, every increase of delicacy and complexity in the working apparatus that sustains the life of the modern world, the government of the working organisation by those who stand aloof from it and have no part in it, has become more anachronistic and impracticable. And the passing of administrative control from the agents of those who would live by their past, to the agents of those whose hands are actually upon the levers, has now become a pressing and imperative necessity.

The war has brought the whole world to an economic condition that requires a more efficient administration of the productive process. It has disclosed the intrinsic absurdity of trying to manage titanic tools, whose mechanism involves all the arts and sciences, and whose operation is a matter of life and death for all the nations—from the standpoint of a leisure class that invests no skill or knowledge in the working process,

and has no interest in it except to lay upon it the heaviest possible weight of overhead charges.

To make every decision as to new enterprises, and every internal adjustment in the complex mechanism that sustains the life of a commonwealth, with the single aim of increasing the charges that those who rest lay upon those who work—is an absurdity that needed to be masked with thicker veils than ingenuity and sophistication have been able to furnish. It could easily be shown, if it were worth while, that every decision and adjustment made on a purely profit-making basis has involved a distinct sacrifice of productive efficiency. But it is not now necessary to enter into the details of such a demonstration, because the general inefficiency of leisure-class finance has been historically sealed and certificated by the war. That kind of finance everywhere confessed that it could not furnish war equipment. And it was obliged to abandon its own administrative centres to the control of political officials, in the stress of the great trial through which the world is passing. Indeed, it is as certain as anything can be certain that was not permitted to happen, that every country in Europe and America would have suffered a rending and dissolving financial catastrophe, if the war had not swallowed the lesser fever in a greater one.

It is possible to imagine that leisure-class finance might have managed an indefinite prolongation of its career, if the international contradiction of interest could have been allayed by a universal collusion of those whose fortunes were committed to that finance. It was theoretically possible for the leisure class in each

country to stabilise its dominance over the producers by a discreet limitation of its exactions to a stress that was morally and physically endurable. But such an equilibrium was bound to be upset by the emergence in any country of a finance that was more social and scientific.

Leaving such speculations, let us address ourselves to the present facts. The old finance has been completely discredited. The expectation entertained by some of its votaries that it will be rehabilitated "after the war"—is illusory. Any attempt to fulfil their hope would result in the gravest social disorders. At this moment the mass of the people in all countries—with the possible exception of Russia—are looking toward a national government, expecting to find there a new and better administration of the vital functions of economic business. But it would seem that this expectation also will prove to be illusory. The best that can be said for a national or imperial administration of business is that it is less intolerable than the administration of a leisure class.

We need only to watch the course of the daily news for a few months, in order to discover that business cannot be efficiently governed by the power of a political sovereignty operating on an imperial or continental scale. It will be made quite clear that our modern business system is in its nature so organic—it moves so close to the ground of fact and depends so sensitively upon specific knowledge and upon swift decisions and adjustments to local and fluent circumstances—that it cannot possibly be governed by general administrative formulas, or through long lines of proconsular power,

stretching out from the capital to the far frontiers.

We shall awake some morning to the discovery that imperialism, in all or any of its forms, has been done to death by high technology. This truth—that intensive and highly organised industry is inconsistent with grand-scale centralisation of political power—has been disguised by financial and commercial arrangements that held industry down to a low voltage, while enjoying the repute of technical accomplishments that were great only in comparison with the age of petty craftsmanship. Centralised political power consists well enough with a low technology that kills men like an endless battle, a technology of slums and sweatshops that resists improvement of appliances literally to the death. High politics is on perfectly good terms with high finance—but not with high technology.

A technology that turns from the havoc of industrial exploitation and war, to apply the resources of an artistic and scientific intelligence to the task of rebuilding waste places and raising the standard of living, will find that the empire has passed away, that national governments must cease to be arbitrary, and that financial and commercial authority must be local or regional—in order to stand close enough to the complicated facts to keep the wheels a-going.

In the United States we shall return, I think, to something like the original conception of the Federal republic. By the sheer physical impossibility of getting, on any other terms, an effectual war-mobilisation or peace-mobilisation of industry, we shall be forced to accept the principle of economic home rule, or re-

gional autonomy in the administration of the powers of credit, commerce and authenticated information. And what is true for America is true for the world. In striving for an industrial organisation of higher efficiency to meet the imperative and unprecedented demands of the Great War and of the reconstruction and revictualment that must follow it, the imperial sovereignties will everywhere be broken down, and economic autonomy will be developed in the minor territorial divisions of the great nations.

This will not mean the disintegration of nations, but rather a reintegration on a securer basis of common interest than history has yet known. But this reintegration of nations will be effected on such terms that the old international antagonisms will lose their reason for being; and there will be no great difficulty in the fusion of nations in an economic community of interest crossing all frontiers. Thus the cause of economic home-rule is not a new provincialism; but, on the contrary, is bound up with the cause of a realistic and unsentimental cosmopolitanism.

Having in mind therefore the intensive and extensive implications of the new economic politics as briefly suggested above, let us return to the proposition that a rightly disposed minority in any local community can supplant an unsocial and unscientific economic administration. We are familiar with the idea that a combination of workers can require and compel changes in business administration by concerted refusal to work. It is remarkable that this negative power has not heretofore suggested its positive equivalent.

A government that must yield to mutineers can be captured and ad-

ministered by them, if they have the will and the intelligence. Even so, if an organisation of competent workers can say, "We will not work, unless you change your government," it can also say, "We *will* work and we will show you how to govern." The negative strike is a phase of the disease of maladministration. It is not a remedy. The remedy is the positive strike—the strike of those who refuse to quit, and are determined to serve on social terms.

It is, as I have said above—the financial power is absolutely in the hands of the workers. They may take possession of the economic government whenever they have the will and the intelligence to do so. In doing so, they will traverse no legal or vested right. On the contrary, as things stand now in Europe and America, a transfer of industrial administration from the incompetent hands of those who think only of incomes, to the competent hands of those who think in terms of the productive process—will be greatly to the advantage of all honest investors. For the financial agents of industry, in their maladministration of industry, have heaped up an insupportable weight of fixed charges upon the deteriorating working plant of society, and thus have made all securities insecure. In order to validate such securities as deserve to be validated—the investments that really represent the contribution that the past has made to the present—and thus to pass without confusion or violent breach with the past, into the ampler horizons of the future, it is necessary that the industrial plant and working organisation be immediately improved, and thus made capable of paying its just

debts both to the past and to the future. It is true of course that under a social and scientific economics, the fixed charges imposed upon industry by those whose claim is that they have worked but would rest, would be rapidly scaled down from their present inflated proportions, and the interest account would be likely to fall to a level representing little more than an insurance rate; but this process need damage no man's legal rights.

If now in any industrial community of considerable size—a State of the Union or a Federal Reserve district—a portion of those actually engaged in the productive process, from the rank of *entrepreneurs* and general managers to that of workmen of the commonest skill—representing on the whole from a tenth to a quarter of the population—were to act together as a political party of a new and more practical type, they could without a doubt supplant the existing economic administration in that community. I have undertaken to show that economic administration as actually developed in the business world is tripartite—consisting of the control of credit, commerce and the news. I shall have more to say on that subject, but it is sufficient here to remark that, just as in the strategy and tactics of the old politics the aim of a political party is to impose its principles upon the executive, legislative and judicial offices, so in the new economic politics the aim is to socialise the bank, the market and the press.

It will, therefore, be necessary for the party of social and scientific economics to organise itself in a financial institution, a marketing agency and a news-service—just as the Republican, Democratic or Socialist

party organises itself in caucuses, primaries and standing committees. If the considerations I have attempted to set forth concerning the nature of credit have been given due weight, it will be understood that the initial requirements of capital for such an organisation as is here proposed are not in excess of the resources of such a constituency as is described. The points to be underscored are these:

That credit-capital, not savings, is the body of modern finance.

That credit-capital is social la-

bour-power; consequently a bank representing a large quantity of social labour-power plus a small quantity of savings, can financially overrule and subordinate any bank in which these terms are reversed.

That if, under existing conditions, a bank should become accredited by society at large as a true representative and effective agent of social labour-power, it could issue the bulk of the credit-capital of the community, and exercise an incontestable sovereignty over its economic life.

SONG

BY LAURENCE HOUSMAN

Down to death, my dear, together
 You and I a-drifting go,
 Light on life as any feather
 Lies on air. Reluctant? No!
 Like two kites released from tether,
 Wafted through delightful weather,
 Down to death, my dear, together
 You and I a-drifting go!

SPRING: TWO THEMES

I. SPRING

BY SCUDDER MIDDLETON

Out of the rain,
A girl with hair blown wild before her,
A girl,
Shy and reluctant,
Trembling as she leans against the wind—
Dawn and death are like her.

Angel and mother by her eyes,
Demon and wanton by her smile—
I know her well.
I was her lover.
Long ago I caught and held her
Just when the willow yellowed
And the water learned to speak.

Slowly she comes again to keep the tryst.

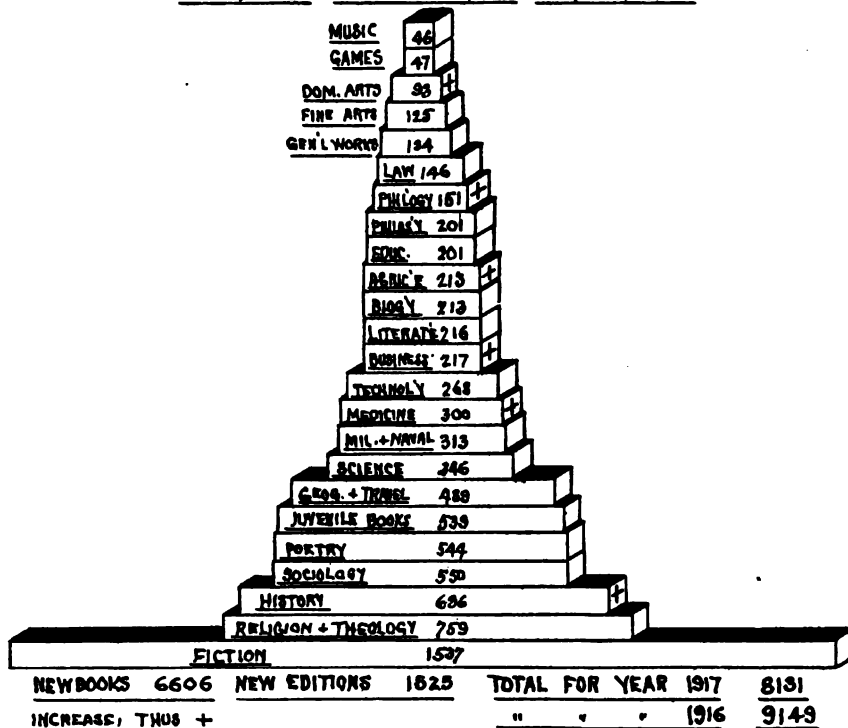
II. WHEN SPRING COMES BACK

BY GLENN WARD DRESBACH

When spring comes back to thrill the lands again
And rapture stirs in all earth-things that grow
And sunlight dances on the paths we know,
Or silvery feet of fairies haunt the rain,
How shall my heart, wherein has crept the pain
And nobleness of conflict, greet the glow
Or gloom of skies without you? In the slow
Sure march of days what shall pass, what remain?

O, I am glad that we have found so much
In Life and Spring before the Red Hand loomed
As foe to both . . . I know that Spring shall find
My heart with dreams that wakened at your touch,
But steeled to guard you and each rose that bloomed
Where you threw kisses to me down the wind!

GRAPHIC CHART
SHOWING THE NUMBER OF BOOKS
PUBLISHED IN GREAT BRITAIN DURING THE YEAR 1917
ARRANGED BY FRED E. WOODWARD, WASHINGTON, D.C.



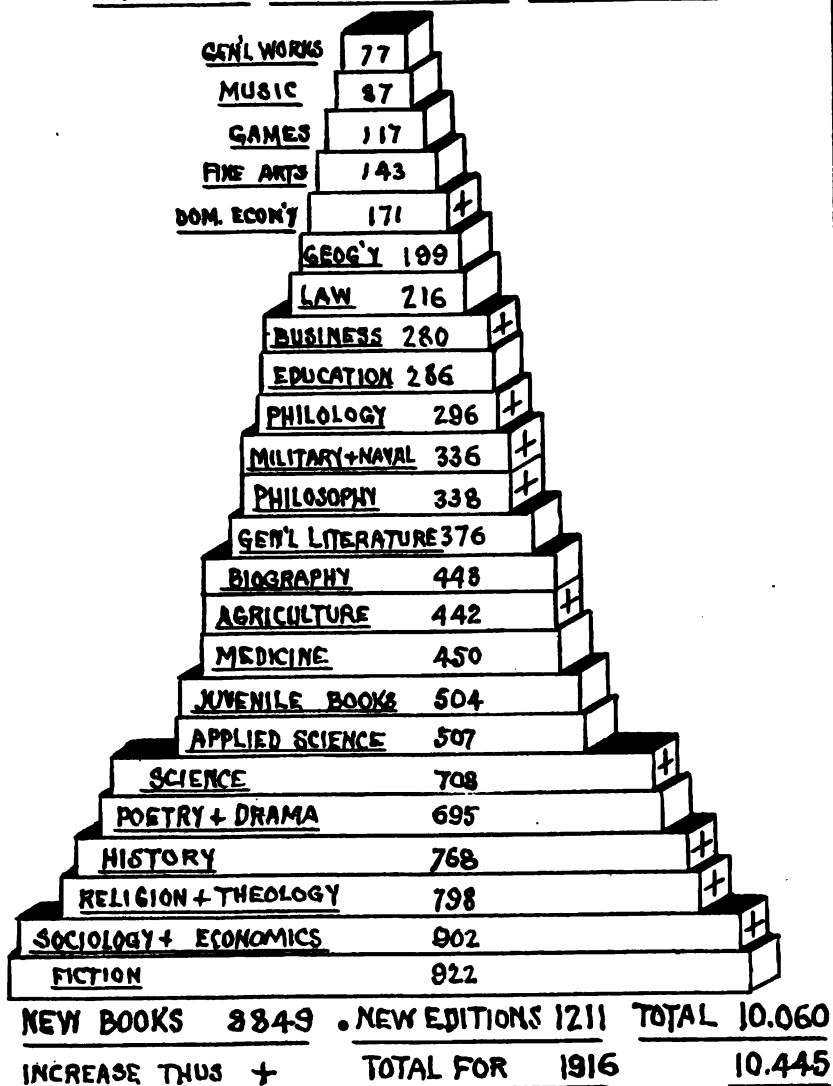
**A GRAPHIC COMPARISON OF THE BOOKS OF THE
UNITED STATES AND OF GREAT BRITAIN
DURING THE YEAR 1917**

BY FRED E. WOODWARD

THE accompanying graphic charts, comparing the actual number of books published during the year 1917, in the United States and in Great Britain, is an attempt to show to the eye such statistical facts as will indicate the various classes of books and the number issued in each class in 1917.

A single glance at the two charts reveals a notable difference between the two figures, the one representing the books of the United States being an almost symmetrical pyramid endowed with the appearance of stability and a certain element of vigour and strength, while the one representing Great Britain exhibits an

GRAPHIC CHART
SHOWING THE NUMBER OF BOOKS
PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES DURING THE YEAR 1917
ARRANGED BY FRED E. WOODWARD, WASHINGTON, D.C.



enormous overplus of works of fiction as compared to the remaining classes.

One also sees that, practically, the relative position of the classes is the same in both countries, indicating perhaps a certain community or concurrence of thought—

FICTION LARGE

Fiction occupies the largest place in each chart and, as usual, music and games and sports the smallest place, although in the United States in the year depicted general works and miscellaneous books have dwindled to such proportions as to usurp the smallest section with but seventy-seven entries, or ten less than music.

While fiction in the United States records 922 titles, it is but twenty titles more than its nearest neighbour, sociology and economics, and is but 9.15 per cent. of the whole number. Fiction in Great Britain records the publication of 1,537 books, or 18.90 per cent, of the whole number, with an interval of 778 between it and its nearest neighbour, which is religion and theology.

Religion and theology loom large in both charts, standing second in Great Britain and third in the United States, the added total of both nations being 1,557.

Sociology and economics, which is fourth in order in Great Britain with 550 titles, stands second in the United States with 902 entries.

History, third in order in Great Britain, with 686 titles, records a gain of 147 over the previous year and marks the highest number ever recorded in this class, while history in the United States with 768 entries

also makes the highest record in this class.

Poetry and Drama ranks fifth in each country, emphasising the tremendous interest manifested in this class of reading by people of both nations. The number in Great Britain was 544 and the number in the United States was 695, and of this latter number 181 were written by English or other foreign authors, the remainder, 514, being the product of native or American authors.

Science, sixth in the United States with 678 titles, is a gain of sixty-nine over 1916, and makes a new high record, the largest number ever recorded in this class. In Great Britain science stands eighth with a record of 346.

Applied science or technology, which is in seventh place in the United States with 507 entries, is far in advance of the same class in Great Britain, which is eleventh in order, with 268 titles.

Medicine and hygiene, ninth in the United States with 507 entries, is likewise far in advance of the class in Great Britain, which has 300 entries. Each of these totals falls below the maximum record, which in the United States is 756 in 1909 and in Great Britain is 516 in 1916.

Juvenile books, eighth in the United States, recorded a fair average number, 504, and the same class was sixth in Great Britain with 539.

Agriculture recorded in the United States 442, and was more than double the number published in Great Britain, which was 213, and biography repeated the story with 443 in the United States and 213 in Great Britain.

Geography and travel suffered a severe setback in the United States,

dropping from the tenth place in 1916 with a record of 354 to the nineteenth place in 1917 with 199 entries. In Great Britain the same class recorded 489 titles.

Law, eighteenth in the United States, recorded 216, the smallest number since 1890, in fact in 1890 the number was 531, more than double the present number, while the total number for the year 1890 of all books in all classes was but 4,559.

In Great Britain this class was nineteenth with 146 titles.

The curious student or inquiring reader can readily ascertain the comparative value of the remaining classes by consulting the charts and the figures.

All classes having a cross (+) marked on the right-hand end of the block represent an increase or gain in that class in 1917 over the preceding year.

A SPRING OPENING IN FICTION

BY H. W. BOYNTON

"SIZING up the layout" of a season's fiction is a haphazard task unless the surveyor makes sure of his footing. Books forthcoming as well as books just published are to be taken into account. Alongside of those he has had opportunity to read carefully, he must place those he has fumbled after in galley or advanced sheet, and for his knowledge of still others he can only trust to his nose, making such discreet deductions as he may from those obliging but not notoriously reliable announcements and estimates with which, at all seasons, the publishers gladden our sanguine hearts. I have usually felt that the safest ground for this sort of rough survey lies in a classification according to intention. It is not so difficult to pick out from the mass thirty or forty stories that seem to promise the reader some return for his trouble. To be good stories, as I was saying the other day, they must have some soundness of intention as well as of action. But they may intend any one of several different things; and they may be fairly (if not finally) judged according to the

thing each of them tries to do, and their degree of success in doing it. It might perhaps be assumed, for the working purposes of the moment, that there are three or four things a novelist may try for: to record or "register" life; to interpret life in terms of character; to decorate life; or to lecture upon life. He seldom succeeds in doing any one of these things to the exclusion of all the others. But he usually has a general intention, conscious or unconscious, of working in the direction of a novel of negative realism, or of creative realism, or of romance, or of "ideas." In two of these directions, the novel of negative (or neutral) realism and the novel of ideas, he is bound to have a double intention. No man can profitably do his reporting or his lecturing in the form of the novel unless he can in some sense make a story of them. Mr. Wells succeeds in "putting across" his ideas because he succeeds in getting us to accept him as a story-teller: his people and action are almost invariably interesting in themselves. Mr. Dreiser holds our attention in spite of his everlasting dull detail because

in spite of himself he has a touch of the artist, and so his stories are bound to mean something, if only a dreary gospel of human animalism.

The truth is, nothing can be of less interest to novel-readers than the bald theory or the raw slice of life. Life itself is a process of selection, and if men are better than beasts, it is because they can and must select and interpret experience. Thoughts are nothing, things are nothing, until imagination touches them and gives them form and meaning,—like the bits of rubbish that shiver into beauty at the brushing of a forefinger against the wheel of a kaleidoscope. We now understand pretty well that the naturalists and the slice-of-lifers would be hopeless bores if they were true to their theory. Not even nastiness could save them if they really had no opinion about it. An artist cannot refuse to search for truth, he can only invent new definitions for it, and none of them is more perfunctory (or, to be sure, more ancient) than that which holds truth and fact to be the same thing. At its best, pretended literalism is a convenient and legitimate tool for the story-teller, and was so long before Defoe, the master-fakir, developed its possibilities in English. Among recent artificers Thomas Burke, author of *Limehouse Nights*, has scored a point of novelty by effecting what I take to be a *liaison* rather than a true alliance between the extreme naturalistic manner and the romantic mood. "Here," he seems to say, "are a lot of dirty things and people—brothels, drinking-dives, opium-joints, prostitutes, murderers, the dregs of all nations and races. I defy you to find a filthier place or a filthier lot anywhere than my Limehouse and its human

vermin. Yet what fine souls there are here, what devotions, aspirations, perfumes of high sacrifice! Let me tell you a story. . . ." Whereupon he seizes his listener by the scruff and shoves him into the gutter; and as he wallows back to safety greets him with a hypnotic smile and a "There, what did I tell you." There are people who find piquancy and even poetry in this kind of procedure: they will find it in *Twinkletoes* (McBride), Mr. Burke's latest adventure in squalor-cum-sentimentalism. A new story of sounder realism is *The House of Conrad* (Stokes), by Elias Tobenkin. It is uncommonly faithful to facts, but not for their own sake. As I wish to speak fully of it later, I shall only recommend it here as a serious and even sombre but by no means downward-looking study of certain social and industrial tendencies of American life during the past half-century. A version of *The Cabin* (Knopf) presents for the first time in English a characteristic story by one of the most important of the modern Spanish realistic and "regional" novelists. This is a blend of the novel of realism and the novel of ideas; for modern Spanish realism, like the Russian realism of an earlier date, is a realism of revolt. It presents the dingy, picturesque facts of provincial and national life as facts that must be changed. *The Cabin* paints a picture, in terms of Valencian peasant life, of the individual struggling vainly against the oppression of the rich, the inadequacy of the law, and the ignorance and prejudice of his own kind,—in all of which it bears a fairly close analogy to *The House of Conrad*. To the *Just Outside* (Century) of Sidney Aumonier also, though here

the struggle is upon a higher social plane. What the main figure is "just outside" of is the accepted and conventional path of his fellows, the way to authorised happiness and "success." Unluckily he lacks the will and force to blaze his own way, like so many other semi-vertebrate rebels of contemporary fiction: like the Hanny Gooderich of *Casuals of the Sea*, for instance. Of a stronger type is the odd little hero of *Aliens*—a new version (according to Mr. McFee's interesting and somewhat Shavian Preface) of a story written, if not published, before *Casuals of the Sea* and a publicity campaign of extraordinary vigour gave the author a wide hearing. Chief Engineer Carville of the story feels himself to be an alien, not because his profession keeps him away from England and his family life in Jersey, but because his whole career represents a revolt against the snobbishness and hypocrisy of late-Victorian Britain. This is a far more compact and workmanlike story than *Casuals of the Sea*, though the workmanship is rather strikingly Conradian. And the book has much of Conrad's elusiveness. It slips no more comfortably into a pigeonhole, as a story distinctively of fact, or of idea, or of dream, than *Lord Jim* or *The Nigger of the Narcissus*.

Most of our war novels are based upon some idea, and the best of them upon the same idea—the purifying influence upon individual and national character of devotion to a cause, to the large cause of patriotism and the larger cause of humanity. This is the theme, or the upshot, of Miss Sinclair's *Tree of Heaven* (Macmillan) as it was of *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* and the *French Ordeal by Fire*. Here,

again, are shown the first effects of the great ordeal upon a world grown fat upon the fruits of a safe balance of powers and immunities and egotisms. Miss Sinclair lacks Mr. Wells's exciting and no doubt hugely comforting faculty of materialising out of space a perfect cure-all for every conceivable human ill. Her story ends upon a poignant and wistful note of sorrow for all the world is losing, yet with an audible overtone of faith that "somehow good" is to come out of all the suffering and sacrifice. *Potterat and the War* may be called a rendering of the same theme in terms of Swiss life. The old Vaudois, whose grief for Belgium, as well as his Gallic blood, turns the pretence of neutrality into so intolerable a mockery, is a masterpiece of creative humour. Few stories so human and charming have thus far blossomed out of the war. *The Finding of Norah*, by Eugenia Brooks Frothingham (Houghton Mifflin), is based upon an idea, or a feeling, unique, so far as I know, in recent American fiction. Up to this time our storytellers appear to have been singularly unanimous in their expressed contempt for the American policy during the early years of the war. The assumption is that we then played a paltry and insincere part, that the nation as a whole was straining at the leash held by a timid Government at Washington, and that we were and should have been despised by those who were fighting Germany in the open. Here is a writer who believes otherwise, and who has the courage of her conviction. She believes that the opposition to the administration during that period was largely partisan or ill-considered, and that the President's handling of both the Mexican

and the European situations was wise and strong, and has been vindicated by the event. A pamphlet quite as much as a story perhaps, but worth the attention, in my opinion, of the man in the street or the man in the study, or even the man in the newspaper office, who is always ready, in the name of democracy, to assume that he knows better than the Public Man on the Job.

The White Morning, by Gertrude Atherton (Stokes), is quite as frankly a story built upon an idea—a militant development of the idea expressed a year or two ago in *Children of Fate*, by Marice Rutledge. This idea is to the effect that war is a man-made affair (like most other sad things in the world), and can only be put an end to by a resolute revolt of women. Mrs. Atherton's fancy is not content with half-measures, and she pictures a Germany suddenly and completely put out of the war business by the armed uprising of her women. The story is ingenious enough, as a fancy, and hardly gains from the author's insistence upon our accepting it as a literal possibility or even probability. Another story of feministic savour is the *Eastern Red*, of Helen Huntington (Putnam). Here, in fainter and more delicate colours, is also painted the dawning of woman's independence, her right, in the face of ancient marriage conventions, to possess her own body and to work out her own destiny. When we have disposed of the war of the nations, there will still be the war of the sexes to fall back upon, to protect us from inglorious ease. Plainly enough, it is to be fought in the open. There are episodes in the two stories I have just spoken of that would hardly have been written if the once revered

buffer state of the Young Person had not already become a sacrifice to military necessity. In this connection I may mention, as a sign of the times, an amazingly cynical rendering of the sex-equality theme, *The Golden Block*, by Sophie Kerr (Doubleday, Page). The author asks us not (as the feminist-idealists ask us) to accept the high destiny of woman as our equal in brains and our superior in moral and spiritual force, but to fear her as a rival on our own low grounds. Her Margaret Bailey is a sort of *reductio ad nauseam* of that now popular heroine, the business woman. Bronze-haired Margaret's spoken motto is that "there's no sex in brains," but her working formula accepts equality in immorals also. She admits frankly (in slightly more presentable words) that modern business is a dirty game, and that a woman has to play it in the accepted way in order to win. She plays and wins, to her author's great satisfaction. There is a more human note in *The Autobiography of a Million Dollars*, by George Kibbe Turner. Bill Morgan, who tells the story, is perfectly ingenuous about giving himself away, he is out for the stuff and none too squeamish in his methods. But he is naturally "square," and he has a good woman for a wife, so that his adventures in speed and high finance fail to corrupt him altogether. But they come very near it. It is just the kind of story that might naturally have appeared in one of the popular weeklies—if it had held up the golden ideal of American Big Business with a little more enthusiasm. In fact, its whole animus is against those mysterious powers who stand behind Big Business, "those still-faced men that

run that billion-dollar machine down in Wall Street—and grab off their slice of everything that comes up in the country. They're the fellows we're working for—if we only knew it!" In this group, on the whole, I should include *The U. P. Trail*, by Zane Grey. It is a seriously intended romance of a great enterprise, the building of the Union Pacific. The author has put his best into it, and regards it as worth all his other books put together. He tries to present "the blood and love and death, the 'epical turmoil,' the labour of giants, the heroism and sacrifice of this wildest time in the opening of the West." He has painted his far-flung scene with much vividness and fidelity, and set upon it a great action. The thing that may spoil the book for readers who wish to take it seriously is its employment of so much of the outworn machinery of movie romance—so much of the old business this writer has doubtless got through the habit of writing books for popular consumption. The "love-interest" involving the minor hero, young Deane (for the major hero is the U. P. itself) and the fair child of nature he stumbles upon in the wilderness is preposterous, not because the separate episodes of their subsequent adventures are impossible, but because they are strung together so mechanically upon so obvious a thread. A very similar romantic situation and machinery are employed in *The Courage of Marge O'Doone*, by James Oliver Curwood (Doubleday, Page), though with no larger action in the background.

The romantic side of the war is being more vigorously explored, both spontaneously and mechanically. *Comrades*, by Mary Dillon

(Century), is a romance of the better quality. Its machinery is obvious enough, but the book is based on special knowledge of German character, and an independent opinion as to the meaning of the war. *The Return of the Soldier*, by Rebecca West (known hitherto as an essayist), belongs to the class of novels that deal not with the war, but (like Phyllis Bottome's *The Second Fiddle* and Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Missing*) with some fresh romantic situation developed by the war. It is a story of arrangement rather than interpretation. Nevertheless, its Margaret Grey is a striking piece of characterisation—or would be if the unreality of the other persons in the story, and the evident artifice of its *dénouement* did not throw doubt upon her. In the romance of adventure and mystery also—mechanical romance, as I always think it—the conditions of the present war deny any very large use of "the front" as a scene. Most of our thrills just now we owe accordingly to the spy and the secret service man. They play important parts in Mrs. Dillon's *Comrades*. They are the whole show in *The Unseen Hand*, by Clarence Herbert New (Doubleday, Page), *The Lost Naval Papers*, by Bennet Copplestone (Dutton), and *The False Faces*, by Louis Joseph Vance (Doubleday, Page). *The Unseen Hand* has to do with a mysterious "Diplomatic Free Lance" who, according to Barre-more, the newspaper sleuth of the tale, "has intervened—not once but fifty times since 1914—to save England from disaster, and, in so doing, unquestionably 'preserved the structure of modern civilisation that we have so laboriously built up.'" The story of these achievements is given

in that episodic form which seems to be developing into a popular compromise between the short story and the novel. The narrative is ingenious enough, but the wires that (properly enough in this kind of fiction) control it, are somewhat too evident. A more skilful series of similarly linked tales is *The Lost Naval Papers*, chronicling the exploits of one Dawson of Scotland Yard as defender of the realm in wartime against all comers. In a way these tales take one's mind back to the immortal Sherlock, but William Dawson's methods are different and his status is different. You recall how Dr. Watson's idol is always exposing, single-handed, the stupidity and clumsiness of Scotland Yard. Dawson is an exhibit for the defence. "The mills of Scotland Yard grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small. There is nothing showy about them. They work by system, not by inspiration. Though Dawson was not specially intelligent—in some respects he was stupid—he was dreadfully, terrifyingly efficient, because he was part of the slowly grinding Scotland Yard machine." In *The False Faces* Mr. Vance shows his usual nonchalant indifference to probabilities, or, let us say, to the commonsense that he knows his listeners have cheerfully left behind them on entering his booth. He always tells a rattling tale, and a tale cannot reasonably be expected to rattle and do anything else at the same time. He engineers great doings between the German spies in New York and that Lone Wolf who has furnished the ingenuous reader with so many thrills in the not distant past. *The Long Trick*, by "Bartimeus" (Doran), is a real contribution to

the literature of the war. In the form of lightly connected tales, or sketches, it gives a "close-up" of the war as it looks and feels to the Grand Fleet at its work in the North Sea. It presents, in very simple and human terms, a vivid impression of a service which, so far as the public is concerned, has been done hitherto largely "in the twilight." There are several short-story collections of merit, not dealing with the war, among them *Nine Tales*, by Hugh de Selincourt (Dodd, Mead), *Under the Hermes*, by Richard Dehan (Dodd, Mead), and *The Lucky Seven*, by John Taintor Foote (Appleton).

Stories of humour and whimsy appear to be relatively few. *Kitty Canary*, by Kate Langley Bosher (Harper), is an amusing example of the cub-and-flapper romance which Mr. Tarkington's *Seventeen* and Mrs. Rinehart's *Bab: A Sub-Deb* have recently elevated to a recognised genre. The heroine of *Ommirandy*, by Armistead C. Gordon (Scribner), is a Southern "mammy" whose loyalty to her master results in some extraordinary exploits. *The Young Stagers*, by W. C. Wren (Longmans), presents certain youthful Anglo-Indians in the act of being artless and killing, the British humour of the book being somewhat obvious for an American taste. *Carolyn of the Corners*, by Ruth Endicott (Dodd, Mead), is a book of village humour and sentiment in an American setting, as, with a more satirical touch and a graver action, *Children of Passage*, by Frederick Watson (Dutton), is, in a Scotch setting, and *The Gossip Shop*, by J. E. Buckrose (Doran), in an English setting. In *Sunshine Beggars* (Little, Brown) Sidney McCall tells a pleas-

ant story of an Italian family which intrudes into a hostile American community and against all odds makes its own place there by virtue of its essential kindness and genius for happiness. Of *Potterat and the War* I have spoken as deserving a high place among books of humour and sentiment. Another expression of Gallic humour for English readers is the *My Uncle Benjamin* of Claude Tellier, now translated by Adele Szold Seltzer, and delightfully decorated *en silhouette* by Emil Preetorius (Boni and Liveright).

At intervals one hears it said that historical romance is dead; if so, it is one of the liveliest of corpses. *Gudrid the Fair*, by Maurice Hewlett (Dodd, Mead), repeats the feat of *Thorgils* in shaping a living little world of men and women out of the materials of Icelandic Saga. In his Preface the story-teller says that his purpose here has been to show a good Icelandic woman, as in *Thorgils* he showed a good Icelandic man; and he defends himself against a possible charge of "vulgarising the classics" on the ground that the great Northern saga-literature is so little known: "It hands over the key, but if the lock is stiff it will not give you oil for the wards. Oil for the wards is all I can pretend to here; and if I may say that I have humanised a tale of endurance, and clothed demigods and shadows in flesh and blood, I shall feel that I have done useful work, and bear charges of vulgarisation with a philosophy which assures me that the two terms are much of a muchness." The tale involves the discovery of

"Wineland" by Leif, but Mr. Hewlett's chief interest is frankly in the human drama. Two other historical romances, on a larger scale, have just come to my table. I have not read them, but I mean to. I shall expect much of *The Unwilling Vestal*, by Edward Lucas White (Dutton), because I was so deeply impressed by the *El Supremo* of the same author. If he does for Rome under the Cæsars anything approaching what he did for Paraguay under *El Supremo*, the reader will be richly rewarded for his pains. But this is the more difficult task, since in the earlier story the romancer had a virgin field. It may do the book no harm to say that it is not more than half as long as its predecessor. As for the other story, it offers an unusual bait to the reader's interest. If he sighs "What! Another?" at first glimpse of the title-page of *My Two Kings: A Novel of the Stuart Restoration*, by Mrs. Evan Nepean (Dutton), he may feel, in a provisional way, that all is not lost when he reads, in her Prologue, the author's profession (or admission?) that she is a reincarnation of a certain Charlotte Stuart, a cousin of Charles II, and tells her story largely as a matter of personal recollection: indeed, she denies the title-page by denying that this is a novel at all. We should think nothing of this contention, except as a not unfamiliar sort of literary expedient, if it were not backed up, on the inner jacket of the book, by the publisher. Why, then, did he put that word "novel" on the title-page?

THE CONFLICT OF TWO IDEALS*

BY LUTHER E. ROBINSON

As THE war continues its causes and significance unfold with freer action. Its actual psychology will, in some measure, fail of contemporary apprehension, and like similar struggles of the past will continue to invite interpretation long after the event. Quite naturally, wherever its illusions survive its close, to their extent the outcome will be disappointing. But it is certain that no previous war carried with it so great a volume of literature and discussion on the issues in conflict. Political thought was never so serious and lucid as now, for never has public opinion been focussed with so great unanimity upon the two ideals of

*The Evolution of Prussia. By J. A. R. Marriott and C. Grant Robertson. Oxford: The Clarendon Press.

Survey of International Relations Between the United States and Germany. By James Brown Scott. New York: The Oxford University Press.

The Monarchy in Politics. By J. A. Farrer. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. America Among the Nations. By H. H. Powers. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Alsace-Lorraine Under German Rule. By C. D. Hazen. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

Fighting for Peace. By Henry Van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

France, England, and European Democracy. By Charles Cestre. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Democracy and the War. By J. F. Coar. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Political Ideals. By Bertrand Russell. New York: The Century Company.

Our Democracy. By J. H. Tufts. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

Great Problems of British Statesmanship. By J. Ellis Barker. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

National Strength and International Duty. By Theodore Roosevelt. Princeton: University Press.

government whose irreconcilable has deepened with the growth of civilisation. Democracy and autocracy are in eternal hostility; they can never be friends. In theory they are mutually exclusive and must be so in practice. As long as they exist together among populous and socially interdependent nations, the world will be a house divided against itself. Lincoln's interpretation of the triumph of the Union as the people's resolution that self-government should not perish from the earth, finds its complement in President Wilson's interpretation of the pending struggle as the resolution of democracies,—government by free debate and majority opinion,—to be liberated from the predatory jealousy and assault of the despotic régime.

Causes reaching back through years are being subjected to impartial scrutiny. Fortunately we have ceased to cavil at religion and education, at socialism and the press, for fancied remissness or impotency to protect mankind from self-inflicted atrocity. We are revising our views of civilisation. True, there has long survived a strange disposition, whether in peace or in war, to endow institutions with an exaggerated superiority to those who create or maintain them. This tendency is giving way to the more rational testimony of history, or the proved motives of those who have held the reins of social and national fortune. We are still disposed to inculcate the weakness or the stratagems of diplomacy for the occurrence of war, and we shall look to it for a palpable

amendment of its ways. At the same time, our censure is conscious of the frailties or ambitions of the men who shape its effects. We shall probably come out of this great conflict with more willingness and ability to utilise the accumulated knowledge of historic and economic experience. Human reason and imagination, always groping for light, will then be better able to convert our body of knowledge into terms of practical justice and international welfare. Great crises like that confronting the present slowly predispose the common judgment to believe that national wellbeing is inseparable from that of the community of nations. There is striking agreement among the more thoughtfully written of recent books which attempt to assess the conditions figuring in the genesis of this war, on the side of the Allies at least, in favour of creating some plan of future security against similar catastrophes.

How far its scheme of government may influence a professedly civilised nation's attitude in favour of or against war is an old question under fresh review. If autocracy furnishes the surest escape from public opinion and the safest outlet for personal and class aggrandisement, it likewise makes for swift and unchallenged national policy. If democracy affords the widest distribution of political benefits, it is likely to face national emergencies with less calculation and hence with less vigilant preparation. Is it true, as the President declares, that "Only free peoples can hold their honour steady to a common end and prefer the interests of mankind to any narrow interest of their own?"

The realisation of magisterial

policy under dominant and ambitious personalities, concerned with political advantage through the instrumentality of force, fits the political history of Germany as presented with clearness and concision by Marriott and Robertson, of Oxford University, in *The Evolution of Prussia*. Although the book is the outgrowth of the war, its point of view gives it a justifiable place in historical literature. The authors have exhibited that an unbiassed study of competent sources and authorities, the German being liberally represented, discloses the development of a distinctly Hohenzollern policy after the ideas of Frederick the Great, who bequeathed to his successors the faith that war and its instrument, the army, are essential to the life of the state. The Prussianisation of Germany is shown to have expanded from humble beginnings under the triple stimuli of army organisation, the encouragement of science, and the favouring administrative machinery of an undemocratic constitution. This conclusion, inevitable to a strictly political study of Prussian history, conforms with the teaching of many German publicists, who have favoured the triumph of a dynastic function unaccountable to those who are governed and working through bureaucratic agencies indifferent to criticism. The policy has succeeded in moulding a docile people to the prefigured demands of autocratic organisation.

The contrast between democratic and autocratic methods of administration, their differentiation in argument and conception of justice, as well as the vital contradiction inherent in the two levels of motives which mark their diplomacy, is con-

veyed very definitely and irresistibly in James Brown Scott's *Survey of International Relations Between the United States and Germany*. This work of splendid scholarship is of permanent character, whose usefulness will grow with the years. It is a documentary history illustrative of the continuity of German political ideals from Frederick the Great to William II, followed by a documentary history of our controversy with Germany on the side of international law, and including the break with Austria-Hungary. The illuminating chapter on Germany's historic attitude toward arbitration goes far toward answering the question as to which of the two great ideals of government is the more predisposed to war. Doctor Scott concludes that "the day has long since passed, at least in democratic countries, where the head of the State, whether he be monarch or president, can go to war as the king went a-hunting. . . . War is ordinarily declared in a moment of excitement . . . but we cannot to-day in democracies justify a declaration of war unless the cause be just." At least we cannot deceive posterity.

This conclusion is not in sympathy with that reached by J. A. Farrer, whose study of *The Monarchy in Politics* is a work embodying the results of an industrious investigation of a large body of memoirs and state papers from the time of George III to Queen Victoria. This English writer gives an admirable account of the oscillative nature of European politics and its nervous diplomacy during the later years of Victoria's reign, when the clouds of the present international confusion were lowering. He thinks that while the influence of English mon-

archs has ordinarily been reactionary, it has often been on the side of weathering political crises. As an instance of this, he cites the Queen's strength in keeping England out of war with Germany in the Danish crisis of 1864, "when the people would have jumped at war." He concludes, very academically one cannot help thinking, that "democracies under modern conditions, sensitive to every gust of rumour . . . are subject to no restraint from war like that which may operate on a peaceful monarch." He endorses Lord Salisbury's contention that "a thirst for empire and a readiness for aggressive war" is characteristic of a democracy. This view of the matter is also held by H. H. Powers in *America Among the Nations*. He regards it as "unhistoric thinking" to "assume that democracies are peaceful," and points to the expansion of the United States and Britain through war during the last one hundred years. He has little confidence in an alliance of nations for the "perplexing purpose of maintaining the world's peace" for the reason that "Nations must grow together," as the United States and Britain have done, by reaching the point where they can settle their differences by arbitration. Whatever their government, nations, he thinks, do not war for commerce nor to "rally" their people as "slaves to serve the ambitions of an autocrat," but in mystic response to a "great common impulse," an "oversoul" unintelligible to them, which makes a rational equilibrium unattainable.

Historically viewed, it is certain that a republic may as properly build up an empire as a monarchy may, and that it may employ war in the process. Is this to say that

a self-governing nation is as predisposed to make war as a government independent of public opinion? We can dismiss at once the fallacy that war is mystically insuperable to rationalistic control or that public opinion is subject to "every gust of rumour." When a government responsive to intelligent public opinion goes to war the chances are many to one that it will have good reason to do so. Moreover, its belligerent practice is likely to have regard for human rights; its methods will be more humane than governments by irresponsible control usually betray. It would scarcely be possible for a modern self-governing people to despoil deliberately its unoffending neighbour for the motive frankly asserted by Bismarck for the annexation of Alsace. In his *Alsace-Lorraine Under German Rule*, a book uniting simplicity and perspicacity with authenticity of statement, Professor Hazen quotes the iron chancellor's remark that "Alsace had not been annexed because of her *beaux yeux*, but simply and solely because she would furnish an excellent military defence of the Empire, an important first-line fortification, and Germany was equally indifferent to Alsatian lamentations and Alsatian wrath." The democratic feeling is disclosed by Henry Van Dyke on every page of his *Fighting for Peace*, a book delightfully representative of the civilisation practicable in a nation that would not turn its intellectual effort in the direction of material success *per se*. He asserts that "No one has ever accused the British or French or Italian sailors in this war of sinking merchantships without warning, leaving their crews and passengers to drown."

This attitude of the more demo-

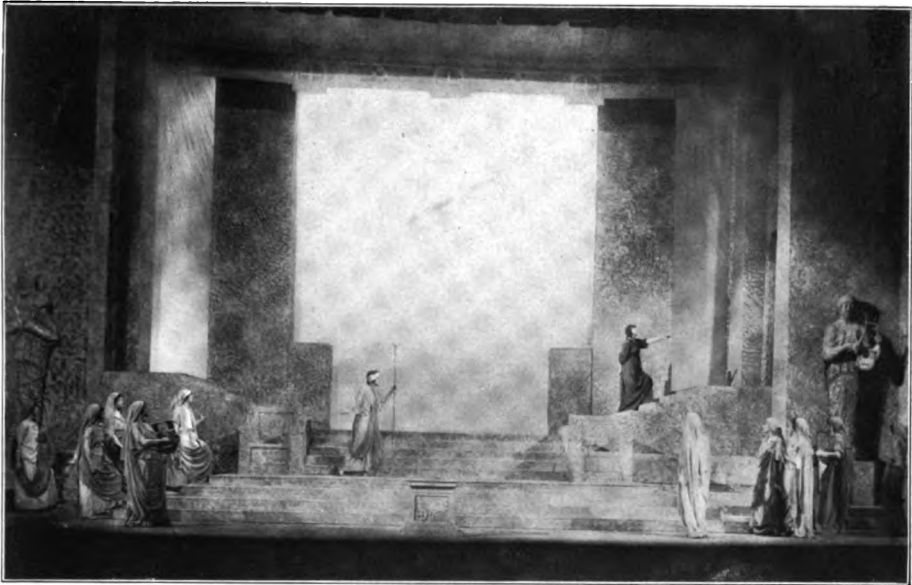
cratic countries in war is very well supported upon historic grounds by Charles Cestre's *France, England, and European Democracy*, a book clear and trustworthy in its capable analysis of the English mind and character, of the conflicts and progress of the labour unions, and of the slow, if tragic, triumph of English moral forces "over historical fatalities" in the liberation of Ireland. England's contribution of liberty and the French contribution of equality, by their interchange, have, in Kipling's line, fused the two nations into a "linked and steadfast guard set for peace on earth." On the other hand, the German *Sittlichkeit*, abjuring the "great thought of Goethe," has nourished, within the limits of German science and militarism, a people submissive to the "arrogant idea of bending all men to this soulless discipline." England and France, organising and increasing their production in proportion to their needs, have shown that efficiency consists also "in judgment, self-possession, the sense of historical realities. . . . They make efficiency the servant of human values." This is the doctrine of Doctor J. F. Coar, whose *Democracy and the War*, while admitting that "Within a given time, democratic efficiency may not achieve results comparable to those effected by an autocratic government," finds in "the unlimited possibilities of the democratic principle . . . its crowning glory. Because, according to this vigorous and intellectual writer, "democracy requires the abiding interest of every member of the community," its efficiency consists of individual human energies in action to maintain the equal and accumulative rights of all men. "Democracy's primary organ-

isation is the State, autocracy's is the Government."

Germany's substitution of government initiative in economic and social development for popular initiative made it possible for her official class to mould her people to the autocratic will. State socialism satisfied the material aims behind the earlier socialistic movement among the people. Popular initiative, the fruit of liberty, rests upon the democratic principle. This is the philosophy of Bertrand Russell, in his readable little book, *Political Ideals*. "The more men learn to live creatively rather than possessively," he maintains, "the less their wishes lead them to thwart others or to attempt violent interference with their liberty." Similarly Dr. James H. Tufts, in *Our Democracy*, argues that liberty and progress depend upon co-operation; that "Nations that prefer other ends than power are looked down upon" by the military class, "which thinks itself the only class fit to govern." To him it is clear that some form of co-operation like the proposed League of Peace is necessary to protect humanity against great armies and constant preparation for war. Instead of such a League, J. Ellis Barker believes that "a British-American union" would be the "most powerful instrument imaginable not only for protecting the future peace of the Anglo-Saxons but also for protecting the peace of the world." In his *Great Problems of British Statesmanship*, one of the most profoundly interesting discussions of the issues provoked by the war, he argues in behalf of the efficacy of the American scheme of government as against that of the normal British Cabinet system. This efficacy lies in the

American constitutional system, whose founders "recognised that a government can act with energy, sagacity, foresight, secrecy, and despatch . . . only if there is absolute unity of purpose, if the executive is in the hands of a single man who is assisted by eminent experts." He illustrates by a critical review of our Civil War, that a republic can successfully employ conscription, which he endorses for England; and shows that by their earlier adoption of conscription, as well as by their unqualified system of the same, the Southern States were able to prolong the war. Mr. Barker, so far as he discusses the question in relation to Austria-Hungary, is in substantial agreement with ex-President Roosevelt, who contends in *National Strength and International Duty*, that "We should not have any negotiations with those who committed and who glory in . . . the conquered countries," and that "we are fighting for the liberty of every well-behaved nation, great or small, to have whatever government it desires and to live unharmed others and unharmed by others."

The ideals of democracy are becoming more and more clearly differentiated in the public mind from those of autocracy. This result is indispensable to their success and to the loyalty necessary to their perpetuity. It is a result that marks a great advance in the world. As President Wilson has divined and happily phrased it, "We are at the beginning of an age in which it will be insisted that the same standards of conduct and of responsibility for wrongs done shall be observed among nations and their governments that are observed among the individual citizens of civilised states."



Photograph by Charlotte Fairchild.

GENERAL STAGE-SETTING FOR THE "ELECTRA" OF SOPHOCLES, DESIGNED BY LIVINGSTON PLATT. THIS PICTURE SHOWS THE ARCHITECTURAL ASPECT OF THE ENTIRE STAGE AND THE SCULPTURAL GROUPING OF THE CHORUS. AFTER A COLLOQUY WITH THE CHORUS, MISS ANGLIN, AS ELECTRA, IS RETIRING TO THE SLAVES' QUARTERS OF HER FATHER'S PALACE

THE ATHENIAN DRAMA AND THE AMERICAN AUDIENCE

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

I

BEFORE the invention of printing, there were few books in the world; but all of these were worth reading. So long as every extra copy of a literary work had to be written out by hand on parchment, a certain care was exercised lest this lengthy labour should be wasted over words that were ephemeral. The Romans, Greeks, and Hebrews were human like ourselves, and liable to human error; they must have uttered, every day, the usual amount of trash, and this trash must have been passed about, from mouth to mouth, among the masses; but the ancients did not write it down. They allowed their

trivial words to die,—unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown; and they recorded in their libraries only those more memorable words that were luminous with intimations of immortality.

The library of Alexandria was burned; Herculaneum was buried beneath an overwhelming flood of lava; and comparatively little now remains to us of ancient literature. But what remains is not "ancient," in the narrow sense; and nearly all of it is really "literature,"—that is to say [in the noble phrase of Emerson] a record of "man thinking" and expressing his thoughts in unwitherable words. The invention of print-

ing, and the enactment of that modern law which compels everybody, willy-nilly, to go to school and learn to read, has led to a widespread circulation of recorded utterances; but how many of these documents are "literature"? And those of us who ply the pen so busily in these days of rapid printing might profitably pause, every now and then, to ask ourselves whether we have ever written a single sentence that deserves to be engraved on granite and preserved from the erosion of innumerable future centuries. How much of our contemporary writing will be accepted finally as "literature," in the leisure of all time?

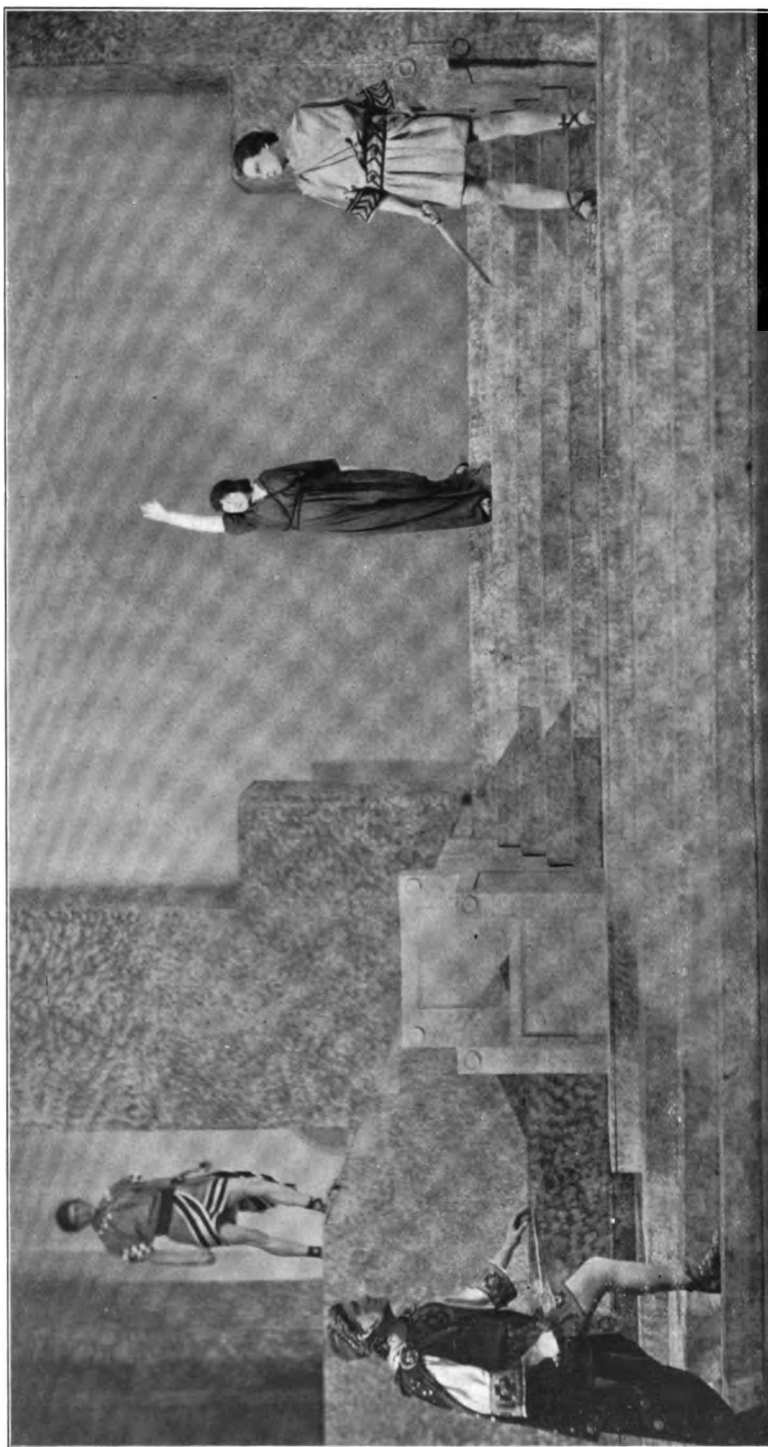
The ancients felt a more reverent respect for books and authors than we entertain to-day; but they had more reason for this feeling. They were not poisoned by a state of things that accords a million readers every morning to the hirelings of Mr. William Randolph Hearst, and reduces John Milton to what—in the profane vocabulary of our friends, the French—is eloquently called "the name of a name." The ancients saw things in perspective and proportion. They never pretended—not even on the eve of a popular election—that "all men are created equal": they announced, instead, that certain men were nobler than their fellows and were worthy, by inherent right, of being listened to attentively. The Greeks gave prizes for literary prowess; and, when a man had won a public prize for authorship, he was erected to the aristocracy and considered as a leading citizen.

The ancients regarded their greatest authors as divine, and spread abroad the legend that these supermen had spoken to mankind with the

authentic voice of God. The Hebrews accepted Isaiah not only as a poet but also as a prophet, and claimed that he wrote better than he knew. The Romans believed that Virgil was not merely a perfect artist, but also an unconscious mouthpiece for the deity of deities; and, after the slow passage of a thousand years, the greatest composition of the greatest man that ever lived was immediately called, not by himself, but by his readers, *The Divine Comedy*. There was no real reason—on the other hand—why this title should not have been selected by Dante himself; since he has told us more than once, with the serenity of perfect confidence, that the things he had to say were suggested not by his own mind, but by the irresistible and overwhelming inspiration of all the things that are.

We are living now in an age of infidelity, when it is popular to laugh at high and far-off images of holy things; but we have no reason to dismiss as merely credulous the belief of our forefathers that their greatest poets were inspired from above. Without departing from the region of the intellect, it would be easy enough to prove that Dante is indeed, in a certain sense, "divine"; and there is also a reasonable motive for accepting several of the Hebrew writings, which have been gathered helter-skelter after many accidents of time into the canonical fold of the Old Testament, as authentic utterances of some power that is greater than ourselves.

The Romans held a "superstition"—to repeat a word that has grown current in our present period of cynicism—that Virgil was so wise that he had hidden away an answer to every imaginable human problem



Photograph by Charlotte Fairchild.

CLIMAX OF THE "ELECTRA" OF SOPHOCLES. ORESTES CHALLENGES CLYTEMNESTRA TO MORTAL COMBAT; THE OTHER CHARACTERS ARE ELECTRA AND PYLADES. THIS PICTURE SHOWS HOW WELL THE STAGE-SETTING, DESIGNED BY LIVINGSTON PLATT, IS ADAPTED TO MOMENTS OF RAPID AND EXCITING ACTION. GREAT ADVANTAGE IS DERIVED FROM PLAYING THE SCENE ON SEVERAL DIFFERENT LEVELS

in some passage of his *Æneid*; and common men in need of guidance were advised to open his heroic poem blindfold, to place a finger on an accidental passage, and to read this passage as a mystical, oracular response to their imaginative inquisition.

This pagan incantation is not yet out-moded. It is still possible to trust the ancient writers for an answer to our modern questionings. And, in these times of trouble, we may profitably turn to the tragic poets of the period of Pericles.

II

For these, indeed, are times that try men's souls; and hundreds of millions of living men and women are troubled by an instant and tremendous problem of eternal justice. Let us state this problem very simply. We, who are civilised, have taught ourselves, through twenty centuries of Christianity, to believe that a war of aggression is a crime. We believe that this German war, launched deliberately after forty years of preparation, is the greatest crime of history. Yet the armies that sacked Serbia and butchered Belgium seem stronger now than when they were unleashed four years ago. The victims of the *Lusitania*, still un-avenged, are visiting the bottom of the monstrous world; and ruined Rheims lifts up her splintered towers to a heaven that seems not to see. The aggressors have annexed great tracts of territory; they have extracted millions of dollars of tribute from their helpless neighbours; they have ruined Russia; and there seems to be no reason for refusing to admit that—thus far—they have won the war. Why then do we fight on? And why shall we continue to

fight on—for twenty years if need be—against a foe apparently victorious? Not because of any facts or figures; but solely by virtue of our faith in what Matthew Arnold called “that eternal not-ourselves that makes for righteousness.” We have a feeling that the members of the Potsdam gang, and all their followers in Germany and out of it, shall not finally escape the consequences of their crimes: for otherwise there is no God,—a thing unthinkable. . . .

But, since so eminent a statesman as Lord Landsdowne has become faint-hearted and has begun to talk of bartering with the burglar for a portion of his swag,—since even our own President, in a now regretted moment of “diplomatic” aberration, spoke once of a peace without punishment,—let us become again like little children, and re-adopt the ancient incantation, and turn to Sophocles for an answer to the moral problem that is bothering the world.

Let us turn, by choice, to his *Electra*; because, in that play, the ancient fiction parallels our modern facts. Heroic Agamemnon has been foully murdered by his wicked wife, Clytemnestra, and by her lustful paramour, Ægisthos. His only son, Orestes, has escaped to a far country; but many years have lapsed away, and nobody now knows whether he is dead or living. Meanwhile Ægisthos sits easily upon the throne he has usurped and luxuriates in the caresses of his partner in crime. Two daughters of the ancient stock remain in the house of Agamemnon. The one, Electra, reveres her father's memory; and, for this reverence, she is relegated to the quarters of the slaves and doomed to dress in rags.

The other—a fluffy and light-minded girl, Chrysothemis—may be regarded as the very pattern of a pacifist. She admits that her mother is a murderess, and that her step-father is a traitor, an adulterer, and an usurper; but she has discovered that the quickest way to her own comfort is to forget their crimes and to accept the *largesse* of their hospitality. Her philosophy is quite as simple as that of Nikolai Lenine:—to the victor belongs the spoils; and Chrysothemis is not impeded, by any twinge of conscience, from being spoiled. But lone Electra looms, and anguishes, and waits,—hoping without hope, against a future day of final judgment. Even the Chorus argues with Electra, and asks her why—in default of the longed-for re-appearance of Orestes—she continues to rebel against a pair of criminals whose power is apparently impregnable. And then Electra answers, in these lines:—

For if the dead, as dust and nothing found,
 Shall lie there in his woe,
 And they shall fail to pay
 The penalty of blood,
 Then should all fear of Gods from earth
 decay,
 And all men's worship prove a thing of
 naught.

In other words, the murderers *cannot* ultimately go unpunished for their crimes: for else there is no God, —a thing unthinkable. . . . This *reductio ad absurdum*—which may serve to send us back, with hearts uplifted, to our task of building ships and raising armies—was enunciated by the apostolic Sophocles more than three and twenty centuries ago. . . . And these lines—not paraphrased, as in the foregoing quotation, by the pedestrian Professor Plumptre, but eloquent in the

original Greek—might well be flung back by our President in answer to the next appeal for peace from Chancellor von Hertling. Sophocles—in the inspired phrase of William Blake—“saw eternity in an hour,” and told us, in the tiny compass of less than fifty words, “all we need to know” about the most tremendous moral problem of the present time. The theme of the *Electra* is not—as certain students have surmised—the satisfaction of so primitive a passion as the lust for blood: it is, instead, the vindication of a necessary faith in “that eternal not-ourselves that makes for righteousness.”

III

Another topic that demands the immediate attention of that emphatically modern person who is colloquially called “the man in the street” is the subject of the new enfranchisement of women after many centuries of servitude. Precisely forty years ago, Henrik Ibsen wrote, in the course of his preparatory notes for *A Doll's House*:—“There are two kinds of spiritual law, two kinds of conscience,—one in man, and another, altogether different, in woman. They do not understand each other; but in practical life the woman is judged by man's law, as though she were not a woman but a man. . . . A woman cannot be herself in the society of the present day, which is an exclusively masculine society, with laws framed by men and with a judicial system that judges feminine conduct from a masculine point of view.”

Two thousand three hundred and fifty years ago, Euripides of Athens expressed himself upon this self-same subject, in a Chorus of Women that has been translated by Professor

Gilbert Murray in the English lines that follow:—

Back streams the wave on the ever-running river:

Life, life is changed and the laws of it o'ertrod.

Man shall be the slave, the affrighted, the low-liver!

Man hath forgotten God.

And woman, yea, woman, shall be terrible in story:

The tales, too, meseemeth, shall be other than of yore.

For a fear there is that cometh out of Woman and a glory,

And the hard hating voices shall encompass her no more!

The old bards shall cease, and their memory that lingers

Of frail brides and faithless, shall be shrivelled as with fire.

For they loved us not, nor knew us: and our lips were dumb, our fingers

Could wake not the secret of the lyre.

Else, else, O God the Singer, I had sung amid their rages

A long tale of Man and his deeds for good and ill.

But the Old World knoweth—'tis the speech of all his ages—

Man's wrong and ours: he knoweth and is still.

Did Ibsen of Norway say any more upon this modern subject, in the year A.D. 1878, than Euripides of Greece had already said and sung, in the year B.C. 431,—the first year of the eighty-seventh Olympiad, when he submitted his *Medea* and won only a third prize in competition with Euphoriion, the son of Æschylus, who carried off the palm, and with Sophocles, who took the second prize? . . . Or am I right in thinking that Euripides was inspired with a prescience that may reasonably be regarded as prophetic?

IV

The outstanding event of the current theatre-season in New York

[and, of course, "the onlie begetter" of the present commentary] has been the popular triumph of Miss Margaret Anglin's productions, in Carnegie Hall, of the *Electra* of Sophocles and the *Medea* of Euripides. This triumph has been truly popular. There are more than three thousand seats in Carnegie Hall; and every seat has been filled at each of the five or six repetitions of these ancient tragedies. The commercial problem—from the moment when the project was initially announced—was not how to attract the public, but how to provide accommodation for the people who besieged the box-office, in long lines, with money in their hands.

Between fifteen and twenty thousand people attended in New York, within the compass of a single month, Miss Anglin's reproductions of these two Athenian tragedies. It is not, by any means, to be inferred that this enormous audience was made up mainly of people who had previously read the writings of Euripides and Sophocles. It is safe to assume that these high and far-off names meant next to nothing to the majority of those attracted to the undertaking by the reputation of Miss Anglin or by the reputation of her justly popular collaborator, Mr. Walter Damrosch. But Miss Anglin soon convinced the many-headed public that the great Greek poets [to express the matter in a phrase remembered from the Bible] are "not dead but living," and that their message to mankind is instant and immediate, because it is eternal.

V

Why is it that any so-called "modern" play which is "revived" after an interval of only twenty or thirty

years seems always irretrievably "old-fashioned,"—while any adequate production of a play originally written in the age of Pericles appears always—in the phrase of Robert Browning—"strange and new."

This question is not difficult to answer. The Greeks—in contemplating any subject for a work of art—sought only and sought always for inklings of eternity. By imagination they removed their topics "out of space, out of time," and regarded them from the point of view of an absolute and undisrupted leisure. They sought, in any subject, not for transitory hintings of the here and now, but always and only for indications of the absolute and undeniable. By deliberate intention, they wrote "not of an age but for all time."

Another point to be recalled is that the tragic dramatists of ancient Athens were never tempted to pursue the *ignis fatuus* of novelty. No playwright—in those high and far-off days—was ever expected, or permitted, to invent a story. The Athenian dramatists dealt only with tales that had already been familiar to the public for a thousand years. Their function was—as artists—to extract a new and unexpected truth from the elucidation of an ancient fable, and not to catch the light attention of the public by the sudden flaunting of some flag of novelty. The augustness of Greek criticism may be measured by the fact that the *Medea* of Euripides took only a third prize in Athens in the year 431 B. C. It was probably too "modern" or too "revolutionary" to satisfy the honourable judges who accorded the first prize to Euphorion, the son of Æschylus.

VI

By virtue of the managerial incentive of Miss Anglin, our theatre-going public has lately been convinced that Sophocles and Euripides are more alive to-day than Mr. George Broadhurst and Mr. George V. Hobart. Miss Anglin is greatly to be praised for this achievement in the education of the populace. She has done what hundreds and hundreds of scholarly professors have failed to do:—she has sent thousands of unscholarly and normal people back to their libraries, to read [or to re-read] the tragic dramatists of ancient Athens and to experience an unexpected joy.

The plays of these great dramatists are so effective that all that is necessary, in the modern theatre, is to leave them alone and to act them as they are: yet this very simple point is usually missed by those who approach the ancient drama from the point of view of archæology. Sophocles and Euripides have been damned for generations by pedagogues who have insisted on counting the quantitative value of every syllable of every line; and, even in the theatre, these immortal plays might almost be reduced to the realm of the utter anæsthetic by an all-too-sedulous adherence to the foregone conventions of the ancient stage.

Miss Anglin's very first productions of these plays were disclosed, in the summer of 1915, in the Greek Theatre at Berkeley, California. This was an open-air auditorium, constructed in imitation of the ancient theatre of Dionysus in Athens, and ample for the seating of twenty thousand people. Assured, in advance, of the patronage of an enormous audience, Miss Anglin must

have been tempted to turn "scholarly," and to project these ancient dramatists as men long dead, instead of men forever living. This temptation she resisted, because she is an artist. She discarded the masque and the *cothurnus*: she removed the chorus from the orchestra to the stage; and, in many other ways, she recomposed these ancient fables according to the more familiar pattern of the theatre of to-day.

In California, Miss Anglin showed her common sense [a most uncommon quality, as the great Descartes has told us] by refusing to produce these ancient plays by sunlight, despite the precedent that has been handed down from ancient history. A modern spectator of a Greek play delivered out of doors is greatly bothered by the modern look of the people in the audience; and the only way to obviate this interruption is to drench and drown the audience in darkness, while an artificial light is focussed on the actors on the stage. This subterfuge necessitates a night performance; and, for this reason, Miss Anglin, in her experimental renderings of the Periclean dramatists in California, decided wisely to eschew the ancient custom of appearing under the indirigible light of day.

VII

Carnegie Hall is an empty and inhospitable auditorium, resembling neither the Athenian theatre of Dionysus nor any modern theatre of Broadway; and Miss Anglin's artistic director, Mr. Livingston Platt, was called upon to decorate the stage in a mood that should be suited amply to the height of the occasion. In this endeavour, Mr. Platt succeeded almost perfectly. His set-

ting for the *Electra* of Sophocles was simple, yet magnificent, in architecture. Tall pylons soared beyond the sight; and, before great doorways, many stairs spilled down in cataracts that seemed to gather into an eternal tide. Mr. Fred Eric—who depicted the part of Orestes in this play—reported his impression of this setting in some such words as follow: "When I enter, up or down those stairs, I *have* to act much better than I have ever acted at any time before. The whole play is plotted out on different levels, which indicate different degrees of dominance. Whenever I stand firmly footed on those stairs and read a speech, I feel at ease: I do not need to strive: the architect has solved the problem for the actor."

On the other hand, the present writer is required to record a disagreement with the decorative project conceived by Mr. Platt for his setting of the *Medea* of Euripides. The high point in this play is that moment when the Chorus of Corinthian Women swarm up many steps and impotently push against the door that impedes them from preventing the insatiate, insane Medea from murdering her children. The cry of these agonised and helpless children is answered only by the feeble fluttering of thirty helpless hands. The exigencies of this situation demand—obviously—that the door to Medea's house should be cyclopean in ponderosity. After Jason has accomplished his delayed re-entrance, he is required [according to the lines] to order his underlings to break through this mighty door with crow-bars. Yet—in the setting designed by Mr. Platt—this all-important gateway to disaster is represented merely by an open grill-work

that looks incapable of resisting the determined push of fifteen women. The effect of the *Medea* on the stage—like the effect of *The Death of Tintagiles*, in which M. Maeterlinck was not ashamed to follow in the footsteps of Euripides—depends largely upon the adamantine solidity

that can be suggested by the setting to the eye; and Mr. Livingston Platt has weakened the climax of the play by designing a central door for the *Medea* that looks as if it might be pushed open without effort by any ardent crowd composed of fifteen women.

THE TELEPHONE

BY A. CARTER GOODLOE

WHEN from its niche the importunate bell calls clear,
The miracle is wrought without delay.
Speech culled from air wings to the marvelling ear,
Swift, unseen shuttles through aerial way
Weave back and forth, bringing deep woe or cheer—
Strange, tenuous messengers of joy, dismay,
Of pain or crouching care or hope or fear.
Love, when thy summons comes, quick, I obey!
Unclasp the magic instrument and there
Vibrates thy voice across the trembling wires
Breaking my bonds of silence and despair.
Space is annihilate—far though thou art,
I feel thee near me, Love, heart to my heart,
And hope, grown cold, enkindles with new fires!

THE FOOD CRUSADE*

BY THOMAS H. DICKINSON

NEVER in human memory have men been so conscious of their dinners as they are to-day. They prepare for them with forethought and they eat them with conscientious care. Scruples sit at their elbows and duty watches Argus-eyed at every helping.

What is the meaning of this universal concern with food? A few years ago we were willing to admit that under certain circumstances food could be an art. Then we discovered that it is a science. And now the World War has made it into a Crusade. Discussions of the food problem occupy in newspapers and magazines space commensurate with that given to engagements on the battle-field and the wordy battles preliminary to an international understanding. Admonitory fingers point from every sign-board. Whole departments in magazines are devoted to the various interests of cookery and conservation.

One looking in on the busy world of war from some other and quieter zone might suppose that humanity had suddenly turned squirrel, that with consciousness of coming dangers and short supplies it was setting

*The World's Food. Edited by Clyde L. King, being the November, 1917, number of the Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science. Philadelphia.

The Food Problem. By Vernon Kellogg and Alonzo E. Taylor, with a Preface by Herbert Hoover. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Food in Wartime. By Graham Lusk. W. B. Saunders. Philadelphia.

Food Preparedness for the United States. By Charles O'Brien. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

aside from its present stores the sustenance instinct tells it will be greatly in demand. But the observer would be badly deceived in thus explaining by reference to a primitive instinct a programme which is in fact derived from other and higher forces in human nature.

Twenty years ago Bloch wrote that the future of war lay not in fighting but in famine. In laying down this dictum he had in mind primarily the dislocation of the factors of production, the violation of the machinery of exchange, the breaking of morale through hunger, and the possibility that considerable numbers of people might be reduced to inefficiency through the lowering of food supplies below the line of vital support. In its general features much that Bloch outlined has been seen to come to pass. With almost uncanny precision the war is following the programme he outlined, with one important exception. And this exception promises to be the vital factor in the case.

For Bloch saw only the negative and destructive side. But war has its constructive features no less than has peace. Bloch failed to see that the very forces he was outlining were developing a new set of social virtues, in which co-operation, imagination, the ability to visualise the other man's case, to put into effective practice a plan based upon an ideal theory, are the fundamental features. The result of the war will be spelled in terms of victory for the party that is able to develop out of

the hardships of war an internal spiritual economy that cannot be broken, rather than in terms of defeat for famished populations. Considered in this way food is seen to be representative of larger issues than mere physical sustenance, however important this may be. It signifies a test of personal stamina, of individual stability under anxiety no less than of the force of the social bond. While foolish optimism is to be deplored, a healthy self-knowledge is demanded. There can be no question as to where real strength lies under such an interpretation as this. In a struggle in which famine is the instrument autocracy would have the advantage on account of its command over machinery. But no democrat can doubt for a moment that a social cause is a stronger incentive to the maintenance of morale than fidelity to an autocrat.

These thoughts are given some point by some notable books that have recently been published. In September, 1917, there was held in Philadelphia, under the auspices of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, a conference on the World's Food. The papers read at this conference, some thirty-five in all, have now been gathered together under the title *The World's Food* by the general editor Clyde L. King, and constitute the November, 1917, number of the *Annals of the Academy*. There is no opportunity here to give more than a suggestion of the variety and richness of the offerings in this volume. An adequate review of the volume would have to cover dietetic, economic, and strategic facts which are out of the range of the present paper and beyond the powers of the writer. It is sufficient to say that *The World's*

Food contains the thirty-five articles of the Food Conserver's Faith. If you wish to understand the principles of the food problem of the world and are not a subscriber to the publications of the Academy, you cannot do better than to get this book from the library.

The World's Food Supply, International Rationing, surveys of the food situations of the Neutral nations and the Allies; *Food Utilization and Conservation*, with articles on diet, on the housekeeper's problems, on noteworthy measures of conservation; *Production and Marketing Plans for Next Year*, with studies on *An Agricultural Policy for the United States*; *Urban and Suburban Food Production*, marketing, labour problems, sheep, potato and milk problems, and a section on *Price Control* are the chief topics treated in this volume. Among the writers are Fridtjof Nansen, Señor Don Ignacio Calderon, the Bolivian Minister, Viscount Ishii, Arthur Pollen, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Gifford Pinchot, President Van Hise, Clifford Thorne and J. E. Davies.

If *The World's Food* supplies the doctrine, *The Food Problem*, by Vernon Kellogg and Alonzo E. Taylor, is the testament of food conservation. Both men were well equipped to write the particular kind of book the emergency called for. Kellogg had been associated with Hoover throughout the work of the Commission for the Relief of Belgium and had been his delegate on more than one occasion when the fortunes of the little nation lay in the balance. Taylor had studied food conditions in Germany in the early years of the war, and upon his return to America had proceeded to develop rapidly into one of the leading authorities on

the social economics of war in this country. Both had come to the crusading spirit through the safe roads of science.

To me the beauty of this book lies in the fact that a multitude of facts are bent to ends that magnify these facts. Like *The World's Food*, this book also represents food as a world problem. We can be parochial in our quarrels, our loves and our hates. We cannot be parochial in our eating if we are going to keep ourselves fed. So manifestly international is food, so thoroughly does it depend upon a world state of agriculture and exchange, that one finds himself thinking as he runs over the authors' figures of imports, tables of yields, facts on nutrition values, that the whole world, Germany included, lies open before his view. It is with a shock of a new realisation of the meaning of war that one remembers that an arbitrary fissure has been driven into what is naturally a solid structure. The meaning of the present disruption of the world is spelled not only in lost lives and injured fortunes, but in the demand for a total reconstruction of the internal economy of nations. In spite of the mishaps and divisions of war this reconstruction is itself obedient to a world plan.

Messrs. Kellogg and Taylor perhaps would not confess these thoughts as their own. Nor would they, perhaps, confess to the literary value of the material they have treated with such scientific restraint. Those things which concern human nature so nearly, our power under pressure, our freedom in sacrifice,

are the materials of literature. In three short years Belgium has been raised into a legend. And now we see developing another story, the story of America, the Wheat Bringer. It is not her own need that is calling her to lay aside wheat in the granaries. She is trying an experiment the like of which has not been seen before, which is nothing less than an experiment in organised sacrifice. These forces, born out of the demand for food as the universal need, are generating new virtues in society that may be effective in turning the scale to victory. Morale is a very real and substantial thing in a democracy. And morale is always self-built from within. It cannot be pampered into vigour from outside.

Two other books dealing in general with the food problem of the war are: *Food Preparedness for the United States*, by Charles O'Brien; and *Food in Wartime*, by Graham Lusk. Of these the latter is concerned more with rules of living under a conservation régime, with balancing of diets, and calories in common life, than with the psychology that underlies the present international problem of providing food-stuffs for the Allies. Mr. O'Brien's book was the first to appeal for measures of preparedness on the part of the United States in connection with the food problem. While he deals fully with the sociology of conservation, it is rather in the spirit of "preparedness" than of a resolute utilisation of extant materials in a military cause. His book is more of a warning than a programme of administrative measures, or an outline of conditions.

CONTEMPORARY POETRY—NEWS AND REVIEWS*

BY JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE

INTERPRETING POETRY BY THE DANCE

AT THE Chicago Little Theatre, about a year ago, Vachel Lindsay, always the innovator, staged one of his most picturesque experiments—a dance accompaniment to several of his poems, which he chanted in lieu of music. The dancer was Miss Eleanor Dougherty, who had first improvised an interpretation of Mr. Lindsay's poems when they were both guests at the home of Mrs. William Vaughn Moody.

The idea of dancing to the rhythms of poetry rather than to music, to give a visual embodiment of the poet's idea while he himself chanted the lines, held such possibilities that much interest was created by the experiment. Mr. Lindsay describes it at some length in his latest volume, *The Chinese Nightingale*, but modestly speaks of it as an attempt to render "Poem Games," whereas it is much more than this, so much more, indeed, that it holds the possibility of becoming a distinct and beautiful art.

During his recent visit to New York, Mr. Lindsay and Miss Dougherty gave two programmes, one at the Women's University Club and one at the Cosmopolitan Club. Sev-

**Toward the Gulf*. By Edgar Lee Masters. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Hill-Tracks. By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. New York: The Macmillan Company.

My Ireland. By Francis Carlin. New York: The Wolf Tone Company.

Songs of the Celtic Past. By Norreys Jephson O'Connor. New York: John Lane Company.

eral of the lighter fantasies, such as *The King of Yellow Butterflies*, *The Potato Dance*, and *Aladdin and the Jinn*, were given with charming effect, while *King Solomon* offered an opportunity for more dramatic presentation. As rhythmic speech would naturally outrun its accompaniment in the dance or pantomime, Mr. Lindsay uses repetition wherever it is needed, and these repetitions are immensely effective, enforcing the beauty of the lines while giving the dancer leisure for their interpretation. To be sure Vachel Lindsay's work is remarkable for its rhythms, and therefore lends itself particularly well to chanting, but any poetry that possesses beauty of tone and picturesqueness is susceptible of dance interpretation. The field is unlimited and, as Mr. Lindsay suggests, could be admirably applied to classic poetry. Why should we not see the school of Mrs. Florence Fleming Noyes or the Duncan Dancers interpret *Atalanta in Calydon*? The rhythms of poetry, as accompaniment, may be made as rich and harmonious as music, and instead of detracting from the beauty of the poet's work, such a representation may enhance it.

Other poets are now taking up Mr. Lindsay's idea and working it out with individual variations, particularly Alfred Kreymborg in his *Poem Mimes*, of which one was published in the March issue of *Poetry*. This was enacted during the past winter in St. Louis, with Orrick Johns as the poet-commentator. In

Mr. Kreymborg's poem, *Where the Willow Nods*, the lines are constantly interpreted in pantomime, several characters being introduced, while a beautiful stage setting is furnished. The poem is very slight and its poetic value negligible, but it has picturesque features, being definitely written for pantomimic acting, while Vachel Lindsay's work was written with no thought of such presentation, but merely lends itself to it by virtue of its inherently rhythmic and pictorial qualities. *The Chinese Nightingale*, for example, was lately produced by a group of students of the English Department of Chicago University, with a cast of twelve persons and an appropriate setting. The Oriental picture, we understand, proved very beautiful.

There is no reason to fear that poetry will become theatrical by being associated in this way with other arts. The field of poetry is vast and comparatively few poems, at best, would be adapted to such presentation. The possibilities of this art are more important, however, than may appear on the surface, since it borders so closely upon poetic drama as eventually to merge into it and have an influence in restoring this greater art to the stage.

PAN-AMERICAN POETRY

Latin-America has invaded New York and bids fair to conquer it, by the only conquest likely to be permanent in this unstable world, the conquest of art and of beauty. From every country of South America and from Cuba and Mexico, the poets have come, as accredited emissaries, not of their political governments, but of the people whom they represent. This is, indeed, more

than a gracious statement, for in the Latin-American countries the poet is more than the law maker, more than the one who may temporarily chance to sit in high places. To verify this, one has only to recall that in all the countries of Latin-America the death of Rubén Darío was attended by a public period of mourning, such as would be given to a ruler. Darío came to New York the winter before his death, and was here for several months, but so little was known at that time of the literature of our sister countries that his visit passed unnoticed. He was frequently a guest at the Poetry Society of America, but no public meeting was given in his honour, so unconscious were we of the fact that we were entertaining the greatest poet then writing in the Spanish tongue.

When, however, José Santos Chocano, who at the death of Darío became the leading poet of Latin-America, came to New York, during the past winter, he was warmly welcomed and an opportunity was given admirers of his work to hear him interpret it at one of the meetings of the Poetry Society. Even without a knowledge of Spanish, it would still have been possible to get the essence of the poems and to recognise their fine poetic beauty from the superb reading of them given by Chocano. It was creative reading, as if the poems were newly taking shape in the poet's mind. No one hearing him had any doubt as to Chocano's rare gifts as a poet. But not only Peru and Nicaragua have been represented among our visitors, at this very moment one might make a roll-call of the Latin-American countries and find some poet here to respond: witness Alfonso Guillén Zelaya, of

Honduras; Pedro Henríquez Ureña, of Santa Domingo; Luis Martin Guzmán, of Mexico; Mariano Brull, of Cuba; Alberto Reid, of Chile; Ricardo Arenales, of Colombia; Salomón de la Selva, of Nicaragua, and José Santos Chocano, of Peru.

Not only are they here, but as several of them will remain indefinitely in New York, they are contributing to an interesting venture, the publication of a magazine of verse, designed to bring into closer relation the poets of the two Americas. To be sure, magazines devoted to verse come and go in almost equal ratio; but hope springs eternal and "no sooner the old hope goes to ground, than a new one straight to the self-same mark" is projected by some visionary. Were it not so, we should get nowhere, for the visionaries save the world. The new magazine, which goes forth under the name of *Pan-American Poetry*, is edited by one of the youngest and most enthusiastic, as well as one of the most gifted, of the poets, Salomón de la Selva, who for some years has been in this country and has, therefore, a more practical knowledge of our conditions. He is assisted by several of the poets previously mentioned. The magazine is equally divided into work by Latin-Americans, printed in Spanish, with an English translation, and work by our own poets, printed in English, with a Spanish translation. Some excellent verse has already appeared, and there is every reason to expect that *Pan-American Poetry* will fulfil its office of making each country better acquainted with the work of the other. It should, therefore, be warmly supported. The magazine is published at 132 West Forty-seventh Street, New York.

RECENT BOOKS

Unless one wishes to think and to face all the consequences of thinking, he should let quite alone Edgar Lee Masters's new book, *Toward the Gulf*. This is not a book for entertainment. The publishers mislead one when they say on the cover that it is "a successor to his first and very popular work." *Spoon River* was a juvenile entertainment as compared with *Toward the Gulf*. In *Spoon River* Mr. Masters could laugh at life, even when he found it in the sorriest plight. He was still on the surface of things. In each succeeding book he has gone deeper and deeper until, as I have said, one who follows him *Toward the Gulf* does so at his own risk.

This title obviously applies to the course of the Father of Waters, which flows through Mr. Masters's poetic domain, "The Great Valley," but if it be not symbolical, then no poet ever had a truth within a symbol. Every one of these poems is a look into the gulf, the impenetrable depth of life, and depths, as we know, are dark and forbidding. One who looks into them is disquieted, and from long looking, returns, blinking and uncertain, to the light. Exactly this effect follows the reading of *Toward the Gulf*. One comes back to the common day a little bewildered and looks upon his companions with surprise and incredulity, as if to say, "Do you, too, conceal so much? are you, too, as inscrutable as this?"

Edgar Lee Masters is, in short, the most penetrating and merciless psychologist of the present day and surely the bravest. He withholds nothing. Witness such a poem as *Samuel Butler et Al*, where one indicts his mother for a life of recreance to the finer duties of mother-

hood, while he pictures with pitiless exactness the whole panorama of her life. This might be inexcusable, were it not true. We have all seen this woman and observed every detail that Mr. Masters depicts. Indeed this book is full of first-hand studies, of minute observation. These souls under a microscope, however they might wish to escape, can withhold nothing. One marvels continually at the relentless analysis which probes deeper and deeper, seeking for the hidden springs of action. Only the trained mind, the legal mind, could pursue such clues and arrive at such unappealable decisions. Heredity has an irresistible fascination for Mr. Masters, and it appears and reappears in his latest work. In *Excluded Middle* its effect upon a whole family is shown, in the light of that ever-baffling preoccupation of Mr. Masters—cross-currents of sex, and parental inharmony. In *Botanical Gardens* it appears as an analogy between the life of man and the plant, both of which strive and grow and crowd and dispossess until, with the human species, it brings war. But nature is equally pitiless and prodigal and complacently “scatters life into the maws of death.”

In *Neanderthal*, he turns to evolution, seeking the skull of the first man that dreamed above the brute, only to show the heavenward flight of the human mind that could at length realise itself in Shelley. Under so forbidding a title as *Dr. Scudder's Clinical Lecture*, which begins in a purely scientific treatise on heredity, comparing and weighing authorities as one might in the classroom, he gives us the story of a spiritual illumination which unfolds like a great yellow rose, laying bare

more and more of the beauty and mystery of the soul. Of course, to Doctor Scudder, the case upon which he dilates is paranoia, since the subject thinks he has had a direct revelation from God.

So much for heredity, though this by no means exhausts the list of the poems in which it appears. But what do these poems show? An immense, consuming preoccupation with life, life that constantly transcends itself, life that is prophecy hardly yet hinted. Indeed before one gets through with Mr. Masters's book he sees that just so far as he has looked into the gulf, he has looked beyond it, and that the one vision has by no means destroyed the clearness of the other. It is evident that the immense contrasts of life, the brute and the angel in man, Neanderthal and Shelley, engross his thought and struggle to be reconciled. Indeed, if we have both a penetrating and a luminous thinker in modern American poetry, it is Edgar Lee Masters, and one says this with full recognition of the fact that it is not always pleasant to follow him in his penetrations.

There is no question that the psychologist in Mr. Masters often gets the better of the poet, particularly in the more elaborate studies in his last two volumes. One misses the pith and pungency of *Spoon River* and the gayety, even if a sardonic gayety, that enlivened the earlier pages. His entire mood has changed, he is intent upon the deeper truth of life and does not hesitate to sacrifice poetic effect to philosophical speculation. While beauty is by no means absent from the work, it is secondary. We know it was secondary to Browning, in a great mass of his work—and the Browning in-

fluence is strongly apparent in the later work of Edgar Lee Masters—but as near to Browning's period as we still are, we have come to see that he will live almost solely by that portion of his work where beauty triumphs or where philosophy and beauty are one. Mr. Masters strikes off so many fine, imaginative flashes, one comes so frequently upon passages of both power and beauty, that he is constantly impressed with the fact that if the art side appealed to the poet as strongly as the philosophical side appeals, he could fuse the two more completely and give us work more certain of its future place as sheer poetry. Yet even this may be undue cavilling. So much modern poetry is mere prettiness, one reads so many volumes of gracefully turned verse that scarcely differ an iota, one from another, and show no valid reason for being—that it is invigorating to come upon a work in which one feels a sense of mass and force; a work which calls forth definite opinions, even though they be of resistance. There is something of the Titan in Edgar Lee Masters, something that makes many other poets seem puny beside him. He is a thinker, and, as we know, thinkers are not let loose every day upon the earth

What change has come over the spirit of Wilfrid Gibson's dreams, that he, the realist, who depressed us with the painful actualities of life, should have turned romanticist and even in the midst of war be able to charm and elate us as he does in *Hill-Tracks*? Only last autumn his collected work came out practically void of lyrics, save for the group of *Battle*, but so fresh and true and outright were these songs and so

well did they prove that realism could have a lyric embodiment, that everyone must have wondered that Mr. Gibson did not sooner employ a vehicle in which he showed such mastery. Now he has gone a step farther, and the reader of *Hill-Tracks* will question if he has been a realist at all. This is only to say, however, that we must burn our yard-sticks, abandon our hard-and-fast distinctions and let the spirit of poetry range where it will.

The trouble with Mr. Gibson as a realist was that he was too deadly in earnest: he told the truth too well. He stripped away every illusion, everything that could have left a vestige of complacency in the mind of a reader who was not devoting his life to social betterment. Back of *Fires* and *Daily Bread* and *Liveliness* and all the other work hitherto most characteristic, was the reformer, the social protagonist, upon whom the burden is laid to depict life at its cruellest and hardest and so arouse an apathetic world. No one will question the truth, the utter truth, of conditions as Mr. Gibson depicts them nor the tragedy of lives ground between the upper and nether mill-stones; but there is a truth beyond truth for the poet—shall we call it transfiguration? One misses this in Mr. Gibson's work, and just as one assents to the fact as Mr. Gibson depicts it, he dissents from the conclusion, though it be only implied. In Masfield's work, no matter what the reality, one has always something beyond, always the reach into infinity. In Robert Frost's work, too, however barren the life, however meagre the condition, he manages to transfigure it and to touch with tenderness all that he depicts. If we miss something in

Mr. Gibson's former work, significant as it is, if we find it unduly weighed down with the burden of life, we have the more joy in these lyrics which are sheerly romantic and altogether delightful.

Mr. Gibson's *Hill-Tracks* lead to Northumberland, though one might imagine they led through Welsh passes to Snowdon, so strange are these names and so undomesticated in poetry. Skirlnaked, Keilder Stone, Foulbarn Gair, Black Stitchel, Catcleuch Shin, Blawearry,—how can such names as these trip off the tongue with never a lyric mishap? So perfectly, however, does Mr. Gibson accomplish this feat, and those more difficult, that it is largely through these strange names that he gets not only his atmosphere but his lyric effects. The poets of a country like England have an immense advantage over those of a new country like America, when they would employ local nomenclature. Every name is rich with associations and most of them are derived from some tradition of the place, whereas American names confront you with their newness. Joyce Kilmer in his poem *The Twelve-Forty-Five* attempted to make illustrious the towns of New Jersey, but somehow Rahway and Mahwah would not do.

Despite the North of England topography, the poems have a strangely Celtic ring and one could close his eyes and fancy he heard Padraic Colum, or some other good Irishman, reading aloud from a book of Celtic verse. Even in the lyrics that have no legendary background, but are concerned with such immediate things as the war, this Celtic touch is easily apparent:

I met an old man at Stow-on-the-Wold
Who shook and shivered as though with cold.

And he said to me, "Six sons I had
And each was a tall and a lively lad.

"But all of them went to France with the
guns,
They went together, my six tall sons.

"Six Sons I had, six sons I had,—
And each was a tall and a lively lad."

Mr. Gibson has learned the art of economy and suggestion, and this is the more remarkable since his work in other forms than the lyric errs on the side of fulness. Nothing is left unsaid in his narrative poems, and indeed his earlier work as a whole tends to prolixity and heaviness, whereas these lyrics are as light as the feet of fairies in the moonlight and as magical. This is not to say, however, that they have no more relation to actual things. Nearly all of them take one's breath away with some poignant implication. True, one gets echoes through them, echoes of old Scotch ballads, echoes of Gaelic songs, but where shall one hear music that has no echoes, when all beauty is but a reminder? Had we not, indeed, some memory, some association which relates to us, as if by long familiarity, what the poet says, should we be moved at all by his words? Mr. Gibson's new songs are only incidentally of the war, most of them have some dramatic background, some bit of North Country legendry as their theme, while fells and linns and whins and braes give the atmosphere. One might almost quote the book at random, for all of the songs have what one might call an eerie charm, but for the sake of brevity let it be *Candle Gate*:

Who comes so late to Candle Gate?
Who comes so late,
By rainy bent and roaring spate?

Who knocks so late at Candle Gate?
 Who knocks so late?
 Who knocks so low, yet will not wait?
 Who rides in state from Candle Gate?
 Who rides in state,
 By rainy bent and roaring spate?
 Who rides so slow, yet will not wait,
 Nor bide at all for love or hate?

Recently Padraic Colum has been giving a series of lectures upon Celtic poetry which penetrated to the very heart of the matter. The eternal fascination of Ireland lies partly in the fact that it is an eternal enigma. No one wholly understands an Irishman, no one can predict his movements or forecast his opinions. Just as one has captured him he escapes. The critic is helpless before the ever-new soul of the Gael. Only one of his own number can understand him, one with the sensitive, quickly divining genius that catches every mood and shade of his temperament. Such an one is Padraic Colum, because he, too, is a Gael of the Gaels, and indeed if I were asked to name the most inherently Irish poet of the younger group, I should instinctively name Colum.

All this is preliminary to saying that in his lectures Mr. Colum brought forward the work of a new poet whom he had the happy fortune to be one of the first to recognise, an American-born Celt, Francis Carlin, who pays his devoir to the Motherland in a volume called *My Ireland*. Had Mr. Carlin been born upon Irish soil his work could not smack of it more pungently. With a love that would thrill the coldest he exclaims:

O God that I
 May arise with the Gael
 To the song in the sky
 Over Inisfall!

Ulster, your dark
 Mould for me;

Munster, a lark
 Hold for me!

Connaught, a *caoine*
 Croon for me;
 Leinster, a mean
 Stone for me!

O God that I
 May arise with the Gael
 To the song in the sky
 Over Inisfall!

Here the lyric cry is more than a conventional term, it is a passion. I find myself regretting that Mr. Carlin was not born on Irish soil that he might enter unchallenged into all the shaping life of that country which so commands him. He has the blood of prophets and martyrs, nothing would be too hard or too high for him; and he understands the Celt with an almost clairvoyant understanding. Mr. Carlin's gift is wholly lyrical, he is the singer, impulsive, unpremeditated, his heart in every line. *Beyond Rathkelly* shows how native to him is song:

As I went over the Far Hill,
 Just beyond Rathkelly,
 Och, to be on the Far Hill
 O'er Newtonstewart Town!
 As I went over the Far Hill
 With Margaret's daughter Nellie,
 The night was up and the moon was out
 And a star was falling down.

As I went over the Far Hill,
 Just Beyond Rathkelly,
 Och, to be on the Far Hill
 Over the Bridge o'Moyle!
 As I went over the Far Hill
 With Margaret's daughter Nellie,
 I made a wish before the star
 Had fallen in the Foyle.

As I went over the Far Hill
 Just Beyond Rathkelly,
 Och, to be on the Far Hill
 With the hopes that I had then!
 As I went over the Far Hill
 I wished for little Nellie,
 And if a star were falling now,
 I'd wish for her again.

Mr. Carlin's book needs a good deal of weeding, which will be done in the new edition soon to be issued, but there will be a residue of verse with as Celtic a flavour as if it had come from Ireland herself. Mr. Carlin has, of course, visited in Ireland and his parentage is Irish. One thing is noticeable in his work, however, that shows the American infusion—he has none of the melancholy of the Celt, but a buoyancy which constantly exhilarates.

Wholly unlike him in theme and temperament, having more pronouncedly the qualities of the scholar and the dreamer, is Norreys Jephson O'Connor, whose fourth volume, *Songs of the Celtic Past*, has just been published. Mr. O'Connor, though born in this country, has the pure strain of the Celt, being descended on both sides from a long line of Irish gentry whose family seat is New Castle, at Mallow on the Blackwater, where, prior to the war, Mr. O'Connor spent much of his time. A thorough Gaelic scholar and steeped in the traditions of Ireland and her literature, Mr. O'Connor's themes are naturally drawn from these sources and much of his work has been in narrative and drama where some Celtic legend furnished the *motif*. The ancient Irish stories, like the sagas of other countries, have always something of eternal import, something beyond the mere romance, and it is this element in them which chiefly interests Mr. O'Connor and which he emphasises in his treatment of them. For example, in the story of *Ailill and Etain*, in his new volume, love that transcends the physical, that has been sublimated, is the inner theme of the narrative, which Mr. O'Connor retells in lines of much beauty.

In his *Mystery Play, Cormac's Christmas*, he has succeeded perhaps more fully in vitalising the theme, which turns upon the coming of Christianity to Ireland and the attempt of Cormac to resist the influence of Patrick, whose new God is undermining the ancient Druid faith. In a small compass Mr. O'Connor has done an excellent piece of drama. Conn, the son of Cormac, who will reign after him, has become a Christian and the conflict between the wills of the two men, each adhering to his own faith, makes a tense bit of drama. The dialogue has its modern application, for Cormac would have his son a warrior, able to hold Ireland by the sword, while Conn speaks to him of the might of gentleness.

The play, which is laid upon Christmas eve, ends with a beautiful scene wherein three strangers take shelter at Cormac's house, from the angry night. An ancient Druid prohibition has been laid upon Cormac that he shall not receive into his house three strangers on a night when it both rains and snows; but Cormac cannot deny the claims of hospitality, and with his strange guests, in their Eastern dress, about him, he sits in his great hall and awaits the issue of events. The candles flicker out and as the night advances only the firelight remains. The strangers, who have insisted upon keeping the vigil with Cormac, are gradually overcome with fatigue and sink to the floor in sleep. A knock is heard at the outer door, which opens without visible touch, the three strangers rise as if in a dream and are revealed as the Three Wise Men. They go softly out, followed by Cormac, who murmurs words of surrender to the Christian

God. The miracle of the passing of Cormac is finely conceived and the whole play has dramatic art and beauty. Mr. O'Connor has, indeed, a dramatic gift likely to develop into the most important phase of his work. His delicate Irish play, *The Fairy Bride*, has had several successful presentations.

The only danger in treating these Celtic stories is that one must necessarily follow in the footsteps of others. Synge struck out into a new path and found the innate drama in peasant Ireland. After the war, when Mr. O'Connor resumes his annual visits to Ireland, we shall look for those direct studies of the Irish life and people which he expects to make. Mr. O'Connor has two lyric collections, and while this volume is chiefly given to narrative and drama, in such a lyric as *The Monk Pauses in His Labour, In the Monastery*,

or in *Good-Bye*, one hears the voice of the singer. The last is an intimate footnote to what I have said of Mr. O'Connor and his Ireland:

Good-bye to tree and tower,
To meadow, stream, and hill,
Beneath the white clouds marshalled close
At the wind's will.

Good-bye to the gay garden,
With prim geraniums pied,
And spreading yew trees, old, unchanging,
Though men have died.

Good-bye to the New Castle
With granite walls and grey,
And rooms where faded greatness still
Lingers to-day.

To every friend in Mallow,
When I am gone afar,
These words of ancient Celtic hope,
"Peace after war."

I would return to Erin
When all these wars are by,
Live long among her hills before
My last good-bye.

LOVE AND MISS RITTENHOUSE

BY CLEMENT WOOD

THERE are certain figures in the populous world of letters whose sole influence upon their time comes from the written word,—solitary souls who pour into a book the personality locked from other expression. There is another type—and Samuel Johnson is the apt example—which adds to creative literary product the stimulating personal contact. Miss Rittenhouse, whose collected love poems swell the year's lyric tide, is known as a vivid force in the day's poetic renaissance. One of the or-

ganising spirits of the Poetry Society of America, and long its secretary; critic, reader, and lecturer on current American poetry; anthologist of verse both modern and remote,—her evangelic energy has made her one of the main synthesising figures in the movement.

*The Door of Dreams** shows wise selection in its contents. There is no deviation from the mood struck by the forepoem; the book is wholly made up of brief songs of love. These have their authentic niche in the lyric chorus; would you have a wood filled only with nightingales, an orchestra all brasses? In the

**The Door of Dreams*. By Jesse B. Rittenhouse. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1918. Pp. 63, \$1.00.

bardic ensemble Miss Rittenhouse is the whisper of the quieter reed instrument. It is love she sings, but it is not the red surge of crescent passion, or the cosmic yawp of the corporeal realists; it is love retrained, disillusioned, too open-eyed to be cynical. *Paradox* catches the note:

I went out to the woods to-day
To hide away from you,
From you a thousand miles away—
But you came, too.

And yet the old dull thought would stay,
And all my heart benumb—
If you were but a mile away
You would not come.

The effect is heightened by a device which is one of the mainstays of light verse,—the epigrammatic last line. Over and over again she uses this with fine effectiveness.

Return, Defeat, and other lyrics re-vision the same theme. With *The Ghost* she passes into a broader note than the astringently amorous, a tone which deepens and swells to the final poems welding love and the war. *Sea Birds*, in this group, has an innate individualistic vigour, combined with the pretty grace of such a poem as Louis Untermeyer's *The Shell to the Pearl*. A precious self-consciousness speaks in *A Skiff*, in which she sees herself

A skiff upon the inland streams,
And not a frigate on the sea,
Is this, my heart, that drifts and dreams
In sweet, alluring vagrancy.

Again, there is no derogation in this; it is a vast improvement on would-be epic Sapphos, would-be dramatic lyricists. *Windows* is one of the notable straight glimpses at life:

I looked through others' windows
On an enchanted earth,
But out of my own window—
Solitude and dearth.

And yet there is a mystery
I cannot understand—

That others through my window
See an enchanted land.

The craftsmanship is invariably excellent; they are ornaments of hand-wrought silver, occasionally foiling a fugitive flash of the rare poetic gold.

Two lines in *The End* hold something of the ultimate phrasing:

We were not great enough for Love, the
Vision,
And love, the flame, has swept us and burnt
out!

This is foresight of the love of the future,— a love which is growing out of the present romantic love, even as that grew, in the clanking knightly days, from the unsublimated body-hunger of primitive times. This future love still waits to be shaped by forward-looking men and women. Something of the shaping has been suggested by this poet, in her *Freedom*:

Be free of me as any bird
That circles in the air,
Be free of me as any cloud
That mountain summits wear;

Be free as any wandering wind
That blows across the sea,
Be free as any restless wave
That moves continually.

For freest things must tire of flight,
And restless things must rest,
And all the lonesome winds will drive
You to my breast!

The modern expansion of poetry's rhythmic technique has not touched Miss Rittenhouse; she follows the Heine-Houseman tradition, although she is free of their cynical bitterness. There is nothing in the songs which promises a golden opulence of magic hereafter. But the book is intensely, quietly satisfying; it is worthy of all the old traditions of women's love songs, with a mordant spice of modernity lightly added.

A STUDY OF THREE PERSONALITIES

BY FLORENCE FINCH KELLY

THE radiant force of personality is perhaps the most wonderful and the most inspiring of all the manifestations of human nature. For its power is so great to influence countless lives, it so spreads and grows and moves on from achievement to achievement that its final summing up—if indeed there is for it any finality—would be, for any force not made of human spirit, out of all relation with its origin. In the biographies of these three men there is glowing evidence to that great truth. There are many similarities in their careers, but the most striking is that each one exemplifies the force that dwells in personality, that each one possessed in high degree the power and the will to influence the lives about him, to put the stamp of his own spirit upon them, to set in motion currents of thought and activity that would flow on and on to immeasurable results.

Certain outward similarities link the three men together, for they were all Unitarian clergymen, they were all liberalising forces in religion, they all lived long, busy, beneficent lives that covered very nearly the same periods of time

The Life and Letters of Edward Everett Hale. By Edward E. Hale, Jr. Illustrated. Two volumes. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Life and Letters of Stopford Brooke. By Lawrence Pearsall Jacks. Illustrated. Two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Life and Letters of Robert Collyer, 1828-1912. By John Haynes Holmes. Illustrated. Two volumes. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

from the first quarter of the nineteenth to the early years of the twentieth century. But in origin, training, modes of life and thought, surroundings, outlook upon life there were so many and so great divergencies that it is little less than marvellous there should have been any likeness between them. But, after all, these striking differences only make all the more striking that unity of splendid personal influence which all of them exercised and show how little the powerful and beneficent radiant force of personality depends upon birth or station or training. It is the most democratic of all the factors of human life.

The two of them who were born across the ocean offer particularly striking contrasts in their origin and early life. For Robert Collyer came of lowly parentage and had a childhood and youth of toil, while Stopford Brooke was born of the class from which the clergy of the Established Church of England has been recruited time out of mind. While loving care and tenderest nurture watched over his childhood, social refinements and intellectual associations surrounded him, school and university training gave him their benefits. But Robert Collyer, born in 1823, nine years before the other, was the son of mill workers in an English factory town, he had but a few terms of school training and had to begin the heart-breaking toil of the cotton factory, thirteen hours per day, when he was only eight years old. In his early teens he was

apprenticed to a blacksmith and so escaped the deforming influence of long-continued child labour in the mills. Dr. Holmes's account of the famous minister's childhood and of the conditions which preceded and surrounded it, much of the story being taken from Dr. Collyer's own recollections, is well worth reading if only for the sake of the picture it gives of the vicious industrialism of those years and of the supine way in which the general sentiment yielded without question to its atrocious demands. Industrialism has not yet quit saying, "I must do so and so or I cannot exist," and society has not yet gained that fulness of courage and justice which would inspire it always to say in reply, "Better die than outrage humanity!" The story of those early years of the factory industry in England, with the unspeakable tortures it inflicted upon children and the racial injuries for which it was responsible, cannot, even yet, be told too often for the warning and the enlightenment of society. For every time it is told it will do something to inspire society with the courage it needs, the understanding it lacks and the assurance that industry's due measure of success does not depend and never has depended upon any of the atrocious methods society has allowed it to use. The long process of civilising, humanising and justifying—yes, justifying—industry is not yet finished. Therefore I hope that this story of Robert Collyer's life will have many readers who will be influenced and heartened by it to do their share in the process that is still going on.

Barring the near-tragedy of his years in the factory, the story of Dr. Collyer's early life is most pleasing and inspiring because, notwithstanding the poverty of his home and the

humble social station of his parents, it is evident that he was, as he himself insisted, "well born and well bred." That the responsibility for that most desirable condition rested mainly upon his mother is also evident. One sees anew in this biography, and with startling emphasis, how much the mother of a family can do in moulding the character and making possible the worth-while achievements of her children.

All through his early life and until some years after his migration to America in his young manhood, Dr. Collyer was a Methodist and alternated his preaching on Sunday with his work as a blacksmith on weekdays. And all the time he was reading more and more widely and thinking more and more deeply and keenly. And at last came his vigorous forward step into the liberal domain of Unitarianism and after a short time his call to Unity Church, in Chicago, whose devoted, beloved and widely influential pastor he remained for many years, until he accepted the call to the Church of the Messiah in New York in 1879.

Stopford Brooke, born and brought up in the Established Church of England and serving as an influential minister under it for many years, in the same way read and thought and observed himself out of its ranks and into a freer religious atmosphere. If he did not definitely ally himself with the Unitarian denomination, he was in close sympathy with it and worked thereafter in harmony with its leaders.

Edward Everett Hale, the American-born member of this group of three personalities, presents, as do both of the others, an instance of the response of a strong, vital nature to the stirring call of humanity. The

oldest of the three, although his birth antedated that of Collyer by only a year, it was not until he had been for some years settled in the ministry of a Unitarian church in Worcester, Massachusetts, that he began to feel within him the demand to be up and doing for humanity's welfare. Previously his desires and ambitions had been of the self-centred sort. He looked forward, apparently, to a life of somewhat perfunctory activity as a clergyman that would afford leisure for scholarly pursuits of much reading and writing. But the coming of the Civil War with its deep stirring of the hearts of all men brought him out of this mental attitude and seemed to make of him almost a different entity. Out of his new envisaging of life came *The Man Without a Country*, likely to endure for generations as one of the classics of American literature, because of the simplicity and vitality with which it expresses great truths. Practically all that he wrote thereafter, and his books were many during the more than forty years of his pastorate of the South Congregational Church of Boston, had for its motive no trace of the old desires but was inspired wholly by the belief that it would serve humanity. Several of them set in motion currents of influence deep and wide that have done much in moulding the character of two generations of young people and so have had no little effect upon the life and character of the nation.

Dr. Brooke also had his leanings toward and his ambitions for the pleasures and rewards of literary

pursuits and he wrote much in the line of literary and historical discussion and criticism. But although his literary work is capable, even distinguished in some respects, it is more as a personality, a vigorous, beautiful influence upon all who came within his personal radius whether as individual or as preacher from the pulpit of Bethany Chapel, London, that he is known and remembered. And with the exception of Dr. Hale's *The Man Without a Country*, the same is true of all three men. All three possessed certain of the factors of greatness, wore even the face of greatness, but it was not so much the greatness that achieves definite results as the greatness that inheres in a certain kind of thinking, living and being. They did achieve, each of them, important results. For Dr. Brooks in London, Dr. Hale in Boston and Dr. Collyer in Chicago and New York each inspired and set on foot definite practical work among the poor and the wretched that was at the beginning of and had much to do with the progress of the movement of social helpfulness and brotherly love between social strata that has since gained such headway. And Dr. Hale's *Ten Times One* and *Lend a Hand* movements have had immeasurable results. But, after all, even these resolve back into the fact of personality. For if these men had not been the vivid, beautiful, virile, loving and helpful personalities that they were and by reason of which they deserve the palm of greatness they could not have done any of these things with success.

TWO BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I. SIR ARTHUR PINERO*

THE many readers of *THE BOOKMAN* who have enjoyed Mr. Hamilton's monthly criticisms of the contemporary theatre, will welcome these attractively printed volumes, containing eight plays of one of the most significant dramatists of our time; they will read the general introduction and the critical prefaces to each play with eagerness and profit, because everything that Mr. Hamilton writes about the stage is a combination of sound scholarship and critical insight. Furthermore, he is never dull.

During the last twenty-five years there have been more good plays written in the English language than during any preceding twenty-five years since the death of Shakespeare in 1616. We are living, not in an age of promise, but in an age of fruition. The historian of the English drama will never be able to omit the name of Pinero, for he was one of the pioneers of the new period, and has made many important contributions. He was one of the first modern English-speaking playwrights to publish his pieces in book form, and together with his contemporary, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, who, in his book, *The Renaissance of the English Drama* (1895), advocated most earnestly the printing of plays, deserves lasting credit for helping to make

*The Social Plays of Arthur Wing Pinero. Edited with a General Introduction and a Critical Preface to each Play by Clayton Hamilton. In Four Volumes. Vol. I. *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*. *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbesmith*. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. Vol. II will be published this month, Vols. III and IV, this coming autumn.—*EDITOR'S NOTE*.

modern drama a part of modern literature. No phase of the publishing business in the twentieth century has been more interesting than this; even so late as 1897, Henry James believed that publishers would never undertake the printing of theatrical pieces as a regular part of their work, and yet now we know that every publisher is glad to have them on his list. It should not be forgotten that much of the credit for this advance belongs to Pinero and Jones.

I admire Mr. Hamilton's enthusiasm for the work of his author, because a critic will always do his best when his sympathy is fully aroused; and if he had contented himself with less sweeping superlatives, I should have found myself in hearty agreement, not only with his general proposition, but with most of his individual pronouncements. But the attitude of Mr. Hamilton to Pinero is not that of an admirer; it is close to idolatry. It will hardly do to call him "this acknowledged leader of all living English playwrights." Barrie, Shaw, and Galsworthy are all greater playwrights than he. Among other sweeping generalisations, Mr. Hamilton says, "It is now possible to assert with certainty that *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, at the time of its original performance, was the *only* great play that had been written in the English language for one hundred and sixteen years." Now *Lady Windermere's Fan* was acted one year before *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, and I believe the former has fully as much right to the adjective "great" as the latter.

There has of course been much undue and unfair depreciation of the work of Pinero by twentieth century critics, who have called him merely theatrical, forgetting that the business of a piece written for the theatre is to be theatrical. Sudermann has suffered in the same way from contemporary German writers, so that one of his defenders was moved to say that the constant attacks upon Sudermann came from men who accused him of doing what they had all tried their best to do, and having failed in the attempt, had vented their wrath on their successful rival. Mr. Hamilton seems to have these sneerers in mind, for his criticisms of Pinero's work are really a passionate defence of it. The view of the "modern" critics is summed up by Ashley Dukes, who says, "Better a single play like *Man and Superman* or *Frühlings Erwachen* than a thousand of the type of *Magda* or *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*. Better the uncut brilliant than the polished scrap of paste." This is unfair; yet it is no farther from the truth, I think, than Mr. Hamilton's raptures.

The fact of it is, that Pinero occupies the same position in modern English drama that Sudermann holds in German drama, with the exception that no play of his has ever made so international an appeal on the stage as *Heimat*. Now if Mr. Hamilton had mainly insisted that Pinero was a master of stage technique, that he was a playwright whom all aspirants could study with profit, and that he had created some living characters, no reasonable person could demur. But it is vain to make him out a great dramatist, or a great man, and yet this is exactly what our critic believes and empha-

sises. The reason why nearly every thoughtful person ranks Hauptmann higher than Sudermann—although the majority of Hauptmann's plays have been failures—is because his pieces rise from a great personality, a personality that has not only had a powerful influence on the modern stage, but on modern thought. Pinero has had little influence on the Continental stage, and almost none at all on modern thought.

He is astonishingly efficient; he learned his business by faithful and prolonged study of the best models, which is exactly what William Archer advised him to do in 1882. His career has met with the success which he deserved, and I have no quarrel with the *Manchester Guardian*, which said of the first production of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, "At last a living Englishman has written a play of which it is possible to be proud." All this is true. His plays are well made, and as Mr. Hamilton justly observes, all plays ought to be well made. But they are so well made that at the final curtain they leave the audience thoroughly and completely satisfied. The last knot is unravelled, and the solution clear. Yet when we leave the theatre after witnessing the work of a truly great dramatist, our applause is mingled with all kinds of questions, doubts; surmises, which the play, instead of answering for us, has kindled in our minds.

Mr. Hamilton has performed a valuable service in publishing eight masterpieces of theatrical effect, among which I am glad to see included my favorite play of Pinero's, *His House in Order*. The bibliography, the list of actors at the first performances, and the neces-

sary facts therewith, add distinctly to the worth of these volumes. The general introduction, and the separate critical prefaces—apart from their excellence as literary and dramatic criticism—are full of material that has never been published, for it is based on an intimate acquaintance with the distinguished playwright.

William Lyon Phelps.

II. HAWAII AND JACK LONDON*

You'll have to blue-pencil a lot of the stuff about me. You do "get" me somehow, and I love what you've written. But they'll make fun of you and hurt your feelings. Listen to your father now. I'm telling you.

This is what Jack London said to his wife when he saw the first pages of her diary of their first joint visit to Hawaii. But Mrs. London, being a very modern woman, disagreed with her husband, whether merely on principle or not she fails to tell us. What the reason does not matter, the main thing is that she *did* disagree and did *not* blue-pencil any of the personal "stuff" she had written. So that this book, consisting largely of the diary of that first trip and then the record of a later trip, gives us not so much Hawaii as a bit of biography, intimate and chatty, about Jack London, for which his wide circle of admirers, those to whom the soul of the man as shown in his work appeals so strongly, will always be grateful. Mrs. London is wise in making this choice for the character of her book. We can turn to others for all the knowledge we desire about Hawaii. She must remain for us the keeper of knowledge about the man who won an honoured place for himself in Ameri-

can letters in a span of life which for many men would have merely marked the beginning of a career.

The two visits to Hawaii of which the book tells are the first trip in the spring of 1907 as first stopping place on the voyage of the *Snark*, when that irritating little vessel demanded a halt for repairs. Hawaii proved so delightful that the halt was prolonged to a visit of several months and a passion for the Islands was born in the soul of the rovers that brought them back, ten years later, to make arrangements for a possible yearly visit. A dream which, alas! was never carried out, for Death left it only a dream. A distant vision of the volcano tops seen from the schooner *Sophie Sutherland* which later served her one-time fo'c'sle hand as model for the schooner *Ghost* in *The Sea Wolf*, aroused a longing in Jack London's mind to make the nearer acquaintance of our beautiful island territory. It was not until fame and fortune sufficient came to him to allow him to build and equip the *Snark* that he could put this early dream into actuality. He himself has told us something of Hawaii in his own book of the *Snark's* trip, and in several stories. But much of the work he was planning, that should tell in the medium of fiction, his best self-expression, what these islands meant to him, was unfortunately never accomplished. All of which means that this glimpse of Jack London at Hawaii is sure of a welcome from very many readers who will try to make it do for what he himself intended to give us.

Mrs. London is just a little over-enthusiastic about everything. It is a charming trait in one's personal acquaintance with anyone. But,

*Our Hawaii. By Charmian Kittredge London. New York: The Macmillan Company.

spread over the pages of a lengthy book it gives an effect of sameness. Particularly when most of the people about whom she is so enthusiastic are unknown to the average reader and are likely always to remain unknown to him. It is nice of her to be so grateful for many favours received. But the reader is apt to skip those passages and hurry on to such pages as linger affectionately over little intimate touches, incidents, scraps of conversation, revealing the personal side of the man Jack London, his attitude toward life and toward his work. We like the little incident of the cigarettes and the self-control it showed when the inveterate smoker suddenly concluded he would not smoke . . . and did not. Also his honest human indignation and disgust when his agent sent him the sheaf of rejections for the manuscript of the *Iron Heel*.

Darn them all . . . they think the stuff is an attempt on my part to prophesy. It isn't. I wrote it merely as a warning. . . . They're all afraid of it. They see their subscriptions dropping off if they run it; but they give hell to us poor devils of writers if they catch us writing for the mere sake of money instead of pure literature.

And most delicious is the tale of his discovery of the Roosevelt article in *Everybody's* in which, with characteristic ardour and equally characteristic inaccuracy, our impulsive ex-President had "sailed into" Jack London for letting Kiche, the wolf-dog in *White Fang*, be killed by a lynx. "It can't be done," says Mr. Roosevelt. "No more it can't," says Jack London. "My story is about the wolf-dog killing the lynx . . . and eating it." But he sighed as he realised that he could hardly hope to have his answer to

Mr. Roosevelt and his pointing out of the latter's habit of hasty and inaccurate statement given the same space and importance as had been devoted to these same misstatements.

And a sensible bit of philosophy is his attitude toward the necessary menial tasks of life, very sensible in view of a recent tendency toward the "simple life" which is more idealised than understood. "I'd rather be learning from the books than tying shoelaces or pressing trousers," he elucidates. "How can you and I be continually sharing the endless books and ideas if you are going to spend your time with feather-dusters and brooms and cookery? There are specialists for everything. . . . We specialise in ideas. No, I am *not* going to carve. I prefer to talk and listen. I pay the servants in the kitchen to do the carving. I carve, I wash the dishes, I cook . . . by earning the money, through my own chosen specialty, to pay others to do that branch of my work."

Of all the incidents in the first visit to Hawaii there is none that stands out in the reader's mind, of itself, and in its effect on Jack London, as does the trip to the leper settlement at Molokai. Mrs. London does some of her best writing here, in the many little touches of incongruous comedy and tragedy mingled that such a place must show. And through her narrative we can see Jack London's intense interest in it all and the instant way in which his eager mind went roving over the possibilities of how, if they ever contracted leprosy, they could go on working there in Molokai and set up a ranch and have a yacht and "let Dr. Goodhue experiment on our cure," all this with eyes shining with delight at the thought!

There is a difference in the story of the second trip. The shadow of the coming tragedy of early Death brooded in the langour that neither of them understood as a sign of a coming physical breakdown. Hawaii seemed just as lovely to Jack London, but he preferred to enjoy it from a chair or a hammock, the former desire for eager action was gone. He took a greater interest in political conditions, in the growth of the community spirit of the islands, and desired more than anything else to

interpret the soul of the islands to the people at home who, he complained, knew so little about this jewel in their crown. Little of this was done, for little time remained to him. And the tragedy of his early taking off is all the deeper when we read of one saying of his, of which this book tells us:

There is so much to do, so much to learn, to read. The days and nights of a thousand years are not long enough.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

THE BOOKMAN RECOMMENDS

In this department the editors each month will endeavour to select from among the previous month's publications those volumes in each classification which seem in their opinion to be most worthy of recommendation to BOOKMAN readers. The editors will be happy to answer any questions in their power regarding these books and indeed regarding any books concerning which BOOKMAN readers may desire information.

Art

Rubens. By Louis Hourticq, Inspector of Fine Arts of the City of Paris. Translated by Frederick Street. New York: Duffield and Company. Illustrated. \$2.50.

The story of the artist's life and work.

Biography

The Life of Naomi Norsworthy. By Frances Caldwell Higgins. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.50.

A biography (of a late teacher of Columbia University) which will be of great personal interest to friends.

W. E. Ford. By J. D. Beresford and Kenneth Richmond. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.35.

An original and entertaining discussion.

Daniel Webster in England. Journal of Harriette Story Paige, 1839. Edited by Edward Gray, with portraits. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$5.00.

Intimate impressions of English authors and other men of importance, with gossip and detailed pictures of British domestic interiors of the time.

Drama

Anatol and Other Plays. The Modern Library. By Arthur Schnitzler. New York: Boni and Liveright. 60 cents.

Three plays, the masterpieces of the Viennese playwright.

Economics

Income Tax Law and Accounting. By Godfrey N. Nelson. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

A record, explanation, and guide for business men, lawyers, and accountants.

Essays

Two Towns—One City. Paris—London. By John F. Macdonald. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$2.00.

A collection of witty articles reprinted from English papers, giving pictures of the Entente before the war—London in war-time and Paris of to-day, by the man called "the interpreter to England of the Spirit of France."

Aliens. By William McFee. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.50.

The author's second novel, portraying the lives of the two Carville brothers as they react upon a quiet household in New Jersey.

Fiction

The Fat of the Land. By John Williams Streeter. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

The story of an American farm—a republication.

A Family of Noblemen. By M. Y. Saltykov. Translated by A. Yarmolinsky. The Modern Library. New York: Boni and Liveright. \$1.50.

A realistic story of Russian nobility, dealing with the problem of heredity.

The House of Conrad. By Elias Tobenkin. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Frontispiece. \$1.50.

The story of how an emigrant's dream of founding a house of socialistic doctrines in America changed into the realisation of a home of the true American sort.

Howard Chase, Red Hill, Kansas. By Charles M. Sheldon. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.25.

A story of an over-churched little town in Kansas.

The Three of Hearts. By Berta Ruck. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.40.

A humorous story, characteristic of this author, of a young subaltern's proposals.

His Official Fiancée. By Berta Ruck (Mrs. Oliver Onions). New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.

A love story of a typist in a big London office.

Gudrid the Fair. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.35.

A mediæval romance of the Norse country and Icelandic heroes and lovers, founded upon an ancient saga which tells of the first exploration of America.

Kitty Canary. By Kate Langley Bosher. New York: Harper Brothers. \$1.00.

The romance of a girl in a Virginian town.

Twinkletoes. By Thomas Burke. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. \$1.35.

Another of the author's characteristic stories, about a little dancer of Lime house.

The Flame. By Olive Wadsley. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.40.

A love story of a Paris cartoonist.

Boy Woodburn. By Alfred Ollivant. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.40.

An English story of a girl and her horse, by the author of *Bob, Son of Battle*.

Where Bones are Loosed. By E. L. Grant Watson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.50.

A tale of the tropics, by a younger novelist of to-day.

The Best Short Stories of 1917 and the Yearbook of the American Short Story. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company. \$1.50.

The yearly collection by the well-known poet and critic.

Simba. By Stewart Edward White. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.40.

The story of an African boy—of diplomacy, adventure and experience in the wilderness country.

Connie Morgan With the Mounted. By James B. Hendryx. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. \$1.25.

Another Northland story of action and adventure, centring about this well-known hero.

Sunshine Beggars. By Sidney McCall. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

The story of how a poverty-stricken Italian family injected a little art into a narrow conventional American community.

Teeple Neighbors. By Grace Coolidge. Boston: Four Seas Publishing Company.

Stories of the American Indian of to-day, some of which have appeared in the magazines.

Children of Passage. By Frederick Watson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$1.50.

A tragi-comedy of modern life in the Highlands of Scotland, by the son of Ian Maclaren.

His Daughter. By Gouverneur Morris. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.35.

The story of an American whose nature was refined in the fire of war.

The Courage of Marge O'Doone. By James Oliver Curwood. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.40.

A story of exciting incident in the Arctic country.

The Ransom of Red Chief and Other O. Henry Stories for Boys as Chosen by Franklin K. Mathiews. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. Illustrated by Mr. Gordon Grant. \$1.35.

A collection of twenty-four stories.

Impossible People. By Mary C. E. Wemyss. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.50.

The story of an English curate and his wife who seemed "impossible" because they were unconventional and delightfully human.

The Finding of Norah. By Eugenia Brooks Frothingham. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 75 cents.

A romance of the early months of 1917, about a woman who hesitated to marry a man with whose political beliefs she profoundly disagreed.

General Literature

The Winter's Tale. The Yale Shakespeare. Edited by Frederick E. Pierce. New Haven: Yale University Press. 50 cents.

Another volume of the series of interest to Shakespeare students.

Per Amica Silentia Lunæ. By William Butler Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.
Sketches of the poet, giving his ideas on literature, men, and life.

History

History of the Pacific Northwest. By Joseph Schafer. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.25.
The romantic story of early northwest history—a story of civilisation building down to the present day.

Miscellaneous

Rapid French Course. Modern Language Series. By Williams and Ripman. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 90 cents.
A beginning book for adults.

Diabetic Cookery. Recipes and Menus. By Rebecca W. Oppenheimer. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.00.
Tested recipes by a diabetic patient.

Balkan Home Life. By Lucy M. J. Garnett. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$3.00.
A discussion of the manners, customs, religions, and superstitions of the Balkans.

Lincoln in Illinois. By Octavia Roberts. Profusely illustrated by Lester G. Hornby. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$5.00.
Personal recollections, artistically illustrated.

An Oral French Method. By Mlle. Alice Blum. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$2.00.
A new system for rapidly acquiring facility in the speaking of French.

Theories of Social Progress. By Arthur James Todd, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.25.
A critical study of the attempts to formulate the conditions of human advance.

The Language of Colour. By M. Luckiesh. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.

A practical primer exploring various fields in which colour is used, with the future possibilities of an art still in its earliest stages of development.

Travels in London. By Charles Morley. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.00.
Memoirs of Morley, with recollections by Cook, Spender, and Collins.

La France. French Life and Ways. Modern Language Series. By G. Guibillon. Edited by Walter Ripman. \$1.00.
A book in French for those interested in French customs and institutions.

Politics

Mexico: From Diaz to the Kaiser. By Mrs. Alec-Tweedie. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$3.50.
Mexico as a factor in the war—by an author personally acquainted with the officials and circumstances.

Rising Japan. By Jabez T. Sunderland. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
The author answers the question, "Is Japan a menace or a comrade to be welcomed in the fraternity of nations?"

Psychology

The Psychology of the Future. By Emile Boirac. Translated by Dr. W. de Kerlor. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. Eight illustrations from photographs. \$2.50.
Discussion of occult phenomena by the French psychologist.

Science

The Modern Library.
Evolution in Modern Thought. By Haeckel, Thompson, Weismann and others. New York: Boni Liveright. 60 cents.

A summary of the accomplishment in science and thought since the enunciation of the Darwinian theory.

The Field Book of Insects. By Frank E. Lutz of the American Museum of Natural History. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

For the amateur, with valuable illustrations in colour.

The Desert. Further Studies in Natural Appearances. By J. Smeaton Chase. With illustrations from photographs. \$2.00.

In twelve chapters—by a "lover" of the deserts of Colorado and the Mojave.

The Theory and Practice of Scientific Management. By C. Bertrand Thompson. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.75.

The results of an investigation into the history, methods, and results of scientific management, as studied in more than 140 industrial concerns.

A Year with the Birds. By Alice E. Ball. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. Fifty-seven colour plates. \$8.00.

Bird-poems for presenting bird study to children—with unusually fine illustrations by Mr. Horsfall, painter of backgrounds for the American Museum of Natural History.

Religion

Christ and the World at War. Sermons preached in War Time. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. \$1.00.

A collection of addresses by notable men of the English pulpit and platform.

Companions of the Way. By Rev. Edward M. Chapman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.25.

A handbook of religion for beginners.

Religion and Common Sense. By Donald Hankey. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 60 cents.

A defence of the truths of the Christian revelation.

Spiritism

The Invisible Guide. By C. Lewis Hind. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.00.

The author's answer, in a personal record, to the question, "How may I enter into communion and fellowship with the departed?"

War

The Spirit of Lafayette. By James Mott Hallowell. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. 75 cents.

In this story the fight for democracy and a league of democratic nations is symbolised and interpreted.

The German Terror in France. By Arnold J. Toynbee. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.00.

An historical record, continuing "The German Terror in Belgium."

Inside Constantinople. By Lewis Einstein. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

A diplomatist's diary during the Dardanelles Expedition, April-September, 1915.

Over There and Back. By Lieutenant J. S. Smith. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

A true picture of the front by an American boy.

The Great Crime and Its Moral. By J. Seldon Willmore. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$2.00.

A connected narrative of the Great War—documentary literature in the words of neutrals and of the Germans themselves.

In Mesopotamia. By Martin Swayne. New York: Hodder and Stoughton. Illustrated by the author.

A descriptive narrative of war travel, attractively illustrated in colours.

The Record of a Quaker Conscience. Cyrus Pringle's Diary. New York: The Macmillan Company. 60 cents.

The diary of a young Quaker who was drafted for service in 1863.

The Fallacy of the German State Philosophy. By Dr. George W. Crile. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. 50 cents.

Another argument that German prestige will be lost in any case, whether in case of victory or defeat.

Traveling Under Orders. By Major William E. Dunn, N. A. New York: Harper Brothers. 50 cents.

An officer from his experience in France tells of the necessary equipment for foreign service—to insure safety, health and comfort.

Wonderful Stories. Winning the V. C. in the Great War. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. With coloured frontispiece and fifty-six other illustrations especially painted.

True stories of heroism in the war.

First Call. Arthur Guy Empey. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. With sixty-four illustrations. \$1.50.

Another characteristic book by the author of *Over the Top*.

Germany in War Time. By Mary Ethel McAuley. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. \$1.50.

What an American girl saw and heard "before the butter card was introduced."

Comrades in Duplicate Courage. By Lieutenant Antoine Redier. Translation by Mrs. Philip Duncan Wilson. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.40.

In Our First Year of War. By Woodrow Wilson. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$1.00.

Messages and addresses to the Congress and the people, March 5, 1917 to January 8, 1918, by the President—royalties to the American Red Cross.

South-Eastern Europe. By Vladislav R. Savic, former head of Press Bureau, Serbian Foreign Office. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. \$1.50.

A plea for democracy and durable peace.

Aviation Engines—Their Design, Construction, and Repair. New York: The Norman W. Henley Publishing Company.

A complete practical treatise for all interested in the construction and upkeep of the airplane.

Two Years in Constantinople. By Dr. Harry Stuermer. Translated from the German by E. Allen and the author. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.50.

An indictment of German military methods, by a German.

Trapped in Black Russia. By Ruth Pierce. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.25.

Letters—an American woman's experiences under arrest as spy in Russia in 1914.

A Diary of the Russian Revolution. By James L. Houghteling, Jr. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. With illustrations. \$1.25.

An intimate story based partly on the actual experiences of the author.

Conscript 2989. The Experiences of a Drafted Man. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.00.

The adventures and inadventures of life in the big National Army Cantonment.

One Young Soldier. By Ira Seymour Dodd. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.00.

Stories of a young soldier's life in the Army of the Potomac during the Civil War—reprinted by request, formerly "The Song of the Rappahannock."

The Soul of Democracy. By Edward Howard Griggs. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.

The philosophy of the world war in relation to human liberty: "Man for the State means autocracy and imperialism; man for mankind is the soul of democracy."

The Enlisting Wife. By Grace Richmond. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. 50 cents.

A story for "Whistling Wives," written by request.

The Story of the Salonica Army. By G. Ward Price. New York: Edward J. Clode. Illustrated. \$2.00.

The official correspondent with the allied forces in the Balkans makes clear the treatment of the Greeks by the Allies.

THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the first of February and the first of March:

First book given for each city, in each column, is Fiction.

CITY	1st ON LIST	2d ON LIST
New York City.....	The Tree of Heaven	The White Morning
New York City.....	The Land of Deepening Shadow	Under Fire
New York City.....	The Mystery of the Hasty Arrow	Laugh and Live
	A Yankee in the Trenches	Private Peat
Albany, N. Y.....	The U. P. Trail	The White Morning
	Over the Top	Private Peat
Baltimore, Md.....	Missing	The Green Mirror
	Over the Top	Private Peat
Baltimore, Md.....	Sonia	Missing
	Over the Top	Private Peat
Birmingham, Ala.....	The Dwelling Place of Light	The Long Lane's Turning
	Over the Top	Carry On
Boston, Mass.....	The U. P. Trail	The Tree of Heaven
	A Yankee in the Trenches	The Long Trick
Boston, Mass.....	The Tree of Heaven	The Mystery of the Hasty Arrow
	Private Peat	My Four Years in Germany
Boston, Mass.....	The Tree of Heaven	The U. P. Trail
	A Student in Arms	The Land of Deepening Shadow
Chicago, Ill.....	The U. P. Trail	The Dwelling Place of Light
	Holding the Line	First Call
Chicago, Ill.....	The U. P. Trail	The Major
	Over the Top	Private Peat
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	The U. P. Trail	The Tree of Heaven
	With the Colors	Over the Top
Cleveland, Ohio.....	In Happy Valley	The Lifted Veil
	Over the Top	Private Peat
Dallas, Tex.....	The Dwelling Place of Light	The U. P. Trail
	Over the Top	Private Peat
Denver, Col.....	The U. P. Trail	Cabin Fever
	Over the Top	Carry On
Des Moines, Iowa.....	The Major	Christine
	Over the Top	Private Peat
Houston, Tex.....	The U. P. Trail	Calvary Alley
	Over the Top	Private Peat
Jacksonville, Fla.....	The U. P. Trail	The Dwelling Place of Light
	Private Peat	Over the Top
Kansas City, Mo.....	The Second Fiddle	The U. P. Trail
	Private Peat	Over the Top
Louisville, Ky.....	Calvary Alley	His Last Bow
	Under Fire	My Home in the Field of Mercy
Los Angeles, Cal.....	The Green Mirror	The Dwelling Place of Light
	A Journal from Our Legation in Belgium	All In It

(Continued)

The second book is about the War

3d ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
Love and Liberty Private Peat The Blue Eyed Manchu	Sonia A Student in America Our Square and the People in It	The U. P. Trail Women in War Work The Tree of Heaven	Three Black Pennys French Windows The White Morning
All In It	The Land of Deepening Shadow The Green Mirror	Over the Top	The Lost Naval Papers
The Mystery of the Hasty Arrow The Land of Deepening Shadow The Major	Under Fire	The Major	The Luck of the Irish
	The White Morning	All In It	Carry On
The Land of Deepening Shadow The Green Mirror A Yankee in the Trenches	Carry On	The Mystery of the Hasty Arrow Under Fire	The Tree of Heaven
	Faulkner's Folly Conscript 2989	The U. P. Trail My Four Years in Ger- many The Light in the Clearing	My Four Years in Ger- many The Tree of Heaven The Cross at the Front
The Thoroughbred Private Peat	The Soul of a Bishop The First Hundred Thousand The Bag of Saffron Women in War Work		When a Man's a Man
The False Faces Private Peat	Frenzied Fiction The Land of Deepening Shadow The White Morning Private Peat	The White Morning Under Fire	The Lost Naval Papers The Land of Deepening Shadow His Last Bow Carry On
The U. P. Trail Over the Top		The Major All In It	
His Last Bow A Yankee in the Trenches	Long Live the King Cavalry of the Clouds Anne's House of Dreams Holding the Line	The Major The United States and Pan Germania The Soul of a Bishop	Sonia Fighting for Peace His Daughter
W. Ladies of Worcester Over the Top Dwelling Place of Light My Four Years in Ger- many The White Morning Private Peat The Cinema Murder All In It	Limehouse Nights Out of Their Own Mouths Anybody's Property Under Fire	The Light in the Clearing Under Fire	Christine All In It
	Sunny Slopes Fighting for Peace	The Green Mirror A Yankee in the Trenches Rimrock Jones My Four Years in Ger- many Extricating Obadiah Under Fire	Missing Holding the Line His Family Towards the Goal
The Major All In It	Calvary Alley Christine	White Ladies of Worcester My Home in Field of Mercy His Family The Bolshevik and World Peace W. Ladies of Worcester	The Red Planet My Four Years in Ger- many The Major All In It
The Secret Witness Private Peat	Fanny Herself Holding the Line		The U. P. Trail First Call
How Could You, Jean? Carry On	Ladies Must Live The White Morning		The White Morning
The Middle Pasture Adventures as German Secret Agent The Tree of Heaven Under Fire Calvary Alley Holding the Line The Secret Witness Over the Top	Carolyn of the Corners Christine In Happy Valley Under Fire Long Live the King A Student in Arms	His Last Bow Fighting for Peace Anne's House of Dreams A Yankee in the Trenches Beyond All In It	Extricating Obadiah Cavalry of the Clouds Christine A Student in Arms Dwelling Place of Light My Four Years in Ger- many Limehouse Nights
We Can't Have Every- thing Private Peat	False Faces Over the Top	In Happy Valley The Land of Deepening Shadow	

(Continued)

First book given for each city, in each column, is Fiction.

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
Milwaukee, Wis.....	Christine Private Peat	The Major A Yankee in the Trenches
New Haven, Conn.....	The Tree of Heaven Private Peat	The U. P. Trail Cavalry of the Clouds
New Orleans, La.....	Missing	Christine
Norfolk, Va.....	Private Peat The Salt of the Earth	Over the Top The U. P. Trail
Philadelphia, Pa.....	The Land of Deepening Shadow The Tree of Heaven Private Peat	All In It False Faces A Yankee in the Trenches
Philadelphia, Pa.....	The Major Over the Top	Extricating Obadiah Private Peat
Pittsburgh, Pa.....	The Major Over the Top	The Dwelling Place of Light Private Peat
Portland, Maine.....	The U. P. Trail Over the Top	Extricating Obadiah Private Peat
Portland, Ore.....	The Major Over the Top	The Dwelling Place of Light Private Peat
Rochester, N. Y.....	The U. P. Trail The Land of Deepening Shadow	Salt of the Earth Over the Top
San Antonio, Texas....	My Country My Four Years in Germany	Turn About, Eleanor Over the Top
San Francisco, Cal....	The Tree of Heaven Fragments from France	The Dwelling Place of Light How to Live at the Front
Seattle, Wash.....	Christine Over the Top	The Major Private Peat
St. Louis, Mo.....	Missing Over the Top	The Major Private Peat
St. Louis, Mo.....	Extricating Obadiah The White Morning	The Dwelling Place of Light Salt of the Earth
St. Paul, Minn.....	The Major Over the Top	The Tree of Heaven My Four Years in Germany
Tacoma, Wash.....	Christine Over the Top	Martie, the Unconquered Cavalry of the Clouds
Toronto, Ont.....	The Major Over the Top	Anne's House of Dreams All In It
Utica, N. Y.....	The U. P. Trail Private Peat	The Tree of Heaven Over the Top
Waco, Tex.....	Green Fancy	The Dwelling Place of Light
Washington, D. C.....	My Four Years in Germany The Green Mirror All In It	Over the Top The Indian Drum Carry On
Worcester, Mass.....	The U. P. Trail Over the Top	The White Morning Private Peat

(Continued)

The second book is about the War

3d ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
Missing	Webster-Man's Man	The Indian Drum	Salt of the Earth
Holding the Line	Over the Top	All In It	Fighting for Peace
False Faces	The White Morning	The Bag of Saffron	Carolyn of the Corners
The Land of Deepening	The Challenge of the	A Crusader of France	Conscript 2989
Shadow	Present Crisis		
The U. P. Trail	The High Heart	The Dwelling Place of	We Can't Have Every-
		Light	thing
Under Fire	All In It	Fighting for Peace	Carry On
The Bag of Saffron	The Second Fiddle	The White Morning	Missing
Private Peat	Under Fire	Carry On	Christine
The U. P. Trail	Missing	The Green Mirror	The Major
Holding the Line	Two Years in Constan-	On the Right of the Brit-	In Our First Year of
	tinople	ish Line	War
Dwelling Place of Light	The Light in the Clearing	The Indian Drum	Missing
Under Fire	Carry On	The Land of Deepening	Home in Field of Mercy
		Shadow	
Extricating Obadiah	His Last Bow	The Light in the Clearing	A Journal from Our Le-
All In It	Carry On	A Student in Arms	gation in Belgium
			The Major
The Tree of Heaven	The White Morning	Mary Regan	Under Fire
All In It	My Four Years in Ger-	The Land of Deepening	
	many	Shadow	
Mr. Britling Sees It	Christine	The Light in the Clearing	Temperamental Henry
Through			
The First Hundred	Under Fire	All In It	My Four Years in Ger-
Thousand			many
False Faces	The White Morning	Calvary Alley	The Tree of Heaven
Private Peat	Cavalry of the Clouds	My Home in the Field of	Two Years in Constan-
		Mercy	tinople
Drowsy	White Ladies of Worcester	Dwelling Place of Light	Ladies Must Live
Private Peat	Under Fire	All In It	The First Hundred
			Thousand
Christine	His Last Bow	Cabin Fever	The U. P. Trail
Under Fire	Private Peat	Over the Top	United States and Pan
			Germania
The Light in the Clearing	The Salt of the Earth	The Agony Column	The Green Mirror
All In It	The Soul of the War		
The Light in the Clearing	His Last Bow	The U. P. Trail	Dwelling Place of Light
All In It	Under Fire	My Home in the Field of	The Land of Deepening
		Mercy	Shadow
The Tree of Heaven	The U. P. Trail	The Major	Mary Regan
Over the Top	Private Peat	Gunner Depew	First Call
False Faces	Extricating Obadiah	The U. P. Trail	Anne's House of Dreams
All In It	Private Peat	Under Fire	Carry On
The Winds of World	Barbarians	Mary Regan	We Can't Have Every-
			thing
All In It	The First Hundred	My Home in the Field of	Fragments from France
	Thousand	Mercy	
Martie, the Unconquered	Calvary Alley	My Four Years in Ger-	
Private Peat	Our Belgian Legation	many	
		False Faces	Calvary Alley
His Last Bow	The Major	My Four Years in Ger-	My Home in the Field of
All In It	The Journal of Our Le-	many	Mercy
	gation in Belgium	The U. P. Trail	
The Soul of a Bishop	The Secret of the Storm		
	Country		
All In It	Salt of the Earth	Dwelling Place of Light	The Tree of Heaven
The Major	Private Peat	Over the Top	My Four Years in Ger-
Fighting for Peace			many
Extricating Obadiah	The Major	Sunshine Beggars	The Tree of Heaven
My Four Years in Ger-	A Yankee in the Trenches	The Land of Deepening	Under Fire
many		Shadow	

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 222-226) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing 1st on any list receives 10	
" " " 2d " " " " 8	
" " " 3d " " " " 7	
" " " 4th " " " " 6	
" " " 5th " " " " 5	
" " " 6th " " " " 4	

FICTION

The U. P. Trail. Grey. (Harper.)	
\$1.50	220
The Major. Connor. (Doran.)	\$1.40. 157
The Tree of Heaven. Sinclair. (Macmillan.)	\$1.60
	188
The Dwelling Place of Light. Churchill. (Macmillan.)	\$1.60.....
	121
The White Morning. Atherton. (Stokes.)	\$1.00.....
	75
Missing. Ward. (Dodd, Mead.)	\$1.50..
	68

WAR BOOKS

Over the Top. Empey. (Putnam.)	
\$1.50	819
Private Peat. Peat. (Bobbs-Merrill.)	
\$1.50	808
All In It. Beith. (Houghton Mifflin.)	
\$1.50	155
Under Fire. Barbusse. (Dutton.)	
\$1.50	121
The Land of Deepening Shadow. Curtin. (Doran.)	\$1.00.....
	99
My Four Years in Germany. Gerard. (Doran.)	\$2.00.....
	96

A COMPLETE LIST OF BOOKS MENTIONED IN THE FOREGOING REPORTS

Adventures as German Secret Agent
Anybody's Property
The Agony Column
All In It
Anne's House of Dreams
The Bag of Saffron
The Blue Eyed Manchu
Barbarians
Beyond
The Bolsheviki and World Peace
Cabin Fever
Calvary Alley
Cavalry of the Clouds
Carry On
Christine
The Cinema Murder
Conscript 2989
The Cross at the Front
A Crusader of France
The Challenge of the Present Crisis
Carolyn of the Corners
The Dwelling Place of Light
Drowsy
Extricating Obadiah
The False Faces
Fanny Herself
Faulkner's Folly
Fighting for Peace
First Call
First Hundred Thousand
Fragments from France
French Windows
Frenzied Fiction
Gunner Depew
The Green Mirror
His Daughter

His Last Bow
Holding the Line
The High Heart
His Family
How Could You, Jean?
How to Live at the Front
The Indian Drum
In Happy Valley
In Our First Year of the War
A Journal from Our Legation in Belgium
Laugh and Live
The Long Trick
The Light in the Clearing
Limehouse Nights
The Long Lane's Turning
Long Live the King
The Lost Naval Papers
Land of Deepening Shadow
Love and Liberty
The Luck of the Irish
The Lifted Veil
Ladies Must Live
Missing
Mary Regan
Martie, the Unconquered
The Major
The Middle Pasture
Miss Million's Maid
Mistress Anne
My Country
My Home in the Field of Mercy
My Four Years in Germany
The Mystery of the Hasty Arrow
On the Right of the British Line

Out of Their Own Mouths
Over the Top
Our Square and the People in It
Private Peat
The Red Planet
Rimrock Jones
Salt of the Earth
The Soul of a Bishop
The Secret of the Storm Country
Sonla
Sunny Slopes
A Student in Arms
The Second Fiddle
Sunshine Beggars
Turn About, Eleanor
The Three Black Pennys
The Tree of Heaven
The Thoroughbred
Towards the Goal
Temperamental Henry
The United States and Pan Germania
The U. P. Trail
When a Man's a Man
Webster-Man's Man
The Winds of the World
The White Morning
Two Years in Constantinople
The White Ladies of Worcester
We Can't Have Everything
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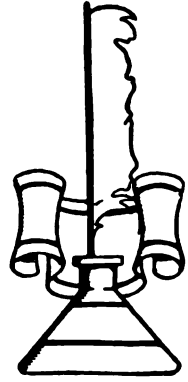
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In the front Advertising Section.

Dorothy Scarborough, who writes *War and the Supernatural in Current Fiction* in this issue, is the author of *Supernatural Influences in Modern English Fiction*, a book which many reviewers have found worthy of extended comment. Dr. Scarborough, the sister of George Scarborough, the playwright, is an instructor in short-story writing in the Extension Department of Columbia University; she is a some-time Texan, having "played around" in different universities from Texas to England, where she was an Oxford contemporary of Christopher Morley's. She is a special contributor to the book-review department of the *New York Evening Sun* and writes articles for its Sunday magazine. This versatile "keeper of pet ghosts" has a book of *Fugitive Verses*, and one of her short stories, *The Engagement Ring*, will soon appear in *Harper's Magazine*.

...

Glenn Ward Dresbach, who contributes the poem *When Spring Comes Back* in this issue, is twenty-eight years old and was born on a farm in Illinois. He attended the country schools and the village high school, then the University of Wisconsin. He was editor of the college magazine in his junior year. After leaving college he went to Panama where he was in government service for four years. The last three years have been spent in a mining camp at Tyrone, New Mexico.

He does not like Society, but he is extraordinarily fond of camping, hunting, hiking, trapping; he is an expert trapper and knows all the signs of the small water-animals. He is never quite so happy as when out with a gun (he is an expert shot) in his hand and a canteen over his shoulder and with head bared to the wind, and then to come home and smoke a pipe that

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sings and sit in a comfortable chair near the fire. He loves home, a few good friends, and poetry.

He is author of *The Road to Every Where*, published April, 1916, and *In the Paths of the Wind*, published September, 1917. A third book is ready for publication. He does not like *vers libre*. It has been said of him that he has the "vision and the faculty divine," that he is "a born singer and is satisfied to sing." He worships beauty and loves nature, and if he is in the proper mood can write a sonnet to a scrawny, scraggy tree, and show one beauty seemingly not apparent.

Mr. Dresbach enlisted at Deming, New Mexico, the first of September and entered the service, as a member of the medical corps, a second class private. Through excellent work he was promoted rapidly. He was ordered to Washington, D. C., in January, and on the thirtieth received his commission as first lieutenant. He is now at the Medical Supply Depot, Camp Meade, Maryland.

...

J. Henri Fabre had his south of France, but the country about St. Louis, Mo., belongs to Phil and Nellie Rau when their life story of the wasp is written. Their experiments and observations are reported in *Wasp Studies Afield*, soon to be published by the Princeton University Press. The book is to be illustrated with sixty-eight photographs and drawings which picture the insect's history.

...

More than three thousand Princeton men are in the war. The class of 1917 had three hundred members in service before it graduated. One of these, B. Stuart Walcott, son of the secretary of the Smithsonian Institute, lost his life flying in France in December, 1917. His splendid letters, describing the service, training and flights, and life in an aviation camp, are to be published soon.

...

We have all been greatly interested in the many different insignia on the uniforms of our soldiers and sailors and certainly the variety of these marks of rank and corps has provided the layman with a bewildering sense of the complexity and diversity of the service. A little book has just been issued with the view of expounding these insignia so that he who runs may not bump too discourteously into a big military digni-

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tary—it is *United States Army, Facts and Insignia*, by Valdemar Paulsen, and it is said to treat of the organisation, arms of the service, staff corps and departments, units of fighting forces, rank, pay, war risk insurance, military schools, insignia and salutes, concluding with a list of nations at war and dates of challenge. It comes in vest-pocket size.

...

In her new novel, *Nobody's Child*, Mrs. Dejeans has more than sustained the reputation she won by *The Tiger's Coat*; a reputation for human interest, for the careful development of character, for the construction of plot and counter-plot, to say nothing of action, movement, suspense and climax. In this new novel, she has added an atmosphere of mystery and held back a genuine surprise for her readers until near the close of the book. It is safe to say that no one can turn the opening pages of *Nobody's Child* without the feeling that something is going to happen, that strong wills are about to clash, that mystery is in the air and that the love of man for woman is going to play a leading part in this life drama. There are several families and many characters involved and their relationships are too intricately interwoven to permit an explanation of the plot in the space of a note. But the dramatic interest is concentrated in Ann—*Nobody's Child*—the lovely young daughter of an impoverished family of farmers whose fields border on the estate of the wealthy old house of Westmore. Why Ann is unloved at home, and why her father has absented himself during the greater part of her life the young girl herself does not know. Instinct tells her there is some sinister motive back of his neglect, but what it is neither she nor the reader learns until late in the story. Ann is a refreshing creation. Mrs. Dejeans has succeeded in conveying a strong impression of youthful innocence, girlish charm, spontaneous gaiety, and above all, a great hunger for affection and happiness. Ann says herself, "I am always wanting to be loved and not thinking so much whether I am loving or not." People who are born misfits in their respective families will find in this novel a message for them, while Ann's unconscious allurements and Judith's flaming passion combine to make a situation that throbs with life.

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THE VALUE OF MORAL STRATEGY

As the time of the Third National Liberty Loan draws near it is incumbent upon the people of America to view this campaign as more than a financial drive. It is, in more ways than one, a grave example of modern military tactics. It is strategy of the subtlest sort and its complete success will be extremely important in breaking the German morale this summer. The disquieting fact that all embattled America is arrayed *en masse* against her will do more than a few captured trenches to disturb the equilibrium of the Teutonic harpy. Might prevails for a little but in the long run the race is to the nation that possesses the most dollars. Strikes, bomb conspiracies, anarchist activities and other sporadic misconceptions in this country are naturally enlarged upon in the German controlled press. The German proletariat does not get the real truth, does not get all the truth. It is led to believe that America is not wholeheartedly in this war. A splendidly triumphant Third Liberty Loan should be convincing proof of their mistake. Two loans already have gone "over the top" and, undoubtedly, made their moral impression in Germany. A third successful loan should prove the final tightening of the screw. The great German masses finding America, even in the face of the Russian disaster, still determined to abate no iota of its resolve to see this war to a victorious finish will think harder than ever. And when a man, even a German, begins to think, the proper solving of mighty problems is well on its way to fruition. Every man, woman or child who participates in the new loan is definitely attracting the representatives of all nations to the table upon which lie the protocols of peace.

The third loan may be a bigger loan than those that preceded it. But we are a bigger people and undoubtedly can meet the demands of the nation with alacrity. A year of war has lifted us from unthinking prosperity to the realisation of the mighty place we hold in the eyes of the entire world. In the hollow of Columbia's hand lies the future of all civilisation. Knowing this, there is not an individual in this country who can afford to ignore the new loan. It should be a matter of pride as well as of patriotism. This decisive blow for peace, this strategic move by means of money, this astute moral attack on Germany is made with the aid of every citizen in the land who realises the dignity and potential authority of these United States.

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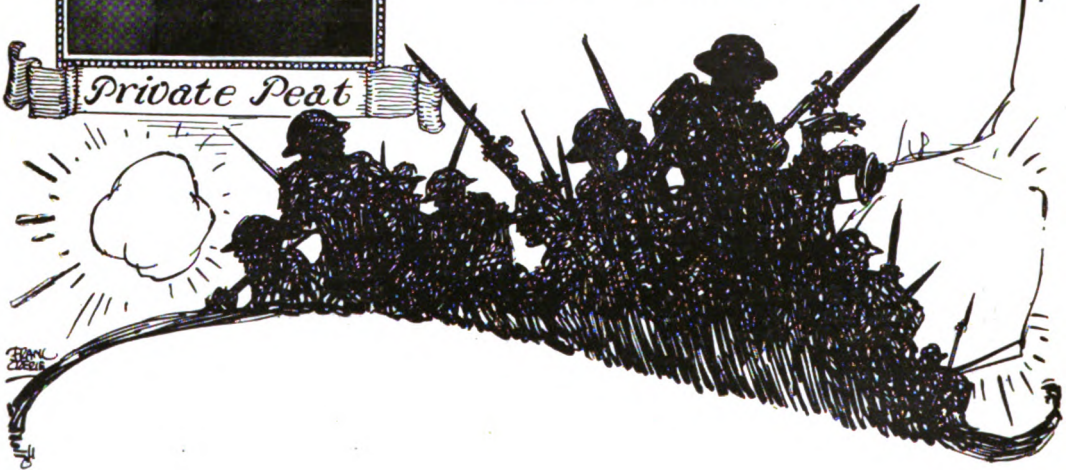
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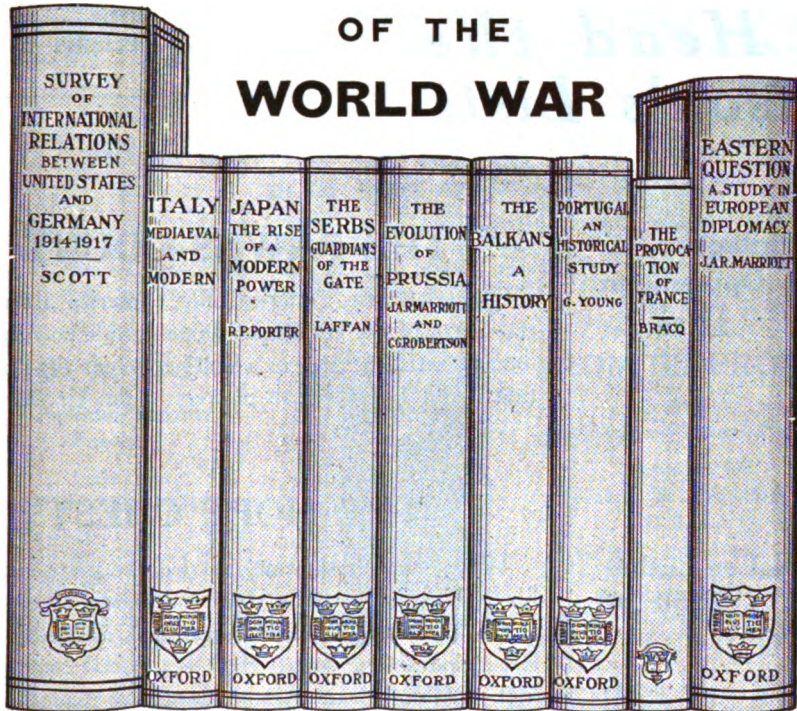
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BY ROBERT GOLDSMITH*

"We are seeking permanent, not temporary, foundations for the peace of the world."—WOODROW WILSON.

IT HAS become transparently clear that the war must be fought to a finish. To talk any longer of a negotiated peace with the ravager of Belgium, the murderer of Serbia, the assassin of Armenia, the perfidious betrayer of Russia, is to trifle with tragedy. Germany's crime against civilisation cannot be condoned. Soft words of diplomatic offensives will not be allowed to turn away the wrath of outraged justice. For the nonce, democracy must speak words as hard as cannon-balls—in the deep guttural of guns that defy contradiction. The issue between right and wrong must be settled by the referendum of the rifle.

Stripped of honour and justice, without decency and without shame, Germany has run amuck among the nations. She has threatened the world with the menace of the mailed fist. Democracy is in danger.

*Mr. Goldsmith is the author of *A League to Enforce Peace*, and a member of the group which, under the leadership of Theodore Marburg, former minister to Belgium, has prepared a Draft Constitution for a League of Nations.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

The policy of Potsdam is to rule or ruin. The mad ambition of the Kaiser is to put the whole world in bondage to Berlin. To this end nothing has been left undone that might contribute to the efficiency of the military machine of Germany. Her genius for organisation, finding casual expression in industrial competency and civic success, was corrupted by the passion for power. Her enterprise, which might have been consecrated to the increase of human happiness, was devoted to the expansion of dynastic domination. Under the preaching of her publicists and professors millions of deluded people became credulous converts to the religion of violence.

To all who are not suffering from spiritual uncinariasis—mental and moral hookworm—it must by this time be patent that the choice finally became exigent: either the United States must co-operate with the Entente Allies in their struggle to re-establish and maintain international law and order, or else the United States must prepare to fight Germany later on without the aid of allies. Our security was menaced no less truly than our rights flouted.

We have made our choice between the illusion of splendid isolation and the reality of a more splendid fellowship with all democratic nations.

Americans have always believed that nations no less than individuals have certain inalienable rights, and among them life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Self-determination is the first tenet in our democratic faith. Indeed that is precisely why Americans subscribe to the Monroe Doctrine. One hundred years ago it was the Monroe Doctrine that made one-half the world safe for democracy; to-day a league of nations to enforce peace and justice is battling on the "frontier of freedom" to make the whole world safe for democracy.

No doubt the paramount duty of the hour is to devote our minds and wills to the winning of the war. But sooner or later we shall be under the necessity of deciding, so far as America is concerned, as to the character and conditions of the peace for which the war is being waged. Neither America nor her Allies were ready for the coming of war; we must not make the same mistake with respect to the coming of peace. We must prepare to meet the problems of the Great Settlement with intelligence and determination. What has been won on the battle-field must not be lost in the council chamber.

If there is one thought and purpose which has been emphasised above all others in the announcements and avowals of responsible statesmen, that this is a war to end war, it is that we are fighting for a lasting peace. But one thing certain: if the deep underlying causes of this war remain at its conclusion, if after all the expenditure and suffering the nations return to the

status quo ante, then the war of to-day will indeed prove to be but the drumfire that prepares the way for the great drive of the next war. But this must not be. The treaty of peace must be a treaty of *lasting* peace. What kind of peace will last?

A peace that will last must be a *general* peace. The reason for this is obvious. It is because the principles of a lasting peace among nations are universal principles. It is because compromise would be surrender. The democratic nations are determined to discredit the doctrine that might makes right.

A peace that will last must be a *genuine* peace. It must not be a patched-up peace, a temporary truce based on expediency; if it is to be permanent, it must be founded on justice and the principles of public right. It must not be a fraudulent peace, a hypocritical peace. It must be democratic for the reason—as President Wilson has pointed out—that "only free peoples can hold their purpose and their honour steady to a common end and prefer the interests of mankind to any narrow interests of their own."

A peace that will last must be a *generous* peace. It must be a peace without vengeance, and a peace without vengeance is a very different thing from a peace without victory. It means the sort of peace Lincoln made with the South—after Lee's surrender. But Lincoln saw with unblurred vision that no permanent peace was possible among the States unless and until slavery was crushed. It is not otherwise to-day. Wilson sees now, whether or not he saw at once, that there can be no lasting peace among the nations until the Thing called militarism is crushed

and destroyed. Nor is this idea of a generous peace some vague hope of impractical idealism; it is, on the contrary, sound political philosophy. History has demonstrated repeatedly that the other kind of peace does not and cannot last.

A peace that will last must be a *guaranteed* peace. Very well; but how is peace to be guaranteed? The answer is that the structure of peace must be founded on international covenants, international courts, an international constabulary, and international co-operation. Covenants, courts, a constabulary, and co-operation—these are the four cornerstones. A covenanted peace is a peace between peoples. The old diplomacy is played out. Hereafter no treaty can be held to be valid or binding upon the population of a country unless it is underwritten by the people of that country; until it is endorsed by the workers and the women through their responsible representatives in popularly elected parliaments. President Wilson, in his address to Congress on January 8th last, makes this the first item in his programme: "Open covenants of peace, openly arrived at, after which there shall be no private understandings of any kind, but diplomacy shall proceed always frankly and in the public view."

Hitherto the towering structure of society has been based on the foundations of brute force alone. But the trembling sills and girders of fear and force can no longer be trusted to bear the weight and stand the strain of modern sky-scraper States. New underpinning of reason and justice must be substituted if we would have the edifice endure. The reason civilisation has collapsed and international society become a heap

of charred and smoking ruins to-day is because the superstructure has been raised upon such rotten timbers and cross-beams as sinister diplomacy and unconscionable intrigue. International covenants would do away with all this and plant the peace of the world on firm foundations.

International tribunals—courts and councils—would need to be created, or resurrected, if reason and justice are to be made operative in international relations. The covenant against aggression would pledge all signatories to submit to public hearing before a constituted court or council "all disputes of every nature whatsoever" which might arise between them. In all probability it will be found expedient to set up two tribunals: a Court of Justice to hear and decide questions that can be determined by the established and acknowledged rules of international law and equity; and a Council of Conciliation to compose by compromise and mutual concession all other vexed questions that, unless peaceably settled, would be likely to lead to war. Such a council, it is believed, would discover and apply ways for changing the *status quo* without resort to arms.

War is the ripened fruit of lawlessness. Society has slowly progressed from barbarism to civilisation by the gradual substitution of law for anarchy. War, which is direct action, may appear to be the shortest distance between two points. As a matter of fact it is clumsy as well as cruel, and as stupid as it is horrible. It is anachronistic and should be obsolescent. Problems of territorial expansion and economic opportunity should be thought out rather than fought out, because

howitzers and machine guns do not always speak the truth.

Few of us need to be reminded that the time was when individuals took the settlement of their personal grievances in their own hands. In the tenth century trial by battle was sanctioned by the state. The disputants went to the public field and fought it out. The judge had to adjourn court and render a verdict in favour of the winner. Men no longer appeal to the field of honour but to a court of justice. Individuals, for the most part, have learned to settle their quarrels, and to seek redress for injuries suffered, by law instead of war. It is now proposed that the nations go and do likewise.

The signatory Powers who covenanted among themselves to exhaust every peaceable means of settlement before going to war would constitute what President Wilson has felicitously called a league of honour. In the event of a signatory to the treaty creating the League of Nations threatening war against a fellow-member, without first submitting its dispute to public review and report, all the other members of the League would immediately join in bringing to bear both diplomatic and economic pressure to stop the would-be aggressor. If, after this joint protest and non-military coercion, the recalcitrant persisted with overt acts of hostility and actually commenced war, in violation of the terms of the covenant, it is proposed that all the other nations, in fulfilment of their treaty pledge, should, with their combined military and naval forces, come to the defence of the one attacked. Some students of the subject propose that this "mutual defence" stipulation apply likewise in the event of any member of the

League being attacked by an outside Power. Some believe that the joint economic and military force of the states of the League should be used only to compel arbitration and enforce delay; others have become convinced that the whole procedure would degenerate into a tragic farce unless the decision of the international court were also enforced.

At the present writing it is the official position of the American League to Enforce Peace that the element of force should be used only to compel states of the League to submit their questions in dispute for preliminary enquiry. However, many of the most intelligent and influential members of that organisation are more sanguine of success for a less conservative programme.

An international constabulary, in any event, would have to be organised to give effective sanction to the terms of the covenant. And this will be true whether much or little is to be enforced; whether, after the war, we are to have an all-around reduction of armaments or a general increase in armaments; whether the several nations are all to retain their distinct military organisations or pool them into some kind of an international military establishment.

Some will ask, Is it proposed that peace should be guaranteed by force of arms? It is; but the arms would not be owned and controlled, absolutely, by an irresponsible imperial state. *Pax Romana*—or *Pax Teutonicus*—is precisely the method which Germany wants to impose on a cowed and subject world. It will never do in these times. No modern nation, not even poor, distracted Russia, would long submit to that kind of peace. The peoples of all free nations will refuse to be slaves

of the sword of Prussia. If the choice were exigent they would prefer annihilation.

But if not by the method of *Pax Romana* how then would peace be guaranteed by force of arms? Is it to be by the method known as an "armed peace"? No, for an armed peace is the inevitable military expression for the political system known as balance of power, concerning which the President has said, "the great game of the balance of power has been forever discredited." The rivalry in armaments made necessary by this system is largely responsible for the present war. We must substitute a league of nations for the balance of power; co-operative armaments for competitive armaments; police force for martial force, and settlement by reason for settlement by might.

A German peace would mean a return to the balance of power and the panting race in armament building would begin all over again. This is especially true so far as America is concerned. If the Pan-German scheme succeeds, we shall, unless indeed we are ready to surrender all pretence to national sovereignty, be driven to the necessity of arming beyond the wildest imagining of the most militant-minded prophet of disaster. The choice for us lies between national military preparedness for war on an unprecedented scale and international political preparedness for peace of an unprecedented kind. We are confronted with the alternative of a retreat to the old idea of balance of power or an advance to the new idea of a league of nations. We cannot dig ourselves in between the two positions; the open space of No Man's Land is untenable. The future peace of the

world must be guaranteed by an international security league.

It is not necessary to discuss, in academic fashion, the conflicting philosophies of right or wrong as to the use of force. Sensible men, mindful of the realities, assume the right to employ force in defence of civilisation as against an outlaw individual, or an outlaw nation. The justification of force is a worthy purpose. The instruments of force must be dedicated to the cause of law and order. It should not seem so surprising, on reflection, that we dare not put our trust in Christian sentiment or enlightened public opinion, alone, to prevent war: we do not pretend to maintain law and order within nations by good-will; we use force, police and militia.

It should not require any prodigal expenditure of thought to reach the conclusion that those who propose to end war by good-will and moral suasion are the visionaries who are blinded to the realities by the dazzling brilliance of their dreams. The position of the so-called "voluntary groups," who want to get along without the use of force, is identical with that of philosophic anarchism. Some day the world may be ruled by the force of love; but meanwhile why squander time loafing about the corridors of such an air castle? Force must be made to wear the trappings and become the obedient servant of reason and justice.

But, after all, these proposals—covenants, courts, constabulary—are of a negative character. They are all calculated, as lets and hindrances, to postpone or prevent war. But peace is more than the mere absence of war. Some positive provisions must be undertaken; some sea-wall of community of interest must

be constructed if the world is not again to be deluged with a flood-tide of war: there must be international co-operation. Political autocracy is not the only cause of modern war. Privilege is Protean, taking many forms and shapes. Emperors are not the only arrogant monarchs and imperialism does not always wear the purple robe of dynastic ambition. There is such a thing as financial imperialism; there are czars of commerce and monarchs of the market. Ways and means must be discovered, or invented, to provide for change and progress. The road to peace cannot be paved with cannon-balls for cobble-stones. The parade of progress must not be between serried ranks and bristling bayonets. It is ardently hoped that the Council of Nations will labour to promote justice and discourage privilege. The axe must be laid to the very roots of the Upas Tree of greed.

Now it is quite possible that suggestions have been advocated for guaranteeing peace—such as, for example, the adoption of universal free trade—that are more fundamental and far-reaching than the scheme of an international league. The immediate practicability of the plan, and not its logical cogency, ~~should determine our preference.~~ And this is equally true with respect to the particular plan of a League of Nations to which we give our adherence.

Suggestions for the immediate establishment and organisation of a supra-national government — an United States of the World—may appear to be reasonable enough on paper, but it is clear that any such patent panacea for the red plague of war will not be accepted now. The notion of national sovereignty may

be a political superstition, but, even if it is, it must be reckoned with like any other superstition, and any attempt to ignore it is worse than superstition; it is either wilful prejudice or sheer stupidity. There are, however, some projects and proposals for a League of Nations, tentatively held as to details, which have been welcomed by responsible statesmen here and abroad. In this country there is the League to Enforce Peace, of which the Honourable William Howard Taft is the active president and Doctor A. Lawrence Lowell executive chairman. In England there is the League of Nations Society; a Committee associated with the Fabian Society; and a Group under the chairmanship of Viscount Bryce. In Holland there is a society known as the Central Organisation for a Durable Peace, with branches in several countries. In this country, quite independent of the League to Enforce Peace, a private study group under the leadership of the Honourable Theodore Marburg, former minister to Belgium, has prepared a Draft Constitution for a League of Nations which is now being studied by many of the chancelleries of Europe.

Membership in the proposed League of Nations is, of course, still ~~an open question,~~ which no private group is competent to determine. Probably the consensus of opinion among those who have given any thought to the matter is that an unregenerate Germany could have no place in such a League. This view was expressed by the President when in his War Message a year ago he said:

A steadfast concert for peace can never be maintained except by a partnership of democratic nations. No autocratic power

could be trusted to keep faith within it or observe its covenants. It must be a league of honour, a partnership of opinion. Intrigue would eat its vitals away; the plottings of inner circles who could plan what they would and render account to no one would be a corruption seated at its very heart.

On the other hand, Lord Buckmaster was generously applauded when, on May 14, 1917, at a patriotic meeting in Central Hall, London, he said:

I am convinced that this League of Nations will fail unless Germany is admitted into it as an integral part. If that is not done, the League of Nations will be nothing but a League against Germany.

A considerable number of influential publicists and students of the subject incline to the view that the only League of Nations likely to be organised is a League of the English-speaking peoples, plus France. It is obvious that this question of membership in the proposed League must, for the time being, remain unanswered.

It is, of course, quite pertinent to ask whether the Great Powers will so far relinquish their sovereignty as to sign a treaty which will bind them in advance to arbitrate their disputes, particularly those involving vital questions of national purpose and honour. In reply, it may be said at once, that a number of the Great Powers have already expressed themselves—some more, some less officially—as ready to share in the organisation of some such League as is here proposed. And so far as sacrificing a measure of sovereignty is concerned, it is perhaps well to remind ourselves that the interdependence of the modern world and the rapid spread of democratic sentiments have together conspired to

make the earlier idea of absolute sovereignty little more than a political heirloom.

Some have argued that even if the Powers did so bind themselves they would not hesitate to break faith when the test came. If that is so (and I for my part do not for a minute believe it is so) then why all this hullabaloo against Germany for breaking faith and invading Belgium! Of course, it must be confessed that nations before now, and other nations as well as Germany, have torn up treaties as scraps of paper. But the fact remains, and is easily verified, that the vast majority of contracts between nations have been scrupulously kept.

Americans will say—they have already said it many times—that Washington warned our young Republic against the danger of entangling alliances with Old-World monarchies. But 1796 was a long time ago, and since then the American experiment has been quite universally approved. Our line is gone out through all the earth. The advice of Jefferson and Washington, that we come out and be separate; the admonition that we should not be unequally yoked together with unbelievers in democracy, though pertinent in the eighteenth century, is no longer pertinent. The *Mayflower* has voyaged back to Europe freighted with liberty and democracy. As a matter of history we won our first fight for freedom by an alliance with France. Could Washington speak to-day he would doubtless hail the advent of a league of liberals to oppose mediæval monarchs. Did he not, in his day, lead thirteen colonies against the tyranny of a despotic sovereign? To-day more than thirteen nations are threatened by a tyranny far

worse than that of George the Third.

This is not to deny that for the United States to join a League of Nations would be a new departure. But such a departure from the policy of aloofness would not really be a break with tradition. Maturity is a new and radical departure from Youth, but it is at the same time a normal development and evolution.

Neutrality is at an end. Isolation is a thing of the past. It is manifest that America can no longer be an anchorite nation. Our intellectual, moral, economic, and financial interests have become inextricably interwoven with the fabric of the whole world. Seclusion is an illusion. America is cast to play an important rôle in the drama of history.

THE MONEY-CHANGERS

BY WILLARD WATTLES

COULD I but see you, Comrade, as that day
 You snatched the whip-cord in a wrathful hand
 And drove with swift flail of your stern command
 The money-changers from their shame away,
 Beyond the Temple steps to cheat and pray,
 Man-furious in splendid anger stand
 Like pillared flame by surge of tempest fanned,
 I would not ask you one hot blow to stay.
 Long have they bartered in your tenderness,
 The smirking Temple-rogues who cheat us now;
 Smite with your lash that beats like jagged hail;
 Pity them not, for they were pitiless;
 Strike in white anger, glad avenger, now,
 And in your hand I shall become the flail.

DEMOCRACY AND THE MOVIES

BY HERBERT FRANCIS SHERWOOD

MAY I suggest that "cave man stuff" is the connecting link? By this slangy colloquialism, I do not refer to "slap-stick" pictures of the stuffed-club and hair-pulling antics of a pair of lusty individuals partially clad in the hairy coverings which were the fashion just outside the gate of the Garden of Eden.

I recall in the small textbook on geology which I studied in preparatory school a cut showing a sketch of the "Elphas primigenius" said to have been engraved upon a piece of ivory found in a cave. Picturisation was the primitive man's method of passing on what he had to say. A motion picture comes nearer to being the universal language than any other medium of communication. It is the lineal descendant of the cave man's method of communicating with his fellow. Motion pictures might have saved the situation when the Tower of Babel was built. Is not that which made the prehistoric man's use of a picture available as a means of telling a story or communicating a message the factor which makes the motion picture so important in its bearing upon the world life of to-day? "Pictures are the books of the ignorant," said St. Augustine, and the churches became picture galleries. The motion picture serves to break down horizontally and vertically barriers between peoples and classes. It links all together. Is it not of the utmost usefulness as a means of communication?

A number of years ago, the pub-

lisher of a string of well-known newspapers discovered that there was a demand in this country for a fictionalised paper. He furnished it. It was called "yellow" and not a real newspaper. It was criticised because its columns were filled with the melodrama of life. Subjects relying chiefly upon "heart interest" for their appeal occupied most of the space. Coupled with them were editorials which were appeals to the emotions rather than to the intellect. Often they were based upon rather flimsy foundations. Cartoons, crude in drawing and composition, but detailing in a series of sketches the adventures of some "character," found their place on the pages of this type of paper. The "adventures" were caricatures of incidents in everyday life and pointed in their crude way the foolishness of some habit, or the folly of certain attitudes of mind. The cartoons were like operations for appendicitis. They served to cut out useless age-old habits and ways of thinking. There was also advice for the "lovelorn." The papers have found an audience despite the ridicule of the "highbrows." It consists of those at the bottom of the social ladder, the immigrants and the children of immigrants; those who would be peasants in other lands. Through the story form and the picture, this type of paper has sought to deliver a message. If the message itself were not frequently "yellow," that is to say, untrue to facts, one could find little objection to the publication of this kind of paper, for it has

helped those at the bottom to climb toward the world above by providing them with a medium of expression. One may add that the coming of the "yellow" press has modified the make-up and the style of the contents of nearly every newspaper in the United States. It has not existed in vain.

That its social value is not overestimated was illustrated in the family of a blacksmith with whom I have some acquaintance. The head of the household was one of the tribe of Tubal Cain who would have fulfilled the physical requirements of the "village blacksmith." His wife was a little body somewhat more sensitive than her brawny spouse. He was a reader of one of these "yellow" papers. The illustrated editorials particularly appealed to him. He used to search them for their message. He would ask questions regarding their meaning of those better educated than himself, but never of his wife, for his primitive instincts would not permit him to do this. The little wife, however, saw that a welcome change was coming over her husband. Gradually the atmosphere of the home softened. Social amenities were recognised as being desirable. Knowledge of other things than smithing was added to the mental capital of the members of the family circle.

The motion picture has followed in the track of the melodramatic paper. It has added the elements of beauty and realistic action to the message.

Story-telling, writing, painting, sculpture and the drama have been our means of communication from age to age. These mediums, however, at their best have been confined in their ministry to a comparatively

small social group. Now comes the motion picture to serve as a channel of communication and a means of entertainment for the so-called common people. For the first time in the history of the world, a means of expression which furnishes large opportunities for artistic development has been brought to the door of the burdened wage-earner. The poorest among the poor can now live vicariously the experiences of all mankind and have life more abundantly.

The motion picture has established itself as no other means of communication has done. Publicists, artists, story-tellers, now can cross the boundaries of their special clientèle. The vividness with which the facts of life are shown and contrasted has captured the attention of the most primitive minded. The unlettered can read the message on the screen. The motion picture provides those seeking to stimulate cultural development with a channel of communication leading directly to those who most need it. If they have a national message to deliver, they can pass it on to those who heretofore lacked a common language. This fact has been recognised by actors, dramatists and authors. The motion picture, by democratic means, can lift the illiterate into the world of the literate. Indeed, a movement has just been set on foot to bring the library closer to the "movie fan," for a majority of the patrons of motion-picture theatres are little acquainted with books.

Before me lies a copy of *The Library Miscellany*, published in far-off Baroda, India. In an imaginary colloquy with a conservative visitor who argues that a Visual Instruction Branch is a degrading activity, "vulgarity" and a "wanton waste of

time and money," the Central Library replies in "the cool, clear and dignified manner of one who pleads for a good cause":

"I maintain the Visual Instruction Branch primarily and mainly, though not exclusively, for the instruction of those who do not know how to read, for those unfortunate people who, through no fault of their own, are helpless and hopeless, without knowledge, without ideas, without ambition, without joy in life. I show them films conveying general information, of natural and physical sciences, of surgery and sanitation, of useful arts and industries, of fiction and drama, of history and geography, of landscapes and sceneries and of life in different countries. I show these things and many more in a manner that is at once most vivid and impressive. If you, my carping critic, can point out a more fascinating, a more effective, a more economical, and a surer way of instructing the masses and filling their humdrum, hopeless and pitiable existence with joy, then you may convict me of folly, aye even of madness. I challenge you to show me such a way!" On hearing this, the whole demeanour of the critic undergoes a marvellous change. The frown on his face disappears and a gentle smile takes its place; his harsh voice melts into a sweet silver ring. He stands in the pose of a penitent."

Need one add more?

In a country in which each man and each woman counts for one in the exercise of the function of government, it is absolutely necessary that some means of communicating with those who are not thoroughly familiar with democratic institutions shall be available. "Seeing is believing" is an old adage. The motion

picture in its instructional and dramatic forms is a passage-way by means of which the whole Continental United States may be reached in the course of two or three weeks. Through multiplicity of prints the same message may be delivered simultaneously through the length and breadth of the land.

In its capacity to pierce the great stratum of society which underlies all the other social strata, the political potentialities of the screen recently have been recognised. Political leaders appreciate its value. Presidential candidates, a year ago, did not hesitate to make use of the motion picture to bear a message to the people. Since the war began, the Government has found it a useful channel for promoting bond sales and enlistment campaigns, and for delivering the message of food conservation and the propaganda of democratic principles. The Government recognised that its traditional language was too technical to reach a large part of the voting population. The motion picture could illustrate it. It could present the activities of the Government in a manner which would make them better understood than by any other means of communication.

Only the other day I read the following in a Washington despatch: "As a means of helping to increase the pork supply, the United States Department of Agriculture has just released to the motion-picture theatres, through one of the large motion-picture companies, a film showing the work of the boys' pig clubs which the department is organising in all parts of the country in co-operation with the extension divisions of the State agricultural colleges."

Is it strange that there is hesitation to subject the motion picture to legalised censorship? The film is joining the newspaper as a part of the machinery of democratic control of government. In a democracy made up of many races, such as the United States, the motion picture carries its message to more people than can any other single medium. Who can measure the value of the exhibition of British, French and Italian war pictures as a means of helping the Allies? The usefulness of the photoplay as an agency for presenting new ideas and for promoting the social welfare frequently has been tested.

The present war is the first in which the motion picture has had a share. It is a war in which the will of rulers weighs less than the will of people. The motion picture, with its vividly expressed message, has become a vitally important instrument. It is helping to mobilise the various points of view of the allied countries and marshal them into a single front. The appointment of an American Cinema Commission by President Wilson in order to spread the propaganda of democracy by means of the "movie" throughout the Allied world and Continental Europe was not intended to be a spectacular performance. At this moment a dozen audiences in Russia may be looking at "Comrade Democrats," an American propaganda film. Other films showing how the American brand of democracy is doing its bit are being exhibited on the screens of our allies and the neutral countries; in the latter in recognition of the truth of the old proverb about an ounce of prevention and a pound of cure. The governments of the Entente have their motion-picture commissions,

Great Britain having organised a Cinema Propaganda, including such authors as Conan Doyle and Hall Caine and practically all of the leading actors and actresses.

Photoplays and comedies are not free from imperfections. Often, like the "yellow" press, they are untrue to life. They are constructive, however, for cause and effect are both present and virtue usually reaps a reward. Many are crudely made. Originality is lacking in large numbers of them. How could it be otherwise when the demand so greatly exceeds the supply that a couple of dozen plots must be made to serve for thousands of photoplays in the course of a year? The number of highly important photoplays produced annually, perhaps, could be enumerated on the hands. Yet, notwithstanding all this, the motion picture is a tremendous lifting force whose power is not yet measured. Shall we be challenged when we assert that it is the language of a democracy which reaches all strata of society and tends to weld them together? Has it not the power to take the message of the "highbrow," the intellectual, and transmit it to the average person? Can it not be made to bring all degrees of men together into a co-ordinated organism, working in harmony for the greater things of the world? For we believe the world is going to be saved for democracy.

The pictures, in all their crudity, from the beginning have gone straight to the hearts of the humble classes, who have wept and smiled over the lurid plots and characters and been generous with their tears and laughter. All great art springs near the soil from the emotions of the toiling people, the workers. Re-

formers of the drama in their efforts to make their work popular, subtle and refined have forgotten this. Their appeal has been to the dilettantes, the specialisers in emotion, the moneyed, the blasé and the hypercritical. These types are the less desirable to whom to make an appeal. They are dead wood, giving and receiving no real inspira-

tion. They find it difficult to endure art, let alone to support it. Although the last that any living art reaches the motion picture, working surely upward, has reached them. Influencing and binding all men, who shall say what levels of common thought and achievement shall be attained through the motion picture?

MAIDS AND MUSHROOMS

BY ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

ODDLY fashioned, quaintly dyed,
In the wood the mushrooms hide;
Rich and meaty, full of flavour,
Made for man's delicious savour.
But he shudders and he shrinks
At the piquant mauves and pinks.
Who is brave enough to dare
Curious shapes and colours rare,
Dainties in peculiar dresses,
Fairy-rings and inky messes?
Something sinister must be
In the strange variety!
It is better not to know;
Safer but to peer,—and go.

So the mushrooms dry and fade,—
Like full many a blooming maid,
With her dower of preciousness
Hid too well for men to guess.
But the toadstools bright and yellow
Tempt and poison many a fellow,
With their flaunting beauty bright,
The bold promise of delight.
Taste and suffer, ache and burn;
Generations do not learn!

Nay, a little mushroom study
Would not injure anybody.



DICTATING TO TWO SCRIBES AT ONCE. THE BEGINNING OF THE SCRIPTORIUM, ANCIENT EGYPT. EVEN IN THOSE DAYS THEY PRACTISED SOME OF OUR "MODERN" HIGH-SPEED METHODS

THE EVOLUTION OF THE BOOKSTORE

BY H. H. MANCHESTER

PART I. IN ANCIENT TIMES

IN VIEW of the countless histories of literature that have been published, it is surprising that so little has been written on the history of the bookstore. Raids have been made by scholars upon limited periods and certain features in its development, but the subject as a whole has scarcely been attacked. No attempt, for example, seems to have been made hitherto to bring together a collection of the historic pictures illustrating the bookstores of the past, though a number of highly interesting ones are in existence.

Yet an adequate history of the bookstore would be of considerable importance. It would practically answer the question how literature and books have been distributed in past eras, and exemplify how the distribution of the product, even in the

case of literature, has had a tremendous reflex influence upon the nature of the product itself.

EGYPT

The first fact that we come across in the evolution of the bookstore is remarkably significant. It is that the earliest known books were by-products of religion. There is no doubt that the first recognised bookstores were the Egyptian temples, and the first publishers their priests and scribes.

This grew very logically out of the Egyptian faith. When the curtain of history rose in Egypt in the first dynasties, some six thousand years ago, the Egyptians believed that a man's spirit or soul would live as long as his body endured, and during that time would be subject in the hereafter to all the vicissitudes that

would be possible on earth. The first books were written to enable the spirit of the departed to gather itself together after death, to pass safely through all the dangers of the other world, and to go forth by day and return as it pleased to its abode.

The open sesames to these privileges were the incantations and rituals which were embodied in what is now known as the *Book of the Dead*.

At first it was probably customary for a person to learn the chapters during his lifetime, and to repeat them in his private devotions, but it was also the rule for the priests to recite the various sections over the mummy during the funeral ceremonies. The next step was to inscribe the magical verses upon the tomb or coffin, and finally it came to be considered a great assistance to the soul, to copy the ritual upon papyrus and entomb it with the mummy.

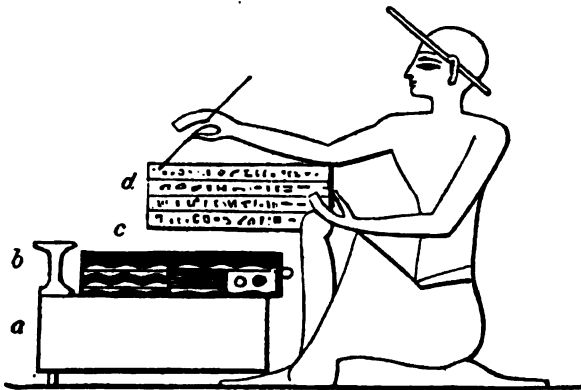
All of these steps may be seen in the rubrics which accompany the *Book of the Dead*. The rubric with the first chapter, for example, runs, "If this text be known by the deceased upon earth, or if he causeth it to be done in writing upon his coffin, then will he be able to come forth on any day he pleaseth, and to enter

his habitation unrepulsed." The rubric of Chapter CXXV, which contains the famous negative confession, is in part, "This chapter shall be said by the deceased when he is cleansed and purified . . . and if this book be done in writing, the deceased shall flourish, as shall also his children, and never fall into oblivion."

It requires but a moment's analysis to discover that we have here all the elements of a publication and book-selling system.

Access to the magical lines by the living individual or by his spirit was necessary for any satisfactory life in the other world. It is no wonder that the copies were in demand and that anyone who could afford to ensure his existence hereafter by having his body mummified would want as many of the most important chapters of the book as he felt able to purchase. The only place where these could be obtained was, of course, the temples. The original litanies were the production of prehistoric priests, and the copyists seem to have been in every case the temple scribes.

The reputed author of all religious books was the deity Thoth, the



AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN SCRIBE WITH HIS PALETTE, BRUSH-HOLDER, INK-WELL AND WRITING-DESK

scribe of the gods. It was declared that there were thirty-six thousand five hundred and twenty-five different religious books or incantations in existence. Only a few of these, however, were important enough to be buried in the tombs and thus stand a chance of being preserved.

The temples seem to have made a regular business of book production. The copies were not always made to order, but were prepared beforehand and the name filled in afterward. In fact this was done in places in one of the most important copies of the *Book of the Dead* which have come down to us,—the Papyrus of Ani.

There is no doubt that the temples received payment for all copies of the ritual, but what the prices were we can only conjecture.

It may be worth while recalling the materials with which these ancient priests, who were both publishers and booksellers, worked. The papyrus rolls were made of criss-crossed layers from the pith of the papyrus reed. In the Papyrus of Ani there are three widths of pith laid side by side, making a total width of one foot and three inches, and six lengths fastened end to end, with a total of seventy-eight feet. Parchment was known as early as 1400 B. C., but was seldom employed. The reed used to write with was only from one-sixteenth to one-eighth of an inch in diameter, and was bruised on the end, so that the hieroglyphics were rather painted than written. In fact the scribe employed a palette to work with. Illumination and illustrations were common, and various coloured inks were used for the purpose. The rolls of papyrus were often tied with a papyrus cord, and sometimes protected with a clay seal. Important rolls were kept in wooden

cases, which were themselves guarded in the "house of books."

We reproduce several ancient Egyptian pictures, illustrating scribes at work on papyrus, as well as the racks in which the rolls were kept.

The temples gave instruction in writing, and the occupation of scribe probably offered the best chance for a boy to rise. In the Third Dynasty, for example, Amten tells how he rose from a scribe to be the guardian of the western frontier. And princes and nobles often retained the title of scribe among their many honours.

There is little doubt that all the copies of the religious works were made at the temples, but the official biographies, records, and annals of the kings and nobility were probably produced at the palaces.

Whether the tales of adventure, like that of Sanehat in the Twelfth Dynasty, were originated in the temples or palaces, or by some independent scribe is uncertain, but the mere existence of a non-religious literature suggests the possibility of secular publishers and bookstores.

BABYLON

In Babylonia as well as in Egypt the first bookstores seem to have been the temples. Babylonian books apparently originated there, and the ancient scribes were regularly priests. The kings, however, early learned to make use of the new art, and even more than in Egypt, the palace became a second centre of documentary activity.

Writings in Babylonia included magical incantations, hymns, religious epics, the annals of the king, and a tremendous mass of legal documents. Most of them were written upon slabs or cylinders of fine clay, but papyrus was known and em-



AN EGYPTIAN SCRIPTORIUM OF THE OLD EMPIRE, ILLUSTRATING RACKS, ROLLS AND SEALS FOR PAPYRI

ployed in communications as early as 1400 B. C.

Only a few ancient Babylonian or Assyrian bas-reliefs showing scribes at work are extant, and these illustrate chiefly scribes making records of the captives and spoils of war. Curiously but logically enough, they depict scribes working in pairs, one writing on a tablet, and the other on papyrus or some flexible material.

Clay tablets were not easily passed from hand to hand, and partly in consequence of this fact, the principal collections were to be found in the temple or palace archives. Some sixty thousand tablets, for example, have been uncovered in the temple area near Abn Habba, and more than half that many in the royal archives of Ashurbanipal.

There is no question, nevertheless,



A SCRIPTORIUM OF THE MEMPHITE ERA, ILLUSTRATING WRITING ARRANGEMENTS, PAPYRI AND RACKS FOR ROLLS



THE IBIS-HEADED DEITY, THOTH, REPUTED BY THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS TO BE THE INVENTOR OF WRITING, THE SCRIBE OF THE GODS AND THE AUTHOR OF ALL THE RELIGIOUS BOOKS

that a limited distribution of documents and literature among private families did take place. The tablets of Tell-Sifr, for instance, form part of the private records of the families of Sininana and Amililani, but deal chiefly with their own affairs.

No doubt legal documents were distributed far more widely than literature, and it is probable that in many cases both parties to a contract had copies of it. On the other hand a copy, often with a duplicate clay envelope, was regularly deposited among the official records of the locality.

In almost every instance the writing of the document was evidently done by a temple priest or scribe, and it is only in later centuries that we occasionally happen upon a scribe who does not make himself known to be a temple official.

Some of these documents seem to have been produced beforehand and the names merely filled in on occasion. In duplicating copies, there was even developed a close approach to printing. A cast of a piece of writing was made by pressing the baked tablet into fine wet clay. The relief thus formed was then baked, after which it could be used for impressing duplicate copies as long as it would last.

There is no doubt that the temple received pay for all documents copied and distributed, but just what arrangements existed among temple, scribes, and customers are still uncertain.

Most of the other early literatures were originated in a similar way by the priests. The Sanscrit Vedas, as is well known, were composed by the priests, but were given only a very narrow circulation, as for many centuries they were transmitted orally, and only to the initiates. The Hebrew books, although put in writing by the priests, seem to have been distributed only among the temples, which is perhaps one reason why the separate "Jahvist" and "Elohists" documents have never been discovered.

GREECE

When we come to the early Greek literature, however, we get into an entirely different atmosphere. The *Iliad* and other Greek epics were composed not by priests but by laymen, and the knowledge of them spread through minstrels. The influ-

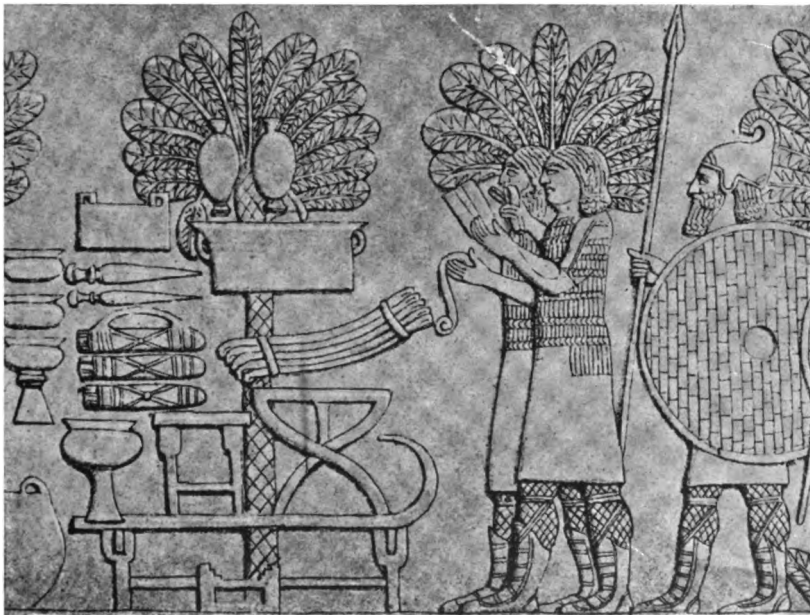
ence of this new method of distribution can hardly be exaggerated. The minstrel depended for the reception he was given, and in fact for his very livelihood, upon the interest and emotional power of his story. To hold his hearers spellbound, required a thrilling narrative well told, and just for this very reason, the best of the minstrel epics, not only of Greece but of other lands, are fascinating even to-day.

When we ask how soon Greek epics and lyrics were put into writing, we are in danger of running headlong into the battle over the Homeric question and various other unsolved problems in early Greek literature.

In spite of the fact that the Egyptians, Chaldeans, and even Cretans employed writing some six thousand years ago, it is questionable whether it was in use by the Greeks in the Homeric age. The only reference to what might be considered writing in

the *Iliad* is where Proteus sends Belerophon to the king of Lycia with "baneful tokens," "scratching on a folded tablet many spirit-destroying things." The oldest known Attic inscription hardly goes back before 800 B. C., although Herodotus mentions that he saw an ancient inscription of uncertain date at Thebes. Ephorus and Plutarch record the legend that Lycurgus brought a copy of the *Iliad* to Sparta about 776 B. C., but this is not to be depended upon.

Probably the epics and lyrics were written down by individual bards for personal use centuries before they were distributed as books. In 550 B. C., however, Theognis, the lyric poet, said that he would add his seal to his verses to keep them from being appropriated by anyone else. At this date also, Pisistratus, according to tradition, collected and wrote down the different episodes



ASSYRIAN SCRIBES RECORDING ON A TABLET AND ON FLEXIBLE MATERIAL THE SPOILS OF WAR

that make up the *Iliad*. Boys' schools for writing are mentioned as existing in 500 B. C., and Herodotus about 450 B. C. wrote that papyrus had been used by the Ionians of old.

The first out and out references to a Greek book market are by Pollux and Eupolis about 430 B. C. Xenophon about 400 B. C. wrote that many books were recovered from a ship that was wrecked at Salmydessus, and in his *Memorabilia* describes the dialogue between Socrates and Euthedemus, who was devoting himself to collecting the works of the poets and Sophists. We note that even at that date autograph copies were esteemed of great value.

Zeno, the stoic, was reported to have owed his entrance into philosophy to a bookstore. According to Diogenes Laertius "Zeno sat down at a bookseller's stall, and as he took up the second book of Xenophon's *Memorabilia* and began to read it, he was delighted with it, and asked

where such men as described there lived." When he was informed that they were there in Athens, he resolved to become their follower. It is interesting to note in this account that he was apparently permitted to sample the bookseller's wares before he was required to purchase.

Side by side with literary production in written form, continued the custom of reciting or reading before an audience. Thus Herodotus read from his works in Athens, Corinth, Argus, and Sparta, and later Plato and Zeno spoke or read their philosophy to their followers. Such readings are illustrated in several paintings of the Græco-Roman period.

The advantage to an author of publishing was far less then than now, largely because there was no copyright law. There was nothing, for example, to prevent Hermodorus, who attended Plato's lectures, from taking down his discourses, carrying them to Sicily, and selling them. An author could sell the first copy to



ASSYRIAN SCRIBES KEEPING A RECORD OF CAPTIVES ON A TABLET AND SOME FLEXIBLE MATERIAL



A GREEK AUTHOR READING HIS MANUSCRIPT TO AN AUDIENCE

a publisher for as much as possible, but neither he nor the publisher had any check on subsequent copies.

Ordinary books were comparatively cheap. In 407 B. C., a roll of papyrus, which was the amount required for a book of the usual size, cost one drachma and two obols (about twenty-six cents), while many a book could be purchased for fifty cents, and the author got little if anything of this amount.

In the face of these undoubted discouragements to writers, the question naturally arises, why, if authorship did not pay at Athens, did Athens lead the ancient world in literature? The answer simply is, that literature did pay tremendously there in both pecuniary and other ways.

Since indiscriminate copying led to careless reproduction, an exaggerated value was given to autograph copies, and authors received costly presents for their autographs. In this connection Gellius records a tradition that Aristotle gave three talents, or three thousand six hundred dollars, for an old autographed manuscript of Speusippus, and Plato nearly two talents for three rare books of Philolaus.

But the indirect rewards were far greater. Oratory was the opening key to politics, and politics paid both in honour and money. A successful composer of addresses to be delivered before juries received large amounts from his clients, who themselves delivered the speeches. The dramatist was loaded with honours.



ROMAN BOOKCASE AND ROLLS

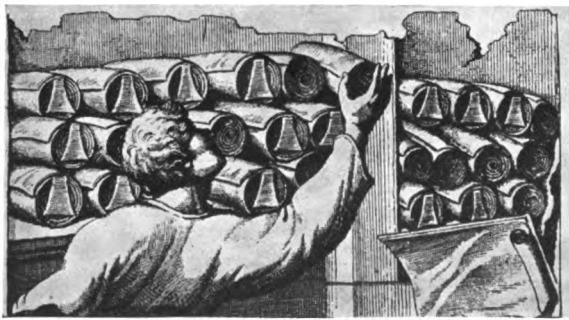
Rewards were given for the three best plays submitted for the festival of Dionysus. These were enacted, and the author of the best was awarded a highly coveted crown. Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides all received many such prizes, and later the comedians were given similar honours. The philosophers, or at least many of them, were venerated as the greatest of men, and the Sophists even received direct pay for their teaching.

The large number of books published by the end of the Greek period is suggested by the great library founded by Ptolemy Soter at Alex-

andria about 300 B. C., and by its rival established by Eumenes II at Pergamum in the first half of the second century B. C. In this connection it is worth noting that Eumenes, failing to get papyrus from a jealous Ptolemy, so improved skin as writing material that thus prepared it received a new name, *membrana pergamena*, which has descended to us as parchment. It was this use of parchment which introduced the flat codex in the form of our present book, as distinct from the roll, which, it will be remembered, was the ordinary form of all ancient papyrus books.

ROME

Considering the little attention paid by the Romans to literature until after they had conquered the Mediterranean world, it is not surprising that for several centuries they imported their books, as they did their art and religion, from Greece and Alexandria. In fact the first bookseller at Rome whom we hear of by name, was T. Pomponius Atticus, the friend and publisher of Cicero. Atticus was himself an author of annals and a critic of considerable judgment, as well as very wealthy and a man of high character. In addition to being a man of affairs, he is thought to have been the first



SHELVES WHERE THE BOOKS WERE KEPT IN A GRÆCO-ROMAN BOOKSTORE

to develop an important publishing house in Rome. He kept a large number of slaves busy in his scriptorium, copying old manuscripts and issuing new editions which he sold at a profit. He was a friend and adviser of authors, and appears to

cus, the book borrower. "You frequently go down to the Argeletum: opposite Cæsar's forum is a shop with pillars on each side covered over with titles of books, so that you may quickly run over the names of all the poets. Procure me there; you will



A ROMAN SCRIPTORIUM OR PUBLISHING AND BOOK-SELLING HOUSE (RECONSTRUCTED)

have paid fairly well for their manuscripts.

Several other Roman booksellers are mentioned by name. Horace speaks of his book being "published by the Sosii, neatly polished by their pumice-stone." Seneca writes of Dorus as a dealer in the manuscripts of Cicero and Livy. In the time of Domitian, Tryphon was the publisher of Quintillian, while Martial mentions as booksellers Atrectus, Priscus, Secundus the freedman, and Q. Polius Valerionus.

Probably the most illuminating details concerning the Roman book-stores are to be found in Martial. The location and arrangement of one are described in his verses to Luper-

no sooner ask Atrectus,—for such is the name of the owner of the shop,—than he will give you from the first or second shelf, a Martial, well smoothed with pumice-stone and adorned with purple for five denarii."

Parchment was often employed in small books, as Martial writes, "Buy a copy of which the parchment leaves are pressed into small compass."

Pictures of the classical period illustrate the various forms which books assumed, as well as the development of the book chest and bookcase.

One of Martial's epigrams proves that the booksellers, like many physicians and tradesmen, were freedmen or even slaves: "Seek Se-



VARIOUS FORMS OF GRECO-ROMAN BOOKS

cundus, the freedman, of the learned Lucensis for me, behind the Temple of Peace and the Forum of Palas."

Of the short length of the average Roman book Martial wrote, "Enough, little book! we have already reached the end of the parchment." And of his second book, states, "a copyist finishes it in an hour," though this is probably poetic exaggeration.

The fate of neglected books seems to have been to teach boys to scribble, or, still more base, to serve for wrappers for packages. Horace writes that one of his books may "instruct boys in the rudiments of their learning, in the streets of the suburbs." And Martial writes of his fourth book, "If Apollinaris condemn thee, thou mayst as well run to

the stalls of the meat sellers to have thy back scribbled upon by their boys." In lines to his third book, Martial contrasts the fate of a successful and unsuccessful work: "Make haste to choose a patron, lest being hurried off into a murky kitchen, you cover tunny fish with your wet leaves, or become a wrapper for incense and pepper. Is it into Faustinus's bosom that you flee? A wise choice: you may now be perfumed with oil of cedar and decorated with ornaments at both ends, in all the glory of painted bosses. Tyrian purple may cover you, and your title may proudly blaze in scarlet."

Under the Empire, there was a class of book collectors who cared more for the names and appearance of their volumes than they did for

the contents. Lucian wrote quite a tirade against one of them, in which he makes the charge, "you trust to those who cry books up to you, though they know nothing of the matter. You are only a mark for those brokers of books, who tell you a pack of lies about them." This indicates that even in those days indiscriminate buyers produced irresponsible dealers. In the same indictment we find that collectors even then attached special value to the complete works of an author, and paid enormous prices for rare autographed volumes.

Although Lucian speaks of books as "the happy lot of rich men only," the ordinary book was fairly cheap. Martial says one of his books could be bought at Atrectus's shop for five denarii, or at Tryphon's for two denarii, or forty cents. This was due in part to the cheapness of slaves and slave labour, and in part to the fact that the ordinary volume was short, and required comparatively no binding.

As in Greece, there was no copy-right law in Rome, and no way for author or publisher to prevent either plagiarism or piracy. There are instances where someone in an audience, before which an author gave a reading, memorised part of the production, and rushing out, had it published as his own. Sometimes, on the other hand, a scribbler wrote verses himself, and tried to sell them as the work of a more distinguished author. Thus Martial ridicules Fidentinus as a plagiarist, and rails against an anonymous poet who is circulating "filthy turpitudes" which "he attempts to pass off as mine."

Piracy was made more easy by the fact that no typesetting, platemaking, or binding was required.

Under such conditions, there was in Rome, as in Greece, no system of book selling that could completely fill the market, and at the same time protect both author and publisher. In Greece this deficiency was overcome by very important public contests, rewards, and honours, but Rome had no competition of this sort, and the book trade remained inequitable and inefficient. As a result, the lot of the author who depended entirely upon literature, was decidedly precarious. Although Martial wrote to Priscus, his publisher and bookseller, "You give me the means of enjoying a not ignoble indolence," it is notorious that Martial was one of the most abject flatterers of the tyrant Domitian, and received more from that source than he did from his books.

Under the Republic, oratory paid both in politics and law, but otherwise Roman authors were necessarily either men of wealth, or were driven to seek the patronage of some man of opulence. While Cicero was made by his eloquence, Lucretius, Catullus, Ovid, Livy, Seneca, Pliny, and Tacitus all came from families of affluence. On the other hand Virgil's father was a poor peasant, while Horace's was a freedman, but both of these authors first found prosperity under the patronage of Mæcenas.

When the patron was such a man as Mæcenas, such a system might work out very well, but there was only one Mæcenas, and there were no more Horaces or Virgils.

Mr. Manchester's second article will discuss the Middle Ages and Early Modern Period, up to about 1650. The third article will take up the Modern Period. The articles will be profusely illustrated.

CONCERNING REALISTS IN GENERAL AND MR. SWINNERTON IN PARTICULAR*

BY H. G. WELLS

"But do I see afore me, him as I ever sported with in his time of happy infancy? And may I—*may* I?"

This May I, meant might he shake hands?
—Dickens, *Great Expectations*.

I do not know why I should be so overpoweringly reminded of the immortal, if at times impossible, Uncle Pumblechook, when I sit down to write a short preface to Mr. Swinnerton's *Nocturne*. Jests come at times out of the backwoods of a writer's mind. It is part of the literary quality that behind the writer there is a sub-writer, making a commentary. This is a comment against which I may reasonably expostulate, but which, nevertheless, I am indisposed to ignore.

The task of introducing a dissimilar writer to a new public has its own peculiar difficulties for the elder hand. I suppose logically a writer should have good words only for his own imitators. For surely he has chosen what he considers to be the best ways. What justification has he for praising attitudes he never

*This article is an introduction which Mr. Wells has written for Swinnerton's novel, *Nocturne*, shortly to be published by George H. Doran Company. Brilliant glimpses of Wells's attitude toward his own work and toward the school of realist writers of which Swinnerton is an example of growing importance, are most interestingly revealed. Readers in this country who have come to admire Swinnerton's writing will find in Mr. Wells's judgment a striking confirmation of their belief in the young English writer. Mr. Wells's admiration for Swinnerton, whose work he explains in this article as so totally dissimilar to his own, is one of the peculiar brilliances of Wells's comprehensive genius.—*EDITOR'S NOTE*.

adopted and commending methods of treatment from which he has abstained? The reader naturally receives his commendations with suspicion. Is this man, he asks, stricken with penitence in the flower of his middle-age? Has he but just discovered how good are the results that the other game, the game he has never played, can give? Or has he been disconcerted by the criticism of the Young? The fear of the Young is the beginning of his wisdom. Is he taking this alien-spirited work by the hand simply to say defensively and vainly: "I assure you, indeed, I am *not* an old foggy; I quite understand it." (There it is, I fancy, that the Pumblechook quotation creeps in.) To all of which suspicions, enquiries and objections, I will quote, tritely but conclusively; "In my Father's house are many mansions," or in the words of Mr. Kipling:

There are five and forty ways
Of composing tribal lays,
And every blessed one of them is right.

Indeed now that I come to think it over, I have never in all my life read a writer of closely kindred method to my own that I have greatly admired; the confessed imitators give me all the discomfort without the relieving admission of caricature; the parallel instances I have always wanted to rewrite; while on the other hand for many totally dissimilar workers I have had quite involuntary admirations. It is not merely that I do not so clearly see

how they are doing it, though that may certainly be a help; it is far more a matter of taste. As a writer I belong to one school and as a reader to another—as a man may like to make optical instruments and collect old china. Swift, Sterne, Jane Austen, Thackeray, and the Dickens of *Bleak House* were the idols of my youthful imitation, but the contemporaries of my early praises were Joseph Conrad, W. H. Hudson, and Stephen Crane, all utterly remote from that English tradition. With such recent admirations of mine as James Joyce, Mr. Swinnerton, Rebecca West, the earlier works of Mary Austin or Thomas Burke, I have as little kindred as a tunny has with a cuttlefish. We move in the same medium and that is about all we have in common.

This much may sound egotistical, and the impatient reader may ask when I am coming to Mr. Swinnerton, to which the only possible answer is that I am coming to Mr. Swinnerton as fast as I can and that all this leads as straightly as possible to a definition of Mr. Swinnerton's position. The science of criticism is still crude in its classification, there are a multitude of different things being done that are all lumped together heavily as novels, they are novels as distinguished from romances, so long as they are dealing with something understood to be real. All that they have in common beyond that is that they agree in exhibiting a sort of story continuum. But some of us are trying to use that story continuum to present ideas in action, others to produce powerful excitements of this sort or that, as Burke and Mary Austin do, while again others concentrate upon

the giving of life as it is, seen only more intensely. Personally I have no use at all for life as it is except as raw material. It bores me to look at things unless there is also the idea of doing something with them. I should find a holiday, doing nothing amid beautiful scenery, not a holiday but a torture. The contemplative ecstasy of the saints would be hell to me. In the—I forget exactly how many—books I have written, it is always about life being altered I write, or about people developing schemes for altering life. And I have never once "presented" life. My apparently most objective books are criticisms and incitements to change. Such a writer as Mr. Swinnerton, on the contrary, sees life and renders it with a steadiness and detachment and patience quite foreign to my disposition. He has no underlying motive. He sees and tells. His aim is the attainment of that beauty which comes with exquisite presentation. Seen through his art, life is seen as one sees things through a crystal lens, more intensely, more completed, and with less turbidity. There the business begins and ends for him. He does not want you or anyone to do anything.

Mr. Swinnerton is not alone among recent writers in this clear detached objectivity. We have in England a writer, Miss Dorothy Richardson, who has probably carried impressionism in fiction to its furthest limit. I do not know whether she will ever make large captures of the general reader, but she is certainly a very interesting figure for the critic and the amateur of fiction. In *Pointed Roofs* and *Honeycomb*, for example, her story is a series of dabs of intense superficial impression; her heroine is not a mentality

but a mirror. She goes about over her facts like those insects that run over water sustained by surface tension. Her precepts have become concepts. Writing as I do at the extremist distance possible from such work, I confess I find it altogether too much—or shall I say altogether too little?—for me. But Mr. Swinnerton, like Mr. James Joyce, does not repudiate the depths for the sake of the surface. His people are not splashes of appearance, but living minds. Jenny and Emmy in this book are realities inside and out; they are imaginative creatures so complete that one can think with ease of Jenny ten years hence or of Emmy as a baby. The fickle Alf is one of the most perfect Cockneys—a type so easy to caricature and so hard to get true—in fiction. If there exists a better writing of vulgar lovemaking, so base, so honest, so touchingly mean and so touchingly full of the craving for happiness than this, I do not know of it. Only a novelist who has had his troubles can understand fully what a dance among china cups, what a skating over thin ice, what a tight-rope performance is achieved in this astounding chapter. A false note, one fatal line, would have ruined it all. On the one hand lay brutality; a hundred imitative louts could have written a similar chapter brutally, with the soul left out, we have loads of such “strong stuff” and it is nothing; on the other side was the still more dreadful fall into sentimentality, the tear of conscious tenderness, the redeeming glimpse of “better things” in Alf or Emmy that could at one stroke have converted their reality into a genteel masquerade. The perfection of Alf and Emmy is that at no point does a “nature’s gentle-

man” or a “nature’s lady” show through and demand our refined sympathy. It is only by comparison with this supreme conversation that the affair of Keith and Jenny seems to fall short of perfection. But that also is at last perfected, I think, by Jenny’s final, “Keith . . . Oh, Keith! . . .”

Above these four figures again looms the majestic invention of “Pa.” Every reader can appreciate the truth and humour of Pa, but I doubt if anyone without technical experience can realise how the atmosphere is made and completed and rounded off by Pa’s beer, Pa’s meals, and Pa’s accident, how he binds the bundle and makes the whole thing one, and what an enviable triumph his achievement is.

But the book is before the reader and I will not enlarge upon its merits further. Mr. Swinnerton has written four or five other novels before this one, but none of them compares with it in quality. His earlier books were strongly influenced by the work of George Gissing; they have something of the same fatigued greyiness of texture and little of the same artistic completeness and intense vision of *Nocturne*. He has also made two admirable and very shrewd and thorough studies of the work and lives of Robert Louis Stevenson and George Gissing. Like these two, he has had great experience of illness. He is a young man of so slender a health, so frequently ill, that even for the most sedentary purposes of this war, his country will not take him. It was in connection with his Gissing volume, for which I possessed some material he needed, that I first made his acquaintance. He has had something of Gissing’s restricted and grey experiences, but he has nothing

of Gissing's almost perverse gloom and despondency. Indeed he is as gay a companion as he is fragile. He is a twinkling addition to any Christmas party, and the twinkle is here in the style. And having sported with him "in his times of happy infancy" I had an intimate and personal satisfaction to my pleasant task of saluting this fine work that ends a brilliant apprenticeship and ranks Swinnerton as Master.

This is a book that will not die. It is perfect, authentic, and alive.

Whether a large and immediate popularity will fall to it, I cannot say, but certainly the discriminating will find it and keep it and keep it alive. If Mr. Swinnerton were never to write another word I think he might count on this much of his work living, as much of the work of Mary Austin, W. H. Hudson, and Stephen Crane will live, when many of the more portentous reputations of to-day may have served their purpose in the world and become no more than fading names.

THE ADVANCE OF ENGLISH POETRY IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

PART VIII

Amy Lowell—a patrician—a radical—her education—her years of preparation—vigour and versatility—definitions of free verse and of poetry.—Whitman's influence—the imagists—"Patterns"—her first book—her rapid improvement—sword blades—her gift in narrative—polyphonic prose.—Anna Hempstead Branch—her dramatic power—domestic poems—tranquil meditation—an orthodox poet.—Edgar Lee Masters—his education—Greek inspiration—a lawyer—"Reedy's Mirror"—the Anthology—power of the past—mental vigour—similarity and variety—irony and sarcasm—passion for truth—accentuation of ugliness—analysis—a masterpiece of cynicism—an ideal side—the dramatic monologue—defects and limitations.—Louis Untermeyer—his youth—the question of beauty—three characteristics—a gust for life—"Still Life"—old maids—burlesques and parodies—the newspaper humorists.—F. P. A.—his two books—his influence on English composition.—Conrad Aiken—beauty and colour—lack of intellectual content.

I

AMONG the many American women who are writing verse in the twentieth century, two stand out—Amy Lowell and Anna Branch. And indeed I can think of no woman in the history of our poetry who has surpassed them. Both are bone-bred New Englanders. No other resemblance occurs to me.

It is interesting that a cosmopoli-

tan radical like Amy Lowell should belong ancestrally so exclusively to Massachusetts, and to so distinguished a family. She is a born patrician, and a reborn Liberal. James Russell Lowell was a cousin of Miss Lowell's grandfather, and her maternal grandfather, Abbott Lawrence, was also Minister to England. Her eldest brother, nineteen years older than she, was the late

Percival Lowell, a scientific astronomer with a poetic imagination; he was one of the most interesting and charming personalities I ever knew. His constant encouragement and example were powerful formative influences in his sister's development. Another brother is the President of Harvard, Abbott Lawrence Lowell, through whose dignified, penetrating, sensible, authoritative speeches and writings breathes the old Massachusetts love of liberty.

Courage is a salient characteristic in Amy Lowell. She is afraid of nothing, not even of her birthday. She was born at Brookline, February 9, 1874. "Like all young poets, I was influenced by everybody in turn, but I think the person who affected me most profoundly was Keats, although my later work resembles his so little. I am a collector of Keats manuscripts, and have spent much time in studying his erasures and corrections, and they taught me most of what I know about poetry; they, and a very interesting book which is seldom read to-day—Leigh Hunt's *Imagination and Fancy*. I discovered the existence of Keats through that volume, as my family read very little of what was considered in those days 'modern poetry'; and, although my father had Keats in his library, Shelley was barred, on account of his being an atheist. I ran across this volume of Leigh Hunt's when I was about fifteen and it turned me definitely to poetry."

When she was a child, her family took her on a long European tour; in later years she passed one winter on the Nile, another on a fruit ranch in California, another in visiting Greece and Turkey. In 1902 she decided to devote her life to writing

poetry, and spent eight years in faithful study, effort, and practice without publishing a word. In the *Atlantic Monthly* for August, 1910, appeared her first printed verse; and in 1912 came her first volume of poems, *A Dome of Many-Coloured Glass*, the title being a quotation from the forbidden Shelley. Since that year she has been a notable figure in contemporary literature. Her reputation was immensely heightened and widened by the publication of her second book, *Sword Blades and Poppy Seed*, in 1914. In 1916 came the third volume, *Men, Women, and Ghosts*.

She has been a valiant fighter for poetic theory, writing many articles on Free Verse, Imagism, and kindred themes; and she is the author of two works in prose criticism, *Six French Poets*, in 1915, and *Tendencies in Modern American Poetry*, in 1917, of which the former is the more valuable and important. In five years, then, from 1912 to 1917, she produced three books of original verse, two tall volumes of literary criticism, and a large number of magazine poems and essays—a remarkable record both in quantity and quality.

Vigour and versatility are the words that rise in one's mind when thinking of the poetry of Amy Lowell. It is absurd to class her as a disciple of free verse, or of imagism, or of polyphonic prose; she delights in trying her hand at all three of these styles of composition, for she is an experimentalist; but much of her work is in the strictest orthodox forms, and when she has what the Methodists used to call *liberty*, no form or its absence can prevent her from writing poetry.

I can see no reason for either at-

tacking or defending free verse, and if I had any influence with Miss Lowell, I should advise her to waste no more time in the defence of any school or theory, because the ablest defence she or any one else can make is actually to write poetry in the manner in which some hide-bound critics say it cannot be done. True poetry is recognisable in any garment; and ridicule of the clothes can no more affect the identity of the article than the attitude of Penelope's suitors toward the rags of Ulysses affected his kingship. Let the journalistic wits have their fling; it is even permissible to enjoy their wit, when it is as cleverly expressed as in the following epigram, which I believe appeared in the *Chicago Tribune*: "Free verse is a form of theme unworthy of pure prose embodiment developed by a person incapable of pure poetic expression." Not at all bad; but as some one said of G. K. Chesterton, it would be unfair to apply to delightful audacities the test of truth. It is better to remember Coleridge's remark on poetry: "The opposite of poetry is not prose but science; the opposite of prose is not poetry but verse." Perhaps we could say of the polyphonic people that they are well versed in prose.

The amazing growth of free verse during the last ten years has surprised no one more than me, and it has convinced me of my lack of prophetic clairvoyance. Never an idolater of Walt Whitman, I have also never been blind to his genius; as he recedes in time his figure grows bigger and bigger, like a man in the moving pictures leaving the screen. But I used to insist rather emphatically that although he was said to be both the poet of democracy and the poet of the future, he was in fact

admired mostly by literary aristocrats; and that the poets who were loudest in his praises were particularly careful to write their own poems in strict composition. In the nineties I looked around me and behold, Kipling, Phillips, Watson and Riley were in their work at the opposite extreme from Walt Whitman; he had not a single disciple of unquestioned poetic standing. Now, in the year of grace 1918, though he is not yet read by the common people—a thousand of whom read Longfellow to one who reads Whitman—he has a whole tribe of followers and imitators, many of whom do their utmost to reach his results by his methods, and some of whom enjoy a deserved eminence.

Those who are interested in the growth of imagist poetry in English should read the three slender anthologies published respectively in 1915, 1916, and 1917, called *Some Imagist Poets*, each containing poems nowhere previously printed. The short prefaces to the first two volumes are models of modesty and good sense, whether one likes imagist poetry or hates it. According to this group of poets, which is not a coterie or a mutual admiration society, but a few individuals engaged in amicable rivalry at the same game, the principles of imagism are mainly six, of which only the second is a departure from the principles that have governed the production of poetry in the past. First, to use the exact word: second, to create new rhythms: third, to allow absolute freedom in the choice of subject; fourth, to present an image: fifth, to produce poetry that is hard and clear: sixth, to study concentration.

There are six poets adequately represented in each volume; but the

best poem of all these collections is *Patterns*, by Amy Lowell. In spite of having to carry six rules in her head while writing it—for if one is determined to be “free” one must sufficiently indicate the fact—she has written a real poem. It strictly conforms to all six requirements, and is at the same time, simple, sensuous, passionate. I like it for many reasons—because it is real, intimate, confidential; because it narrates a tragic experience that is all too common in actual life; because its tragedy is enhanced by dramatic contrasts, the splendour of the bright, breezy, sunlit garden contrasting with the road of ashen spiritual desolation the soul must take; the splendour of the gorgeous stiff brocade and the futility of the blank, soft, imprisoned flesh; the obstreperous heart, beating in joyous harmony with the rhythm of the swaying flowers, changed by one written word into a desert of silence. It is the sudden annihilation of purpose and significance in a body and mind vital with it; so that as we close the poem we seem to see forever moving up and down the garden path a stiff, brocaded gown, moving with no volition. The days will pass: the daffodils will change to roses, to asters, to snow; but the unbroken pattern of desolation will change not.

Publication is as essential to a poet as an audience to a playwright; Keats realised this truth when he printed *Endymion*. He knew it was full of faults and that he could not revise it. But he also knew that its publication would set him free, and make it possible for him immediately to write something better. This seems to have been the case with Amy Lowell. Her first book, *A Dome of*

Many-Coloured Glass, does not compare for a moment with *Sword Blades and Poppy Seed*. It seems a harsh judgment, but I do not find under the dome a single poem of unusual merit, and some of them are positively bad. Could anything be flatter than the first line of the sonnet *To John Keats*:

Great master! Boyish, sympathetic man!

The line lacks discrimination as well as beauty. Never was there less of a boy than John Keats. We know the testimony is true, “he was as like Johnny Keats as the Holy Ghost.” Browning was boyish to the last day of his life; but Keats, while full of the fever of adolescence, lacked the boyish element. Even his playful verse letters to his sister are avuncular.

The second volume, *Sword Blades and Poppy Seed*, which came two years later, showed a remarkable advance, and gave its author an enviable position in American literature. An admirable preface reveals three characteristics—reverence for the great art of poetry, determination not to be confined to any one school, and a refreshingly honest confession of hard labour in learning how to make poems. As old Quarles put it in the plain-spoken seventeenth century,

I see no virtues where I smell no sweat.

The first poem, which gives its name to the volume, is written in the lively octosyllabics made famous by *Christmas Eve*. The sharpness of her drawings, one of her greatest gifts, is evident in the opening lines:

A drifting, April, twilight sky,
A wind which blew the puddles dry,
And slapped the river into waves
That ran and hid among the staves
Of an old wharf. A watery light

Touched bleak the granite bridge, and white
Without the slightest tinge of gold,
The city shivered in the cold.

Soon the traveller meets a man who takes him to an old room, full of the symbols of poetry—edged weapons, curiously and elegantly wrought, together with seeds of poppy. The title of this piece means that all poems may be divided into two classes, stimulants and sedatives.

All books are either dreams, or swords,
You can cut, or you can drug, with words.

Tennyson's poetry is mainly soothing, which is what lazy and tired people look for in any form of art, and are disappointed when they do not find it; the poetry of Donne, Browning, Emerson is the very sword of the spirit; it is the exact opposite of an anæsthetic. Hence when readers first meet it, the effect is one of disturbance rather than repose, and they think it cannot be poetry. But in this piece of symbolism, which itself is full of beauty, Amy Lowell is telling us that both reveillé and taps are wrought by music—one is as much the legitimate office of poetry as the other. But although she classifies her poems in this volume according to the opening pair of symbols, and although she gives twice as much space to poppies as to swords, her poetry is always more stimulating than soothing. Her poppy seeds won't work; there is not a soporific page in the whole book.

One of the reasons why her books are so interesting is because she knows how to tell a story in verse. In narrative skill, she is surpassed by only one contemporary—John Masefield. In her romances style waits on matter, like an attentive and thoroughly trained handmaid. Both

poetry and incident are sustained from beginning to end; and the reader would stop more often to admire the flowers along the path if he were not so eager to know the event. In this particular kind of verse-composition, she has shown a steady development. The first real illustration of her powers is seen in *The Great Adventure of Max Brueck*, in *Poppy Seed*, though why so stirring a poem is thus classified is to me quite mysterious; yet when we compare this "effort" with later poems like *Pickthorn Manor* and *The Cremona Violin* we see an advance both in vigour and in technique which is so remarkable that she makes her earlier narrative seem almost immature. A poet is indeed fortunate who can defeat that most formidable of all rivals—her younger self. In *The Cremona Violin* we have an extraordinary combination of the varied abilities possessed by the author. It is an absorbing tale full of drama, incident, realism, romanticism, imagism, symbolism and pure lyrical singing. There is everything in fact except polyphonic prose, and although I am afraid she loves her experiments in that form, they are the portion of her complete works that I could most willingly let die.

Her sensitiveness to colours and to sounds is clearly betrayed all through the romantic narrative of the *Cremona Violin*, where the instrument is a symbol of the human heart. Those who, in the old days before the Germans began their career of wholesale robbery and murder, used to hear Mozart's operas in the little rococo *Residenz-Theater* in Munich, will enjoy reminiscently these stanzas.

The *Residenz-Theater* sparkled and hummed
With lights and people. Gebnitz was to sing,

That rare soprano. All the fiddles
strummed
With tuning up; the wood-winds made a
ring
Of reedy bubbling noises, and the sting
Of sharp, red brass pierced every ear-
drum; patting
From muffled tympani made a dark slat-
ting

Across the silver shimmering of flutes;
A bassoon grunted, and an oboe wailed;
The 'celli pizzicato-ed' like great lutes,
And mutterings of double basses trailed
Away to silence, while loud harp-strings
hailed
Their thin, bright colours down in such a
scatter
They lost themselves amid the general
clatter.

Frau Altgelt, in the gallery, alone,
Felt lifted up into another world.
Before her eyes a thousand candles shone
In the great chandeliers. A maze of curled
And powdered periwigs past her eyes
swirled.
She smelt the smoke of candles guttering,
And caught the scent of jewelled fans flut-
tering.

Her most ambitious attempt in polyphonic prose is *Guns as Keys: and the Great Gate Swings*, whereof the title is like a trumpet fanfare. The thing itself is a combination of a moving picture and a calliope. Written with immense gusto, like roars of laughter from a genial giant, it certainly is not lacking in vitality; but judged as poetry, I regard it as decidedly inferior to her verse romances and lyrics.

Polyphonic prose is as old as the Old Testament; but the best modern polyphonic prose that I have seen is found in the earlier plays of Maurice Maeterlinck, written a quarter of a century ago. It is unnecessary to enquire whether those dramas are poetry or not; for although nearly all his work is in the printed form of prose, the author is almost invariably spoken of as "the poet Maeterlinck."

The versatility of Amy Lowell is so notable that it would be vain to predict the nature of her future production, or to attempt to set a limit to her range. In her latest and best book, *Men, Women, and Ghosts*, besides the two admirable long narratives, we have poems of patriotism, outdoor lyrics, town eclogues, pictures of still life, tragic pastorals in the manner of Susan Glaspell, and one delightful *revenant*, *Nightmare*, which takes us back immediately to Dickens, for it is a verse comment on a picture by George Cruikshank. Her robust vitality is veined with humour; she watches a roof-shingler with active delight, discovering poetry in cheerful manual toil. One day life seems to her depressing; another day, beautiful; another, inspiring; another, downright funny.

In spite of her assured position in contemporary literature, one feels that her career is only beginning.

II

Some twelve years ago, I was engaged in earnest conversation with James Whitcomb Riley concerning the outlook for American poetry. The chronic optimist for once was filled with woe. "There is not a single person among the younger writers," said he, "who shows any promise of greatness, except"—and then his face recovered its habitual cheerfulness—"Anna Hempstead Branch. She is a poet."

In justification of his gloom, it should be remembered that the present advance in American poetry began some time after he uttered these words; and although he was a true poet and wrote poems that will live for many years yet to come, he was, in everything that had to do with the art of poetry, the most conservative man I ever knew.

Anna Branch was born at Hempstead House, New London, Connecticut, and was graduated from Smith College in 1897. In 1898 she won a first prize for the best poem awarded by the *Century Magazine* in a competition open to college graduates. Since then she has published three volumes of verse, *The Heart of the Road*, 1901, *The Shoes That Danced*, 1905, *Rose of the Wind*, 1910. I fear that her ambition to be a dramatist may have prevented her from writing lyrical poetry (her real gift) during these last eight years. If it is true, 't is pity; for a good poem is a better thing than a successful play and will live longer.

Like many poets who cannot write plays, she is surcharged with dramatic energy. But, to use a familiar phrase, it is action in character rather than character in action which marks her work most impressively, and the latter is the essential element for the footlights. Shakespeare, Rostand, and Barrie have both, and are naturally therefore great dramatists. Two of the most intensely dramatic of Miss Branch's poems are *Lazarus* and *Ora Pro Nobis*. These are fruitful subjects for poetry, the man who came back from the grave and the passionate woman buried alive. In the short piece *Lazarus*, cast into the form of dialogue, Lazarus answers the question put to him by Tennyson in *In Memoriam*.

Where wert thou, brother, those four days?

Various members of the group, astounded at his resurrection, try in vain to have their curiosity satisfied. What do the dead do? Are they happy? Has my baby grown? What overpowering motive brought you

back from peace to live once more in sorrow?

This last question Lazarus answers in a positive but unexpected way.

A great desire led me out alone
From those assured abodes of perfect bliss. . . .

And by the way I went came seeking earth,
Seeing before my eyes one only thing—

The Crowd

What was it, Lazarus? Let us share that thing!

What was it, brother, thou didst see?

Lazarus

A cross.

Another dynamic poem, glowing with passion, is *Ora Pro Nobis*. It is difficult to select passages from it, for it is sustained in power and beauty from the first line to the last; yet some idea of its form and colour may be obtained by citation. A little girl was put into a convent with only two ways of passing the time; stitching and praying. She has never seen her face—she never will see it, for no mirror is permitted; but she sees one day the reflection of its beauty in the hungry eyes of a priest.

Long years I dwelt in that dark hall,
There was no mirror on the wall,
I never saw my face at all,

(Hail Mary.)

In a great peace they kept me there,
A straight white robe they had me wear,
And the white bands about my hair.
I did not know that I was fair.

(Hail Mary.) . . .

The sweet chill fragrance of the snow,
More fine than lilies all aglow
Breathed around—he saw me so,
In garments spun of fire and snow.

(Holy Mother, pray for us.)

His hands were on my face and hair,
His high, stern eyes that would forswear
All earthly beauty, saw me there.
Oh, then I knew that I was fair!

(Mary, intercede for us.) . . .

Then I raised up to God my prayer,
I swept its strong and circling air,
Betwixt me and the great despair.

(Sweet Mary, pray for us.)

But when before the sacred shrine
 I knelt to kiss the cross benign,
 Mary, I thought his lips touched mine.
 (Ave Maria, Ora Pro Nobis.)

But although some of her poems have an intensity almost terrible, Anna Branch has written household lyrics as beautiful in their uncrowded simplicity as an eighteenth century room. The *Songs for My Mother*, celebrating her clothes, her hands, her words, her stories breathe the unrivalled perfume of tender memories. And if *Lazarus* is a sword, two of her most original pieces are poppy-seeds, *To Nature* and

THE SILENCE OF THE POETS

I better like that shadowed side of things
 In which the Poets wrote not; when they
 went

Unto the fullness of their great content
 Like moths into the grass with folded
 wings.

The silence of the Poets with it brings
 The other side of moons, and it is spent
 In love, in sorrow, or in wonderment.
 After the silence, maybe a bird sings.
 I have heard call, as Summer calls the
 swallow,

A leisure, bidding unto ways serene
 To be a child of winds and the blue hazes.
 "Dream"—quoth the Dreamer—and 't is
 sweet to follow!

So Keats watched stars rise from his mead-
 ows green,
 And Chaucer spent his hours among the
 daisies.

This productive leisure has borne much fruit in the poetry of Anna Branch; her work often has the quiet beauty rising from tranquil meditation. She is an orthodox poet. She uses the old material—God, Nature, Man—and writes songs with the familiar notation. She has attracted attention not by the strangeness of her ideas, or by the audacity of her method, but simply by the sincerity of her thought and the superior quality of her singing voice. There is no difficulty in distinguishing her

among the members of the choir, and she does not have to make a discord to be noticed.

III

There are almost as many kinds of poets as there are varieties of human beings; it is a far cry from Anna Branch to Edgar Lee Masters. I do not know whether either reads the other; it may be a mutual admiration exists; it may be that each would be ashamed to have written the other's books; even if that were true, there is no reason why an American critic—with proper reservations—should not be proud of both. For if there is one thing certain about the advance of poetry in America, it is that the advance is a general one along the whole line of composition from free verse and polyphonic prose on the extreme left to sonnets and quatrains on the extreme right.

Edgar Lee Masters was born in Kansas, August 23, 1868. The family moved to Illinois the next year. His father was a lawyer, and the child had access to plenty of good books, which he read eagerly. In spite of his preoccupation with the seamy side of human nature, he is in reality a bookish poet, and most of his work—though not the best part of it—smells of the lamp. Fortunately for him he was brought up on the Bible, for even those who attack the Old Book are glad to be able to tip their weapons with biblical language. Ibsen used to say that his chief reading, even in mature years, was always the Bible; "it is so strong and mighty."

Everything connected with books and literary work fascinated the youth; like so many boys of his time—before wireless came in—he had his own printing-press. I wonder if it was a "self-inker"? In my day,

the boy who owned a "self-inker" and "club skates" was regarded with envy. The three generations in this family illustrated the play *Milestones*; the grandfather vainly tried to make his son a farmer, but the boy elected to be a lawyer and carried his point; he in turn was determined to twist his son into a lawyer, whereas Edgar wanted to be a writer. As this latter profession is usually without emolument, he was forced into the law, where the virile energy of his mind rewarded his zestless efforts with success. However, at the age of twenty-one, he persuaded his father to allow him to study at Knox College for a year, a highly important period in his development; for he resumed the interrupted study of Latin, and began Greek. Greek is the chief inspiration of his life, and of his art. He has read Homer every year since his college days.

Later he went to Chicago, and stayed there, busying himself not only at his profession, but taking part in political activities, as any one might guess from reading his poems. The primal impulse to write was not frustrated; he has written verse all his life; and in fact has published a considerable number of volumes during the last twenty years, no one of which attracted any attention until 1915, when *Spoon River Anthology* made everybody sit up.

Mr. Masters was nearly fifty years old when this book appeared; it is a long time to wait for a reputation, especially if one is constantly trying to obtain a hearing. It speaks powerfully for his courage, tenacity, and faith that he should never have quit—and his triumph will encourage some good and many bad writers to persevere. Em-

boldened by the immense success of *Spoon River*, he produced three more volumes in rapid succession; *Songs and Satires* in 1916, *The Great Valley* in the same year, and *Toward the Gulf* in 1918. It is fortunate for him that these works followed rather than preceded the *Anthology*; for although they are not destitute of merit, they seem to require a famous name to ensure a sale. It is the brand, and not the goods, that gives a circulation to these books.

The pieces in *Spoon River Anthology* originally appeared in William Marion Reedy's periodical, called *Reedy's Mirror*, the first one being printed in the issue for May 29, 1914, and the others following week after week. A grateful acknowledgment is made in a brief preface to the volume, and the full debt is handsomely paid in a most interesting and valuable dedicatory preface of *Toward the Gulf*, which everyone interested in Mr. Masters—and who is not?—should read with attention. The poet manfully lets us all know that it was Mr. Reedy who, in 1909, made him read the Greek Anthology, without which *Spoon River* would never have been written. Criticism is forestalled in this preface, because Mr. Masters takes a prose translation of Meleager, "with its sad revealment and touch of irony"—exactly the characteristics of *Spoon River*—and turns it into free verse:

The holy night and thou,
O Lamp,
We took as witness of our vows;
And before thee we swore,
He that [he] would love me always
And I that I would never leave him.
We swore,
And thou wert witness of our double
promise.
But now he says that our vows were writ-
ten on the running waters.

And thou, O Lamp,
Thou seest him in the arms of another.

What Mr. Masters did was to transfer the method and the tone of the Greek Anthology to a twentieth century village in the Middle West, or as he expresses it, to make "an epic rendition of modern life."

Even if it were desirable, how impossible it is to escape from the past! we are ruled by the dead as truly in the fields of art as in the domain of morality and religion. The most radical innovator can no more break loose from tradition than a tree can run away from its roots. John Masefield takes us back to Chaucer; Vachel Lindsay is a reincarnation of the ancient minstrels; Edgar Lee Masters owes both the idea and the form of his masterpiece to Greek literature. Art is as continuous as life.

This does not mean that he lacks originality. It was a daring stroke—body-snatching in 1914. To produce a work like *Spoon River Anthology* required years of accumulated experience; a mordant power of analysis; a gift of shrewd speech, a command of hard words that will cut like a diamond; a mental vigour analogous to, though naturally not so powerful, as that displayed by Browning in *The Ring and the Book*. It is still a debatable proposition whether or not this is high-class poetry; but it is mixed with brains. Imagine the range of knowledge and power necessary to create two hundred and forty-six distinct characters, with a revealing epitaph for each one! The miracle of personal identity has always seemed to me perhaps the greatest miracle among all those that make up the universe; but to take up a pen and clearly display the marks that separate one

individual from the mass, and repeat the feat nearly two hundred and fifty times, this needs a touch of creative genius.

The task that confronted Mr. Masters was this: to exhibit a long list of individuals with sufficient basal similarity for each one to be unmistakably human, and then to show the particular traits that distinguished each man and woman from the others, giving each a right to a name instead of a number. For instinctively we are all alike; it is the way in which we manage our instincts that shows divergence; just as men and women are alike in possessing fingers, whereas no two finger-prints are ever the same.

Mr. Masters has the double power of irony and sarcasm. The irony of life gives the tone to the whole book; particular phases of life like religious hypocrisy and political trimming are treated with vitriolic scorn. The following selection exhibits as well as any the author's poetic power of making pictures, together with the grinning irony of fate.

BERT KESSLER

I winged my bird,
Though he flew toward the setting sun;
But just as the shot rang out, he soared
Up and up through the splinters of golden
light,
Till he turned right over, feathers ruffled,
With some of the down of him floating
near,
And fell like a plummet into the grass.
I tramped about, parting the tangles,
Till I saw a splash of blood on a stump,
And the quail lying close to the rotten
roots.
I reached my hand, but saw no brier,
But something pricked and stunned and
numbed it.
And then, in a second, I spied the rattler—
The shutters wide in his yellow eyes,
The head of him arched, sunk back in the
rings of him,
A circle of filth, the color of ashes,

Or oak leaves bleached under layers of
leaves.

I stood like a stone as he shrank and un-
coiled

And started to crawl beneath the stump,
When I fell limp in the grass.

This poem, with its unforgettable pictures and its terrible climax, can stand easily enough by itself; it needs no interpretation; and yet, if we like, the rattler may be taken as a symbol—a symbol of the generation of vipers of which the population of Spoon River is mainly composed.

In the *Anthology*, the driving motive is an almost perverted passion for truth. Conventional epitaphs are marked by two characteristics; artistically, when in verse, they are the worst specimens of poetry known to man; even good poets seldom write good epitaphs, and among all the sins against art perpetrated by the uninspired, the most flagrant are usually found here; to a bad poet, for some reason or other, the temptation to write them is irresistible. In many small communities, one has to get up very early in the morning to die before the village laureate has his poem prepared. This depth of artistic infamy is equalled only by the slight percentage of truth; so if one wishes to discover literary illustrations where falsehood is united with crudity, epitaphs would be the field of literature toward which one would instinctively turn.

Like Jonathan Swift, Mr. Masters is consumed with hatred for insincerity in art and insincerity in life; in the laudable desire to force the truth upon his readers, he emphasises the ugly, the brutal, the treacherous elements which exist, not only in Spoon River, but in every man born of woman. The result, viewed calmly, is that we have an impressive

collection of vices—which, although inspired by a sincerity fundamentally noble—is as far from being a truthful picture of the village as a conventional panegyric. The ordinary photographer, who irons out the warts and the wrinkles, gives his subject a smooth lying mask instead of a face; but a photograph that should make the defects more prominent than the eyes, nose, and mouth would not be a portrait.

A large part of a lawyer's business is analysis; and the analytical power displayed by Mr. Masters is nothing less than remarkable. Each character in Spoon River is subjected to a remorseless autopsy, in which the various vicious elements existing in all men and women are laid bare. But the business of the artist, after preparatory and necessary analysing, is really synthesis. It is to make a complete artistic whole; to produce some form of art.

This is why the *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*, by Thomas Gray, is so immeasurably superior as a poem to *Spoon River Anthology*. The rich were buried in the church; the poor in the yard; we are therefore given the short and simple annals of the poor. The curious thing is that these humble, rustic, unlettered folk were presented to the world sympathetically by a man who was almost an intellectual snob. One of the most exact scholars of his day, one of the most fastidious of mortals, one of the shyest men that ever lived, a born mental aristocrat, his literary genius enabled him to write an immortal masterpiece, not about the Cambridge hierarchy, but about illiterate tillers of the soil. The *Elegy* is the very genius of synthesis; without submitting each man in the ground to a ruthless cross-examination, Gray managed to express in

impeccable beauty of language the common thoughts and feelings that have ever animated the human soul. His great poem will live as long as any book, because it is fundamentally true.

I therefore regard *Spoon River Anthology* not as a brilliant revelation of human nature, but as a masterpiece of cynicism. It took a genius to write the fourth book of *Gulliver's Travels*; but after all, Yahoos are not men and women, and horses are not superior to humanity. The reason why, in reading the *Anthology*, we experience the constant pricking of recognition is because we recognise the baser elements in these characters, not only in other persons, but in ourselves. The reason why the Yahoos fill us with such terror is because they are true incarnations of our worst instincts. There, but for the grace of God, go you and I.

The chief element in the creative work of Mr. Masters being the power of analysis, he is at his best in this collection of short poems. When he attempts a longer flight, his limitations appear. It is distinctly unfortunate that *The Spooniad* and *The Epilogue* were added at the end of this wonderful Rogues' Gallery. They are witless.

Even the greatest cynic has his ideal side. It is the figure of Abraham Lincoln that arouses all the romanticism of our poet, as was the case with Walt Whitman, who, to be sure, was no cynic at all. The short poem *Anne Rutledge* is one of the few that strictly conform to the etymological meaning of the title of the book; for "Anthology" is a union of two Greek words, signifying a collection of flowers.

Like Browning, Mr. Masters forsook the drama for the dramatic

monologue. His best work is in this form, where he takes one person and permits him to reveal himself either in a soliloquy or in a conversation. And it must be confessed that the monologues spoken by contemporaries or by those Americans who talk from the graveyard of Spoon River, are immensely superior to the attempts at interpreting great historical figures. The poem *Tomorrow Is My Birthday* is not only one of the worst effusions of Mr. Masters's pen, it is almost sacrilege. Good friend, for Jesus' sake, forbear!

Outside of the monologues and the epitaphs, the work of Mr. Masters is mainly unimpressive. Yet I admire his ambition to write on various subjects and in various metres. Occasionally he produces a short story in verse, characterised by dramatic power and by an austere beauty of style. The poem *Boyhood Friends*, recently published in the *Yale Review*, and quite properly included by Mr. Braithwaite in his interesting and valuable *Anthology* for 1917, shows such a command of blank verse that I look for still finer things in the future. With all his twisted cynicism and perversities of expression, Mr. Masters is a true poet. He has achieved one sinister masterpiece, which has cleansed his bosom of much perilous stuff. Tomorrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

IV

Louis Untermeyer was born at New York, on the first of October, 1885. He produced a volume of original poems at the age of twenty-five. This was followed by three other books, and in addition, he has written many verse-translations, a long list of prose articles in literary criticism, whilst not neglecting his

professional work as a designer of jewelry. There is no doubt that this form of art has been a fascinating occupation and an inspiration to poetry. He not only makes sermons in stones, but can manufacture jewels five words long. Should anyone be dissatisfied with his designs for the jewel-factory, he can "point with pride" to his books, saying, *Hæc sunt mea ornamenta*.

Somewhere or other I read a review of the latest volume of verse from Mr. Untermeyer, and the critic began as follows: "One is grateful to Mr. Untermeyer for doing what almost none of his contemporaries on this side of the water thinks of doing." This sentence stimulated my curiosity, for I wondered what particularly distinguishing feature of his work I had failed to see. "For about the last thing that poets and theorizers about poetry in these days think of is beauty. In discussion and practice beauty is almost entirely left out of consideration. Frequently they do not concern themselves with it at all."

Such criticism as that starts with a preconceived definition of beauty, misses every form of beauty outside of the definition, and gives to Mr. Untermeyer credit for originality in precisely that feature of his work where he most resembles contemporary and past poets. I believe that beauty is now as it always has been the main aim of the majority of our American poets; but instead of legendary beauty, instead of traditional beauty, they wish us to see beauty in modern life. For example, it is interesting to observe how completely public opinion has changed concerning the New York sky-scrapers. I can remember when they were regarded as monstrosities of commercialism, an offence to the

eye and a torment to the æsthetic sense. But I recall through my reading of history that mountains were also once regarded as hideous deformities—they were hook-shouldered giants, impressive in size—anything you like except beautiful. All the mountain had to do was to go on staying there, confident in its supreme excellence, knowing that some day it would be appreciated:

Somebody remarks:

Morello's outline there is wrongly traced,
His hue mistaken; what of that? or else,
Rightly traced and well ordered; what of
that?

Speak as they please, what does the mountain care?

We know better to-day; we know that the New York sky-scrapers are really and truly beautiful; just as we know that New York harbour in the night has something of the glory of fairyland.

No, it will not do to say that Mr. Untermeyer is original in his pre-occupation with beauty; it would be almost as true to say that the chief feature in his work is the English language.

What is most notable in him is the combination of three things; an immense love of life, a romantic interpretation of material things, and a remarkable talent for parody and burlesque.

Sex and Death—the obsessions of so many young poets—are not particularly conspicuous in the poetry of this healthy, happy young man. He writes about swimming, climbing the palisades, willow-trees, children playing in the street. Familiar objects become mysterious and thought-provoking in the light of his fancy. His imagination provides him with no end of fun; he needs no melancholy solitary pilgrimage in the gloaming to give him

a pair of rimes; a country farm or a city slum is quite enough. I like his affectionate salutation to the willow; I like his interpretation of a side street. His greatest *tour de force* is his poem, *Still Life*. Of all painted pictures, with the one exception of dead fish, the conventional overturned basket of fruit is to me the most empty of meaning, the least inspiring, in suggestion a blank. Yet somehow Mr. Untermeyer, looking at a bowl of fruit, sees something I certainly never saw and do not ever expect to see except on this printed page, something that a bowl of fruit has for me in the same proportion as the stump of a cigar—*something dynamic*.

I do not understand why so many Americans plaster the walls of their dining-rooms with pictures of over-set fruit-baskets and of dead fish, with their ugly mouths open; but in "still life" this paradoxical poet sees something full of demoniacal energy. O Death, where is thy sting?

Never have I beheld such fierce contempt,
Nor heard a voice so full of vehement life
As this that shouted from a bowl of fruit,
High-pitched, malignant, lusty and per-
verse—

Brutal with a triumphant restlessness.

But the fruit in the basket is dead. The energy, the fierce vehemence and the lusty shout are not in the bowl, but in the soul. Subjectivity can no further go.

It is rather curious, that when our poet can behold such terrible passion in a willow-tree or in a mess of plucked fruit, he should be so blind to it in the heart of an old maid. This is because he is so young. If there is one object on earth that a healthy young man cannot possibly understand, it is an old maid. Who can forget that terrible outburst of the aunt in *Une Vie*? "Nobody ever

cared to ask if my feet were wet!" Mr. Untermeyer will live and learn. He is not contemptuous; he is full of pity, but it is the pity of ignorance.

Great joys or sorrows never came
To set her placid soul astir;
Youth's leaping torch, Love's sudden flame
Were never even lit for her.

Don't you believe it, Mr. Untermeyer!

. Even in his "serious" volumes of verse, there is much satire and saline humour; so that his delightful book of parodies, called ——— and *Other Poets* is as spontaneous a product of his Muse as his utterances *ex cathedra*. The twenty-seven poems, called *The Banquet of the Bards*, with which the book begins, are excellent fooling and genuine criticism. He wrote these things for his own amusement, one reason why they amuse us. A roll-call of twenty-seven contemporary poets, where each one comes forward and "speaks his piece," is decidedly worth having. John Masefield "tells the true story of Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son"; William Butler Yeats "gives a Keltic version of Three Wise Men in Gotham"; Robert Frost "relates the Death of the Tired Man," and so on. I had rather possess this volume than any other by the author; it is almost worthy to rank with the immortal *Fly Leaves*. Furthermore, in his serious work Mr. Untermeyer has only begun to fight.

And while we are considering poems "in lighter vein," let us not forget the three famous initials signed to a column in the *Chicago Tribune*, Don Marquis of the *Evening Sun*, who can be either grave or gay but cannot be ungraceful, and the universally beloved Captain Franklin P. Adams, whose *Conning Tower* increased the circulation of

the New York *Tribune* and the blood of its readers. Greatest and best of the sons of the Colymnists, his classic Muse made the *Evening Mail* an evening blessing, sending the suburbanites home to their wives "always in good humour"; then, like Jupiter and Venus, he changed from evening star to morning star, and gave many thousands a new zest for the day's work. Skilful indeed was his appropriation of the methods of Tom Sawyer; as Tom got his fence white-washed by arousing an eager competition among the boys to do his work for him, each toiler firmly persuaded that he was the recipient rather than the bestower of a favour, so F. P. A. incited hundreds of well-paid literary artists to compete with one another for the privilege of writing his column without money and without price.

His two books of verse, *By and Large* and *Weights and Measures*, have fairly earned a place in contemporary American literature; and the influence of his column toward precision and dignity in the use of the English language has made him one of the best teachers of English composition in the country.

V

Conrad [Potter] Aiken was born at Savannah, Georgia, August 5, 1889, is a graduate of Harvard and lives in Boston. He has published several volumes of poems, among which *Earth Triumphant* (1914) is fairly representative of his ability and philosophy. Not yet thirty, he is widely known; but the duration of

his fame will, I think, depend upon his future work. He has thus far shown the power to write melodious music, to paint nature pictures in warm colours; he is ever on the quest of Beauty. His sensible preface to *Earth Triumphant* calls attention to certain similarities between his style in verse-narrative and that of John Masefield. But he is not a copier, and his work is his own. Some poets are on the earth; some are in the air; some, like Shelley, are in the tether. Conrad Aiken is firmly, gladly on the earth. He believes that our only paradise is here and now.

He surely has the gift of singing speech, but his poetry lacks intellectual content. In the volume, *Nocturne of Remembered Spring* (1917), there is a dreamy charm, like the hesitating notes of Chopin.

Although his contribution to the advance of poetry is not important, he has the equipment of a poet. When he has more to say, he will have no difficulty in making us listen; for he understands the magic of words. Thus far his poems are something like librettos; they don't mean much without the music. Let him remember the bitter cry of old Henry Vaughan: every artist, racked by labour-pains, will understand what Vaughan meant by calling this piece *Anguish*:

O! 't is an easy thing
To write and sing;
But to write true, unfeigned verse
Is very hard! O God, disperse
These weights, and give my spirit leave
To act as well as to conceive!

Professor Phelps's next essay will discuss the following poets: F. S. Davis, H. Hagedorn, P. Mackaye, W. Bynner, H. Monroe, C. Sandburg, S. Teasdale, M. Widdemer, J. G. Fletcher, J. C. Underwood, J. G. Neihardt, M. L. Fisher, W. A. Bradley, J. P. Bishop, W. Griffith, S. Cleghorn, S. Middleton, C. W. Stork, T. S. Eliot.

WAR ECHOES

EDITED BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

I. THE WHITE BATTALION

BY FRANCES GILCHRIST WOOD

AN ORDERLY ushered two officers of the Foreign Legion, young men in mud-stained khaki, through the door of a dugout back of the fighting line in France. As they entered the hut a French officer in horizon blue, equally muddy, rose and returned the Americans' salute.

"You will be seated?" He pushed camp chairs toward them.

A guttering candle, stuck in a bottle neck, veiled rather than revealed the sordid interior. The light flickered across the young Frenchman's face, threw gaunt shadows under his eyes, emphasised the look of infinite weariness and—there was something more.

The senior officer of the Legion, Captain Hailes, looked at him keenly.

"Major Fouquet, we report at headquarters in an hour, sir. Lieutenant Agor, commanding platoon at extreme right—contact platoon with your battalion, sir, reports we lost touch with the French forces between the advance and the first trench. Thought it might have been his watch, but the timepiece checks up to a second."

The captain hesitated uneasily, "We are not presuming to question, sir, but Lieutenant Agor says he saw—we felt there might have been some cause, some reason that did not appear, so we came——"

The Frenchman lifted his head in a stupid way altogether foreign to his usual manner.

"Merci, Captain Hailes. We were—forty seconds slow in attacking the first trench, sir." He went on mechanically as if delivering a rehearsed report. "Caught up and reached the second trench on time. Few prisoners besides the children. Enemy practically wiped out."

He concluded heavily, a dazed look blotting all expression.

"There was a cause for the forty seconds delay, Major?"

Fouquet struggled up out of the curious apathy. He cleared his throat, made several attempts to speak and finally blurted out.

"You won't believe it—I saw it and I cannot! But there are the children—and a first-line trench full of dead Huns—without a mark on them! Barres was flying over us—he saw the Battalion—knew them for old comrades. The women—all of them saw the faces of their dead! I don't believe it, sir,—but how did we do it? The women never thrust once in the first trench—the children haven't a wound—that's got to prove it!"

He stopped abruptly—looking from one to the other with a gesture of hopeless protest. The Americans regarded him with puzzled eyes.

"Was it some new trick of the

Huns? God knows they've given them to us in plenty! Can you tell us—it might—?”

Fouquet pulled himself forward, his knuckles whitening with his grip of the table edge.

“You know the history of the section of the Front—the Avengers retook to-day?”

“No, Major Fouquet. We came in later—with the Canadians.”

“It began with the great retreat of 1914, sir, when the Germans were driving us back toward Paris. They had crowded our army against the river—between the slow crossing and their terrible artillery fire, new to us then—we faced annihilation!”

There was a rustle at the door of the dugout and a whispered password. Fouquet did not pause.

“To the —nth Battalion was given the honour of acting as rear guard. Ah, sir,—” his voice steadied—guttural with pride and emotion, “our men stood like a barricade of rock against which the waves of German infantry dashed themselves, only to break and be withdrawn for re-formation. Each receding wave showed where it had bit into the red and blue barrier, for we were wearing the old uniform then, but the bits slid together, closing up the gaps to stand against the next flood. When the eroded wall went down, undermined and overwhelmed at last, the main army of France was across the river and safe.

“Only two of us lived to rejoin our army, Lieutenant Barres and myself. Barres’s leg was shattered, hopelessly crippling him for the infantry, but when the wounds healed—France could not spare so brave a man, so they strapped him to the seat of a plane in the winged section

of the army, where he is still fighting!”

The sharp click, click of crutches tapped across the floor as Barres of the Aviation Squad came into the fringe of light. He saluted, then broke in upon Fouquet’s story.

“But you do not tell them, mon camarade, but for you I would have died with the rest! He does not tell you, sir, that he put his own chance of escape into peril by dragging me—a helpless burden—with him!”

He looked at Fouquet with an anxious frown, “I thought there might be enquiry about to-day. You are—?”

A look flashed between them, the love of men who have faced death together.

“Yes, Barres, I shall need you. It is the history of the Avengers I am telling—to explain—”

He turned to the Americans,

“In the years of struggle that came after the retreat, our women of France have taken the places of men behind the lines, while our soldiers held the Front. But when Russia freed herself the news filtered through the provinces that the women of Russia when the revolution needed them formed themselves into the Battalion of Death. We also heard that German women were in the army.

“Then the flame of a common inspiration touched the widows of the —nth. They sought and found each other and petitioned as their right that they be entered and drilled as the —nth Battalion of Avengers.

“Military objections refused them again and again, but the women stood as firm in their purpose as their men who had held the post of rear guard. Always they asked, Why should France be left a nation of

sorrowful women only? Let the widowed women of the —nth take the place of men in the chance of death—they would welcome it—and so save men to France.

"At last they were accepted and trained. Each added to her equipment a small packet of cyanide of potassium as her Russian sisters had taught her. One further request they made—that the position assigned to them might be in the course of the advance to retake the ground held to the death by their men. To me was given the great honour to be their commander."

He drew himself up with pride. "They have justified their petition for enlistment, sir, they wear the strap of a battalion commended for bravery. We have been fully trusted to hold our share of the Front in safety."

As if at the significance of his own words his head dropped, then lifted again grimly.

"It was for to-day's work that this battalion was assembled and trained to invincibility. We need no one to interpret the meaning of the Front to us, but to the women—to retake this strip of ground sodden with the blood of the rear guard barricade built of their men, meant being given the denied rite of closing glazed eyes, the crossing of arms on rigid breasts, the lighting of candles at head and feet and the last kiss on frozen lips. They were mad for it—not in revenge but to right a wrong."

Fouquet's voice thrilled, "That is the history, sir, and the temper of the Battalion of Avengers who held the trench at your right!

"When the order came for attack to-day, they waited, taut as arrows in held bowstrings, at the foot of the ladders for the signal to go over the

top. Like shafts released they sprang up the sides of the ditch. There was sure death to the Hun in every gripped bayonet as they bent to follow the barrage of fire across the craters and snarled wire of No Man's Land.

"No human sound comes through the hell of battle artillery and yet we knew the strangling gasp that ran the length of the line as the protective barrage made its final jump, lifted and showed us the trench we were to take. The women stood as motionless as the corpses of the old —nth!

"Thrust shield-wise above the heads of the Huns, crowning the ditch as with protective spikes, frightened and sobbing, cowering before us were hundreds of little children!"

Fouquet's chair went spinning back as he leaned across the table.

"God! men—they knew! The devil tells them! They knew this section was held by women! For us to hold the Front—our share of the Front—these mothers must bayonet their way through crying, helpless babies!"

His groan found gasping echo.

"They were children of the French villages held by the Germans—we could tell! Some of them had been shot by the last of our barrage fire after the Huns had shoved them over the top. It was hell to see the children's torn bodies writhing—we're used to it with men! The smallest—babies—were clinging to the older ones—children of five or six—trying to hide—between the Huns and—us!

"If we went on—took the ditch—these mothers must cut through a barricade of children! If we did not go on, we betrayed our trust, lost our share of the Front—let the

Huns behind the lines through a gap made by the failure of the women of the —nth!

"We seemed to stand there for hours, but it was only a second. The Huns had thrust their guns between the children, and were holding their fire—the devilish cat and mouse game!

"Then one of the women captains stumbled forward and made the sign of the cross—it is the voiceless battle cry of the Avengers and signs supreme sacrifice for all the Front means. She lifted her right hand in the sweep of victory—on her wrist was bound the packet of death they carry in case of capture by the kultur beasts—and fell, for the Huns opened fire the instant they saw her gesture.

"But the message had gotten over! They could charge—they must—and the cyanide would erase the intolerable memory forever! I looked at those nearest and saw they would go through with it, but men—their faces were set with the look of the face of Christ on the cross!"

He stopped, breathing heavily, and looked from one American to the other.

"You won't believe it—I saw it and I can't—but the proof is there! As the women gripped to thrust, leaning forward as if to force rebellious bodies toward that barricade, there swept down upon us from the rear or above, a sudden striding mist—a battalion of marching shadows in a blur of the old red and blue that outstripped the Avengers' advance. There was a flash of charging steel and the waving colours of the old —nth as they swept over the untouched children into the trench.

"It's all a blur, sir, I can't tell you clearly, but they turned their

faces as they passed and—we knew our dead. You could see the women cry out and lift their arms, each to her own man as he halted an instant beside her.

"Madame Arouet was sobbing as if caught by a bullet, 'Jean—Jean!—to have seen you again! Ah, my God!' The tall corporal, just beyond, threw herself with high piercing scream—arms outstretched—toward the smiling shadow that was passing.

"The bravest man in the old —nth, where all were brave, dropped behind as he bent over the fallen captain. There was a quivering smile of recognition just as the jerking heap settled into quiet, then, as if he waited for it, a slender blur in horizon blue sprang to his side and swept forward with the Battalion—though the captain still lay where she had fallen!"

Fouquet gripped his comrade, arm and crutch together, with a cry,

"Did you see our brave captain salute as he passed? Joyously I shouted as I fell into step beside him, but—I dropped back—I could not keep that pace! Barres—Barres—you saw them? You must have seen them? It was the old —nth come back to save their women from the last hellish trap set by fiends! We know they had the right—this was their battleground where once before they had saved an army of France!"

Lieutenant Agor was leaning across the table with staring eyes: "Then—that was what I—saw, sir?" He turned to his commander, "I told you it was like the fog blowing in off Frisco bay, and——"

Captain Hailes half rose, "My lieutenant said he lost you when a mist obscured the contact platoon.

He said he saw—I—thought it was shell shock—I meant to send him behind the lines——”

Barres shook his head slowly as he caught Fouquet about the shoulder.

“Mon ami—I saw—I know! Very low I flew over the gap to-day when it broke and widened. I felt the White Battalion first, rushing through the planes—then I saw them—a mist of the old red and blue with wondrous swords!” His voice sank low, “From above I saw one who led them—a shining one who, even as we have read, smote the camp of the Assyrians.

“It was the old —nth that followed—I knew them!” His voice caught. “Did you see the rascals in the third squad goose-stepping as they closed in on the Hun?” With a break of unsteady laughter, “It was always their final joke with the German, sir, before they got him—no one could break them of it! Fouquet—we know! It was the old —nth, our White Battalion!”

“A White Battalion!” Agor repeated the words slowly, still staring.

The aviator shifted his crutch and drew himself erect. “*Mes amis*—the Huns fling the taunt that France has been bled white! To us it means a White Army—a crowding host killed in battle—the red life of gallant youth given so gloriously that it cannot die!

“And France bled white . . . ! We know,” the words halted, “the country for which we went to war—is maimed—scarred—she can never again be the same France, but——” His lifted face gleamed through the dim light, “Our battle cry has changed! We no longer fight ‘*Pour la Patrie*!’ but ‘*Pour le Droit*!’—the right that is greater than country!”

With a sharp intake of breath he

turned to his comrade. Fouquet’s protesting look was gone. With the sure touch of reality he picked up the story.

“It was all over in a breath, sir—like a mist swirling along the trenches shot through with phantom steel, and we knew our work was being done. When it lifted—the ditch lay motionless!

“The women had dropped on their knees with their arms about the children. We passed the poor little ones through to the rear in charge of the wounded.

“The first trench was piled with dead—unmarked dead! The communicating tunnels were cleared or quiet—that was how we made up the forty seconds and followed the barrage on time to the second ditch.

“I looked down the line as we made ready for the second charge. Not a Hun cried ‘Kamarad!’ or tried to surrender when they saw the faces of the Avengers. The second ditch was piled with nearly as many dead as the first—marked dead! The Avengers and the White Battalion had retaken the ground for which the —nth had given their lives.

“That is all, sir,” the gaunt figure in mud-stained blue straightened, “excepting that the fouling Beast is going in the end—we know! He cannot stand against the unconquerable dead. And when we march through Berlin, the White Armies will march at the head of the column——” he lifted his hand in salute, “*Pour le Droit!*”

The crippled aviator balanced on crutches as he brought up his hand,

“*Pour le Droit!*”

Noiselessly the men of the Foreign Legion pushed back their chairs and stood at salute. Silently they faced

each other in a long moment of understanding. The major in blue dropped his arm and with smiling eyes gripped the hand of the man in khaki.

He flung open the door of the dug-out, humming the Song of France in marching time. The young offi-

cers, French and American, fell into step together,

"Gentlemen—to Headquarters!"

The lilting voices filled the low room to the accent of marching feet,

*"Allons enfants de la patrie
"Le jour de gloire est arrivé!"*

II. FANCHON, THE GAY.

BY KATHARINE HAVILAND TAYLOR

THE little novice went up the broad chateau stair slowly. She carried a bowl of mutton broth which lapped at the edges of the thick vessel and threatened overflow. On the stair landing she paused. "The soup is enough hot to stay so," she reasoned, "and my feet have achieved the great tiredness!" And then she sighed, for she realised that thought of self was beneath the ideals of the sister she would become—but the little novice was tired—so very tired.

On the stair landing stood a clock that made one think of ladies with white powdered hair, courtly manners and a tinkling laughter that comes with a touching of only one side of the world. Farther along a suit of empty armour showed what war was in another day. Back of the novice was a yellow-glassed window, outlined in rounds of lead with straight bars connecting them. The little novice standing against one of these lead rounds was haloed. God had made her beautiful and the life she had met had made her sad.

"Look!" said a man in the hall below, "look well at the saint on the landing." His companion lowered the *Petite Gazette* and lifted his eyes.

"So little, and of softness, for the sad place in life she takes," he com-

mented. "And already her eyes mirror what they see. Did she nurse you? Yes? She is a good one. True, a saint she looks with that round of lead behind her."

The little novice picked up the bowl of broth and went on up the broad stair. She looked guiltily into the bowl. The edges of the broth showed a cold white forming. Surely she would never be "One good, selfless nun she would to be!" she reflected. "Always the thought of one's feet and aching back, was of such littleness!" She sighed as she reached the room where the sickest lay and then she looked on them, forgot herself and was all tenderness.

Le Docteur came toward her calling an order over his shoulder. "A blind boy," he said as he reached her, "in the last bed. He dies soon and would not be alone. He goes to the dark in the dark and wishes the touch of a little, human hand. We cannot well spare thee, but go, and be with him!" Le Docteur's voice had grown soft—he was very young and it embarrassed him. "Bah!" he added fiercely, "how the war makes one soft and to feel the other's soul! Now go——"

The little novice had gone. She had found the bed of the boy who

would not go to the dark in the dark, without the comfort of a human touch—and she settled by him. His hands moved on the sheet. She saw one nail was torn off, and she closed her eyes. She was faint. The odour of ether and disinfectant floated through the room. She sniffed jealously. It steadied her. This was her life.

The boy turned his face toward her. "Someone is here?" he questioned. She answered and laid her hand on his. "Stay!" he begged of her, "stay! I am like a little child in the dark without a mother." She did not answer, but pressed his hand, and his face lit with a white peace. The little novice looked steadily across the room, and through an open window into the deep shadows of a cypress-tree. A tear slipped down her cheek, and then one down her nose, and it splashed on her hand. She looked at it in surprise; she had not known that she was crying. She fumbled for her handkerchief and, not finding it, smeared her tears across her cheek with a clumsy sleeve.

"Fanchon!" said the blind boy on the bed, "Fanchon, the gay! Listen, Sister, are you there?" She pressed his hand again in answer and he went on. "I would that you would do me the grand favour? Would you?" He stopped, and breathed heavily, then went on as if she had accepted: "Know you the country about Liège? You do? The grey inn near the North Road?" The novice whispered, "Yes."

"There," said the blind boy, "there is Fanchon, the Gay—daughter of the innkeeper. I met her there when we fought near. Oh, but she is sweet! I would tell you of her, but cannot. She was all of laughter,

gentle laughter—kind. When I saw her first I stopped and drew so grand a breath that I thought it must force my heart into my throat. Then did I wish that I was more than a dolt of a waiter from Paris! That I knew more than enough, and not just enough to recommend a truffle or a wine! Those were sad times in that country, Sister, sad! But Fanchon laughed through them all, and cheered even those who enjoyed sadnesses. Ah, she was sweet! I saw her tendernesses and would swallow something that rose like a ball in my throat. Once I remember old Pere Desplace, sitting beneath an old tree before the inn, and sobbing because his cow of great age, that he so loved, had died of the bullet. And Fanchon kissed him, and scolded us well who laughed.

"None thought to say a word of wrong to her, as we did to most of the women we met on our way. She was too like the little child—the laughing child—who makes men good by belief in them. I loved her so well! That, Sister, is my grand favour, that, should you meet, you would tell her—tell her I lived with her in my heart, and that I shall die with my head on her breast. sister, should you meet—you will tell her?"

The little novice leaned above him, and for a short moment touched his cheek with her palm. "I will tell her," she said. There was quiet in the room. It was the long part of the afternoon. The men slept who were not suffering too much. Now and again a moan ripped the silence, or an oath from a man whose mind wandered. Down the room a nun clattered a metal pitcher against a bowl. She always clattered—so noisy in her energy!

Again the blind boy spoke. He was only half conscious now, and lived the past almost as present. "She stood in the orchard," he said—his voice wheezed from the rough wound in his lung—"she stood there, the pink peach blossoms fluttered about her, and some caught in her soft hair. She looked at me as I came toward her, smiled and then looked away. I felt much, but I spoke not. I was the dolt always, and how can even the bright tell what the heart whispers? There are no words for that, nor the beautiful dawn of spring, are there? The sun that touches new green, I mean. You know? So sweet she was! And I only said, 'I go. We march to-night.' She turned and held out her hand, but I dared not touch her, and in my humbleness I slipped to my knees, and for a moment I hid my face against her. Oh, she was sweet—with the soft pink blossoms floating around her!

"And when I went from her my eyes were wet. Ah, Sister, the hearts that hunger always from the unspoken word—!" The blind boy moved his head restlessly and the novice smoothed his pillow. Again he spoke, and strongly as with new strength. "One night, deep in a trench," he said, "with the stars for light, and death so near we felt its chill—and the warmth of God's fingers too, Sister—one night—I saw her face, Fanchon's, as I had last seen her. Saddened it had become, and the laugh had left her eyes; and, Sister, I laughed, and I cried, for I knew she loved me. I cried—I laughed, and that night in my dreams I dared to kiss her white throat, and I woke—before the God!

—hearing her call my name, feeling her dear arms——" The blind boy had stopped. His breath was uneven. A spot of blood stood out on his lip, and then more came with his breath to turn to bubbles.

"Tell her—" he gasped, "I died with her in my heart! My head—my head on her——" and then the blind boy turned to the colour of rain-washed ashes, and was very still.

The little novice struggled to her feet. She, too, was grey, and she laid her cold little hands on his face, cradling it between her palms, "Thou wilt wake," she whispered, "with thy head on the gentle Virgin's breast. Thou wilt awake to a world that has no war—a world of love and peace—" her voice broke in a sob, but the little novice wept no tears. "Mother of God!" she gasped in agony, and turned away.

The little novice went down the broad stairs carrying an empty bowl. An hour before she had carried it up, slowly, to keep from spilling it. She was very white, and she walked unsteadily. Before the leaded window of yellow glass she paused. A soldier below in the hall looked up, and then he dug a companion in the ribs with an elbow, and whispered, still looking up at the novice who stood before a round of lead: "I knew her before she took the vows," he stated proudly. "We lived in one village. 'Fanchon, the Gay,' we called her. Ah me! It's the war that breaks the hearts, and kills our women's laughter! Look at her now! No mirth is there—but she looks a saint, with that round of lead behind her as a halo!"

III. UNTO EACH HIS CROWN

By NORMA PATTERSON

For a long time after he opened his eyes he lay quite still looking at the wall, which was where his glance happened to hit. A luxury of comfort possessed his body and mind—a light, serene, smoothly running happiness which was like spinning evenly through cool, green, white-flecked waters, after weeks of kicking and strangling and puffing in learning to swim. So for a time that might have been short and might have been long, he lay without moving, his mind going neither backward nor forward, but resting contentedly on the strangely happy present.

Across the wall a shadow moved, and paused, and passed on, ducking and bobbing as it went. He knew that the nurse was moving about, and the shadow—absurdly undignified—was made by the flimsy, unstable sputter of a candle. Again it passed, and again. At first the edges were sharply cut and individualistic, but now he saw them blur and fade against the drab wall. The image was slipping back into the vastness of unlimited shadow, from which, for the sputtering length of a candle, it had snatched itself.

Grey light crept in through the little window above his cot. The slender, far-reaching notes of a bugle called to the coming day.

His body did not move, but his spirit stood upright at the summons. The sound had jerked open the door of memory.

His regiment! Would he be able to go back—and fight with the boys? It had been hard, having to leave them when he did. They were out of the trenches and charging. It was

just at the apex of the attack—the moment for which his whole life seemed to have been lived. All the training, all the hardship, all the parting with loved ones, all the long, tedious life in the trenches—had led to this one supreme moment. And then, just as they plunged forward into the shout and ring of victory, something had happened. He was not sure at first what, except that it halted him, spun him round, and he felt himself sinking downward—*downward*—and the others charging on—leaving him here. He was going to miss it! He would not be in at the victory! Later, when they told of it around the camp at night, he would have no part in the telling.

He saw Trav Barnes look back, and he saw the expression that came on Trav's face. An expression that could not be put into words or even imagined unless one had seen it. Trav stopped abruptly, but he had waved Trav on, and Trav had gone—running forward, as if he were running away from looking back. And the tramp of the feet had grown fainter . . . and the sound of the shouting fainter . . . and the boom of the battle fainter. . . .

Yes, he must be getting back to the regiment. He could not be wounded so badly—he was blissfully free from pain.

He turned his head slowly. The candle had burned down to a feeble, spasmodic flame. In the light from the window he made out the nurse and the doctor, talking together. He was a bit afraid of what they would tell him, and so he hesitated to put his question. Then he got in behind

his courage and gave it a great boost.

"Will I be able to rejoin the regiment—soon?"

The words dropped, one at a time, into the silence with halting, staccato *emphaticness*, and seemed to stand in the air just where he placed them, in an inquisitive little row.

The doctor and the nurse turned and gazed at them. The doctor moved forward and sat down on the bed. He had thought at first that it was an army surgeon, but he saw now it was the Old Doctor from his home town.

"Yes," nodded the Old Doctor, "soon—you will be joining your regiment."

He was so overwhelmed with joy at this that he was not surprised when the strange thing happened. War had levelled all shocks. There was left no possibility of further high emotion to one who had had to grow used to standing, now with friends, and — now — among the dead.

And so he felt only very glad and very thankful to see, here in an alien country, all his dear family stepping quietly into the span of light about his bed, and stand smiling down at him. He counted heads carefully twice and found that not one was missing.

There were his father and mother, their arms about each other; and Becky, his schoolgirl sister, fresh from the world of basket ball and laughter; there was John, his older brother, who had had to stay behind. He recalled how John had shadowed him during that last month at home; with what brooding absorption John had inspected his kit, and his rifle, and every part of the khaki uniform, and had said, a little bit-

terly, as he grasped his hand at the last, "It's the great adventure, kid. Lord, how I envy you." And there was The Girl, her beautiful eyes wide, her lips parted, her hand reaching out toward him.

It must be some special occasion to bring them here. He wondered what.

He remembered the same little group standing on the platform to bid him good-bye when he went to college. They were grieved at the parting, but they were proud. They had smiled and smiled through their tears. He had worn a new suit that day—a rather natty affair he thought — and his mother had slipped some cookies in his new pocket. He was half ashamed of her doing it, as if he were still a kid and liked cookies. But later in the train, behind a newspaper, how good the cookies had tasted!

And when he sailed for France the same group had gathered again to see him off. They had stood in the sweltering sun all one morning just for a chance to wave as the big boat slipped down the harbour. They had smiled and smiled through their tears. They were here now, smiling at him through their tears, and—he had the vague feeling—seeing him off somewhere. There was grief on their faces—but they were proud! It was fine of them to come.

It did not seem at all queer when a head vanished from among those about him, and then another, and another. They did not hop off or bounce away, but glided vaporously from sight in a perfectly logical manner; until all the heads were gone except his mother's and father's, leaning close together, their eyes on his, smiling still—smiling him their love. It was like a picture he

had of them that sat in an ivory frame on his table back home. And when these two had gone there was only the touch of the Old Doctor's hand, resting reassuringly over his.

The grey mist of morning closed in about him like a cloud, and it seemed to be carrying him along with it. . . . He lost the touch of the Old Doctor's hand—and with it the heaviness of his body—of his mind. And he perceived now that he was standing on a hill in the first strange light of a new day.

Behind him, out of the foggy distance, he caught the thin, wavering outline of a bugle call . . . and the shadowy tramp, tramp, tramp, of feet. . . . He looked back, and saw them coming. A vast moving army—marching toward him, coming along with him. As far back as he could see they were coming.

They were a strange company—a little torn, thoroughly ragged. Many of them were just boys like himself. Caps and coats were missing, and—they carried no weapons! And as much as they had loved and honoured the uniforms they wore, he saw that the uniform no longer mattered.

He had thought, when they came into sight, that it was his old regiment. Many, many, of them were here. But as they drew nearer he recognised French and English and Italians and—could it be?—*Germans*. He was a little shocked to see how his comrades hailed these as comrade, and that their journey lay together.

On they came. The music grew louder, the tramping heavier. Here

and there were friends—boys from his home town. Why there was Trav! With a shout he stumbled forward, the friends grasped hands, and he swung into step.

There was a lightness about the marching of this radiant army that had nothing to do with feet or bodies, but seemed to come from what they saw forward. Their heads were thrown back, their faces shone. It was as if to each, no matter what the nationality, victory had come.

During the long, muddy hours of waiting before the battle, there had been moments of troubled thought—thought of what was right and what was wrong. The grim Why and Whither of War had stalked with clanking steel up and down the trenches, among the fallen bodies. Beneath the rain of shells one thought of peace as something that would come some day—that *must* come—but it was impossible to conceive any connection between that unthinkable time and this hideous carnage.

But as he looked into the faces of these he saw what that shining look was. It came to him as a sweeping revelation. They understood! For them, the veil was lifted—and they saw peace!

They had passed up through the Gate of the Ultimate Sacrifice—into immortality. They had laid down their lives for love of country, and the reward was peace for the world. Not just the ceasement of war, but that perpetual peace born of universal brotherhood.

Then—this was the victory. And he was in! He was in at the victory!

WAR BOOKS OF THE SPRING

BY LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD

WITH but two or three exceptions, the war books of the spring fall into one or the other of two fairly distinct classes. First, and most numerous, are those in which the author relates his personal adventures and experiences—the autobiographical type; second, the lesser number, which tell about some organisation or some special aspect of the Great War, that the writer has studied or known in an intimate way—the more or less impersonal histories and narratives.

Notable among those of the former type is the vivid and absorbingly interesting *Private Peat*. Out with the first Canadian contingent went this young soldier, destined later to be among those who faced the first gas attack at Ypres. No clearer or more impressive picture than the one he presents has as yet been drawn of that terrible fight when, outnumbered ten to one, the Canadians held the key of the road to Calais. They had seen their captured sergeants crucified, literally; they had seen their comrades die “gassed,” black-faced and writhing; and they had seen women, and young girls, and even children, the victims of such atrocities as they would not have believed possible, did not believe possible until their own eyes saw the proofs. And so when they fought, it was with “white man’s spirit against barbarian brutality.” The indomitable spirit which makes the Canadian, like the English Tommy, able to crack a joke in the midst of horrors unspeakable, shines through

a book which is more than worth reading—a book which one may wish that every pacifist in the United States might be forced to read. Sharply contrasting with the narrative of the Canadian, yet equally worth while, are the exquisite letters of Captain Ferdinand Belmont of the Chasseurs Alpins, killed in action, well deserving to be called *A Crusader of France*. Deeply religious in tone, they give almost from the very beginning the impression of one “fey”—one who, feeling himself marked out for death, consciously withdrew his soul from the world. There is no humour in these letters; its place is taken by a keen and abiding sense of beauty and of sympathy. Fighting on the Vosges, on the Somme and in Flanders, enduring quietly and cheerfully the many hardships and privations which those first months of the war brought upon the troops of the unprepared Allies, this young Frenchman did his duty—and something more—in a spirit of consecration, achieving at last a wonderful inner peace amid the stress of the outward conflict.

The steeds which, in this war, men ride to victory or to death are aeroplanes, not horses, and it is of his experiences as a member of the Royal Flying Corps that Captain Alan Bott, M.C., writes in his *Cavalry of the Clouds*. Flying over the enemies’ lines on reconnaissance duty, fighting thousands of feet above the earth, crowding enough thrilling adventures into one brief



THE EVOLUTION OF PRIVATE DUBB: HE BECOMES A FIGHTER. FROM "THAT ROOKIE FROM THE 13TH SQUAD," A BOOK OF DRAWINGS BY LIEUTENANT P. L. CROSBY

trip to suffice for an ordinary life-time, Captain Bott's book is a fascinating record of what the aviator regards as all in the day's work. Individual dash and initiative and resourcefulness tell in this air service as, under the conditions of modern warfare, they seldom do in any other. And though the story is a tragic one—for the "Umpty" was a crack squadron, greatly feared and hated by the Boche, and its casualties were

very many—it is also splendidly inspiring. Several pages are devoted to a description of the varied duties performed by different branches of the air service; duties of the utmost importance, since it may well be, as the author suggests, that the war will be won in the air.

But since the vast majority of our men now on their way "Over There" are destined to dig in the earth, not fly above the clouds, *First Call*, the

new book by Empey of *Over the Top*, gives a great deal of very useful information. From the moment of his entrance into the army either as volunteer or conscript, through the preliminary training to his arrival in the trenches and the acid test of active service, this ex-machine gunner tells the recruit, not only what to expect, but how to make the best of it. A lively, straightforward, man-to-man talk, illustrated by stories and bits of personal experience, with good counsel as to the wisest way to meet Tommy and Poilu, to guard one's rations from the rats, save one's self in case of a gas attack, and do many other things, the book also contains some excellent advice to stay-at-homes in general, and mothers in particular.

Corporal R. Derby Holmes, who was *A Yankee in the Trenches* when the United States was still a non-combatant, fought behind the tanks when they made their début at the battle of the Somme. He tells in a spirited style of this and many other experiences, and of the lessons which turned one who had enlisted principally because of a desire for adventure into a whole-hearted opponent of the Hun. Like Private Peat, he pays warm tribute to the valour of the English soldier, his sense of humour is unquenchable, and no bit of comedy escapes his notice. Very unlike this volume is Lieutenant Giraudoux's *Campaigns and Intervals*—impressionistic, full of clever pen-pictures and entertaining comments, but a trifle too consciously "literary" to be altogether appealing. The process of evolution by which a sceptic and pessimist became a soldier in the best and most exalted sense of the word is analysed by Coningsby Dawson, who vivisects his

own sensation in his new book, *The Glory of the Trenches*, telling how he came to enlist, how he was wounded and sent back to "Blighty," how he felt about it all then, and how he feels about it now, when about to return to the Front. The joys and sorrows of the beginner, not yet advanced beyond the training-camp stage and still struggling with stumps and the mysteries of drill, are very amusingly set forth in *Conscript 2989's* account of what happened to one particular drafted man—a subject which is differently but quite as entertainingly treated in Lieutenant Crosby's delightful sketches of Private Dubbs, *That Rookie of the 13th Squad*.

American camps are beginning to find their historians, and the trenches on the Western Front have already had many, but of the fighting in East Africa we have not as yet heard very much, so that Captain F. Brett Young's narrative of General Smuts's expedition, *Marching on Tanga*, is decidedly welcome. A story of long and difficult marches, it has a climax of stirring adventure when the little party of which Captain Young, a medical, not a military officer, found himself the leader, was lost in the jungle, and had the narrowest of hair-breadth escapes. Considering the excellence of the material, it is a pity it could not have been a trifle better handled. The book contains far too many descriptions of the surrounding country and scenery, and consequently has more than a few dull moments.

Inside Constantinople and *A Roumanian Diary* are both tales of non-combatants, the latter being especially vivid and well done. Both are diaries, the former that of Lewis Einstein, an American diplomat sta-

tioned at Constantinople during the ill-fated Dardanelles Expedition, the other written by Lady Kennard, who, going to Roumania on a kind of pleasure trip, remained to do the hardest sort of hard work in an ill-equipped hospital on which Zeppelin bombs were dropped with disconcerting frequency. Mr. Einstein has much that is interesting to tell about Constantinople and its diplomatic circle, the hopeless Turks and the blatant German ambassador. He tells, too, of the Armenian massacres, his account of them, being an added item in the long and well-attested indictment of the Hun. All these books, in fact, different as they are and different as are the personalities and points of view of their writers, are alike in this; they portray a foe, not only devoid of chivalry, but with scarcely a touch of what we used to call ordinary human decency. "Beware of the Hun, especially when he throws up his hands and cries 'Kamarad,'" expressed in varying phrases, this is the warning given our troops by every man who has come in contact with the disciples of "Kultur." And it is this fact which makes it something of a relief to turn back to the days of our own Civil War and read what *One Young Soldier*, Ira Seymour Dodd, then did and suffered.

The more or less impersonal books are as varied and as interesting as those of the autobiographical type. *Fighting Starvation in Belgium*, by Vernon Kellogg, first an Assistant-Director, then Director-at-Large of the C. R. B., is an especially interesting and important compilation of facts, which one cannot help wishing might have been presented a little more skilfully. The need of compression is no doubt responsible for

most of the defects of the narrative, a history of the Belgian Relief Commission from the days of its inception to the hour when the Americans left the country. In that so much of the work was done by her citizens, it is a record of which the United States may well be proud. But the pride suffers a shock when we read that Canada contributed twenty-two cents per head and New Zealand two dollars and twenty-nine cents, against ten cents per head from the United States! An impressive incident in the book is Mr. Kellogg's account of his meeting with the general who gave the order for the shooting of Edith Cavell. The German insisted upon telling him the story, repeating again and again that he was "not a murderer." Evidently his punishment had begun. Of nearly related and somewhat fearful interest is Doctor Daniel McCarthy's extremely temperate delineation of the treatment meted out to *The Prisoner of War in Germany*, whose dreadful fate Doctor McCarthy himself did more than a little to improve. He describes the camps in detail, portraying the life—or rather, the existence—led by the men in each, and the almost unlimited power of the camp commandant. The fruitless attempts of the Germans to seduce the Irish prisoners and inveigle them into joining with Sir Roger Casement, together with their endeavours to foster trouble among men of diverse nationalities, are among the incidents in the book which throw light upon the methods of the excessively methodical Hun. *The Business of War*, by Isaac F. Marcossan, makes much pleasanter and no less interesting reading, leaving one in a state of almost breathless admiration for the wonderful or-

ganising ability of those directing the equipment and sustenance of the English armies. Especially fascinating is the portion devoted to the reclamation work—the salvaging of all sorts of articles which inefficiency would “scrap,” the vast sums obtained from what was once regarded as fit only to be thrown away. In this “business” of war, the women of England are taking an important part, a part outlined by Helen Fraser in her admirable if somewhat too short book, *Women and War Work*. The munitions worker, the “Waac”—member of the Women’s Auxiliary Army Corps—the hospital aid, the trained nurse, the food producer and the food conserver—how all these and many others do their bit, is interesting reading in itself, doubly interesting for the women of America, anxiously asking how they may be of greatest service.

At the Serbian Front in Macedonia, written by E. P. Stebbings, a transport officer attached to a unit of the Scottish Women’s Hospitals serving in Macedonia, is a most stimulating account of heroism and self-sacrifice, of labour well done despite a multiplicity of difficulties. Women surgeons and ambulance drivers, women orderlies and nurses and dietitians, they one and all rendered splendid service to the men who presently took Monastir. Well told, with several vivid glimpses of the fighting on this, one of the most rugged of battle-fronts, the book is distinctly worth reading. Something of romance is still attached to war as fought in the East, whether it be on the confines of Serbia or in journeying *To Bagdad with the British*, as did the modest Y. M. C. A. secretary who tells us the story of the two expeditions, the first of

which, under General Townsend, was obliged after an heroic defence to surrender at Kut-el-Amara, while the second, more fortunate and better supported, presently reached Bagdad—and then went on. The book is written with spirit and intelligence; no more absorbing adventure story than this could well be imagined, nor anything more picturesque than the entrance of the English soldiers into Bagdad. There they were welcomed by a festival-arrayed, rejoicing population which hailed them not as conquerors, but as liberators from the yoke of the hated Turk.

This was warfare in the open, not the entrenched kind fought *Under Four Flags for France*. With admirable clearness, Captain Musgrave, an American military expert, writes of the invasion of Belgium and the attack on France, when, according to the German plan, eight different armies were to strike simultaneously. The early terrible days, the time of digging in, the moment when the Allies at last wrested the offensive from the Hun, the coming of the Americans and that historic first shot—these and the events intervening are lucidly set forth. First comes the prelude, when, as one German soldier put it, “We lived like gods in Belgium, boozing and raping our way across.” Then the forming of that thin, thin line of French and English, outnumbered, lacking guns and ammunition, but holding, always holding; the German rush into France, characterised by “organised pillage and foul pollution,” the deadlock on the Aisne, the miracle of the Marne, the magnificent defence of Verdun—all are seen in their relations to one another through the medium of these enthralling pages.

Captain Musgrave himself saw many if not all of the events about which he writes, and his book, absorbingly interesting in itself, gives a picture of the struggle as a whole, such as one cannot get from the usual eyewitness's description of some one particular section.

Among the books which cannot be called either impersonal or autobiographical, one noteworthy volume is French, a second—partly German. For this second is made up of the secret correspondence between the Kaiser and the Czar. A series of telegrams, signed "Willy" and "Nicky," sent, the first in 1904, the last in 1907, this *Willy-Nicky Correspondence* throws a good deal of

light on secret diplomacy, and the influence wielded by the forceful Wilhelm over the weak and timid Nicholas. No more glaring contrast could be found than that between this slender volume and Lieutenant Redier's noble *Comrades in Courage*. A sheaf of war essays, thoughtful, sometimes bitingly satirical, always fervently patriotic, instinct with a splendid faith in the triumph of right, this volume, written for the French, has its message for Americans also. It stands high among the notable war books of a spring in which notable war books, books of counsel and inspiration and courage, are not rare.

A POET'S EPITAPH

BY CARL McDONALD

FROM dusk till dawn,
From dawn till night,
All that he touched
He made it white.

He built no cities,
Gained no gold,
Nor did great deeds,
Nor bought nor sold.

But from dusk to dusk,
From light to light,
All that he wrote
Was angel white.

THE DRAMA AND THE WAR

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

I

IN INVESTIGATING the effects of war upon the human spirit and the expression of the human spirit in the arts, we must distinguish first of all between little local wars whose outcome does not matter very much to humanity at large, like our own chivalrous and almost charming sally against Spain, and great world-shaking conflicts, like the present struggle, upon whose outcome depends the future destiny of all mankind. A tiny fire in the pantry neither stirs nor tests the spirit; one puts it out, collects the insurance in due course of time, and forgets about it ever after: but a great catastrophe like the conflagration which followed hard upon the heels of the San Francisco earthquake tries men's souls and changes them; for, under stress, it makes the base more base and renders the noble more ennobled.

In little local conflicts, the scales of justice may hang nearly equi-poised and may tremble to the one side or the other "but in the estimation of a hair"; but in every world-historic war, without exception, one side has been emphatically right and the other side emphatically wrong. Such wars have tended always to debase and to deprave the spiritual instinct among the hordes that have been fighting on the side of evil; but they have tended simultaneously to uplift and sanctify the spirit of those nations that have striven to carry on the torch of truth and have

offered up their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honour to make reason and the will of God prevail. The disease of the pacifist arises from the error of dallying with the idea of war as a philosophical abstraction; whereas, by sane and normal minds, a catastrophe is properly regarded as a condition, not a theory. A world-historic war is a fact,—undeniable like measles, and concrete like cobble-stones; and the test that tries men's souls is the unavoidable necessity of arranging themselves on the right side or the wrong side of the argument.

The mills of the gods grind slowly, according to a law that passeth understanding; and the great world-shaking conflicts of recorded history have not always been determined in favour of the righteous side. The finest civilisation that mankind has ever known was overturned by the Romans, at a time when these conquerors were justly regarded by the Greeks as men who did not know. The Romans, in their turn, ascended to a memorable height of civilisation, only to be trampled down at last by the crude and violent Barbarians of the North. Though any reasonable mind rejects by instinct the insidious doctrine that might makes right, it would be equally illogical to assume the antithetic theory that right makes might. From the philosophic standpoint, "In God We Trust" is an enervating and immoral motto; for—as Paul of Tarsus, who created Christianity, has told us—men must finally be

judged not merely by their faith but mainly by their works.

Whenever a world-historic war has been won by the wrong side, all art—which is, of course, the spontaneous expression of the human sense of the identity of beauty, truth, and righteousness—has died the death and has stayed dead for centuries. After Rome was overthrown by the Barbarians of the North—a horde of sinewy blonde beasts more potent to destroy than to create—the world was overwhelmed in shadow for a thousand years. In books of history, these many centuries are commonly referred to as “the Dark Ages.” Throughout that time, there was no drama in the world, no painting, no sculpture, no architecture, and no literature. Mankind had been obscured, for the twinkling of a thousand years, by the momentary triumph of brute force above the finer movements of the mind.

But, whenever in a world-historic war the side of righteousness has triumphed, a great outflowing of art has followed soon upon the fact of victory. The noblest instincts of mankind—aroused in perilous moments fraught with intimations of mortality—have surged and soared, beneath the sunshine of a subsequent and dear-bought peace, into an immeasurable empyrean of heroic eloquence. Whenever right has circumvented might, Art has sprung alive into the world, with the music of a million Easter-lilies leaping from the grave and laughing with a silver singing.

A panoramic survey of the history of art shows, without exception, that the most profuse outpourings of the human sense of the identity of beauty, truth, and righteousness

have occurred in places and in periods where a world-historic war had recently been won by the side that had taken up the gauntlet, under duress, to make reason and the will of God prevail. This basic fact is more than ordinarily apparent in the history of the drama. This democratic art—which is doomed, by its conditions, to hold always an indicatory finger upon the very pulse of the public—has ascended to its most exalted heights in the period of Sophocles, the period of Calderon, the period of Shakespeare, and the period of Molière. Sophocles appeared at that highest point in the oscillating curve of human civilisation when the Acropolis of Athens was acknowledged—by dominance of might as well as right—to be the beacon of the world. Calderon built up his Gothic Cathedrals of gorgeous and fantastic verse at the time when Spain aspired to overlord and tutellise the earth. Our great Elizabethan drama—comprising those hundreds and hundreds of tremendous plays, by many authors, that have been tied into a package by historians and labelled with the adjective “Shakespearian”—would never have been undertaken and given to mankind except for the defeat of the Spanish Armada. The national spirit that has been expressed in Shakespeare’s *Henry V* indicates most clearly the incentive and the motive of the whole Elizabethan drama. Molière—together with those lesser lions of his lineage, Pierre Corneille and Jean Racine—come forward with his plays at a period when his patron, the *Grand Monarque*, was sitting high in the saddle. France had recently been recognised as the preponderant power of Continental Europe; and Molière composed his

comedies in the unassailed serenity of leisure that had been bestowed upon him by the victories of Louis Quatorze.

A swift-winged aerial recognisance of dramatic history might almost tempt the commentator to welcome such a crisis as the present world-catastrophe, because of that superb insurgence of the will that makes for art which would result inevitably in the human spirit from a triumph of the hosts that fight for righteousness against the hordes assembled to sacrifice themselves as cannon-fodder in support of an idea that is desecrating and depraving to the mind.

II

If the blonde beasts of the North—who have signed and sealed their purpose to destroy the sense of truth and beauty in the world by hurling shells repeatedly against the Cathedral of Rheims, which had stood for seven centuries as an ineradicable symbol of all that is most eloquent in art—if these barbarians should win the present war, there would be no reason for looking forward to the future of the American drama. In that case, there would be no future for this country to look forward to, nor any drama in the world to arrest attention from the commentative mind.

But if we win this war—as win we must—there will arise a drama in America which will be genuinely worthy of the recognition of critics yet unborn. The re-establishment of a reasonable world made safe for democracy will call for celebration with the voice of angels trumpet-tongued; and dramatic authors will arise in response to a demand made insistent by our theatre-going public. So it

has always been, and so it always shall be.

Let us assume—as a departing point for an ascension to regions theoretical—that we are predestined to win this present war, because of the fact that our cause is just, and in spite of the fact that our practical efficiency is almost tragically slack and laggard. In that event, there would be indeed a fruitful future for art in the world, and, in particular, for the drama in America. Even Sophocles, Calderon, Shakespeare, and Molière might, imaginably, be outsoared by some future American poet, if we should win this present world-decisive struggle to make reason and the will of God prevail. This imagining is not, by any means, unbased upon the facts of history: it is, instead, predicted by the writing on the wall.

III

Assuming, for convenience, that America is not predestined to falter and to fail in this crusade against the hordes of darkness, the commentator is required to investigate the proper mission of that great American drama which will naturally be demanded by a hundred million people after peace has been imposed upon the enemies of peace, and the world has been made safe for civilisation.

The noblest mission that can be accomplished in the present or the future by an American dramatist is to interpret the essential spirit of this country to the American public of the present and the future. This mission is demanded by the slow accretion of phenomena so little noticed in themselves and so little talked about throughout the course of their almost geologic deposition that the

old traditional America has changed, before our very eyes, without our noticing the change.

A few days after President Wilson had politely handed a return-ticket to Berlin to Count von Bernstorff, Doctor Butler called a general meeting of Columbia University which all students, ex-students, graduates, and teachers were invited to attend. On this occasion, the vast gymnasium was packed with three or four thousand people, standing shoulder to shoulder on every available square-foot of space. President Butler began a patriotic speech in which he outlined the noble part that had been played by students of Columbia in each successive crisis in the history of the United States. Commencing with the Revolutionary period, he said, "When the call came, Hamilton, Livingston, and Jay went forth from the lecture-halls of old Kings College to found a new nation." . . . At that moment, I looked around the vast gymnasium, and my eyes alighted first on Mr. Lipschitz and Mr. Moskowitz, and many other students whose names failed equally to rhyme with Hamilton and Livingston and Jay. In a sudden start, I realised how utterly America had changed within a century. . . . In recording this impression, I have no wish at all to patronise the thousands of eager and earnest students of alien ancestry who now flock beneath the ægis of my *alma mater*,—the largest and mightiest university in the history of education. As a teacher, I have found in practice that a student of Russian Jewish parentage is more likely to apply himself enthusiastically to the task at hand than a student who wears over-lightly a historic name like Hamilton or Livingston or Jay. My

only point is that America has changed, in racial complexion, since the period of the Revolution and since the period of the Civil War.

Throughout the course of half a century of quietude, this country has become a melting-pot for immigrants from nearly all the races and the nations of the elder world. It is no longer possible to compose a line of poetry that shall at all resemble that historic footfall of ancestral syllables which was rendered eloquent by Emerson in the first line of his *Hamatreya*,—"Bulkeley, Hunt, Willard, Hosmer, Meriam, Flint,"—perhaps the finest line of poetry that has ever been composed exclusively of English names.

The new America—which is different from the old America of Hamilton and Livingston and Jay and, very possibly, is greater—remained oblivious of its own existence until it was roused unexpectedly to action by the oft-repeated insults of a power overseas. An undesired knocking at the gate has waked us from our sleep and made us one. A new and fateful summons has required Mr. Moskowitz and Mr. Lipschitz to go forth shoulder to shoulder with Mr. Livingston and Mr. Jay to fight and die for an idea that is ancestrally American.

The selective draft, and our enforced new system of democratic military service, are destined to turn this modern melting-pot of the United States into a nation that shall be spiritually homogeneous. But this new tendency toward national unity, despite all pre-existent ethnologic differences, must still be bruited and blared abroad by every American artist who is gifted with a voice which is eloquent enough to

appeal to the ears of those that wish to hear.

In this connection, we sense at once the most important purpose that may be accomplished by American dramatists in the immediate present and the immediate future,—to interpret and to illustrate the noble spirit of that America which used to be, for the enlightenment and inspiration of that changed America which is now, and is about to be. Any play which may serve to “get us together” at the present moment, when the future of mankind, for right or wrong, is trembling in the balance, is peculiarly timely and particularly serviceable.

IV

This is the chief reason why *The Copperhead*, by Mr. Augustus Thomas, must be welcomed most enthusiastically. This play, in other times, might be criticised adversely, by reason of the merely technical consideration that the dramatic interest has been concentrated too exclusively within the narrow limits of the last of the four acts in which the project has been patterned. But this last act of *The Copperhead* is not only notable in sheer technique, but is memorable even more for its inspired evocation of the spirit of America. Mr. Thomas has recalled the shade of Lincoln from the other side of Lethe, and has successfully compelled our martyred hero to revisit once again the glimpses of the moon. This achievement of artistic imagining is sufficiently important to deserve at least a foot-note in the pages of enduring history.

V

So long as this great war is being fought, any attempt to ape and boy

its aspects must meet with manifest contempt. This is the philosophic reason for rejecting such manufactured products of theatric journalism as *Seven Days Leave* or *An American Ace* or *The Man Who Stayed at Home*. In the present crisis of the world, a “war-play” designed in accordance with any of the customary patterns is just as objectionable to the human spirit as a sentimental passage composed—let us say—by a trained professor of the jugglery of words to celebrate the sadness of a funeral.

The one “war-play” of recent weeks that has evoked a genuine response of praise is *Getting Together*, an admittedly haphazard undertaking, compounded—in answer to a hurried call of duty—by Ian Hay Beith, J. Hartley Manners, and Percival Knight. This careless and collaborative composition deserves to be remembered as a work of art, because of the profound effect of its manifest sincerity, and by reason also of the scarcely less pronounced appeal of its airy and ingratiating humour.

Getting Together was launched frankly as a piece of propaganda by the British and Canadian Recruiting Mission; and after only a single week in New York—which was enormously successful—it is being taken successively to the other leading cities of this country. It appeals more strongly to the public than the average “war-play” of commerce, because of its reality, its humorous evasion of the usual theatrical heroics, and its downright evident sincerity. The soldiers who appear upon the stage are not mere draft-evaders dressed up in military uniforms: nearly all of them are actors who have already served at the

front with the British and Canadian forces, and have been gassed or wounded, and sent back to "carry on" the message of their own experience to a public that is only waiting to awake. The personal appearance on the stage of such a soldier as Lieutenant Gitz Rice—the author and composer of those popular war-songs, *We Stopped Them on the Marne* and *You've Got to Go in or Go Under*—is sufficient to electrify

the audience; for, though he may not be a memorable singer, he "puts his songs across" as if he meant them. In any work of propaganda, it is—first of all—sincerity that counts. A public composed of men who may be called upon, at any moment, to die for those ideas that constitute the ultimate realities cannot be foisted off with shams. The artificial and commercial "war-play" is now cold and dead. The War has killed it.

A BLINDED POILU TO HIS NURSE

BY AGNES LEE

I know you only by your tears . . .
 I felt them falling on my face.
 I had wakened on a hush of dark,
 And lay I knew not in what place.

O lady, not a dream was mine!
 Despair had told the truth to me,
 And I was fearful of life's call,
 And bitter with my destiny.

But the warm touches of your soul
 Guided me to the darkened years.
 Sweet reconciler of my days,
 I know you only by your tears.

DEMOCRACY AND AMERICAN IDEALS

BY ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

I

A SIMPLE phrase, uttered by President Wilson in a supreme crisis in the history of modern civilisation, has touched the popular imagination as has no other phrase of the Great Era: "The world must be made safe for democracy." Such a phrase, simple to bareness, must connote momentous issues, in order thus to stir the minds and fire the hearts of men. It seems to impart to democracy a significance deeper and more searching than it bore in the days of Jefferson or of Lincoln. There is implied the consciousness that democracy is something ineffably precious to mankind; and that any menace to its stability as a principle of government, to its vitality as a spirit of human liberty, must be sternly checked in the interest of the future of society. It is a challenge to all peoples of liberal views, of individual enfranchisement, to make a supreme stand in the interest of the welfare of the world. For not individuals only, not nations only, but the world itself as a going human concern is presumed to stand in grave danger of decadence and retrogression if the organic growth and normal progress of democracy be once forcibly arrested. Democracy is implicitly realised as the ideal of individual freedom in government:

For what avail the plough or sail,
Or land or life, if freedom fall?

In a dark hour in the world's history, America has set her hand to this supreme task. It is democracy's

own task: the struggle of democracy, rich in individual liberty and initiative, but as yet imperfectly articulated for corporate and communal action, against autocracy, with a whole people instantly responsive to control, corporately mobilised in man-power, mechanical invention, and industrial resources. This power of autocracy, marshalling the most subtle instrumentalities of modern science to its aid, has revolutionised the very mode of the conduct of warfare. It is no longer a question only of army against army; the conflict is a conflict of armed peoples, organised to the last unit, mobilised to the ultimate resource. It is a war of bureaus and farms, of committees and housewives, of index and card catalogue, no less than of soldiers and sailors, of shell, shrapnel, bayonet and grenade.

The two theories of government, the two ideals of liberty, thus thrown into deadly conflict are, each in its own way, intent upon self-vindication. The light in which democracy is regarded, the spirit in which it is either challenged or maintained, give us an insight into its meaning and significance, for the two contending forces, and reveal the crevasse which divides them. "Democracy," says a German scholar of note, "is a thing, infirm of purpose, jealous, timid, changeable, un-thorough, without foresight, blundering along in an age of lucidity guided by confused instincts." In one of the most arresting works of literature to which the Great War has given rise, H. G.

Wells puts these words into the mouth of the typical Englishman, in *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*: "Let us pledge ourselves to service. Let us set ourselves with all our hearts to the perfecting and working out of the methods of democracy and the ending forever of the kings and emperors and priestcrafts and the bands of adventurers, the traders and owners and forestallers who have betrayed mankind into this morass of hate and blood." If democracy possesses the power as an ideal to provoke so challenging an expression, from either side in the conflict, surely it must be something more, something deeper rooted, than a mere "mystical entity," having modern national feeling as a corollary and by-product. Indeed, the present moment in history must be conceived as a turning point in human history, the purport of which is to give a larger meaning and a new definition to democracy. And in particular it summons to the bar of contemporary judgment the fundamental ideals of the American nation, conceived in liberty and founded upon democracy.

II

The present crisis in affairs is thus bringing forth greatly desiderated attempts at an adequate expression of the true meaning of democracy. Events have taken a startling turn in this new orientation of human thought. America extended fraternal greetings and heartfelt congratulations to the democracy suddenly evolved in Russia as the concomitant expression of revolution and the natural outcome of the overthrow of autocracy. Yet this initial rejoicing has quickly turned to dis-

trust and dismay, in face of the almost inexplicable series of frantic experiments, abortive undertakings, and ghastly failures which have marked the sudden transference of governmental authority from the hands of a powerful, if corrupt, autocracy to the hands of a groping, inept, and untrained democracy. Russia to-day provokes anew the baffling query of Machiavelli as to whether it is harder to make freemen slaves or slaves free. Centuries of serfdom have left their ineradicable marks upon the Russian soul; and the revolution released forces undisciplined through the lack of that very self-control which democracy breeds. In a democracy, it has been well said, "there are no masters but the people; and the people themselves are only masters so long as they are masters of themselves." Russia to-day presents the tragic and pitiful spectacle of a people blundering blindly in the ways of democracy, because the great masses of the people are deficient in that modicum of education, the irreducible minimum, indispensably requisite to successful self-government. The chaos in Russia, in part the result of irresponsible leadership, in part the result of unsuccessful warfare, in part the result of distrust of each element of society by the other, is primarily due to the lack of liberal education. The lesson of the organic interdependence of universal education and successful democracy is once more accentuated on a titanic scale. We are beginning to see, eye with eye, with Story, the great American constitutional lawyer, who maintained that democracies could effectually maintain themselves only where the people were superior and highly enlightened.

III

"True democracy," says Professor Tufts, "means, not levelling down, but levelling up. Few, if any, in this country will object to giving every child the opportunity of as good an education as he can profit by. Few, if any, will object to growth of intelligence and improvement of the standard of living of all men. . . . This country is committed to a great enterprise. It is making a great venture. It is trying to prove that democracy is possible. It is a nation 'dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.' It is dawning upon us more and more that to make men equal is not a task to be fulfilled on battlefields. War can, at best, do away with burdens laid on men by others. It cannot remove the inequalities due to defective laws, to poverty, to ignorance, to vice, to bad influences, and to want of courage and high purpose. To deal with these sources of inequality is the greater task."*

The exceedingly suggestive, searching, and fair-minded book, from which this passage is taken, written by a professor in the University of Chicago, was begun before 1914 as a part of a larger study of "The Real Business of Living." As the "real business of living for all of us just now is centring more than before in national ideals and national tasks," the conviction has grown that "a juster and finer appreciation of democracy as contrasted with autocracy is certain to result from a study of what we have passed through and left behind in gaining liberty and self-government." In the first half of the volume, entitled

*Our Democracy, Its Origins and its Tasks. By James H. Tufts. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

The Beginnings of Co-operation, Order, and Liberty, the history is traced, from the early life of man down to the present, of the growth of liberty and the development of the ideal of democracy. In particular, we are told in simple, effective terms how, beginning from 1620, multitudes came to America to find here a land of freedom, a land of opportunity. Grounded in these emigrants from the Mother Country in particular, who sought here religious freedom, opportunity to own lands and to live freely, and political liberty, was the faith so significantly expressed by John Locke: "Men being by nature all free, equal, and independent, no one can be put out of this estate and subjected to the political power of another without his consent." Gradually there has evolved here a conception of democracy which shapes and moulds the lives of all of us from birth. It is the real contribution of this book to bring clearly before us the conception of democracy in its twofold meaning: democracy meaning self-government and meaning equality.

These two meanings were clearly expressed in our Declaration of Independence—which affirmed: that all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed; and that all men are created equal. We prefer democracy to other forms of government because we believe that to be the only just form in which no one has a right to govern another without that other's consent. On practical grounds, it is maintained—because it is supposed to give a "better" government; yet recent events have tended somewhat to undermine faith in the superiority of democracy as an instrument of

the most "efficient" government. The results of universal education with individual liberty perhaps constitute democracy's greatest justification: the elevation of the level of popular intelligence and the vital stimulus imparted to initiative. We are coming to realise to-day the liberalising influence of democracy in its effect upon the doctrine militarism and the policy of making war. For as men acquire self-control and a sense of responsibility under democracy, they turn in revolt against aggressive warfare and incline the more surely toward peaceful settlements, by adjudication and arbitration, of great national issues. The peace treaties, drawn up by Mr. Bryan, constitute an organic expression of American democratic spirit; and in another less crowded hour their merits will the more surely and conspicuously appear.

Professor Tufts sanely asserts that "the finest and largest meaning of democracy is that all people should share as largely as possible in the best life." All men are not created equal in the conventional sense, of course; for men are born equal, and again, after birth, things happen to them in such a way and under such circumstances as to make them unequal. "The fundamental idea of democracy," says the author, "is that everyone ought to have a chance to show what is in him." This, as I take it, is an expression in familiar terms of the noblest definition of democracy I have ever encountered, the utterance of the great French scientist, Pasteur: "Democracy is that order in the state which enables each man to put forth his utmost effort." We prize democracy as an equalising influence, because we have discovered that co-

operation is better than exclusiveness, that superiority in one thing does not breed contempt for others, but enlarges the power of recognising the superiority in something else. There is a weakness in democracy here; for the tendency to regard any man as the equal of any other man weakens respect for highly developed technical skill, artistic, scientific, or of whatever mode of achievement. Professor William James declared that rivalry was the mainspring of nine-tenths of the work of the world. "We know that if we do not do the task someone else will do it and get the credit, so we do it." Inequality of condition is a necessary result of inequality in striving; but democracy primarily concerns itself with seeing that rivalry shall operate under conditions as nearly as possible ideal. "Inequality is of benefit only if we first have equality of opportunity." Certainly the Socialists of to-day, toward which democracy, in certain countries, seems to be irresistibly tending, maintain that men need no prizes to stimulate them to do their best, and that inequality is no incentive to supreme effort. Wherever the truth may lie—and it would seem to be true that the more enlightened the consciousness the weaker is the stimulus to great achievement afforded by prizes—democracy aims toward the ideal in a future state, which finds expression in Kipling's memorable creed of the true artist:

And only the Master shall praise us, and
only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no
one shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of the working, and
each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the
God of Things as They Are!

IV

Fresh realisation of how deep sunk in the past are the roots of American liberty and what American democracy owes to England is afforded in a comparison of the age of Shakespeare with the present day, of the spirit of Lafayette, Beaumarchais and Rochambeau, with the spirit of Wilson.* In the light of present events, we are vividly reminded that "the institutions, the law and the liberty, the democracy administered by the fittest, are not only theirs and ours in common, but are derived from Shakespeare's England, and are Shakespeare . . ." In contrast with a suggestive comparison with these reflections over the origins of American liberty stand the series of addresses by contemporary publicists on fundamental questions provoked by the war, notably the speeches and public utterances of the heads of the British and French Commissions to this country, April 21 to July 4, 1917.† In this flood of gratulation and *rapprochement*, there is no adequate interpretation, either of democracy or of American ideals. These have found their classic interpreter in President Wilson, in his several messages to Congress and his notes to foreign powers. American ideals, seen through the French temperament, are not inaptly voiced by Viviani. "When one studies . . . the American soul, one discovers . . . how fresh and delicate it is, and when at certain moments of public life one considers the

*Shakespeare and the Founders of Liberty in America. By Charles Mills Gayley. New York: The Macmillan Company.

†Balfour, Viviani and Joffe. Edited by Francis W. Halsey. New York and London: Funk and Wagnalls Company.

soul of the nation, then one sees all the force of the ideals that rise from it is such that this American people, in its perfect balance, is at once practical and sentimental, a realiser and a dreamer, and is always ready to place its practical qualities at the disposal of its puissant thoughts." The true philosophic basis of the struggle is laid in Mr. Balfour's memorable utterance at the Waldorf Dinner—by inference illuminating American ideals when shown in contrast with the brutal materialism of Germany. This, perhaps the most noteworthy utterance recorded in this volume, may fittingly be compared with a similar passage in Senator Lodge's speech in the United States Senate, delivered more than a month earlier, on "War with Germany." The true issues of the conflict, treated with fine discrimination and in a mood of elevated patriotism, are embodied in this volume.‡

V

It is eminently desirable, at this time, that American ideals should be set forth in the clearest terms and most eloquent expression, in order that the minds of men may be clarified and that American principles may stand forth sharply in the light of common day. Most stimulating and instructive, of such collections, is the volume which issues from the University of North Carolina.§ Large scope for interpretation is left to the reader of the suggestive se-

‡War Addresses, 1915-1917. By Henry Cabot Lodge. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

§American Ideals. Edited by Norman Foerster, Associate Professor of English, and W. W. Pierson, Jr., Assistant Professor of History. Boston, New York, Chicago: Houghton Mifflin Company.

lections illustrating the topics: Liberty and Union, State and Nation, American Democracy, American Foreign Policy, and Foreign Opinion of the United States. Even amid these classic selections, eminently conspicuous are Edwin A. Alderman's great address at Raleigh, November 9, 1915, "Can Democracy Be Organised?"—exquisitely phrased, intricately wrought out of the true fibre of American democracy; and Frederick J. Turner's "Contributions of the West to American Democracy," in which he comically claims as typical Western figures three famous men born in the South: Jefferson, Jackson, and Lincoln. Another volume of similar interest, essentially interpretative, embodies the Weil Lectures on American Citizenship delivered at the University of North Carolina in 1916, together with additional lectures subsequently delivered at Vanderbilt University.* This story of the growth and development of the spirit of liberty, just government, and freedom of individual action, on the North American Continent, is even more effectively received from the lips of Doctor Macdonald, a speaker of undoubted eloquence.

The most far-reaching American ideal given driving power by the war is the so-called extension of the principles of the Monroe Doctrine to the civilised world. This enlargement of

*The North American Idea. By James A. Macdonald. New York, Chicago, Toronto, London and Edinburgh: Fleming H. Revell Company.

American diplomatic principles finds satisfying background in the historic evolution of American diplomacy. If Mr. Page portrays in high colours the dramatic episodes in our diplomatic history, in a popular book forthrightly American in tone and spirit,† Doctor Moore tells in quiet tones and dry veracity the story of the development of the principles which have slowly broadened down from precedent to precedent, in our relations with other countries.‡ It is startling to realise that the present war has shattered the fundamental American principle of "non-intervention," which has hitherto involved strict abstention from any part in the political arrangements of Europe; made impossible continued adherence to the American principles of neutrality; and so broadened the scope of the Monroe Doctrine as to cause the Allied Powers waging war against Germany to be termed a League to Enforce Peace "in being."

Ours be the faith in the ultimate triumph of the liberalising principles of democracy and in the long prevailing of those higher American ideals which battle against the forces of scientific materialism and the deified state, founded upon the barbaric might of conscienceless militarism. "Let us have faith," with Lincoln, "that right makes might."

†Dramatic Moments in American Diplomacy. By Ralph W. Page. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

‡Principles of American Diplomacy. By John Bassett Moore. Harper's Citizen Series. New York: Harper and Brothers.

SOME BOOKS OF SHORT STORIES

BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

It is too early as yet to predict with safety what effect the entrance of the United States into the great world war will have upon contemporary literature. But two factors have already begun to make their influence felt. The American public is reading less fiction than a year ago, and paradoxically enough more volumes of short stories. I had occasion not long ago to send out a questionnaire on this subject to American publishers and was pleasantly surprised by the evidence their replies afforded that the short story in book form was at last coming into its own.

In seeking a partial explanation of the facts, I suspect that three ele-

ments enter into the situation. In the first place the compelling interest to us all of actual volumes of war experience make the American novel seem a rather pallid recreation. This is not wholly a matter for regret. If our novels cannot sustain comparison as a faithful reflection of life with true narratives of the war, it is because they are not based on experience sufficiently real to claim artistic sincerity for them, and the winnowing process, which might not have taken place were it not for the war, will be of distinct benefit to our literature.

In the second place the standard of our short stories is improving measurably from year to year, and

***The Gambler, and Other Stories.** By Fyodor Dostoevsky. From the Russian by Constance Garnett. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Foundling Prince, and Other Tales. Translated and Adopted from the Roumanian of Petre Ispirescu. By Julia Collier Harris and Rea Ipcar. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company.

Mashi and Other Stories. By Sir Rabin-dranath Tagore. Translated from the Original Bengali by Various Writers. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Rinconete and Cortadillo. By Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. Translated from the Spanish with an Introduction and Notes by Mariano J. Lorente. With a Preface by R. B. Cunningham Graham. Boston: The Four Seas Company.

Nine Tales. By Hugh de Sélincourt. With an Introduction by Harold Child. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Under the Hermés, and Other Stories. By Richard Dehan. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

French Windows. By "John Ayscough." New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

The Transactions of Lord Louis Lewis. Described by Roland Pertwee. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Next of Kin: Those Who Wait and Wonder. By Nellie L. McClung. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Frenzied Fiction. By Stephen Leacock. New York: John Lane Company.

The Scar That Tripled. A True Story of the Great War. By William G. Shepherd. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Teepee Neighbors. By Grace Coolidge. Boston: The Four Seas Company.

Great Love Stories of the Bible, and Their Lessons for To-Day. By Billy Sunday. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Little Stories from the Screen. By William Addison Lathrop. New York: Britton Publishing Company.

The Little Tailor of the Winding Way. By Gertrude Crownfield. Illustrated by Willy Pogány. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Children's Second Book of Patriotic Stories. By H. W. Dickinson. Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Company.

we are becoming more self-conscious critics of this literary form.

Finally, the upward trend in the cost of magazines makes the old-time contrast between the ten-cent magazine of short stories and the dollar-and-a-half volume less vivid to the purchaser. As the American soldier at the front finds time for reading, it must be for books in which interruption furnishes no fatal break in the narrative. The volume of short stories would seem likely to develop a special audience overseas if the war continues.

The shelf of volumes which is before me shows how cosmopolitan the short story has become, and how many varying national traditions are represented in it. Russian, Hindu, Rumanian, Spanish, English, Canadian, and American writers have all found a common ground in the technique of the short story, and it is in the short story that I believe we approach most nearly to a cosmopolitan literary medium.

Mrs. Garnett's new volume of translations from Dostoevsky consists of three narratives which are properly novelettes rather than short stories. In *The Gambler* a young man sets down in his diary the spiritual history of a family in its relations to himself and to one another. Passionately real in its analysis and in the flame that consumes the soul of a gambler, grasping feverishly after the illusions of chance, and repudiating the certain happiness which is within his grasp, Dostoevsky has rendered with faithful exactitude a disease which has many aspects, and one which is a symbol for him of the Russian soul. Under the stern and relentless unfolding of this passion is revealed a genuine and tragic pity, futile be-

cause of the lack of will behind it, but none the less generous for what it has foresworn.

Poor People, which is perhaps more truly Dostoevsky at his best, reveals in the form of a series of letters between an old man and a young girl the indomitable tenderness of the Russian soul which poverty and even death cannot conquer. The mutual self-sacrifice of these two, so shyly beautiful, is almost too poignant in its revelation of spiritual determination. In one of Varvara Alexyevna's letters to Makar Dyevushkin, there is a short story which surely ranks among the few great stories of its kind in any literature. It tells of old Pokrovsky and the tragic idyl of his devotion to his son, ending with the immortal picture of an old man in his grief, like a Russian Lear, following the body of his son to its last resting place.

The last story in the volume has been accessible before in another translation, but Mrs. Garnett's rendering here, as always, is surely the finer one. *The Landlady* tells how a waif idealises a man in whom she believes that she finds an overwhelming tenderness. The very ideality of her dreaming develops her own soul so that she offers him her all, but in accepting it he destroys her and himself as well. No modern writer save Dostoevsky fulfils so completely the Greek conception of tragedy, though pity rather than fear is the chief resolution of his tragic katharsis.

When we open *The Foundling Prince*, by Petre Ispirescu, we find ourselves in a totally different world. Here the suffering of life does not enter, even as a shadow lightly passing across the page. The author transports us to a fairy world which is timeless and radiant

with a white light that never was on sea or land. The volume is a collection of old Rumanian folk tales, many of them with the memory of Greece and the Grecian gods still upon them. There is a wild poetry in these tales which takes its colouring from earth and sea and wind and sky. From phantoms of knights and ladies, castles and dragons, whose tapestry is woven across the summer sky, the peasants have conjured up these fairy tales, which are one of the few survivals of the golden age in modern literature. The old life of the centaurs and the rhododendron-wooded mountains retains its evocative magic in these pages, and I seem to find traces in them of a secret doctrine handed down perhaps from father to son through generations of wise men who knew and taught, though guardedly, the ultimate mystery of change. At times one encounters a strangely moving image such as that where the princess discovers a group of revolving palaces, castles which turned upon themselves and followed the rays of the sun. And there is a delightful sense of form about these stories which suggests that their telling also was a traditional art. A word must be said for the delicately woven prose in which the translators have clothed these stories. Published as they now are in an expensive limited edition, they are not accessible to the large general public which would welcome them. It is surely to be hoped that eventually they may be accessible in a more popular and less expensive form.

Of *Mashi, and Other Tales*, by Sir Rabindranath Tagore, it is difficult to speak without undue enthusiasm. Their atmosphere suggests a kindred quality with the sto-

ries of Ispirescu, but they are the result of a more sophisticated art. With admirable economy of means, Tagore has succeeded in conveying the utmost subtlety of nostalgic remembrance, and the sensuous beauty of shrouded landscape in which he projects his figures sustains profound emotional revelation without undue tightening of the literary fabric. Tagore's worship of natural beauty as the reflection of spiritual loveliness suggests more than once the romantic animism of W. H. Hudson, though, contrary to the general impression of Tagore, it is less un-earthly. There is a quality of line in these pictures that suggests the best Japanese landscape prints, though I am unable to judge whether what seems freshness of feeling to an occidental reader may not after all be no more than a convention, though a noble one. Certainly such a story as *The Skeleton* is unrivalled in Western literature for its passionate sympathy for a defeated object, save perhaps for a memorable, though little known, Scotch Gaelic poem called *The Lament at the Wedding*. Sir Rabindranath Tagore's literary method is a strange one to us, but it might well be the beginning of a new short-story tradition in which an American writer found inspiration as fresh as the new impulse that the discovery of Japanese prints brought to Whistler and others that followed him.

It was a pleasant ambition of Mr. Lorente to give us a new rendering of Cervantes's *Exemplary Novels*, and his translation of *Rinconete and Cortadillo* is a happy promise of what is in store for us. My only regret is that he has seen fit to prefix it with an introduction whose polemics are so alien in their acri-

mony to the spirit of Cervantes. I have not had the opportunity of comparing Mr. Lorente's translation with the earlier versions to which he takes exception, but certainly the present translation is not only idiomatic, but has a charming quality of style that is all its own. Mr. Cunningham Graham, whose short stories are too little known in this country, contributes a preface to the volume which is altogether delightful. We do not need his warning that the *Exemplary Novels* of Cervantes are not always altogether exemplary, but those who love Borrow and "Gil Blas" and the other great masters of the picaresque story will revel in *Rinconete and Cortadillo*.

Of the English volumes of short stories which are on my shelf, *Nine Tales*, by Hugh de Sélincourt, is easily the best. To those of us who found in *A Soldier of Life* last year a novel which revealed far more of the spiritual realities of this war than *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*, or any other book by an English writer, these stories have been awaited with eagerness. In *The Sacrifice*, Mr. de Sélincourt has surpassed this novel for human revelation of war's spiritual effect on England, and *Sense of Sin* is as fine a story in a different manner. It is odd to realise that Mr. de Sélincourt is already the author of a dozen volumes, and it is to be hoped that an enterprising publisher will make more of them accessible to the American public. Harold Child, in his introduction to this volume, pays the author an affectionate tribute which somehow misses the essence of his art. These stories are an eloquent plea for spiritual freedom based on physical health and imaginative life. I suppose that no English writer of

fiction has felt more deeply the essential message of Walt Whitman and it is the radiant joy that Whitman would have us all share that is at the heart of Mr. de Sélincourt's message. There is a fine spaciousness about him, which takes no account of the little passions of our day, and a cleansing wind of imagination sweeps through these pages as the wind that accompanied the centaurs of old times down the slopes of the Caucasus. An art so delicate as this is rare and very much needed in these passionate days.

Under the Hermès, by Richard Dehan, is written solely with the worthy object of entertaining the reader. Five or six years ago, I remember steaming down the Labrador in a decrepit little boat called rather magnificently the *Stella Maris* (and fisherman's rumour had it that Lady Morris was so honoured by the christening), and my only companion for a week in the stuffy cabin was an independent fur trader on his way to his winter post near Nain. His baggage consisted of two crates of jam and two volumes by Richard Dehan, and I remember how we banished sleep for several nights and days by reading them to each other, and then beginning all over again. If I knew where Richard White was now, I would send him a copy of *Under the Hermès* to see if the old magic was still there.

These studies in place reconstitute many a vanished period, and cover many strange parts of the globe. I know my fur trader would have argued furiously about the Esquimau stories in this volume, and they are improbable, but what matter after all if they retain their illusion for us while we enjoy them. *White Man's Magic* is memorable, and *The*

Great Beast of Kafue, and I think there are several others at which the creator of D'Artagnan would have smiled appreciatively. Richard Dehan is so incorrigibly romantic that his stories sometimes fall into blank verse, but so did the author of *Lorna Doone* on several occasions. I can recommend *Under the Hermès* cordially to those who are not too critical to content themselves with good stories imaginatively told.

John Ayscough has gathered the series of sketches which he contributed to *The Month* during the earlier years of the war into a volume called *French Windows*. They begin rather quietly and hardly create a stir of expectancy at first, but slowly a warm glow steals over them and we begin to realise the quiet art with which the author presents his memories. A couple of years ago Alan Seeger told us of his passionate rendezvous with death. It was the first time that America had found an imaginative voice in this war. These tales of John Ayscough tell of the same rendezvous, but for the French boys with whom he talked and slept in the trenches, this was, as they finely phrased it, a rendezvous with God. Instead of the grim barricade of death, theirs was an attitude of expectancy and the hope that they might be found worthy to cross the barricade of life. The best of this book is in little pictures, so slight in outward aspect that another would have passed them by. For example, the venerable priest who writes under a sheltering *nom de guerre* met an old *poilu* who reminded him of Barlasch of the Guard.

"Look," said the Ancient, "take this also." And he gave him a small crucifix.

"*Eh! Un petit Christ. Joli ça. Hein? Je la garderai.*" And he polished the cross upon his grimy sleeve.

"I had another once," he said, in his husky voice. "When I was a little one. But I lost Him."

"*Votre petit Christ?*"

"Barlasch nodded.

"Well, you've found Him again. He was little once; before they killed Him."

"*Tiens!*" cried Barlasch, and he held out one of his knotty, black hands and shook the Ancient's. "*A tantôt,*" he said, moving on.

"How tired he looked; almost stumbling, as he slouched along! He had come a long way, since he also was *un petit*; perhaps too far.

"A little child shall lead us," thought the Ancient, and he asked the Child to go to the old weary soldier's help."

The Transactions of Lord Louis Lewis, by Roland Pertwee, relates the adventures of an English nobleman whose passion for collecting rare china and other objects of *vertu* lead him into many strange situations from which his unfailing resourcefulness extricates him. Mr. Pertwee is only one more of the many who have taken a leaf from Stevenson's *New Arabian Nights*, but he tells his stories deftly and this is a pleasant book for the fireside, if the reader is not too exacting.

The Next of Kin, by Nellie L. McClung, comes to us with an appeal that disarms us by its lack of pretence. These simple sketches do not aim to accomplish more than to present sympathetically the point of view of the Canadian women who fight their battles of loneliness and anxiety at home, while their sons and husbands go forth to war. The sincerity and emotional restraint of

Mrs. McClung carry deep conviction, and the book has a real message quite out of proportion to its literary merit. But in *Permission* I think the reader will find at least one noteworthy short story, and in several others flashes of insight such as the following: "The two worlds cannot be far apart when the travel from one to the other is so heavy!" At the risk of going outside the subject of my review, I cannot refrain from quoting a little poem by Mrs. McClung prefixed to one of these stories, in the hope that so it may find its way into one of the anthologies.

This was the third time a boy on a wheel
Had come to her gate

With the small yellow slip, with its few curt
words,

To tell her the fate
Of the boys she had given to flight
For the right to be free!

I thought I must go as a neighbour and
friend

And stand by her side;
At least I could tell her how sorry I was
That a brave man had died.

She sat in a chair when I entered the room,
With the thing in her hand,
And the look on her face had a light and a
bloom

I could not understand.
Then she showed me the message and said,
With a sigh of respite,—

"My last boy is dead. I can sleep. I can
sleep

Without dreaming to-night."

When I was a little boy I once saw a picture in *Punch* which showed another little boy who looked curiously like me standing in front of the fireplace with his hands in his first pair of pockets looking defiantly up at his mother and asking: "Mother, who threw the angel Gabriel out of heaven?" That was a great many years ago, and it has been one of the great sorrows of my life that I have never discovered the profound joke

buried in that remark. But now I am on the eve of discovery. After reading *Frenzied Fiction*, by Stephen Leacock, I am sure that my answer lies somewhere in those humorous pages. I have not found the clue as yet, and perhaps I am destined to go down in ignorance to my grave. I am sure of Professor Leacock's kindness, and I know that he would be desperately anxious to help me if he could, but there is a certain frustration about his humour which makes me wonder if he is quite content with it. After all, he does say what we feel about Toronto, and especially what I have felt ever since a spirit of adventure prompted me to take one of the few lonesome street cars that wander around Toronto a bit funereally on a Sunday, and turning a corner found myself face to face with a huge billboard bearing the awful words: "Beware, you are on the brink of hell!" I can respond more readily to such phantasies of Professor Leacock as *Father Knickerbocker*, and *Merry Christmas*. But there is a furtiveness about his laughter in the other chapters which makes me feel that he is not quite sure about it all, and that if Dr. Johnson came in he would try to be desperately serious.

In *The Scar That Tripled*, William G. Shepherd relates with vivid detail the true story of the lad whose meeting with Richard Harding Davis at Salonica suggested to the latter the story of *The Deserter*. To my mind it is a better story than *The Deserter*, and one which will have a quiet life of its own for some time.

Teepee Neighbors, by Grace Coolidge, is a collection of sketches dealing with the life of Arapahoe Indians on a Wyoming reservation. Told as they are with little preten-

sion to literary art, the simplicity of their unfolding has a poignant reality of its own, and we come very close to the elemental things of life in these pages. They reveal a human sympathy for Indian women which I have not found before in the many books that have been published on Indian life. It was a happy thought that led to the collection of these fugitive sketches into a little volume.

Of Billy Sunday's *Great Love Stories of the Bible* what is there to say? Simply that if you like it, here it is, and may my blessing go with you. It is one of those books that need no exposition, because they have been so thoroughly exposed by the author already, but if you want to know what Adam and Eve, and Joseph and Potiphar, and David and Bethsheba, and other romantic lovers of the Bible would have done if they lived on Broadway, here is your chance to find out.

William Addison Lathrop's *Little Stories from the Screen* has quite as much to commend it, but no more. If you want to know how the more unfortunate crudities of the movies are achieved, you will find this a valuable handbook.

There is a pleasant touch of imagination in the little story by Gertrude Crownfield entitled *The Little Tailor of the Winding Way*, for which Willy Pógany has provided several illustrations. It is of the better type of juvenile which America produces so copiously to the bewilderment of more sophisticated nations.

Of *The Children's Second Book of Patriotic Stories*, I cannot report so favourably. It includes a very large mass of material glorifying America's historical past, but I find little imagination in it and no literary distinction.

In conclusion, I should like to say a word about the neglect which the short story has suffered in the past, and from which it still suffers, because there is no regular organ of criticism where new volumes of short stories are considered regularly as a separate and important literary form. Considering the fact that the short story is our most characteristic contribution so far to the world's literature, it would seem as if it would be well to devote some critical attention to it. But meanwhile perhaps half a million words are devoted each year to the discussion of contemporary American novels which have little or no literary importance, while the one form we may be proud of is neglected through indifference or worse. In 1917 one hundred and seventy-six volumes of short stories were published,—an increase of over a hundred per cent. in the number published two years previously. Would it not be well to establish some critical standard for these publications by devoting at least as much space to reviewing them as we devote to the discussion of published plays or poetry? Where there is no discussion, there is no critical consciousness, and where there is no critical consciousness in a nation, its literature decays.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

IN ENGLAND there is a great discussion over the suggestion to class the publishing of books as a luxury trade and so to put a stop to it until

**Books as
Luxuries**

the end of the war. A milder version of the story is that it has been suggested to prohibit only the issuance of new fiction. Doubtless there is a great deal of fiction produced both in England and this country that can well be dispensed with, but the great surplus of worthless fiction seems to be necessary to produce the occasional masterpiece. No censor (nor even a Bureau of Public Information) can be sufficiently perfect to select the proper fiction to print in wartime, no more than the publishers can be relied upon to make adequate selection of fiction in war or any other period. Efficiency in the book-publishing business seems to be remarkably difficult of attainment, both in the selection of material and in the marketing of the finished product, so that mass production appears to be the only feasible method of achieving occasional quality.

...

Anent the movement in England to put book publishing in the luxury trade class, *The New Statesman*, of London, has the following to say:

No nation can dispense with its authors and hold up its head in the world. It is in its literature that a nation becomes self-conscious and examines itself, learns manners and humanity and becomes initiated into truth through the imagination. The

spirit of man enjoys greater liberty as a discoverer of truth in literature than either in politics or in theology. Literature does not wear the chains of partisanship. It reminds man that he is something more than a voter. It liberates him from the spites and illusions of the moment and invites him into the world of realities. We do not claim that it is the only thing that does so. Religion, philosophy, music, idealism of every kind, have something of the same transforming and transfiguring power. None of these, however, is at the present stage of human progress a sufficient substitute for literature as the cultivator of human sympathies and, in consequence, the creator of a freer and friendlier world. When Shelley asserted that the poets were the unacknowledged legislators of mankind, he said the wisest thing that has ever been said in regard to the necessity of literature. The government that does not recognise the creative importance of books is a government fitter for rule over savages than over civilised men. . . . We contend that there never was a time when it was more important that the intellectual energy of the nation should be maintained in full swing. The nation which will be best prepared to reconstruct itself out of the ruins of the war will be the nation which has been able to retain the greatest energy of mind and character.

...

In this country suspicion has been cast upon the business of publishing

**Books and
War** books during wartime. For many months the Government has kept a

close record of the amount of paper used in book publication and at present effort is being made to discover what grades of paper may be curtailed without serious loss to the publishing business. Certainly at no time in the history of the nation is it more important to maintain its morale than at the period of war,

and books are even more important in this service than the daily news. Journalism in these days, when incident crowds fast on incident, cannot have much inspiration, and it is therefore really through the stories of the men who have experienced the life of warfare, so many of which are now appearing in book form, that we can get an idea of heroism and self-sacrifice, the glory as well as the danger of the struggle. If we have to curtail the use of paper, surely the voluminous Sunday edition of the newspapers, containing about seventy-five per cent. waste matter, could well be dispensed with. Certainly they could be dispensed with in advance of books.

...

In connection with "War Echoes," which we are starting in this issue, Mr. Edward J. O'Brien, the editor of this department, wishes to make an announcement. Mr. O'Brien's address to which manuscripts should be sent is now Bass River, Massachusetts, and not South Yarmouth, as in the past. Mr. O'Brien has not moved, but it appears that his residence is two miles from the South Yarmouth post-office, and as there is no free delivery in those parts, he has found it an irksome matter to carry the quantity of manuscripts received for "War Echoes" over this intervening space of two miles. He has, therefore, arranged with the Government to open a new post-office at Bass River to accommodate his large quantity of mail matter, and if we may be permitted a suggestion, we advise all our readers who wish to communicate with Mr. O'Brien to use the Bass River address if they

Literary
"Pull"

wish their letters to reach him within a reasonable time. It is really astonishing what some people can accomplish with this United States Government.

...

Mr. O'Brien has in this issue a brief paper reviewing the recent volumes of short stories. It is his firm opinion that the book of short stories is at last coming to its own, a conclusion he arrived at as a result of a questionnaire that he recently sent out to American publishers. He believes that the contemporary short story is really the best thing that American writers are doing, indeed the most individual thing in literature we are doing as a nation and about which we should be more self-conscious, more critical. In his review appearing in this number, he takes up all types of books of short stories, from those by Sir Rabindranath Tagore to *Great Love Stories of the Bible*, which is purported to be written by Billy Sunday, but concerning whose authorship it is interesting to note that a gentleman from New Rochelle, New York, instituted a lawsuit to recover royalties. One particular point regarding the volumes of short stories is their appeal to the soldiers at the front. In the active and interrupted life of the trenches and billets behind the lines, the reading of a long story or novel is very unsatisfactory, and it has been ascertained that the men much prefer short stories that they are reasonably sure of finishing before an interruption occurs. If you are sending books to the soldiers be sure to include some books of short stories.

The Short
Story

umes of short stories. It is his firm opinion that the book of short stories

So many letters have been received with lists for a Guest-Room Shelf, that this month we have given them a special section to themselves in the back advertising section. We wish we could have printed them all, but of course that would be impossible unless about the entire magazine were devoted to the purpose. The passion for a Guest-Room Shelf seems as widespread as it is virulent.

...

With this month's issue **THE BOOKMAN** enjoys its yearly privilege of introducing to the public those writers whose first books have been issued during the past season. Hitherto these "first" writers have been confined to authors of fiction. This year, however, we have to record the very interesting phenomenon of the decline of fiction and the great increase in war books. For that reason, this year, **THE BOOKMAN** is including writers of all types of books. After a careful selection of the most important works, we find there are forty-four new writers appearing before the public this season. Of these only six have novels to their credit, while twenty-seven have written books either caused directly or occasioned by the war, the remaining eleven being divided among miscellaneous classifications. A glance at the photographs that we are reproducing this month will show the great preponderance of war literature by the uniforms in evidence. We remember shortly after the outbreak of the war the feeling in publishing and magazine circles that the war interest could easily be overdone, that the public in this country was satisfied with war horrors in the daily news

and that in its books and magazines it would turn for relaxation and demand fiction of the usual order. This theory is wholly belied by the growing interest in war books, and it is a well-known fact that certain of these "experience" accounts have sold well in excess of the best novels of the year. A brief story of each of the past season's "first" authors follows.

...

Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, is the author of a "first book,"—*The American Spirit*—just issued. In this book he takes the American public into his confidence and talks in real heart-to-heart fashion about the vital things that everyone is thinking about. Some of his topics are suggestive: "Why Do We Fight Germany;" "The Greater America;" and "Allies in Spirit," for instance. Mr. Lane talks in practical, sagacious fashion, but he manages to get over to us, in one way or another, the impression of "that mystical thing which we call the American spirit." Probably not since the war began have Americans had a better opportunity than this book affords of conferring on the really vital topics of the day with a man who views them from the vantage ground of the executive buildings in Washington.

...

Mrs. Mabel Potter Daggett went to the war zone as special correspondent for the *Pictorial Review*. In *Women Wanted*, she gives the result of her study of the effect of the war on women. She visited the industrial and war works of England and France, and found all the economic and labor theories of woman's domestic limitations overturned. Mrs.

Daggett was born in Syracuse, New York, and was educated at Syracuse University. In 1901, she married John Duval Daggett. As special writer and in an editorial capacity, she has been connected with the Philadelphia *North American*, the New York Sunday *World*, the *Delineator* and other periodicals.

...

Lieutenant Antoine R  dier, author of *Comrades in Courage*, was born at Mardon, Seine et Oise, almost in the suburbs of Paris. When the war broke out he was the editor of the *Revue Fran  ais*. In this periodical he had published very far-sighted articles on the war, which since 1913, he had judged inevitable and close at hand. At the time he had not published any book, although for some time he had been working upon one discussing Alexis de Tocqueville, author of *Democracy in America*. *Comrades in Courage* is his first completed book. After this, in the same trenches on the Somme, the lieutenant wrote a vivacious little book, *Pierrette*, bearing the following dedication, which from a seasoned warrior is rather amusing: "To young girls, in order to make them think." He was wounded in the Champagne offensive of 1917, and during a long convalescence finished another book, which won as great success as the former. Lieutenant R  dier was a corporal at the outbreak of the war, and by his own request was transferred from a territorial regiment to active service. He has risen to a lieutenancy on his merit. When he was called away to serve in another army corps he was given the croix de guerre and cited in the following terms: "Officer full of energy and

very brave. Volunteer for every perilous mission; during twenty-one months has given example of highest military qualities."

...

Lieutenant Jack Turner, author of *Buddy's Blighty and Other Verses from the Trenches*, was born and educated in St. John's, Newfoundland. He is the son of George Turner, Deputy Minister of Agriculture and Mines, and is one of five brothers, who are all in the service. On the outbreak of the war, Jack joined the Canadian Engineers at Vancouver and went to France with the Second Canadian Division. Serving first as Brigade Signal Sergeant with the Sixth Canadian Infantry Brigade (Known as the "Iron Sixth"), he was soon transferred to the Fourteenth Canadian Machine Gun Company. He was in practically all the actions in which the Sixth Brigade took part during his two years' service at the front, and was twice wounded. He received his commission as lieutenant in 1916. For service at the capture of Vimy Ridge, in April, 1917, Lieutenant Turner was awarded the Military Cross, the *London Gazette* stating the service for which the Cross was awarded in these terms: "He directed the guns of his own and another officer's section, exposing himself continuously under heavy artillery and machine-gun fire." In June, 1917, Lieutenant Turner was sent to a hospital in England and later home to Newfoundland to recover from the effects of trench fever and gas. He recently sailed for England, taking over a draft for the Royal Newfoundland Regiment, to which he is temporarily attached, and unless the Kaiser's U-boats interfere, will be back in Newfoundland

within five or six weeks, on the lookout for new recruits for his regiment.

...

Simon Lake, author of *The Submarine in War and Peace; Its Development and Possibilities*, was born in Pleasantville, New Jersey, in 1866. In 1894, he built his first experimental submarine, which was constructed upon correct principles, and actually did much of the work now accomplished by his famous invention, the even keel type of submarine torpedo boat. This boat divides with the *Holland* the honour of being one of the two successful types of submarines now in general use. Mr. Lake is a naval architect and mechanical engineer, with numerous important marine inventions to his credit. His home is in Milford, Connecticut. He is a member of the English Institution of Naval Architects, and numerous American and foreign societies. His forthcoming book gives the intensely interesting history of his own invention of the submarine—its rejection by American authorities, the theft of the invention by Krupps, his struggles and final recognition and success. It also offers first-hand information concerning the submarine, its achievements and its possibilities as seen by a constructive mind.

...

Theodore de Booy, joint author with John T. Faris of *The Virgin Islands: Our New Possessions and the British Islands*, is a member of the Museum of the American Indian, New York City. His explorations of the West Indies, in search of archæological material to extend our knowledge of the American Indian, gave him a wide and exact information concerning these islands, put to

use in his book in a most interesting and readable form.

...

Major Edward Z. Steever, U.S.A., founder of the High School Volunteers of the United States, a national organisation under the direction of the Government, and author of *The Cadet Manual*, has a very interesting history in connection with what is known as the Wyoming Plan. Sent as inspector of the National Guard to Wyoming, while still a young lieutenant, he found time hanging heavily on his hands, and conceived the idea of forming a cadet corps in the Cheyenne High School. This was the signal for a storm of opposition from educators, labour organisations, pro-Germans, pacifists, I. W. W.'s and the general public. That the young man won over every hostile element is due to his sincerity and sound common sense. The Wyoming Plan, now adopted by the United States as a citizen-training organisation—not militaristic—has spread rapidly throughout the Middle West, and is making its way across the rest of the Continent almost daily. Major Steever, after having charge of its organisation in the Central Department, was called away by the war, and is to-day Chief Recruiting Officer of the United States Signal Corps, with the rank of Major. His *Cadet Manual* is the official manual of the H. S. V. U. S.

...

The Virgin Islands of the United States is a title of a book by Luther K. Zabriskie. Mr. Zabriskie, the author, is a successful self-made man. He was born on a farm in Preston, Connecticut, worked his own way through school and later through

Yale College, where he was graduated with honours in the year 1905, and after a year's study and travel in Europe entered public life, where he has remained ever since. In the fall of 1906 he was elected to the Connecticut State Legislature and two years later was appointed by Governor Woodruff a member of the Special State School Commission. Early in 1907, Mr. Zabriskie became associated with the *Norwich Bulletin*, and continued this connection up to 1911, when he received his first appointment to the American Consular Service. Since 1911 he has served in the American Consulates at Lima and Callao, Peru; Moscow, Russia; St. Thomas, Danish West Indies; and is now stationed at Mexico City, Mexico. Mr. Zabriskie has made several valuable literary contributions to leading American magazines and newspapers and has won a reputation as an entertaining and instructive public speaker.

...

Harlan E. Read, the author of the *Abolition of Inheritance*, is a graduate of Illinois University. Following his graduation, he went to Oxford University, where he studied for a number of years. He is now the head of one of the largest business schools in the country. The subject of his book is one which has interested him for a long time and which is coming to be generally recognised as one of the problems with which this country must ultimately deal.

...

Joseph Anthony is the author of *Rekindled Fires*. He is a graduate of Columbia of last year, has worked under Professor Erskine, and is now on the staff of the *Newark Evening News*. His twenty-first birthday and

the publication of this, his first book, came on the same day. Although he is so young, his book shows a maturity of mind which is remarkable and indeed, as one talks with him, it seems almost impossible that he is only twenty-one. There is kindly and tolerant philosophy, a kindly smile, in his writing and his conversation.

This book is the story of how Stanislav Zabransky became Stanley Zabriskie; of his family, who came from Bohemia, and of the colourful life of the Bohemian-American community on the edge of the Jersey meadows, where the Zabranskys lived. Michael Zabransky, father of the family, is the social and political dictator of this community, and a czar in his own home. His other children disappoint him, and Stanislav becomes his hope, the apple of his eye. In the relation that grows up between them, the father's sturdy Bohemian idealism is rekindled in the son, and Stanley, product of the Old World and New, is born in the flame. There is humour, broad humanity and romance in the telling of this novel of youth, Americanisation, and Old-World ideals rekindled on new hearths.

...

Albert N. Depew, author of *Gunner Depew*, was born in Walston, Pennsylvania, in 1894. As a boy he lived in Yonkers, New York. When twelve years old he ran away, shipping as cabin boy on a whaler out of Boston. After two years he shipped on a British tramp steamer and visited most of the important ports of Europe. Finally he enlisted in the United States Navy and served his time out. On January 1, 1915, he enlisted in the French Foreign Legion. When Depew finally got back to the States, in July, 1917, he

was practically penniless; had an open wound on his right leg; had lost the sight of one eye, and had received a bayonet thrust through the right arm. He had a story which one of the big New York papers would have jumped at. He was, however, and still is very unsophisticated, and having no friends in the East, decided to get across the country, in the best way he could, to Los Angeles, where he had a sailor pal. He beat his way to Chicago, arriving there without a cent. For four nights he slept on the grass in Grant Park (on the lake front). Finally he was picked up by a newspaper reporter and lectured for a couple of weeks before a big war map which was operated by the *Chicago Daily News* for the benefit of the Red Cross. Ultimately his reporter friend put him in touch with a manager who happened to be a friend of Mr. William MacHarg. The manager had an idea that Depew could write a book, and talked the matter over with MacHarg, who suggested that he see Mr. Reilly, of the Reilly and Britton Company. The result is *Gunner Depew*. This boy nearly starved although in possession of a story of great commercial value. His royalties on his book for March alone will total nearly \$5,000. In addition, he is lecturing and receiving large sums from a newspaper syndicate.

...

In an incredibly short period Francis Hackett developed from an immigrant boy into one of the most conspicuous and highly respected critics of literature in America. The son of a distinguished Kilkenny physician, he came here as a youth with assets limited to good blood, good schooling, good taste, determi-

nation and optimism. He has extracted something vital from every experience in his varied career. There was no snobbishness to keep him from being Mr. John Brisben Walker's office boy or from working for Mr. Marshall Field, in whose emporium he began at the bottom, literally, for his chore was in the basement. An affinity for literature, perhaps, prompted him to spend a space with a book-cloth manufacturer. In Chicago Mr. Hackett reported for a newspaper and ultimately undertook the literary reviews for the *Chicago Evening Post*. Under his direction the book department became sufficiently popular to justify printing it as a separate supplement. This became an institution national in interest and directed the attention of authors and publishers to its editor.

Since the founding of *The New Republic* Mr. Hackett has been one of its editors. His new book, *Horizons*, is composed in large part of reviews that first appeared in that periodical. Another book now being completed by him deals with Ireland, to which he is attached by a passion that is tempered by historical sense and practical judgment.

...

Mrs. Jeanne Carpenter and Mr. William Parr Capes are the co-authors of the volume of *Municipal Housecleaning*. Mrs. Carpenter is a graduate of the Columbia College of Law and has been a law reporter, editor and special writer on women's interests and work. At present she is doing welfare work for the Red Cross in France. Mr. Capes is a graduate of Hamilton College and for ten years was editor of the *Evening Star*, of Schenectady. After that

he took up municipal work as a life occupation. He has been director of the New York State Bureau of Municipal Information and has toured the cities of that State many times, speaking on municipal problems. Many of his articles have appeared in the current magazines.

Vernon L. Kellogg, Professor of Entomology at Leland-Stanford University (California), who served as Food Commissioner Hoover's right-hand man in Belgium and whose book, *Fighting Starvation in Belgium*, has just been published, was born in Kansas. To be exact, in the town of Emporia, made famous by William Allen White. At the University of Kansas, Kellogg, White and the late General Funston were classmates. When the war broke out and Hoover wanted a first-class man to help him, he wanted a man who could speak German like a native, French like a boulevardier, who knew the psychology of the human animal, who was an organiser, an executive, a man of the world, and who could work twenty-six out of the twenty-four hours. The only man he could think of who squared up to these specifications was Vernon Lyman Kellogg.

Mr. Kellogg was placed in charge of the relief work in Northern France, and so well did he handle this job that the German Government requested him to investigate conditions in Poland, with a view to instituting a relief organisation in that country. But these plans fell through, and Mr. Kellogg returned to that part of Northern France occupied by the Kaiser's army until this country became involved in the world war, whereupon Mr. Kellogg returned to the United States to join Mr. Hoo-

ver's food-conserving organisation. It is quite a significant point that Kellogg went into Belgium, Poland and Northern France as a neutral—came out no neutral and with only one answer to the German argument in his mind—resistance by brutal force.

• • •

Inna Demens, the author of *He Who Breaks*, was born in Russia, of parents belonging to the class of nobles, with a Turkish great-grandmother a few generations ago thrown in for good measure of Eastern atmosphere. She was brought to this country when a child by her father, who was a political exile and a well-known author, and who came to the United States because its institutions seemed to promise him that freedom of life and thought that his own country had denied him. They travelled extensively in this country and in Europe, in Mexico and the Orient. For a while Miss Demens worked on a San Francisco newspaper, but of late years she has spent most of her time on an orange ranch in Southern California, where she does her writing, besides attending to the growing and marketing of her orange crop, and providing exercise and food for a Great Dane pup who has won all manner of blue ribbons. She does most of her writing on a lap-board wherever she happens to come to rest, and finds life on the whole a joyous business to be pursued intensely and as beautifully as might be—even if one indulges in a bit of oriental fatalism, "That which is for thee . . . shall gravitate to thee." She has nearly finished a second novel, and has her plans laid for a third.

• • •

A battalion of the Princess Pats went into action six hundred and

thirty-five strong; it came out numbering one hundred and forty-five. After the battle of the Ypres salient there were only forty-nine survivors of this heroic Canadian regiment—and the author of *The Escape of a Princess Pat* was one of them. This book is based on the diary and recollections of Sergeant Edward Edwards. Sergeant Edwards was reported missing and finally officially declared dead. To this latter governmental action he offered strenuous objections, and insisted that, at whatever expenditure of red tape, he should be brought to life again. After fifteen months in a German prison camp and two unsuccessful attempts to escape, he at last succeeded in making his way to Holland. Before the present war, he served in Africa and India with the Gordon Highlanders.

• • •

Laurence La Tourette Driggs, whose first book is *The Adventures of Arnold Adair, American Ace*, is one of the authorities on aeronautics in this country. He is the author of many recent articles on aviation and a member of the firm of the Driggs Ordnance Company engaged in the manufacture of war materials. This first book is fiction founded on fact, every incident in its pages being in the actual flying records of the Allied Service. Mr. Driggs is now in France.

• • •

The first soldier from this side of the water to be repatriated under the new scheme arranged at The Hague last spring, and to reach home, is Lieutenant J. Harvey Douglas, a Toronto boy. At the battle of Sanctuary Wood, on June 2, 1916, he was severely wounded and taken prisoner, and was placed in a

hospital in Cologne, where he remained till November. He was moved to Constance to be examined for exchange to Switzerland, and after nine months was repatriated on September 8, 1917.

Lieutenant Douglas was married in New York in February of this year. He is now lecturing in Canada on his experiences at the front and in prison—experiences which he has vividly described in *Captured*, a detailed account of the life which will be led by American soldier-prisoners in the land of the Huns.

• • •

Annette Kellermann tells her own story in the opening chapters of *How to Swim*.

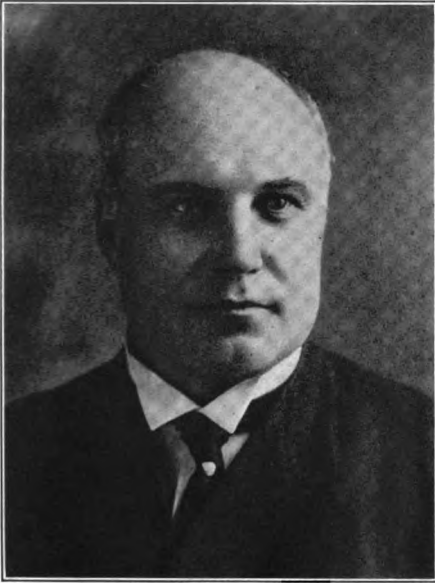
I was born in Sidney, New South Wales, Australia, in the year of our Lord 18—, but look at the picture and figure it out for yourself.

My family had no intention of making a mermaid of me, amateur or professional. But my swimming came about as a means of curing a very distressing condition of my legs, for which I had to wear painful and humiliating steel braces when I walked. Only a cripple can understand the intense joy that I experienced when, little by little, I found that my legs were growing stronger and taking on the normal powers with which the legs of other youngsters were endowed.

At the age of fifteen, I went to the Farmers Baths and took up the sport with renewed interest. It was then that I caught the mermaid fever and entered my first swimming competition.

It was not long before I won the championship for New South Wales. Soon I began to give public exhibitions and lessons, and made many Australian records. All in all, I was doing very well indeed as a professional swimmer in my native country; but Australia, though big in area, was not big enough in population to satisfy my ambitions. So father and I decided to go to England.

Success in England did not come easily. I secured a few private engagements, but my real success began when the sporting editor of *The Daily Mirror* told me that if



FRANKLIN K. LANE, AUTHOR OF "THE AMERICAN SPIRIT"

I would attempt to swim the English Channel he would "run me." I did not get all the way across; but my record—for a woman—still holds.

The following spring I came to America; and as there was no long-distance swimming to be done I determined to capitalise the various water-stunts which I had learned in Australia. It was not all plain sailing by any means. From vaudeville I went into moving pictures. But to sit in the audience and watch yourself on the screen is a poor substitute to anyone who has been on the other side of the footlights. So the stage fascination got me again, and I signed up for the big mermaid spectacle at the New York Hippodrome.

The old days of my crippled childhood seem unbelievably distant as I write this. My early physical misfortune has turned out to be the greatest blessing that could have come to me. Without it I should have missed the grim struggle upward and the reward that waited at the end of it all.

...

Doctor Stuermer, author of *Two War Years in Constantinople*, was the German war correspondent who reported the Dardanelles campaign for perhaps the most influential

paper in Germany, the *Cologne Gazette*. Early in the war he served as an officer in the German army. It was the certain evidence of the German Government's responsibility for the Armenian massacres which led Doctor Stuermer eventually to turn against Germany and to write the truth about what he knew and had seen while in Constantinople. The author makes the formal statement on oath that he has written *Two War Years in Constantinople* to relieve his conscience by stating the truth about the things he witnessed and experienced in 1915-16. He states that he has not been influenced by anyone antagonistic to Germany and has no axe to grind. "May these lines," he says, "offered with the most sincere conviction to the judgment of the public, bring me freedom at last from the weight of the silent accusation coming from a shamed, murdered, and crippled humanity—the accusation that I am



LIEUTENANT RÉDIER, AUTHOR OF "COMRADES IN COURAGE"



HARLAN E. READ, AUTHOR OF "THE ABOLITION
OF INHERITANCE"



JOSEPH ANTHONY, AUTHOR OF "REKINDLED
FIRES"



ALBERT N. DEPEEW, AUTHOR OF "GUNNER
DEPEEW"



LIEUTENANT JACK TURNER, AUTHOR OF
"BUDDY'S BLIGHTY"

one of those thousands of Germans who wanted this war." By this act he cut himself off forever from his native land. The book was first published in the German language, in Switzerland, where the author had withdrawn for safety. It was at once translated into French, and its importance was immediately recognised in England, before the present American edition was brought out.

. . .

Arthur Mack, or "Shellproof Mack," as he is better known, was born in New York and was christened Arthur James McKay. He retained that name until he went into the theatrical profession in 1906, when he took the name of Arthur Mack, the label he wore when he enlisted in the British army in 1915. This name was in turn changed to "Old Shellproof," when way off in No Man's Land he was buried in the mud by one shell and blown out by the next.



WILLIAM PARR CAPES, CO-AUTHOR OF "MUNICIPAL HOUSECLEANING"



ANNETTE KELLERMANN, AUTHOR OF "HOW TO SWIM"

"At the time the *Lusitania* was sunk I was playing in stock in New Bedford," says Shellproof Mack. "I was talking with the manager when I heard the news and said to him, 'Well, here's my chance to be a soldier. We can't get out of declaring war on Germany.' He laughed at me and said I was crazy and that we never would get into the war. After a few days I began to think he was right. I read the papers eagerly—read of the German cruelties and the atrocities in Belgium and of the endless call for men in England. Eventually I saw there was no chance of the United States getting in. So I made a quick decision for myself, quit the stage then and there and declared war on Germany. I was going over and I was going quick. So I jumped the train for Boston and the next day was hunting transportation for England. I shipped on a horse boat, the *Cambrian*, June 24, 1915, arriving in London on July



SOLOMON DE LA SELVA, AUTHOR OF "TROPICAL TOWN, AND OTHER POEMS"

7th. Three days later I was at Mill Hill Barracks, a member of the Twenty-second Middlesex Regiment, an outfit of bantams."

Mack was twenty-eight months in the British army—seventeen months in the trenches—and was given an honourable discharge with pension on October 26, 1917, and is now back in the old U. S. A.

. . .

Dana Gatlin, author of *The Full Measure of Devotion*, was born in a little Kansas town which, she says, was much like the Cherryvale of the book—so it must have been full of delightful people. She graduated from the University of Kansas, where she had specialised in classics, incidentally working on the college paper and editing the *Senior Annual*. Afterward she tried teaching, later coming to New York and taking her M.A. at Columbia.

While there at college, from the chance remark of a professor, she

conceived the desire to break into the writing game. She got some letters of introduction from William Allen White and forthwith assailed New York editorial offices. Miss Gatlin says she was politely (we are glad to know that, at any rate) passed on from one editor to another until she finally met Chester S. Lord, then managing editor of the *New York Sun*, and she gives us the following illuminating account of the interview.

"Well, young woman," Mr. Lord said, regarding her over his spectacles, "so you think you'd like to work on a newspaper, do you?"

"No-o—I hadn't thought of a newspaper, exactly."

"What are you here for, then?" in surprise.

No answer.

"Think the *Sun* is a pretty good paper?" persisted Mr. Lord.

No answer.

(A little irritated): "Well, you



ARTHUR MACK, AUTHOR OF "SHELLPROOF MACK"



GLENN A. L. BIGELOW, AUTHOR OF "LIÈGE ON THE LINE OF MARCH"



MAJOR W. A. BISHOP, AUTHOR OF "WINGED WARFARE"

can answer a question, can't you? What *do* you think of the *Sun*?"

Rather tremulously, seeing that something must be said, and too frightened to be diplomatic or to get out anything but the straight truth, "I don't know, Mr. Lord. I never read a *Sun*."

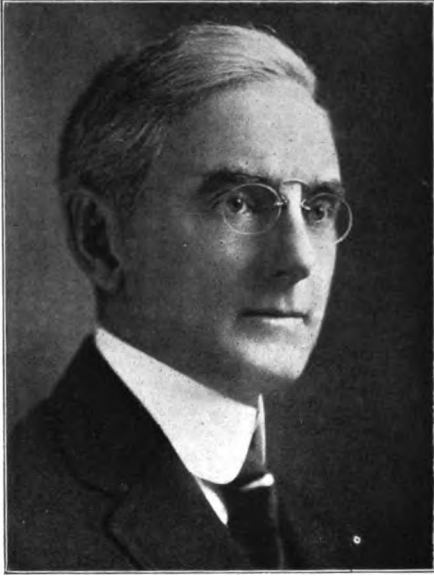
It is a comfort for other young people desirous of becoming writers to know that Miss Gatlin succeeded in landing a job on the *Sun*. At first she did "human interest" stories for the Sunday feature section, interviews, and the like; then had a steady place on the literary page, and finally became its literary editor. This position she held until last November, when she retired to become a "regular author."

Miss Gatlin's magazine experience first began with a series of articles on the methods of Detective William J. Burns, which appeared several years ago in *McClure's*. Her name began appearing in the fiction maga-

zines about four years ago, and her stories have since been printed in *McClure's*, *Collier's*, *Century*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Red Book*, *Hearst's* and other



LIEUTENANT PAT O'BRIEN, AUTHOR OF "OUTWITTING THE HUN"



NOBLE FOSTER HOGGSON, AUTHOR OF "JUST BEHIND THE FRONT IN FRANCE"

periodicals. Miss Gatlin says she prefers to write stories of a psychological bent, but editors insist upon

"young love" interest. Young love, she adds, drives her crazy.

Many of her stories have a Metropolitan setting, but she thinks the most successful are those which hark back to an environment similar to that of her own early days. It is this small-town setting which she will use in her first long novel, which will be finished within the next few months.

...

Major W. A. Bishop, author of *Winged Warfare*, who crossed to England with a Canadian cavalry regiment, was impelled to join the air service by a desire to get above the rain and mud into the sunshine. Within two months of his landing in France he had become an "ace," entitled to special marking for having sent down five hostile machines. First they gave him the Military Cross; as he continued to down Germans they added the Distinguished Service Order; still his record grew



DANIEL CORKERY, AUTHOR OF "THE THRESHOLD OF QUIET"



CORPORAL R. DERBY HOLMES, AUTHOR OF "A YANKEE IN THE TRENCHES"



CAPTAIN MALCOLM C. GROW, AUTHOR OF "SURGEON GROW, AN AMERICAN IN THE RUSSIAN FIGHTING"



Elsa REHMANN, AUTHOR OF "THE SMALL PLACE, ITS LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTURE"

—and he was awarded the Victoria Cross. As this is the highest of military honours, the only thing left was to add a gold bar to the Distinguished Service Order. He now holds the record for successful air fighting. In one hundred and ten airplane battles he had brought down forty-seven German planes by official count, and at least five more which went down but were not checked up.

Major Bishop returned to Canada on leave last October, and visited New York with his bride, but he has now returned to the front. Of his prowess in the air he has always refused to talk. In contrast to the vividness and beauty of his account of the war in the air is his modesty concerning his own personal glory. The following laconic statement was all the reporters could get out of him: "I'm going back. That's all

there is to say, only that I am glad to be once more headed for the front."



ANNA WALTHER, AUTHOR OF "A PILGRIMAGE WITH A MILLINER'S NEEDLE"



TERENCE CASEY, CO-AUTHOR OF "THE WOLF-CUB"



PATRICK CASEY, CO-AUTHOR OF "THE WOLF-CUB"

Mr. Solomon de la Selva, the author of *Tropical Town, and Other Poems*, was born in Nicaragua and educated there and in France, and at Cornell in the United States. He writes in Spanish as well as English and is a frequent contributor in prose and verse to the leading Latin-American magazines. His name has often appeared in American periodicals. He is one of the editors of the new poetry magazine called *Pan-American Poetry*.

. . .

Lieutenant Pat O'Brien, whose book *Outwitting the Hun* has just been published, is an Irish American who joined the Royal Flying Corps in Canada soon after the war broke out and went over with the Canadians. In *Outwitting the Hun* Lieutenant O'Brien tells how he succeeded in making a thrilling escape when a prisoner of war, and his adventures flying in the air and in Germany make most interesting reading.

Miss Alissa Francis, the author of *Use Your Government*, is a young woman who has had a varied and interesting life. The daughter of an



MAJOR WILLIAM E. DUNN, AUTHOR OF "TRAVELING UNDER ORDERS"

English business man, she was born and educated in London, but in her girlhood was sent to Paris and afterward to Berlin to study languages, music, and other branches. But early in her twenties business reverses and her father's death made it necessary for her to support herself. Her knowledge of several languages made it possible for her to become private secretary of an official in an international shipping firm in London, and she afterward worked in a similar capacity in a large international engineering establishment in Berlin. Later she became private secretary and business manager of Isadora Duncan in the latter's school of dancing in Paris and went to Russia in charge of the young dancers when they gave exhibitions in that country. Soon after the outbreak of the war she came to the United States with Miss Duncan's pupils in her charge. On her arrival here she began to do newspaper work, which led her to the writing of *Use Your Government*.

...

From Horace Brodzky, a warm friend of Captain Alan Bott, M.C., Member of the Royal Flying Corps and author of the just published *Cavalry of the Clouds*—already in its third printing—come some timely personal lights on this aviator of twenty-four years, who has achieved one of the most remarkable narratives so far published on the airman's life.

"I knew young Bott in London in the early days of the war, before he enlisted," writes Mr. Brodzky. "He was then special correspondent to the *London Daily Chronicle* and spent considerable time at Basle, Switzerland. From this point he

had the unique experience of getting into Germany. He told how easy it was to get in and how difficult to get out. However, he managed it and got a series of 'stories' back to his paper in London. Bott probably did some of the finest newspaper work in England at that time. He is quite a young man and full of adventure and, being so, he joined the Motor Cycle Dispatch Corps and turned up in London soon after, torn and scratched. It seemed that he had a charmed life. Even in this Corps there was not sufficient fun in it for him, so he joined the Air Corps. As I have said, he is quite a young man, small in size, full of enthusiasm for his work as an airman and a capable writer. His book should make good reading."

...

Miss Elsa Rehmann, the author of *The Small Place, Its Landscape Architecture*, is a young woman from Newark, New Jersey, a Barnard graduate, who is now assistant to Miss Marian C. Coffin, the landscape architect, so well known for her wonderful use of colour in flower gardens. In fact, one of Miss Coffin's gardens, a suburban place in Flushing, Long Island, makes up one of the chapters of the book and shows that none need have a particularly large place for the exquisite assembling of plants. We are so accustomed in this country to imagining that landscape architecture can only be practised on large estates that we forget how much more democratic its practice is in Europe. For instance, there are the backyard gardens on Laan Copes in The Hague, and even the door-yard gardens that face the alley behind it. All had a feeling for architectural composition as well as

for the structural assembling of plants. It is this structural point of view, this point of view of the landscape architect that makes Miss Rehmann's book unique, and the fact that she has not used foreign material, for all her extensive travelling in Europe, but has taken little journeys right here at home to small places planned and planted by American landscape architects around Boston, Philadelphia and New York. There is one place at Providence, and there is even one from Miss Rehmann's home street with a lovely woodsy slope that makes it seem in some far-away woods instead of in a busy industrial city.

. . .

The outstanding thing that Bruce Barton, editor of *Every Week*, has done in his novel, *The Making of George Groton*, is to dramatise success in business and love—the false, flashy kind, and the real lasting thing which only comes with the development of character. George Groton, the country lad, earning his first dollar in New York, putting over his first business deal, elated over his first “raise,” climbing with many missteps the ladder of success, which was not success until he had learned his lesson, found his real self, and his real partner—it is the story of the everyday average man, the story of most men and certainly worth while men. The characters can be met daily on the streets or in the offices.

The author needs no introduction to the public. In his editorial capacity he has already made a name for himself for his fine, human editorials, particularly those treating on business. In this book, his followers can recognise the same strain

of his buoyant philosophy which he puts into the mouths of his characters.

. . .

J. M. de Beaufort (noble of the Grandduchy of Luxembourg, now a naturalised American) was in America when the war broke out. He at once went to Belgium, and in September, 1914, joined the Belgian forces, being unofficially made a captain of engineers, in order that he might get close to the battle lines. He went through the bombardment of and retreat from Antwerp, and was in all of the fighting in the early months of the war. Having had a thorough newspaper training, both Continental and American, and possessing an exceptional knowledge of Germany and the German people, gleaned during his schooldays in Germany, Captain de Beaufort foresaw the immense value of information to be secured behind the German lines, and voluntarily took up a dangerous confidential mission offered him by the London *Daily Telegraph*, during which time he spent four months in Germany.

With a magic passport, nothing less than a letter of introduction to General von Hindenburg, written by the nephew of the general, and addressed “To the Royal Field-Marshal, Knight of the Highest Order, Herr von Beneckendorff und von Hindenburg,” he gained access to German headquarters and later to the Eastern Front and the war scenes in Poland and East Prussia. He visited the German naval bases at Kiel and Wilhelmshaven, and explains, with the aid of recent maps, much in regard to Germany's “impregnable” system of coast defences—all in his book *Behind the German Veil*.

Liège on the Line of March, or An American Girl's Experience When the Germans Came Through Belgium, is a unique story. No other American probably was in the exact position of Miss Glenna L. Bigelow, who was at the Château d'Angleur, Liège, Belgium, with the family of a friend, "Monsieur X," at the outbreak of the war, and experienced with them and the people of their country those tragic events which, up to the present, have hardly even been sketched for the world.

What the public already knows of armies, guns, trenches, etc., has little to do with the suffering that the people of an invaded country endures, when the white-hot flame of the enemy invasion sweeps over the land scorching every flower and leaving in its wake only desolation and pain and despair. This narrative describes in detail just what might come to any one of its readers if the Germans were victorious in Europe.

Miss Bigelow's journal was faithfully kept for the benefit of her family and depicts the comfortable, luxurious life of the days preceding August, 1914, the shock of the declaration of war, the terrific battle of Sartilmont, three kilometres from the château, which entailed indirectly the death of Monsieur X. in the early morning of the following day while the guns were still booming. It also includes the bombardment of Liège, which lasted twelve days, the care of soldiers burned in the forts, the capture of the city by the Prussians, their brutal shooting of civilians, the burning of parts of the town and the taking of citizens as hostages. The passing of the German army and all its accompanying paraphernalia that went to the front in the first days, as well as the following, long, tire-

some weeks, which maddened in their monotony and their inaction, is described as it was photographed on the brain of the writer, looking down from her window, day after day, onto the highroad.

. . .

Noble Foster Hoggson, author of *Just Behind the Front in France*, had exceptional opportunities for study and observation of conditions in the war-stricken regions. Mr. Hoggson, who is president of Hoggson Brothers, the New York builders, was a member of the American Industrial Commission which visited France about a year ago to study how the United States might best help to heal some of the deep, exhausting wounds of the war. The members of the commission were warmly received and all doors were opened to them. *Just Behind the Front* records Mr. Hoggson's personal experiences, sensations and impressions of the trip. It is said to be not a story of the war, but rather of the brooding spirit of the war, a description of the conditions and atmosphere of the country and the effect of the war upon the people.

. . .

Among noteworthy "first books" which have appeared during the last year, Miss Anna Walther's *A Pilgrimage with a Milliner's Needle* is particularly interesting. It is Miss Walther's own story of how, by means of her skill as a milliner, she earned her way about the globe. From Copenhagen, Denmark, her home city, she travelled to Germany, to France, to Russia, to South Africa, and finally to the United States. She had a touching love affair, and many remarkable experiences, and her book gives the sort-of

intimate picture of life in many lands which never can be attained in a book of travel. It is not "travel," in the technical sense, but an inspiring personal story of a woman gifted with ingeniousness, with the longing for romance, and with the high gift of imagination.

...

Surgeon Grow: An American in the Russian Fighting, is a war book of a different sort, as well as the first book of Captain Malcolm C. Grow. This young American physician was practising in Philadelphia, when in August, 1915, through a friend returned from Russia, he learned of the desperate need for expert surgical volunteers on the Russian front. He answered the call at once, sailing on the next steamer. After a month's service at the Hussar's Hospital at Tsarskoe Selo, he obtained a commission in the Medical Division of the First Siberian Army Corps. It is hard to realise the total lack of modern implements and surgical apparatus which hampered these Russian doctors at their work. Yet without any of the aids which helped to bring French war surgery up to its high degree of efficiency, they did valiant pioneer work. "The Russians had only three doctors to a regiment," says Surgeon Grow, "and these often had two thousand injured to attend to after an engagement." Surgeon Grow took part in three terrible campaigns, not only as a doctor but also as fighting man. He was in Brusiloff's big drive, which took place while the French were struggling at Verdun. He did not leave Russia for good until after the Kerensky régime had fallen and Russia's fighting strength was dead.

It is because of the simple picture

he gives of the Russian army and of the insidious influences that worked its downfall that Surgeon Grow's book becomes interesting at this time. He does not argue for Russia, he merely shows us the Russian as he knew him. And the picture is illuminating. We see the Moujik going "over the top" with only a club or a "home-made bomb," since no musket had been provided him. We see Russian gunners ready but powerless to answer the fire of the Hun—for while there were plenty of shells, they were shells which had been made by accident or design, a millimetre too large to fit a Russian cannon. These same shells, captured by the Germans, proved just the right size for the Prussian artillery. We understand better why the Russians became so intensely war-weary when we have gazed for awhile on the dramatic picture this book presents of the army of the Hussars, battling through snow-drifts against the forces of the Hun,—in the midst of privation, without guns or ammunition, assailed from before and behind by the insidious forces of German propaganda, deluded, misled and tricked into slaughter traps.

The book recounts thrilling personal experiences. Surgeon Grow barely escaped gassing in an attack which killed two thousand men in his sector within a few minutes. He suffered severe injuries when a shell burst near him. On one occasion during the fighting he was about to enter the dugout of a Prussian officer when the latter fired, the bullet grazing his body. In the darkness of the dugout he took aim at the flash of the other's revolver and fired, hitting a vital spot. The author is now touring the United States, telling to American audiences the story

of his remarkable Russian experiences. He may soon see service with the American army, for he has the rank of captain in the Officer's Reserve.

. . .

Dere Mable: Love Letters of a Rookie is the title of a first book which should set everybody laughing who is capable of enjoying the funny side of camp life—and camp life has its funny side, as this book proves. The letters purport to be from a very self-satisfied, if somewhat unlettered member of the National army to his sweetheart Mabel. They were written first for publication in the *Wadsworth Gas Attack*—the Camp Wadsworth newspaper—but a member of Stokes Company saw them and decided they were altogether too clever and too mirthful to be lost to the general public. The letters have been illustrated by Private Bill Breck, also of Camp Wadsworth. The author is not half so bad a speller as a first glance at his book would suggest. He is Lieutenant Edward Streeter, of the Fifty-second Artillery, Camp Wadsworth. Lieutenant Streeter was an editor of *The Harvard Lampoon* while an undergraduate.

. . .

The Threshold of Quiet is the name of a first novel by Daniel Corkery, who, however, is already known to the reading public for his volume of short stories published last year under the title *A Munster Twilight*. Of the latter Edward J. O'Brien, compiler of the *Best Short Stories of 1915, 1916, etc.*, says: "I regard it as the best volume of short stories published in America during 1917."

Mr. Corkery has broken new ground in his first novel, *The Threshold of Quiet*. The author himself

describes the book as "a handful of wayfaring souls—gathered into a story. It is a simple tale of a group of dwellers in Cork, influencing each other blindly, but irrevocably, until each reaches his "threshold of quiet." There is quiet charm in its picture of life in provincial Ireland, coupled with a fund of observation and a real psychological gift. Nor is it without a tinge of Irish fatality and humour. But undoubtedly its most remarkable evidence of genius is the wonderful sense it gives of the inexplicableness and mystery of life and human relations.

Daniel Corkery is a teacher in a primary school in Cork City, of which he is a native. He may be taken as a type of the new style literary man in Ireland, grounded in Irish and in Gaelic lore generally. He has written much criticism for the Irish and English papers, and contributed to the famous *Irish Review* under the editorship of Padraic Colum and Joseph Plunkett. Outside of literature his chief interest is in painting, and he has exhibited his work at the Royal Hibernian Academy.

. . .

Corporal R. Derby Holmes, whose *A Yankee in the Trenches* is one of the successful war books of the year—now in its sixth big printing—is a Boston boy who saw strenuous service with the Twenty-second London Battalion Queen's Royal West Surrey Regiment. He crossed the ocean on a horse transport to enlist with the British forces, and fought with the Tommies on the Somme, taking part in the first great charge of the Tanks. The Tommies soon discovered that his middle name was Derby and promptly christened him "Darby the Yank," and "Darby" he remained

as long as he was with them. Invalided home as a result of wounds, he is now actively engaged in lecturing throughout the country.

...

The latest recruit to England's battalion of Fighting Poets is a clear-eyed lad who a short while back was at Oxford. His name is Robert Nichols, and the war has transformed him into a poet. A London critic says of his *Ardours and Endurances*, now published in this country:

Nothing can prevent poetry like this from taking its place among the permanent possessions of the race, which will remain to tell the great-grandchildren of our soldiers to what pure heights of spirit Englishmen rose out of the Great War's horror.

Robert Nichols was a friend of Rupert Brooke. His comrades are Siegfried Sassoon and Robert Graves. This triad of soldier poets have all won for themselves an extraordinarily high reputation in England as the prophets of that poetry of action which is the dominant force in English letters at the present time.

...

Patrick and Terence Casey, the brother authors of *The Wolf-Cub*, now wear the uniform of the United States Navy. These San Francisco boys, twenty-five and twenty-three years old respectively, have been collaborating on stories for ten years, their first being written while the older was a copy boy on the San Francisco *Examiner* and the younger in the eighth grade of the grammar school. This story was a highly dramatic tale of a young midshipman and it was published in the *Top Notch* magazine as the first serial to run in that publication over the supposed authorship of *Ensign Lee*

Tempest. Since then, together and separately, they have written numerous short stories and novelettes. Recently they have been devoting their time to stories of Spain, creating an atmosphere that wins the highest praise from the critics. *The Wolf-Cub* is a tale of modern brigands in the Spanish rural districts.

...

Lieutenant E. M. Roberts, late of the Tenth Canadians, has just put the story of his air adventures into a book, called *A Flying Fighter*, which is to be published immediately by Harper and Brothers. Lieutenant Roberts has seen all sides of life at the front, as a despatch rider, lorry driver, bomber, observer, and air pilot. He has been wounded many times, under circumstances almost as varied as his occupations, and once he was gassed; another time eighteen pieces of shell lodged in his head. After one of the most daring flights he was deaf, dumb, and blind for several weeks, and finally was brought back to his senses by the banging of a door in the London hospital to which he had been sent during a spell of unconsciousness that lasted fifteen days.

...

Arthur Hunt Chute, late First Canadian Division and author of *The Real Front*, was born in Chicago of Nova Scotia parents. He enlisted as a private on August 11, 1914, and served later as a captain in the Seventeenth Nova Scotia Highlanders and as a lieutenant in the Canadian field artillery. He has seen some of the greatest battles of the war, and speaks with experience of Ypres and the Somme. He was wounded on the Somme in November, 1916, and was discharged as medically unfit in February, 1917.

Major William E. Dunn, N.A., author of *Travelling Under Orders*, was a student at the Iowa State Agricultural College and a graduate of West Point in the class of 1908. He specialised in artillery practice, and has written a small book on a branch of this subject and also several professional papers. After serving at various posts in this country he went through a long term of service last year on the Mexican frontier, and in July he went to the Western Front. He was soon ordered from the camp to the firing-line, and spent some time in the trenches, studying the actual conditions of

modern warfare under fire. The quality of his work as an artillery officer led the War Department to recall him in order that he might become an instructor here, and he is now ordered to the Ninetieth Division at Camp Travis, San Antonio, Texas.

. . .

Olive Gilbreath is a graduate of Wellesley and a student of the University of Michigan and of the University of Chicago. She has made a special study of English and Russian literatures and has travelled extensively in the East and in Russia. *Miss Amerikanka* is her first novel.

LINES FOR AN ECCENTRIC'S BOOK PLATE

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

To use my books all friends are bid:
 My shelves are open for 'em;
 And in each one, as Grolier did,
 I write *Et Amicorum*.

All lovely things in truth belong
 To him who best employs them;
 The house, the picture and the song,
 Are his who most enjoys them.

Perhaps this book holds precious lore,
 And you may best discern it.
 If you appreciate it more
 Than I—why don't return it!

DEBUSSY

Born, August 22, 1862, St. Germain en Laye. Died, March 26, 1918, Paris.

BY CHARLES L. BUCHANAN

OBITUARY notices of the death of Claude Debussy have practically agreed upon a recognition of his unique significance. The death of no other composer of our day would have effected so positive a reaction. We experience an involuntary shock of bereavement, even though it is probable that Debussy had given the world all that he had to give it. Apparently he had spent the full measure of his genius. At the moment, I can think of no considerable work of his composed later than 1909, the year of those extraordinary pieces entitled *Images*, the third of which, the *Rondes de Printemps*, may very properly be considered the culminating efflorescence of his strange, very precious and quite indescribable art.

Debussy was the one composer of incontestable significance that France has produced. Previous to his advent, France, great in her literature and in her painting, had contributed to the world no music of an indispensable and eventful character. Even though we were to enlist in her service the music of the Belgian, César Franck, under the plausible contention that his music is essentially French through education, traditional predilection and innate sympathy, we should, nevertheless, hardly disturb the claims of Debussy for pre-eminent consideration. Gounod and Bizet are, of course, out of the question. The delicate raptures of the one, the *verve* and *esprit*, quite inimitably French, of the other are not to be disparaged: one means

merely that *Faust*, *Romeo* and *Carmen* are not epoch-making works either in profundity of emotional appeal or originality of technical processes. France has avoided in her music the deeper gamut of human emotion. It is possible to love her passionately as a nation, and to revere her art, and at the same time to accept her limitations in the range of her artistic expression. France seems to have avoided, instinctively and consistently, a musical articulating of ultimate hurts, universal anxieties, crucial instances. The passionate pessimism of Tchaikovsky, the heights and depths and all-inclusiveness of Wagner have never quite awakened her beautiful sensibilities to a mature appreciation of their inflammatory eloquence. Perhaps it is as well. In the light of contemporary revelation, we see a depth in her delicacy that we had not divined, and a blessed significance in the resiliency of her light laughter and her graceful insouciance. However this may be, we must note the deficiency of her music on the side of emotional vehemence. It is essentially decorative, picturesque, romantic with the spirit of evanescent coquetry, chic with the dainty airiness of spring apparel, provocative and ingratiating as perfumes, and quite indescribably pathetic with the curious, inverted pathos of all trivial bright things, vain graces, frail gaieties.

Expressing with indubitable felicity this phase of their national character, Gounod, Massenet, Saint

Saëns, Lalo, Dukas, and others present us with a distinctly national physiognomy—and fail to achieve great music. Debussy—the least characteristically French of any composer that France has produced—transcended a merely local idiom, and accomplished the difficult and inestimable task of presenting music with a new language.

He is the most original composer since Chopin, the most sensuously compelling since Wagner. His music supplies us with the one superlative inclusiveness of Wagner, have never us since *Tristan und Isolde* and *Parsifal*. He shares with Wagner one gift peculiarly and incomparably their own—the knack of expressing, within the confines of a half dozen bars, some sudden flood and bloom, some flicker and shimmer of vibrating, climacteric radiance whether of sun burst or moon magic or spring blossoming. Unforgettable instances of the exercise of this kind of sensuous and very enrapturing legerdemain may be noted in the shrill tremble of silver sound accompanying the moonshine in the cavern scene in *Pelleas*, the triumphant glorification of light and air that opens the third scene of the third act, and those flutterings of swift and gesticulatory rejoicing that riot delicately through the *Rondes de Printemps*. Small as his output is, it is precious beyond contemporary comparison. His piano pieces—although we may not properly compare them with Brahms, because of their lack of philosophical and spiritual substance—are the most evolutionary compositions that have been supplied us since Chopin's preludes, etudes, scherzos and ballades. They have enlarged our conception of the possibilities of the pianoforte

as have no other compositions since the death of the great Polish composer. In quality of aerial perspective, atmospheric vibration, luminous and prismatic interplay and overlapping of tone with tone, a composition such as the *Reflets dans l'eau*, the *Soirée dans Grenade* or the *Cathédrale engloutie* (to choose at random) is as much an advance, technically speaking, over the Chopin broken chord study as the broken chord study is an advance over Beethoven's "Moonlight" Sonata. We cannot overemphasise the value of the contributions that Debussy has made to the progress of the sheerly aural side of music.

There is danger that a superficial comment may create the impression that Debussy accumulated the components of his quite indescribably beautiful art from influences and materials of an obscure and remote origin. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Debussy is what he is for the simple and sufficient reason that he was a genius, and that, being a genius, he brought into the world a rare and original creative faculty. When will our careless, foolish advocates of nationalism in art awake to the fact that what we prize in an artist is individuality, and that an artist is great in proportion to the degree with which he brings into the world a kind and quality of beauty that had not been there before! This is precisely what Debussy did. It has been claimed that he borrowed extensively from the Russian, Moussorgsky. Well, perhaps he did; but whatever he appropriated, he transmuted into a unique loveliness. When we hear a great composer, we do not say, This is France, Russia, Germany: we say, This is Chopin, Wagner, Schu-

bert, Beethoven. Listening to Debussy, we listen to Debussy—not to Moussorgsky or early ecclesiastical Modes or whole-tone or pentatonic scales. The technical substance of Debussy's charm is not to be detected in some adroit use of alien idiom, of exterior material; it resides almost exclusively in the genius of the composer, and in the miraculous ability of this genius to apprehend a new loveliness in some individual and unprecedented manipulation of sound. If the reader will turn to a popular example of Debussy's art (such as, for example, the *Jardins sous la pluie*, or the *Reflets dans l'eau*), he or she will realise, with a moment's investigation, that the charm of these compositions resides in the skill with which harmonies of the simplest nature are thrown into an enchanting and quite inspired juxtaposition with one another. The four opening chords of the *Reflets dans l'eau* (an empty fifth on D flat, the common chord of G flat, the chord of the sixth and fourth in F minor, a minor seventh on E flat) suffice to create a mood as precious and as incomparable as a perfume. Notice again the quite magical and evocative effect of the juxtaposition, near the close, of the descending notes A flat, F and E flat over the chord in the bass consisting of an A natural and a C sharp. Again, in the famous *Jardins sous la pluie*, most of the witchery will be found to reside merely in a novel utilisation of quite simple material—such as, for example, a clever use of so simple a chord as an augmented fifth. Trivial instances these, if you will, but instances, nevertheless, that, multiplied a thousand-fold, go to the making up of the one composer of our age that has supplied us with

an unmistakable progression together with a superlative beauty.

This fact is deserving of emphasis. The thing that differentiates Debussy's music from the music of the contemporary revolutionary (which is to say, for example, the later Strauss, Schönberg, Stravinsky and Ornstein), is the fact that, although it has contributed to the advancement of the harmonic side of music to a degree far beyond anything that has been done since Wagner's *Tristan*, it has remained essentially and significantly beautiful. Anyone possessing the slightest degree of talent can fabricate new and startling combinations of tone. A mere experimental ingenuity will suffice. The important thing is, Are these effects beautiful? Does one chord follow another because it is compelled to do so by the urging of some occult inner dictation, and does each chord possess an intrinsic and inalienable degree of individual loveliness? Alter the arrangement of the sequence in which one chord of Ornstein's follows another, and though you were to detect the difference, the degree of your emotional reaction would not thereby be altered one way or the other. Alter the arrangement of the sequence with which one chord of Debussy's follows another, and you have destroyed the essence of the composition. When a Schönberg or an Ornstein pile half tone upon half tone in prodigious concatenation, they produce a cacophony as sterile as the mere beating of a drum. A chord of Debussy's, to the contrary, is calculated with impeccable accuracy to convey the *nth* degree of the peculiar sensation inherent in its particular combination of notes, and it affiliates with the greatest art in

so much as this sensation, however vehement, however acute, is always of some kinship with an esoteric beauty.

I have said he was the most original and the most sheerly lovely composer of his age. Whether this is to imply that he was also the greatest composer of his age depends on the relative merits of originality as opposed to constructive power and to a great intellectual dominance. To compare him—as it is inevitable we should do—with his great German contemporary, Richard Strauss, is to realise very vividly his supremacies and his limitations. Debussy's music is exclusively remote from the stress and duress of human hurtings. At times, we are drawn involuntarily to associate it in our minds with fabulous tales of oriental necromancy. Its hieroglyphical hintings of queer, stunted, epicene sound seem the inevitable concomitants of far-away, fantastic imageries, whether of perpetuated dawns mysteriously musical with the chime of temple bells, or the exquisite deceptions and tantalisations of a voluptuous mythology. It rises slowly before us (as in the *Après midi d'un faune* or the *Pagodes*) like some slow smoke ascending in curious spiral weavings; in *La Mer* it affiliates with the sinister riotings of the subconscious released in sleep; in the *Rondes de Printemps* it suggests a tumult of inhuman treble voices met in some medley of elusive recreation amid fairy woodlands cold yet from winter, and spread with a slim, slight green. In complete antithesis to this, Strauss offers us the stupendous impact of an intellect so pungent, so cogent, so dynamic that to react to its sheer power—its arrogant, brutal power

—is to experience a sensation almost exquisitely exciting although beautiful never. The future alone can decide whether Strauss, working often with banal and meretricious material, has achieved by the sheer force of mental mastery a greater greatness than Debussy has achieved through the impeccable exercise of the most precious individual idiom of the last fifty years. We fear at times that this precious and quite unmistakable idiom disguises an innate poverty of substance. Enthralled for a half hour's time, it fails to command our keenest enthusiasm when spread out over the four hours of *Pelleas and Melisande*. We note the significant fact that it is a comparatively easy thing to imitate, whereas the God-given eloquence of a Beethoven, a Brahms or a Wagner can no more be imitated than we can change our personal appearance. We hear an almost artificial fragility in much of this music—we might almost say that it often fails to rise beyond the confines of an extraordinarily excellent *salon* music. The reason for this resides in the fact that it lacks human passion, and that the world it portrays is a world of emasculated ecstasies, evanescent shapes, raptures that wither at the touch as though they were fairy flowers that must not know the warmth of human hands. Given a sturdier preoccupation with the visible world, and a more communicative, muscular melodic scheme, Debussy would have shown a clear title to be ranked with the greatest composers of all time. Judged by these crucial standards, he fails to hold our deeper considerations. He is precious rather than positive, evocative rather than actual. We must beware, however, the popular error

of assuming that Debussy is merely a transient experimentalist, daintily preoccupied with negligible sublimations. The iridescent aureole that envelops the too attenuated quality

of his sound will remain a permanent glory in musical art, and a recondite sanctuary rich with the recreations inherent in all lovely things superlatively wrought.

CONTEMPORARY POETRY—A GROUP OF SPRING BOOKS

BY JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE

IN TAKING up a volume by Cale Young Rice, one is impressed at the outset by his many preoccupations. He is a synthetic poet whose work takes shape from a wide range of sympathies. In his travels he has several times girdled the globe, and the life of many peoples, in their unique racial character and philosophy, has gone to the making of his own intellectual life. All of this deeply colours his work, several of his earlier volumes, such as *Many Gods* and *Nirvana Days*, having grown directly from these far-farings.

Mr. Rice has not wandered, however, merely for the joy of wandering, though he can feel and communicate that joy so keenly. He has a keener spiritual curiosity, a deeper wonder and enquiry as to those ideals by which the peoples of the earth are impelled. Very aptly has he called one of his books *At the World's Heart*, for it is the unity of life, the one strife in many forms, the one dream through many symbols,—that absorbs his thought. It happens, therefore, that in all his farings he keeps his own centre. He is not an objective poet, though he ranges so

widely. All of this divergent life takes on a spiritual synthesis in his mind and becomes subjective; when it emerges in his work one does not get the fact but the reaction.

Much of Mr. Rice's earlier work was in the drama, in which he showed admirable powers. With a solitary exception here and there, such as Miss Peabody's *Piper*, his dramas have been the most important contribution to this field, of recent years, in America. One does not refer to dramatic poetry only, but to the acting poetic drama. Mr. Rice approaches the drama from an entirely different standpoint, for example, from either Richard Hovey or William Vaughn Moody. Moody wrote *Masques*, or used the masque framework to project his philosophy. The interest of *The Fire Bringer*, or *The Masque of Judgment*, is too remote for acting drama; each is a vehicle for rare poetry, but neither was written for production. Hovey's dramas, on the contrary, are filled with action, particularly *The Marriage of Guenevere* and *The Birth of Galahad*, and Hovey merely used the Arthurian story because of its modern social problem, but from the outset inter-

est is alienated when a poet attempts to put a vital message into a vehicle employed by so many great poets before him. So it has befallen that the dramas in Hovey's cycle are little read, while the masques such as *Taliesin*, which mount into sheer poetry, hold the vitality of the sequence.

Mr. Rice approaches a dramatic theme primarily from the standpoint of a dramatist, as James Huneker says of him, "he has the dramatic pulse." His plays are all acting plays and many of them have had successful presentation. He is not writing closet drama but stage drama, and while his themes are drawn from some incident of romantic or historic literature, they are always chosen for their inherent qualities of drama. For example, his brief, but unforgettable play, *A Night in Avignon*, recently produced by the Portmanteau Company, focusses to a point of intense effectiveness a scene in the life of Petrarch and Laura. In all of the plays the dialogue is one with the action, and Mr. Rice does not deviate into bypaths for the sake of rounding a poetic period; yet the plays have much fine poetry of an organic, not extraneous, sort.

For several years past Mr. Rice has written chiefly lyric poetry, varied recently by narrative, for which his dramatic gifts have given him excellent training. His work covers so wide a range of themes that it is difficult to generalise in relation to it. His productivity has discouraged some in these headlong days from trying to keep pace with him and there is no doubt that his finest work would stand out more sharply if divested of much that is of a more casual nature; but poetry is a mi-

raculous thing and the best of poets write much verse hoping for the one moment when they shall transcend themselves and speak with the Voice that is not theirs. All that remains in the long run is the record of these moments. In the intervals, some poets write more, some less; but time discovers unerringly just how often the gods have made their visitations.

Every volume of Mr. Rice's bears its own particular witness to these visitations, each has its quota of poems shaped by some impelling mood to some expression of beauty, poems to outlast their fellows and carry the permanent offering of the poet. It is not in one particular mood that Mr. Rice's most authentic work is found. In his approach to nature, he may celebrate on one page her sublimities, as in *Kinchin-junga*, or *The Chant of the Colorado*, and on the next her most evanescent beauty, in some joyous and delicate poem with lines as light and rhythmic as a swaying harebell. I have often felt that Mr. Rice is at his best in these seeming improvisations, which hold the freshness of immediate impression. In each of the volumes, there has been a group of *Songs to A. H. R.*, spiritual and beautiful love songs, often informal in character, as if written for the recipient alone, but all of them bringing a breath of the upper air of love and reaffirming one's faith in its permanence.

Most characteristic, however, of his latest volumes, such as *Trails Sunward* and *Wraiths and Realities*, is the deeper note which they manifest, not only in the brief plays or dramatic scenes about the war, such as *The Foreseers*, *The Outcasts*, *The Restorers*, *The Avengers*, but in

their entire philosophy. Surely the world offers to-day material for deep brooding, and the poet who can pass it by or who is not touched by it to a wider apprehension of all life, lacks the qualities of the seer. In these brief dramas Mr. Rice shows that he has thought clearly about the war, and, more important, what will follow it. *The Avengers*, in his new book, *Wraiths and Realities*, is a most vivid bit of drama, in which the ghosts of a starved Belgian child, a ravaged French woman, and a German soldier, so newly dead that they are yet bewildered, meet at night on a Belgian highway. These ghosts go hand in hand and appear as avenging spirits before the Emperor. In portraying the German soldier, hand in hand with his country's victims, Mr. Rice touches the drama with that compassion which belongs to all blinded deeds of men, deeds of which men are made the often unwilling instruments.

Since one cannot quote from dramas and give an adequate idea of them, nor from the recent narrative poems, here is that charming lyric *New Dreams for Old*, from *Trails Sunward*, Mr. Rice's book of last year, a lyric in which everyone finds his own experience reflected:

Is there no voice in the world to come crying,

"New dreams for old!

New for old!"?

Many have long in my heart been lying,

Faded, weary and cold.

All of them, all, would I give for a new one.

(Is there no seeker

Of dreams that were?)

Nor would I ask if the new were a true one:

Only for new dreams!

New for old!

For I am here, half way of my journey,

Here with the old!

All so old!

And the best heart with death is at tourney,

If naught new it is told.

Will there no voice, then, come—or a vision—

Come with the beauty

That ever blows

Out of the lands that are called Elysian?

I must have new dreams!

New for old!

Mr. Rice's new book, *Wraiths and Realities*, contains many fine poems and one bit of sheer magic, *The Chanson of the Bells of Osenèy*, one of the loveliest of recent poems. Note its music:

The bells of Osenèy

(Hautclère, Doucement, Austyn)

Chant sweetly every day,

And sadly, for our sin.

The bells of Osenèy

(John, Gabriel, Marie)

Chant lowly,

Chant slowly,

Chant wistfully and holy

Of Christ, our Paladin.

Hautclère chants to the East

(His tongue is silvery high),

And Austyn like a priest

Sends west a weighty cry.

But Doucement set between

(Like an appeasing nun)

Chants cheerily,

Chants clearly,

As if Christ heard her nearly,

A plea to every sky.

A plea that John takes up

(He is the evangelist)

Till Gabriel's angel cup

Pours sound to sun or mist.

And last of all Marie

(The virgin-voice of God)

Peals purely,

Demurely,

And with a tone so surely

Divine, that all must hear.

The bells of Osenèy

(Doucement, Austyn, Hautclère)

Pour ever day by day

Their peals on the rapt air;

And with their mellow mates

(John, Gabriel, Marie)

Tell slowly,

Tell lowly,

Of Christ the High and Holy,

Who makes the whole world fair.

CITY PASTORALS

Pan in Broadway! Is this not what William Griffith is trying to make us believe in *City Pastorals*? We recall that John Myers O'Hara had once a similar illusion and almost convinced us that he had seen *A Faun in Wall Street*. Who shall challenge the inner sight of poets or deny that presences unseen to rushing traffickers in trade flit before them up and down the cañons of these gloomy streets? Wordsworth declared that two lines in his work were sure of immortality, the lines

They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,—

and wisely did he declare it, for these two lines hold the secret of much of the poetry of the world. If poets could not re-vision with the inward eye the beauty they had seen, if they could not go farther and by the magic of that inward eye create a solitude, even in throngs and turmoil—what a song-famine would come upon the earth!

City Pastorals is a book of green fields, running water and blowing flowers, a book of haunting country moods that come to Brown and Gray and Green, prisoners of Broadway. It is a new type of eclogue, put for the sake of charm and novelty into a lyrical dialogue, although Brown and Gray and Green are little more than voices projecting the poet's thought. Brown is the fatalist, who indulges in Omar-Khayyám moods and incidentally makes poetry out of them. Green constantly breaks in upon these negative broodings with tidings of beauty yet to be found in the great out-of-doors, while Gray soberly balances the two extremes. The dialogue is carried through the four seasons, the speeches of the pro-

tagonists being sometimes complete lyrics and sometimes a line or a couplet which goes to the making of a stanza. The effect of the dialogue is that of a continuous lyric, and in merging one mood into another, as it does, it lacks the sharp and definite crystallisation which would come with individual poems. In reading it, I am reminded of that exquisite story from the Eastern literature where a child is bidden to carry a basket to the stream and bring it home full of water. After long effort the child returns and tells how the water kept flowing away. "Yes," rejoins the elder, "but see how white and beautiful the basket is!" We know that we shall not hold all the beautiful thoughts but we shall have the white soul, and something of this effect is induced by Mr. Griffith's pastorals. They keep flowing away by reason of their liquid music, yet they leave an impression of beauty and charm, a general sense of lovely things, and so help to induce the white soul.

Only part of the book is made up of the dialogue, but it is the more important part, and when one remembers certain themes in Mr. Griffith's first book, *The Loves and Losses of Pierrot*, which took to themselves a most charming lyric embodiment, he is inclined to regret that the eclogue was not put into separate poems. The reader will recall *Pierrette in Memory*,

Pierrette has gone, but it was not
Exactly that she died,
So much as vanished and forgot
To say where she would hide.

To keep a sudden rendezvous,
It came into her mind
That she was late. What could she do
But leave distress behind?

Afraid of being in disgrace,
And hurrying to dress,
She heard there was another place
In need of loveliness.

She went so softly and so soon,
She hardly made a stir,
But going took the stars and moon
And sun away with her.

From the new book it will perhaps be more satisfactory to quote one of Mr. Griffith's complete lyrics than to dismember the eclogue. *The Making of Spring* befits the season and is characteristic of Mr. Griffith's delicate touch:

Upon a day in April •
There came a sudden hush—
The silence of the forest,
Expectant of a thrush.

Hardly an aspen quivered,
Until a breeze and rill
Were startled by the rumour
Of daisies on the hill.

Sudden—a gust of passion
Developed in the air,
As though the Little People
Were thronging everywhere.

And lo! the spell that deepened
On larch and pine and fir,
Was broken. In the maple
The sap began to stir.

Softly the doors of silence
Were opened; and set free
Were voices full of wilding,
Prophetic mystery.

* * * * *
The thrush came with a question,
Adventurous to find
Some remnants of the wonder
That God had left behind.

THE MASQUE OF POETS

It is not inconceivable that some future critic will call this the age of anthologies, for surely in no other age did this particular form of literature, or presentation of literature, flourish as it does in our own.

Scarcely a month—nay, a week—passes without bringing some collection, important or unimportant, as the case may be, but all testifying to the manner in which the public welcomes this easy road to a knowledge of the work of many people.

Mr. Edward J. O'Brien's *Masque of Poets*, which ran anonymously in *THE BOOKMAN* during the past year, appears in an attractive dress as one of the spring volumes. The *Masque* is not primarily an anthology, in the sense that anthologies are usually chosen from previously published work. In that case one must hold an editor responsible for the quality of the selections, but when an editor solicits work to be published anonymously, courtesy constrains him to accept what the poet may choose to send. Mr. O'Brien is not, therefore, to blame in instances where the selections fall short of the best work of the poets represented, but rather to be congratulated when they reach that mark.

The idea of the *Masque* was an excellent one, but it stopped just short of what would have given it a *raison d'être*. There is no point in anonymity unless it be accompanied by some strife in determining the authorship. Had there been a prize at the end of the year for the reader who had guessed the authorship of the greatest number of poems, attention would have been focussed upon the *Masque* and the poets would no doubt have taken a keener interest in sending their best work. As it is, however, the *Masque* makes an attractive and creditable showing and contains several poems which not only represent adequately their authors but give permanent value to the collection.

Foremost among these is *The Name*, by Anna Hempstead Branch, a poem wholly characteristic of one whose personality shines like a flame through everything she writes. It is the white flame, the irradiation, lighting the whole poem. Long ago one said, "My words are spirit and they are truth," and I have always felt that the words of Miss Branch take their light from the same source. Their transparency, their clarity, their deep inner joy, witness to their origin. The length of *The Name* precludes our quoting it, but the poem figures the inner and the outer life as symbolised in the baptismal name by which one is known to his fellows and by which he performs his earthly tasks, and the mystic name which has been his from all time and by which he lives the unseen life.

Wholly unlike Miss Branch's mystic, transcendental poem, is the other that seems to me to stand out most sharply from its fellows. This is *The First Food*, by George Sterling, a poem so humanly real that one must have lost all feeling who could read it unmoved. Unlike Miss Branch, Mr. Sterling is not at his most characteristic in this poem, he is at his most uncharacteristic. During the anonymous publication of the *Masque* this poem haunted me, because I could not fit to it an author. It never occurred to me that George Sterling, the poet of the wheeling stars and suns, the poet of those august sonnets, "Sargon is dust, Semiramis a clod," and all the others,—could have written lines so poignant and intimate as these:

Mother, in some sad evening long ago,
From thy young breast my groping lips
were taken,

Their hunger stilled, so soon again to
waken,
But nevermore that holy food to know.

Ah! nevermore! for all the child might
crave!

Ah! nevermore! through years unkind
and dreary!

Often of other fare my lips are weary,
Unwearied once of what thy bosom gave.

(Poor wordless mouth that could not speak
thy name!

At what unhappy revels has it eaten
The viands that no memory can sweeten,—
The banquet found eternally the same!)

Then fell a shadow first on thee and me,
And tendrils broke that held us two how
dearly!

Once infinitely thine, then hourly, yearly,
Less thine, as less the worthy thine to be!

(O mouth that yet would kiss the mouth
of Sin!

Were lies so sweet, now bitter to remem-
ber?

Slow sinks the flame unfaithful to an
ember;

New beauty fades and passion's wine is
thin.)

How poor an end of that solicitude

And all the love I had not from another!
Peace to thine unforgetting heart, O
Mother,

Who gavest the dear and unremembered
food!

This poem stays in the mind like that of Masfield to his mother, the poem with the stark ending, "O grave, keep shut, lest I be shamed!"

Grace Hazard Conkling's *The Return of Jeanne d'Arc* is written with her usual beauty and surety; Fannie Stearns Davis's *Afternoon* is a delightfully naïve incursion into the new verse; and Amy Lowell's ballad, *The Ring and the Castle*, is done so cleverly as to deceive the elect. It is evident that Miss Lowell meant to depart as far as possible from her usual manner and to put her readers upon their mettle in identifying her. In doing so, she discloses another

phase of her versatile talent. The ring of the lines is like galloping hoof-beats and the ballad spirit is there, old-fashioned as it seems in this day of realism. Vincent O'Sulli-

van's *He Sings Because His Wife Has Gone Out of the House*, and Conrad Aiken's *Nocturne of Remembered Spring*, should be added to the gleanings from the volume.

SOME AMERICAN NOVELS OF QUALITY*

BY H. W. BOYNTON

THE author of *On the Stairs* has been mentioned once or twice of late as an author who has long survived himself. Well, in the classic phrase of the late John L., it is better to be a has-been than a never-was. It is really unfair to reproach an artist for having done a big thing only once. Only! There are so many artists who never do it at all. Still, some of us who in the middle nineties thrilled to the new and indigenous realism that seemed to be dawning for us in the work of that group of young writers from out of the Mid-

dle West headed by Frank Norris, Hamlin Garland, and H. B. Fuller, may have had an obscure sense of disappointment and even of grievance at being left, as it were, to go on without them. Norris died. Garland repeated himself, and Fuller somehow contrived a "fadeaway." He could be looked up, but he no longer looked us up, and it is to be feared that he has largely slipped from the public mind. The truth is, any given "localism," sincere and illumined as it may be, is exciting only when it is fresh. These men did the pioneering, we all know the country now. The city of the "cliff-dwellers," the land of the "main-travelled roads," the broad hunting-ground of "the octopus," have found scores of interpreters. We depend on them for further enlightenment; but they do not thrill us as those first chroniclers did. As for Mr. Fuller, I have an impression of him (without any sort of personal knowledge) as a workman who has somewhat fiercely refrained from either repeating himself or belying himself by taking the easy road (as it might have been, for him) to popularity. *Who's Who in America* gives him as a professional author, yet lists only four books of fiction since *With the Procession*

**On the Stairs*. By Henry B. Fuller. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Boardman Family. By Mary S. Watts. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Flood Tide. By Daniel Chase. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The House of Conrad. By Elias Tobenkin. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The Firefly of France. By Marion Polk Angellotti. New York: The Century Company.

Miss Amerikanka. By Olive Gilbreath. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Cabin Fever. By B. M. Bower. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

The Road That Led Home. By Will E. Ingersoll. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The Wings of Youth. By Elizabeth Jordan. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The Flower of the Chapdelaines. By George W. Cable. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

(1905), the last of which, *Waldo Trench and Others*, appeared ten years ago. Quaintly enough, the publishers describe him on the title-page only as author of *Lines Long and Short*, a work of which I have never heard and cannot speak. What I am driving at in all this is that the author of *With the Procession* is by no means "dead yet"—as the present story proves. Here is the now familiar localism of the small Middle Western City,—the abode, for all its youth, of settled social strata, of an aristocracy dwelling under its ancestral mansards, of climbing new vulgarians, of Victorian fripperies of taste and theory slowly giving way to the pursuit of "efficiency" and her bouncing offspring, "success." We have much the same materials in the latest story of Mary S. Watts, *The Boardman Family*. The hero in both instances is a young man from the social bottom who pushes steadily up to the top by way of the commercial ladder, dislodging or putting out of countenance all who base their claims to consideration upon the achievements or the manners of another generation. In both instances we are to sympathise with this hero, this champion of an unabashed Americanism, and to despise as well as pity the ineffectual male puppets who set the "artistic" or simply gentlemanly life above vulgar matters like industry and solvency. Moreover, both of these stories employ the chatty, confidential manner. But their tone, as well as their larger method, is quite different. *The Boardman Family* seems to me a much better book than *The Rudder*,—a story so dispiritingly deficient in helmsmanship. It gets us somewhere; and is gratefully free from that acridity of humour to

which this writer had seemed to be succumbing of late. For the rest, what charms me with her, as always, is her interpretation of place and character rather than her "plot." Of the minor action, the everyday conduct of her people, I always feel sure. Of her story, her action in the larger sense, I am always less sure. It is when the Sandra Boardman of this tale leaves her "nice" people, to astonish Broadway, presently, with her dancing, that her reality begins to dwindle. We are glad to perceive, in the end, that she is no more too much of a genius than too much of a lady to become the mate of faithful Johnny McComas. As for brother Everett Boardman, that fine flower of provincial snobbery, let us hope that he does not represent the American "gentleman" quite so fully as he seems to do!

I am not sure that "intimate" is quite the word for Mr. Fuller's manner. He is, rather, like a guide personally conducting us among his materials, while deliberately maintaining an offish, casual attitude toward them and us. He has no wish to be ingratiating, far less to be officiously helpful in steering us about. The curt "Author's Note" puts the reader in his place at the outset—warns him that he is not offered the ordinary thing, and must be prepared to take it or leave it. "This volume may seem less a Novel than a Sketch of a Novel or a Study for a Novel. It might easily be amplified; but, like other recent work of mine, it was written in the conviction that story-telling, whatever form it takes, can be done within limits narrower than those now generally employed." Most readers and all critics will agree that current fiction inclines to long-windedness. But what

is irritating is that this long-winded novel seems often to be "written in the conviction" that long-windedness is the thing. The truth is, no story is the better for being written in, or out of, a conscious conviction or theory of any kind. One cannot be crisp and pregnant, or even easy and casual, by intention. We do not quite believe in this writer's air of "Hello, here seem to be some materials for a sort of story—let us see what would be done with them." Perhaps what we resent, after all, is this and his ill-concealed distrust of ourselves. That "subacid humour" which the publishers note in the book is too fond of nicking the gentle reader! It says; "I know the kind of story you would like to have me vamp up out of these materials,—sentimental stuff, movie stuff—well, you won't get it. If you watch closely, you may see me knock them into real shape, the shape of life itself—such as it is." The process is a little like that of a sculptor working in a show-window, essaying the method of a chalk-talk artist. Not the job for a sensitive worker: Mr. Fuller is stiff-shouldered at it. "Do you know what I am going to do?" he enquires with grim-faced coquetry (and this is really quoted): "I'm going to put myself into the story as one of the characters. Then the many I's will no longer refer to the author named on the title-page, but will represent the direct participation of a person whose name, status, and general nature will be made manifest, incidentally and gradually, as we proceed." So he asks us what we think of his calling himself Oliver W. Ormsby, and so on; and we feel like retorting that it does not in the least matter what he elephantinely calls himself, so long as he gets on

with his story. And he does get on with it presently, abandoning his gambols; and a very good story it is, packed, whatever its method, with the substance of modern life as focussed in the little world of the chronicler's intimate knowledge. Alas! here also the man of education and manners is shown to be a fribble and an ass, and the bounder wins all the prizes. Surely it is almost time for some brave poet to suggest that, in a general way of speaking, a gentleman's a man for all that!

Flood Tide looks upon another microcosm, and from another point of view. Its action covers much the same period as that of the two novels we have glanced at—the whole period of that American generation which is now, roughly speaking, in its forties. But its little world is that of the East; of a New England coast town in the eighties, of Boston in the nineties, and of a cross-section of New York in the twentieth century. It begins (being like the others a "life-story") with the childhood of its central figure, and carries him on to the point where he in some measure finds himself and his right path. A narrative of the leisurely, not quite the long-winded type, rather luxuriating in details and, on the whole, justified of them. The story has its kinship with Mr. Poole's *The Harbor*: first, as a study of modern life from the point of view of a sensitive rather than robust hero, and second, as a study of place and atmosphere. For myself, indeed, the order would be reversed; for the best part of both books to me is the opening part—old Brooklyn, old "Whitehaven," with their enchanted boyhood. Behind both scenes lies the glamour of the sea-paths, to which the old shops with their

strange wares, the wharves, and the odorous ships all beckon the boyish fancy. In this aspect, at least, *Flood Tide* is really interpretative, and not merely documentary or fanciful. I do not know where else in fiction one may find so fully embodied the spirit of those old New England ports already past their prime thirty years ago.

These stories have to do with the rising American generation of, as it were, the older line. *The House of Conrad*, another story of serious quality, deals with the citizenship, already superior in numbers, that is in process of making, while one waits, out of Old-World materials. Yet, rather strangely, here, as in *Flood Tide*, the flow of the inner action seems to be away from the socialistic doctrine of equal functions and possessions, and toward that assurance of free opportunities which is the goal of an enlightened individualism. The elder Conrad comes over from Germany full of enthusiasm for a German-made system of socialistic propaganda. He wishes to thank America for her hospitality by setting her right. The younger Conrad grows up to see the folly of this, and casts his lot among the guardians and reformers of industrial conditions. In the end, they are both alike to be submerged and defeated by the collective selfishness and personal venality that so easily find shelter under the banners of freedom and brotherhood. The son is snuffed out; the father learns to be content with a milder vision, of a house that shall bring forth honest Americans, a race of loyal workers and citizens according to their modest lights.

Though these four seem to me a remarkable group of novels for us to

have produced in one season (England makes, at the moment, no such showing of serious work) I realise that they are not of a sort to attract a very large number of readers. They ask too much in the way of cool intelligence, ask to be read too exclusively with the long face or the ironic smile. People in general want something warmer, even if it has to be shallower—and this, I think, approaches the mystery of the “best seller.” If you haven’t any genuine idealism or optimism in stock, let us have some sentimentalism—but in Heaven’s name don’t turn us out in the cold! We may know in our heart of hearts that life ought not to be made out of a dish of mush flavoured with rosewater, just as we know that the war cannot precisely be disposed of by cries of “Cheero!” and “Carry On!” But there are moods in which we cannot stomach the bitter diet of fact, and ask comfort, any sort of comfort, of our fiction. Perhaps what we crave primarily is assurance that human nature, the human heart, is still sound, still “in the right place.” And here romance, the cheap and false as well as the pure and fine, performs its function. For the movie-soul, the movies!—a warm refuge for the moment, at all events. For souls of better nurture, a better place and nobler fare.

The Firefly of France is a good example of the war-romance of lighter type. It is dedicated to “the heroic Guynemer,” and a French aviator is of importance to the plot. The romantic hero, however, is that always popular figure, the rich and “well-groomed” young American more or less abruptly translated from his pleasant (and blameless) life of sport and leisure to the field

of adventurous action in strange places. America is not yet in the war, but Devereux Baynes, who chances to have been born in France, feels constrained to take a hand as an ambulance driver in the French service. We never see him aboard that vehicle, nor do we know if he ever goes aboard; but we are to follow him through many adventures short of that hypothetical hour, and to leave him in satisfactory circumstances as possessor of a French Cross of War, and of the beautiful (red-haired) maiden of his heart. The plot of a story of this sort should not, I have been told, be given away by a critic. Enough to say that the action which begins in an obscure hotel of New York on the eve of Baynes's departure for France by way of the Mediterranean, and ends in the heaven of all good lovers, is chronicled with great zest, and with a good deal more regard for the probabilities (with the exception, alas! of the single episode in which Baynes rescues himself and his beloved from four armed Germans with the aid of a casual table) most romancers appear to think necessary for their purpose. I, for one, feel grateful when the storyteller in this kind does not exercise to the full his just prerogative as a scorner of dull fact. After all, there is no harm in concealing the wires from the most credulous audience, if it can be done without undue effort. In *Miss Amerikanka* the reader may find a war-romance of less primitive appeal—a little book of uncommon quality and fresh savour. It is the story of an American girl who, dreaming in the Orient at the outbreak of the war, is summoned by impulse to make the long journey to Petrograd by the Siberian Railway.

She travels under the protection of two Russian officials, a general and young attaché hastening westward at the call of war. Between the two men there is an obscure antagonism. The General is of the Prussianised type, half a German by blood, and is destined in the end to be shot as a secret traitor to his country. Novinsky, the attaché, belongs to the finest order of the Russian nobility; a cosmopolitan in culture and manners, but full of the poetic mysticism of his race, and a devotee to her cause. To the strength and charm of his personality the little American, who has always felt strongly the glamour of Russia, inevitably succumbs. The story of their love, long unexpressed, is delicately told and skilfully embodied in the major theme of the book, which is nothing less than the melancholy and mysterious romance that is Russia herself. The narrative concludes at the moment when, after his return from a perilous mission to the front, the lover speaks his word, and the American gives herself rapturously to him and his land: "The passion of the East, sweeping me up in its embrace, lifting me on full flood-tides, wrapping me in mystic fire—his arms closing about me—his body trembling, exquisitely near . . . a torrent rushed through me like the wind in the forest, but at the heart was peace—infinite repose. Strange sweet tides bore me far, far out—out—out—to unknown seas! Something poignant in Russia—yes, I had touched it." Alas! this was still in the early days of the war: what would have been the sequel for that devoted pair?

To return to our own land and homelier affairs, I may mention two romances of the West to which hon-

esty of "local colour" and more than a touch of humour give promise for readers who are not content with mere romantic formula. B.M. Bower, author of *Cabin Fever*, is turning out Western stories with perilous rapidity, but the gusto of a natural storyteller carries him along pretty safely thus far. His style is very good for his purpose—simple, direct, good-humoured, and almost wholly free from the surface smartness and slangy patter that have become almost codified as the "popular" style of late. And he always has a story to tell, involving men and women, and not merely the lay figures of the conventional yarn-spinner. This tale begins with a vulgar quarrel between a young Californian couple, takes us through many adventures by road and trail, and ends with the reunion of the sadder and wiser pair. The adventures are interesting, the people are engaging, and the whole fabric is woven according to the pattern of homely and wholesome philosophy, based on belief in the inherent quality of persons and things, in which this author rejoices. He has a way of going straight at his object. The title of the present story is explained in the opening sentences, and might, it will be noticed, serve equally well as motto for a novel of very different setting and personnel, *The Wings of Youth*: "There is a certain malady of the mind induced by too much of one thing. Just as the body fed too long upon meat becomes a prey to that horrid disease called scurvy, so the mind fed too long upon monotony succumbs to the insidious mental ailment which the West calls 'cabin fever.' True, it parades under different names, according to circumstances and taste. You may be

afflicted in a palace and call it *ennui*, and may drive you to commit peccadillos and indiscretions of various sorts. You may be attacked in a middle-class apartment house, and call it various names, and it may drive you to café life and affinities and alimony. You may have it wherever you are shunted into a backwater of life, and lose the sense of being borne along in the full current of progress." Before speaking of *The Wings of Youth*, I must say a word about our second Western tale, *The Road That Led Home*—let us have the full title: "The Road That Led Home: A Romance of Plowland. With some passages from the Lives of Henry Nicol, Philosopher of Islay; Ernie Bedford, Pedagogue; Jim Dover, of the Everlasting Thirst; and Sioux Ben Sun Cloud, the Scotch-talking Indian; as well as others, not excluding Charlie Tinker of the Continuous Speech and Ida Bethune of the Pale-green Smile; Jim is dead." This is a prairie story told with a fresh accent or flavour, like the crude, sharp scent of new-turned sod. There are, one would say, a lot of familiar types here, rustic philosopher, village drunkard, fighting district schoolmaster, and so on; but one gets to feel most of them as the real material upon which literature commonly models her dummies. The weakest thing about the book is its romantic action, which, to tell the truth, is rather commonplace and perfunctory—I mean the "heart-interest" involving the two least interesting persons in the book, the young schoolmaster and his sweetheart. It is in the sketches of place and of character that one feels the presence of an extraordinarily sharp and independent eye and touch. One smells the prairie, one tastes the bad

whiskey of the Commercial House bar; one sees with astonishing vividness the physical presence of each of these persons, painted with the sharp outline and full colour of a Vandyck or a Teniers. Here, for a single example, is Taylor the hotel-keeper: "A hospitable beaming spread in circling rings, like stone-ripples on a slough, from his great black moustache to the four marginal points of his visage—the mid-forehead tassel of tough, weedy hair, the blue-shaven chin-point, and the right and left red knobs of ear." Or here is a more elaborate but equally swift and sure sketch in black and white of Jim Dover: " . . . "A little wiry man, whose immense dryness had drawn into stringy prominence every cord in his throat. His eyes burned their way through a brown skin that was tucked and puckered and gathered and primped into wrinkles, wherever a wrinkle could be packed away. There were brackets on either side of his mouth, arches three deep above each eyebrow, a many-stemmed bouquet of lines diverging from each eye-corner. A double trail of furrows rutted across his forehead, with a parallel section under each eye, and a link of connection in the shape of a kind of trefoil between his eyebrows. A deep line so circumscribed and indented his chin that the chin looked like a separate piece of his face, an afterthought, that might be plucked off and clapped on again at will. He looked about three hundred years old, a sort of junior Rameses. Jim was forty-two." It is a book with the tang of the soil—our own American soil of the open West. In Nicol, the philosophical hired man, the reader will encounter a rustic philosopher as humorous as and less cynical than the late

lamented but perhaps already half forgotten, David Harum.

It might naturally be that this book was commended to the Harpers by their literary adviser, Elizabeth Jordan. Her own new story is in a very different manner, a freshly conceived variation of that vastly popular theme, the young adventurer in New York. We are used to the poor young Westerner tackling the big city: here are two rich and aristocratic young persons from Ohio. They are badly afflicted with the "cabin fever" of the aimless and leisured life. The boy is contracting the vices of the idle rich. He means well enough, but nothing really interests him. His is the case of the Everett Boardman of Mrs. Watts's story, only he has more latent strength for both good and evil. His sister sees him going to the dogs; she herself is bored; and she suddenly visions a way out for them both. They will go to New York and play a game, separately and under assumed names—the great game of making a living. They take no money to speak of, the experiment is to last a year, the young man is pledged to virtue, and both are to make their way without recourse to friends or influence. The girl, after one or two moments of peril, falls into good hands; but it is to be noted that she does not make fame or fortune. Indeed, "on her own," as a business woman, she does not even succeed in keeping her job of directing envelopes in a big office at eight dollars a week. All of such prosperity as befalls her is the fruit of pure luck in her meeting, at the outset, with a fine young man of her own class who promptly falls in love with her and acts as her good angel at several crucial moments of her brief

career of self-support. This part of the story hardly transcends the modest boundaries of conventional romance. It is in the brother's half of the experience that we come in contact with something far more interesting. Absurd as it may sound to say that he becomes a successful Broadway playwright in the course of his year, to tell it as Miss Jordan tells it is not to sound absurd at all. The youth serves his hard apprenticeship under extraordinarily favourable conditions—the romance lies in the promptness and consistency with which the favourable conditions present themselves. In all this business concerning the writing and production of plays, the author is delving into her own experience. She throws no artificial glamour over the process. To the Jew manager who has become the one inevitable "part" in this kind of story, she succeeds in giving a sort of charm with which tradition has not credited him: indeed, he is the man of the book.

One other romance the month brings us with kind hands. We who are old codgers or of codgerly proximity, who recall as new books *The Grandissimes* and *Dr. Sevier* must hail as a delightful gift the grateful familiar delicacy and humour of *The Flower of the Chapde-*

laines. With sure touch and inimitable grace, Mr. Cable has done a very difficult thing. For though this is a romance in the old setting, the old aristocratic Creole quarter in New Orleans, it is also a romance of this time, almost of this hour. Faded now are the glories of the *vieux carré*, scattered its ancient names, hemmed in its shabby mansions by tides of alien approach, Italians, Yankees, and worse. Yet a little corner remains, a little coterie in Royal Street, who, in humbler terms, maintain the old traditions and the old charm. Here still live, not as mere relics, that childlike ingenuousness, that fine feeling for beauty and dignity and the obligations of good blood and breeding, that exquisite sensitiveness to high quality in people and things, which enchanted us in *The Grandissimes* of blessed memory. And here, above all, in Aline Chapdelaine—with her tender beauty, her pride, her destiny of a single and great love—is the right descendant of those bewitching ladies of the older tales. Within the main story, with its slight yet sufficient action, is a fabric of briefer tales, linked together by a certain community of theme; and, by their origin, linking together fair Aline Chapdelaine and her southern but not Louisianian lover.

THE BOOKMAN RECOMMENDS

In this department the editors each month will endeavour to select from among the previous month's publications those volumes in each classification which seem in their opinion to be most worthy of recommendation to BOOKMAN readers. The editors will be happy to answer any questions in their power regarding these books and indeed regarding any books concerning which BOOKMAN readers may desire information.

Art

- A History of Architecture. By Fiske Kimball and G. H. Edgell. New York: Harper and Brothers. Profusely illustrated. \$3.50.

A history of architecture as a living art down to the present day.

Biography

- Life of Charles Carroll of Carrollton. By Lewis A. Leonard. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

An effort to give Carroll a greater importance in our conception of the beginning of American independence.

- The Autobiography of a Pennsylvanian. By Samuel W. Pennypacker. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company. \$3.00.

Of interest to Pennsylvanians is this intimate story of State politics as told by its late Governor.

- The Voice of Lincoln. By R. M. Wanamaker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

A study of Lincoln's character from his letters and speeches.

- Tolstoy. By George Rapall Noyes. New York: Duffield and Company. \$1.50.

The writer's life and an interpretation of his time.

- Roving and Fighting. By Major E. S. O'Reilly. New York: The Century Company. \$2.00.

The biography of a soldier of fortune.

- National Miniatures. By "Tatler." New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

Portrait sketches of some public men and women of our day, by one of the Old Guard of American journalism.

- Memoirs of Cardinal de Retz. Everyman's Library. Edited by Ernest Rhys. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. Two volumes.

An autobiography of historical interest.

Business

- Profit Sharing. Its Principles and Practice. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

A collaboration: a comprehensive investigation based on the experience of five authorities.

Advertising and Selling Practice. By John B. Opdycke. New York: A. W. Shaw Company.

Excellent discussion with illustrations and bibliography,—for the student or general reader.

Domestic Science

- Household Management. By Florence Nesbitt. New York: Russell Sage Foundation. 75 cents.

A little book of rather advanced thought more suitable for professional workers.

- The Blue Grass Cook Book. By Minerva C. Fox. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

Suggestions for Southern corn breads and other foods to "help win the war."

Drama

- How's Your Second Act? By Arthur Hopkins. New York: Philip Goodman. 90 cents.

The manager of the Plymouth Theatre tells of his standards of criticism.

- Artists' Families. By Eugene Brieux. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. 75 cents.

The drama league series of plays. A protest against false Bohemianism.

- Representative Plays by American Dramatists. Edited by Montrose J. Moses. \$3.00.

A collection representing the feelings, tastes, and the thought of Colonial and Revolutionary days—with introduction giving historical and social details.

- The Harlequinade. By D. C. Calthrop and Granville Barker. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. \$1.25.

A five-episode play of the imaginative quality that distinguished *Prunella*.

- The Stroke of Marbot and Two Other Plays of Napoleonic Times. By Graham S. Rawson. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

Plays based on historical facts—three incidents in the life of Marbot.

Essays

The English Sonnet. By T. W. H. Crosland. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$3.00.

A defence of this poetic form tracing its development from Chaucer, with a discussion and criticism of the forms and subject matter.

A Book Without a Title. By George Jean Nathan. New York: Philip Goodman Company. 90 cents.

Short paragraphs of satire and wit.

The Method of Henry James. By Joseph Warren Beach. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$2.00.

A study of the author's technique and evolution of his art.

The Mind of Arthur James Balfour. Selected and arranged by Wilfred M. Short. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$2.50.

A collection of Mr. Balfour's speeches and non-political writings.

A Study in English Metrics. By Adelaide Crapsey. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.00.

A technical book for the student in verse.

Irish Memories. By E. E. Somerville and Martin Ross. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. \$4.20.

Discursive reminiscences, full of humour and characteristic of Irish country wit.

Literary Chapters. By W. L. George. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. \$1.50.

A discussion characteristic of the relative merits of the leading modern novelists by the author of *The Intelligence of Woman*.

Fiction

Where Bonds Are Loosed. By E. L. Grant Watson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.50.

A novel of action and adventure with a final love ending. Set for the most part in Kanna Island off the west coast of Australia.

The Flower of the Chappelaines. By George W. Cable. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.35.

New Orleans, the last lingering place of the old Creole atmosphere, is the setting for this story of love and the adventures of a manuscript.

The Happy Garret. Personal Recollections of Hebe Hill. Edited by V. Goldie. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$1.50.

A story of the making of a woman bohemian.

The Source. By Clarence Budington Kelland. New York: Harper and Brothers. Frontispiece. \$1.40.

The story of a lumber-camp man whom patriotism and a woman's love made a man of.

The Wings of Youth. By Elizabeth Jordan. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$1.40.

A story of youth and love, about people who wanted the unexpected and found it.

Long Ever Ago. By Rupert Hughes. New York: Harper and Brothers. Frontispiece. \$1.40.

Humorous stories of the Irish in America.

Miss Amerikanka. By Olive Gilbreath. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$1.40.

The romance of an American girl in Russia.

The Earthquake. By Arthur Train. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

A story of the transformation of a typical American family by the call to the service, conveying the spirit of the new America created by the war.

The Outrage. By Annie Vivanti Chartres. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.35.

A story of the German invasion of Belgium.

Tales from a Famished Land. By Edward Eyre Hunt. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Tales based on the experiences of members of the Commission for relief in Belgium.

Five Tales. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Magazine stories now in book form, including, *The First and the Last* and *The Juryman*.

After. By Frederick P. Ladd. New York: Duffield and Company. \$1.50.

Built about the influence of France on this country.

Martin Rivas. By Mrs. Charles Whitham. Translated from the Spanish of Alberto Blest-Gana. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.60.

One of the most popular of South American novels—a satire on the manners of the newly rich and the vices of the lower class who ape the rich. It is said to be a true picture of Chilean life.

The Moving Finger. By Natalie Sumner Lincoln. New York: D. Appleton and Company. \$1.40.

A tale of mystery involving a murder, a love story, and the secret service.

An Autumn Sowing. By E. F. Benson. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.35.

A love story of a hard man of affairs and his secretary, enlivened with humorous touches.

The Firefly of France. By Marion Polk Angellotti. New York: The Century Company. \$1.40.

A romance of the present war in the manner of the classical historical romances.

Old People and the Things That Pass. By Louis Couperus. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.

A brilliant character story by the famous Dutch novelist.

Nine Humorous Tales. By Anton Chekhov. Boston: The Stratford Company. 25 cents.

Short stories by the famous Russian writer who has been compared to O. Henry.

The Restless Sex. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.

A love story laid in New York's Bohemia, the artist colony of Greenwich Village.

The Ne'er Do-Much. By Eleanor Hallowell Abbott. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.00.

An ingenious tale of a dinner party with celebrities only.

Captain Gault. By William Hope Hodgson. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. \$1.35.

Smuggling stories of wit and adventure, very entertaining.

Pride and Prejudice. By Jane Austen (Modern Students Library). Edited by Will D. Howe. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 75 cents.

Beginning a new series of great works in small cloth-bound volumes, with clear but rather small type.

Film Folk. By Rob Wagner. New York: The Century Company. \$2.00.

Stories of the human side of the great movie industry.

The Air-Man and the Tramp. By Jennette Lee. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 75 cents.

A parable dedicated to the Air-Line to Liberty.

Flood Tide. By Daniel Chase. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

A story (reflecting the spirit of the sea) of a dreamer and student forced by circumstances into a business career, and of his success and the price he paid for it.

On the Stairs. By Henry B. Fuller. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.50.

A Chicago story of a man's climb up the ladder.

Love and Hatred. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.40.

A London story of a modern mystery and romance.

Skinner's Big Idea. By Henry Irving Dodge. New York: Harper and Brothers. 50 cents.

The old hero with a new idea—the problem of advancing middle age in business.

Gertie Swartz. By Helen R. Martin. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.40.

A new Pennsylvania Dutch story, dealing with the modern manufacturing situation.

Making Her His Wife. By Corra Harris. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. Illustrated. \$1.30.

A Southern small-town story of the problem of a new marriage, solved finally by the alchemy of love.

The Road That Led Home. By Will E. Ingersoll. New York: Harper and Brothers. Frontispiece in colour. \$1.35.

The romance of a young school teacher and a girl, in a Western wheat field.

The Red Cross Barge. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.25.

A Red Cross story of a young German surgeon and a French nurse.

The Tideway. By John Ayscough. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.50.

A new and characteristic romance. Said to be one of the best of this author, who is the Right Rev. Mgr. Francis Bickerstaffe-Drew, K.H.S.

The Threshold. By Marjorie Benton Cooke. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.40.

A story of the mill workers of a factory town.

Nobody's Child. By Elizabeth Dejeans. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$1.50.

The romance of an unsophisticated girl alone in the world.

Fear God in Your Own Village. By Richard Morse. New York: Henry Holt and Company. \$1.30.

The story of an attempt to put the fear of God into an American rural community.

The Best People. By Anne Warwick. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.50.

A travel romance of a young American woman in Japanese diplomatic society.

Chronicles of St. Tid. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

A collection of stories of Devon and the West Country.

Pelle the Conqueror. By Martin Anderson Nexø. Vol. II. New York: Henry Holt and Company. \$2.00.

The translation of the second volume of the two that picture the life and career of a great modern labour genius: he finds love and becomes a labour leader.

Taras Bulba and Other Stories. Everyman's Library. Edited by Ernest Rhys. By Nicolai V. Gogol. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Russian stories in this standard edition.

The Pawns Count. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. \$1.50.

A story of German intrigue in the United States unveiled.

The Rider in Khaki. By Nat Gould. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. \$1.25.

An adventure story of the war, by the popular English novelist.

Gradiva. A Pompeian Fancy. By W. Jenson. Translated by Helen M. Downey. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company. \$1.25.

The story of the dream girl visualised by a student from an antique bas-relief plaque.

Blown in by the Draft. By Frazier Hunt. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Camp yarns of the army of freedom.

Finance

Credit of the Nations. By J. Laurence Laughlin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50.

Devoted especially to the influence of the war; a lengthy and careful analysis.

General Literature

Shakespeare and Chapman. By J. M. Robertson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$4.00.

To support the thesis of Chapman's share in a number of poems and plays.

The Collected Works of Padraic H. Pearse. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$3.00.

Gaelic plays, stories, and poems of Padraic Pearse, translated by the author and by Joseph Campbell.

The Negro in Literature and Art. By Benjamin Brawley. New York: Duffield and Company. \$1.35.

An effort to ascertain the negro's real contribution to literature and civilisation.

When a Man Commutes. By Alan Dale. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.25.

Amusing observations occasioned by the experiences of a suburbanite.

History

General George Washington. By Mason I. Weems. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. \$1.50.

A new edition of a famous old book upon which many of the Washington traditions are said to rest.

The Passing of the Great Race. By Madison Grant. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.00.

A revised edition explaining the racial basis of European history.

Dramatic Moments in American Diplomacy. By Ralph Page. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.25.

Salience in our foreign diplomatic relations throughout our history.

Reconstruction in Louisiana. By Ella Lonn. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.00.

The result of careful research into the period succeeding the Civil War.

Juvenile

The Wonder of War in the Air. By Francis Rolt-Wheeler. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company. \$1.35.

A boys' book of adventure, giving some technical details and experiences in fighting.

Insect Adventures. By J. Henri Fabre. New York: World Book Company.

Selections from Fabre's masterpieces, retold and adapted for young people.

Military and Naval

The Cadet Manual. By Major E. Z. Steever III, and Major J. L. Frink. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott.

The official handbook for High-School Volunteers of the United States.

The Warfare of Today. By Lieutenant-Colonel Paul Azon. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50.

The nature and practice of present day warfare by one of the French instructors of our training camps.

Leadership and Military Training. By Lieutenant Lincoln C. Andrews. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

An attempt to analyse the psychology of soldiering.

Field Artillery Officer's Notes. Compiled by Captain Caldwell of Plattsburg Training Camp, under the direction of Lieutenant-Colonel Robert M. Danford. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$1.50.

A notebook covering technical and practical points.

Health for the Soldier and Sailor. By Professor Irving Fisher and Doctor Eugene Lyman Fisk. New York: Funk and Wagnalls Company. 60 cents.

Hygiene for our boys in khaki and in blue in conserving their condition.

Music

Home Help in Music Study. By Harriette Brower. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$1.25.

Informal talks aiming to develop an understanding of music, adapted for younger pupils.

Miscellaneous

The France of Today. By Barrett Wendell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00.

A new popular edition of the impressions of France as recorded by a lecturer at the French universities.

Home Vegetable Gardening From A to Z. By Adolph Kruhm. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.25.

Suggestions of how to make a patriotic success—made clear by hundreds of "action" pictures and thirty-two pages of colour illustrations.

Three Acres and Liberty. By Bolton Hall. New York: The Macmillan Company. New Illustrated Edition. \$1.75.

For the extensive farmer and the home garden cultivator: how the new intensive culture may be applied to big land holdings.

My People of the Plains. By Ethelbert Talbot, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of Central Pennsylvania. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.

Amusing incidents of a missionary's experience with the pioneers of the West.

Philosophy

The Problem of the Soul. By Edmond Holmes. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$1.00.

To support the influence of environment as against the effective force of heredity.

The Theory and Practice of Mysticism. By Charles Morris Addison. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$1.50.

Intimate, simple talks by an Episcopal minister. From the orthodox point of view.

Poetry

The Masque of Poets. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.25.

A collection of characteristic work of the best of contemporary American poets. It incorporates in book form a series that appeared during the past year in *THE BOOKMAN*.

Georgian Poetry. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A selection of distinctive poems of British lyric writers during the years 1916 and 1917.

Twenty-six Poems. By Cecil Roberts. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.25.

Poetry of mysticism and of the delicate phases of nature.

English Poets of the Eighteenth Century. Selected and edited, with an introduction by Ernest Bernbaum. (The Modern Student's Library.) New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 75 cents.

A selection that is more comprehensive and representative than qualitative.

Patriotic Poems of Walt Whitman. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.25.

A selection for the patriot.

Singing Carr. By William Aspenwall Bradley. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 75 cents.

Poems inspired by a long ramble through the Kentucky Cumberlandlands.

Eidola. By Frederick Manning. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$1.25.

Poems many of which have appeared in *The Spectator*, *Poetry*, *The Forum*, *The Quest*, *The Windsor Magazine*.

The Fiery Cross. By John Oxenham. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.00.

On the renaissance of religion occasioned by the war.

Poems: 1908-1914. By John Drinkwater. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.25.

A selection of the author's best work.

Songs of the Shrapnel Shell. By Captain Cyril Morton Horne. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$1.25.

Poems written during action by a soldier killed at the front in January, 1916.

The Grey Feet of the Wind. By Cathal O'Byrne. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Poems expressing the Gaelic spirit.

Toward the Gulf. By Edward Lee Masters. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

A continuation of the attempts of *Spoon River* and *The Great Valley* to mirror the age and the country in which we live.

Sonnets of Sorrow and Triumph. By Ella Wheeler Wilcox. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.00.

A new collection characteristic of the author.

Ardours and Endurances. By Robert Nichols. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$1.50.

Poems and phantasies of the war.

A Celtic Psalter. By Alfred Perceval Graves. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$1.75.

Translations of Irish and Welsh poems of the eighth and ninth centuries.

My Ireland. By Francis Carlin. New York: Henry Holt and Company. \$1.25.

Celtic verse characteristic of the Irish literary renaissance.

Politics

America After the War. By an American Jurist. New York: The Century Company. \$1.00.

From the *New York Times*, dealing particularly with the prospects for the different countries whose future boundaries must be determined.

The Woman Voter's Manual. By S. E. Forman and Marjorie Shuler. With an introduction by Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt. New York: The Century Company. \$1.00.

Explaining the machinery of balloting. The history of the chief political parties, etc.

Rising Japan. By Jabez T. Sunderland, D.D., LL.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.

A brief portrayal of the character, civilisation, aims, and ideals of the Japanese nation: Is she a menace or a comrade to be welcomed in the fraternity of nations?

American Democracy and Asiatic Citizenship. By Sidney L. Gulick. New York: Sidney L. Gulick. \$1.75.

A review of the subject of Asiatic immigration, with an outline of a constructive policy for the future, and current statistics.

Your Vote and How to Use It. By Mrs. Raymond Brown. New York: Harper and Brothers. 75 cents.

A suffrage leader's advice "for the woman who wants to vote to the best advantage."

Psychology

Psychology of Marriage. By Walter M. Gallichan. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$1.50.

Information for young people, tracing the development of the sexual impulse.

Theology

Studies in Christianity. By A. Clutton-Brock. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$1.25.

An effort to determine the values of religion.

Prayers for Today. With a series of Meditations from Modern Writers. Compiled and edited by Samuel McComb. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$1.00.

A selection of spiritual and devotional writings from many sources including Maeterlinck, Tagore, Woodrow Wilson, Cardinal Newman, and Bishop Brent.

The Holy Communion. By Charles Lewis Slattery. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 50 cents.

The rector of Grace Church in New York is the sponsor for this little devotional help.

Can We Believe in Immortality? By James H. Snowden. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.

From the scientific, psychological, historical, ethical, religious and experimental points of view.

The Last Days of Jesus Christ. By Lyman Abbott. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 60 cents.

Lenten meditations for comfort in days of doubt.

A History of the Christian Church. By Williston Walker, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.00.

A readable presentation for the student and general reader alike.

Jewish Theology. By Dr. K. Kohler. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

A scholar of international reputation gives a popular exposition of the belief of Judaism, for text-book or for general reading.

Science

Artificial Dye-Stuffs. By Albert R. J. Ramsey and H. Claude Weston. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$1.60.

A text-book of fundamental knowledge of this branch of industrial chemistry.

My Poultry Day by Day. By Alfred Gibson. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$2.50.

A practical guide for the amateur, with attention to the economics of the industry.

School and Home Gardening. By Kary C. Davis. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

A text-book for young people, with plans and suggestions for teachers.

Sociology

Drink. By Vance Thompson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$1.00.

A revised edition of *Drink and Be Sober*. An estimate of the gains and losses of indulgence in liquor.

The National System of Economics. By J. Taylor Peddie. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.50.

Proposing a unified system based upon national aspirations.

Criminology. By Maurice Parmelee. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.00.

A comprehensive survey of the field of criminology from the point of view of social control.

Our Revolution. By Leon Trotsky. Collected and translated by Moissaye J. Olgin. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

Essays on working-class and international revolution.

Past and Present. The Modern Student's Library. By Thomas Carlyle. With introduction and notes by Edwin Mims. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 75 cents.

A new edition of a book of interest for its bearing on contemporary industrial and social problems.

Travel

In the Alaskan Wilderness. By George Byron Gordon. Philadelphia: The John Winston Company. \$3.50.

A trip in the interest of the University Museum in Philadelphia, although the account is mostly devoted to description and the incidents of roughing it.

Two Children in Old Paris. By Gertrude Slaughter. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

An account of a winter spent by two little American girls in the historic atmosphere of Paris before the war.

Through Lapland with Skis and Reindeer. By Frank Hedges Butler. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$4.00.

The story of the author's adventures, together with the character and history of the country, and its inhabitants.

War

Approaches to the Great Settlement. By Emily Greene Balch. New York: B. W. Huebsch. \$1.50.

Such hope as the pacifist and intellectual can obtain from the present situation has inspired this book. There is a valuable collection of the various peace settlements that have been proposed for the reorganisation of the world after the war.

The Winning of the War. A sequel to Pan-Germanism by Roland G. Usher. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$2.00.

An analysis of the objectives of the Germans and of the Allies, the nature of victory and progress made thus far.

Nothing of Importance. By Bernard Adams. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. \$1.50.

A personal story of a young officer who served eight months in a Welsh regiment, describing the incidents of the daily routine at the front.

Over There with the Australians. By Captain R. Hugh Knyvett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

A Anzac scout relates his experiences in and between the trenches.

Outwitting the Hun. By Lieutenant Pat O'Brien, of the Royal Flying Corps. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.

The thrilling experience of an escaped prisoner, a member of the Royal Flying Corps.

Over There and Back. By Lieutenant J. S. Smith, U.S.A. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

A true pen-picture of the front by an American boy.

Out There. By Charles W. Whitehair. New York: D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.

Experiences of an American with the Allies.

Captured. By Lieutenant J. Harvey Douglas. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.25.

Sixteen months as a prisoner of war.

A Temporary Gentleman in France. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

Frank informal home letters from an English officer at the front.

Donald Thompson in Russia. By Donald C. Thompson. New York: The Century Company. \$2.00.

An account of a photographer's adventures in the midst of the revolution.

Drifting (with Browne). By Byers Fletcher. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.

A humorous tale of reminiscences told by a convalescent soldier.

Fighting Starvation in Belgium. By Vernon Kellogg. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.25.

The authentic story of the Commission for Relief in Belgium—the greatest humanitarian enterprise in history.

The Glory of the Trenches. By Coningsby Dawson. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.00.

The exaltation, the religion of the front line men.

To Bagdad with the British. By Arthur Tillotson Clark. New York: D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.

A member of the Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force gives an account of the campaign.

Glorious Exploits of the Air. By Edgar Middleton. New York: D. Appleton and Company. \$1.35.

A member of the British Royal Flying Corps relates experiences of himself and his fellows at the front.

Letters to the Mother of a Soldier. By Richardson Wright. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$1.00.

Comfort and suggestions, to mothers, of how to render practical assistance to sons at the front.

Problems of the Peace. By William Harbutt Dawson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Practical suggestions for the future organisation of peace, with a discussion of territorial adjustments, the problem of German autocracy and militarism, and the proposals of retaliation.

The Father of a Soldier. By W. J. Dawson. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.00.

A message of comfort and cheer for fathers and mothers of "soldier boys."

The Making of a Modern Army, and Its Operations in the Field. By René Radiguet. Translated by Henry P. du Bellet. Illustrated. \$1.50.

A general's instructions to younger Americans, based on the experience of three years on the French front.

Deductions from the World War. By Lieutenant-General Baron von Freytag-Loringhoven. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.

Observations of a member of the German Imperial Staff.

Two Years in Constantinople. By Doctor Harry Stuermer. Translated from the German by E. Allen and the Author. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.50.

The sworn statement of a converted German correspondent: an indictment of German military methods.

The Iron Ration. By George Abel Schreiner. New York: Harper and Brothers. Illustrated. \$2.00.

An uncensored account of three years in warring "Central Europe" by one who has lived in the trenches, stood in the breadline, and dined in a palace.

Great Britain at War. By Jeffery Farnol. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. \$1.25.

The English novelist's picturesque description of the battle-fields of France and the spirit back of them.

Germany at Bay. By Major Haldane Macfall. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.50.

An explanation of German high strategy and a forecast of the peace map.

Belgium in War Time. By Commandant de Gerlache de Gomery. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.50.

A translation from the Norwegian and Swedish of *The Country That Will Not Die*.

Covered with Mud and Glory. By Georges Lafond. With a preface by Maurice Barrès, and George Clemenceau's famous *Tribute to the Soldiers of France*. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company. \$1.50.

A series of short narratives, "laying no claim to literary pretensions," by a company of machine gunners.

Serbia Crucified. By Lieutenant Milutin Krunich. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.50.

Experiences of a Serbian officer who has been through some of the grimmest and most thrilling episodes of the war.

In the Heart of German Intrigue. By Demetra Vaka. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.00.

A first-hand record from kings, ministers, and generals.

Thoughts for the Kit-Bag. By Elizabeth Grinnell. New York: Association Press.

Paragraphs for the diversion and inspiration of the public in general and the soldier in particular.

Gunner Depew. By Himself. Chicago: Reilly and Britton Company. \$1.50.

"The fighting, laughing, American sailor-boy's" story of the war.

THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the first of March and the first of April:

First book given for each city, in each column, is Fiction.

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York City.....	Sonia The Land of Deepening Shadow	The Tree of Heaven Outwitting the Hun
New York City.....	The Tree of Heaven Private Peat	Vicky Van A Yankee in the Trenches
Baltimore, Md.....	The Tree of Heaven Glory of the Trenches	Cleek, the Master Detective First Call
Baltimore, Md.....	The Tree of Heaven Private Peat	The Mystery of the Hasty Arrow Carry On
Birmingham, Ala.	When a Man's a Man Under Fire	Missing First Call
Boston, Mass.....	Oh, Money! Money! First Call	The Tree of Heaven The Land of Deepening Shadow
Boston, Mass.....	The Tree of Heaven Glory of the Trenches	The Pawns Count First Call
Buffalo, N. Y.....	The U. P. Trail The White Morning	The Tree of Heaven Private Peat
Chicago, Ill.....	Oh, Money! Money! Holding the Line	The U. P. Trail Over the Top
Chicago, Ill.....	The U. P. Trail Over the Top	The Major Holding the Line
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	The Tree of Heaven Holding the Line	The U. P. Trail Cavalry of Clouds
Cleveland, Ohio.....	Salt of the Earth The Land of Deepening Shadow	The Road of Ambition Over the Top
Denver, Col.....	The U. P. Trail Over the Top	Christine Carry On
Des Moines, Iowa.....	The U. P. Trail Over the Top	The Major Private Peat
Detroit, Mich.....	The Tree of Heaven Private Peat	The U. P. Trail The Land of Deepening Shadow
Houston, Tex.....	Ladies Must Live First Call	Long Live the King A Yankee in the Trenches
Jacksonville, Fla.....	The U. P. Trail Private Peat	Christine Over the Top
Kansas City, Mo.....	The Second Fiddle Over the Top	Frenzied Fiction Private Peat
Los Angeles, Cal.....	The Green Mirror Works	The U. P. Trail A Yankee in the Trenches
Louisville, Ky.....	The Tree of Heaven All In It	The U. P. Trail The Land of Deepening Shadow
Memphis, Tenn.....	Salt of the Earth Private Peat	The Hearts Kingdom Over the Top

(Continued)

The second book is about the War

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
Bag of Saffron Glory of the Trenches	The White Morning Fragments from France	Hunt Ball Mystery Old Front Line	Aliens Under Four Flags in France
Our Square and the People In It The Flying Fighter	The Forfeit Outwitting the Hun	Blue Eyed Manchu Glory of the Trenches	The White Morning My Home on the Field of Mercy
Mystery of the Drums Under Fire	Vicky Van A Crusader of France	Love and Hatred Conscript 2989	The U. P. Trail In the Heart of German Intrigue
The White Morning Over the Top	Missing A Student in Arms	The Hope Chest Yankee in the Trenches	A Hundredth Chance My Home on the Field of Mercy
Pollyanna	The Soul of a Bishop	The Major Yankee in the Trenches	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Over the Top Vicky Van A Student in Arms	Carry On Three of Hearts The Flying Fighter	False Faces On the Right of the British Line	All In It Gossip Ship
The Bag of Saffron Outwitting the Hun	The U. P. Trail En Pair	Boy Woodburn In the Heart of German Intrigue	Fighting for Peace Best Short Stories of 1917
Mary Regan The Land of Deepening Shadow	Kitty Canary My Four Years in Germany	Vicky Van In the Heart of German Intrigue	The Long Trick Dwelling Place of Light
The Tree of Heaven First Call	Dwelling Place of Light Private Peat	His Daughter Yankee in the Trenches	Over the Top The Bag of Saffron
The Tree of Heaven My Four Years in Germany	Webster's Man's Man Under Fire	Dwelling Place of Light Twinkletoes	The Big Fight Long Live the King
Limehouse Nights First Call	Vicky Van Gunner Depew	With the Colors The Courage of Marge O'Doone	Missing Under Fire
Sonia	The Tree of Heaven	Gunner Depew The Secret Witness	Missing The Big Fight
A Student in Arms The Tree of Heaven	Private Peat The Major	All In It Kitty Canary	White Ladies of Worcester A Student in Arms
Private Peat	My Four Years in Germany	Under Fire Limehouse Nights	Calvary Alley Cavalry of the Clouds
Oh, Money! Money! Christine	Apple Tree Girl All In It	Gunner Depew The Second Fiddle	Fanny Herself The Big Fight
Salt of the Earth My Home on the Field of Mercy	The Pawns Count Three Things	Under Fire False Faces	The Broken Gate Three Things
His Own Home Town Over the Top	The Lifted Veil Private Peat	A Student in Arms His Daughter	The White Morning The Land of Deepening Shadow
The Bag of Saffron First Call	The Tree of Heaven Under Fire	Holding the Line The Hope Chest	The Major The United States and Pan Germania
The U. P. Trail Yankee in the Trenches	The Tree of Heaven A Student in Arms	World Peace The Kentucky Warbler	His Daughter All In It
Under Fire A Journal from Our Legation in Belgium	Christine First Call	My Home on the Field of Mercy	The Pawns Count How to Live at the Front
The White Morning Under Fire	Calvary Alley A Student in Arms	Green Fancy My Four Years in Germany	Carry On
Missing Yankee in the Trenches	Luck of the Irish First Call		

(Continued)

First book given for each city, in each column, is Fiction.

city	1st on List	2d on List
Milwaukee, Wis.....	Carolyn of the Corners	The Tree of Heaven
Minneapolis, Minn.....	Private Peat The U. P. Trail Over the Top	Conscript 2989 The Tree of Heaven Private Peat
New Haven, Conn.....	The Pawns Count First Call	Oh, Money! Money! Outwitting the Hun
New Orleans, La.....	Missing Under Fire	The Tree of Heaven Private Peat
Norfolk, Va.....	Bron Brethem Private Peat	The U. P. Trail First Call
Philadelphia, Pa.....	The Major Private Peat	The U. P. Trail My Home on the Field of Mercy
Philadelphia, Pa.....	Oh, Money! Money! Private Peat	The Pawns Count Glory of the Trenches
Portland, Maine.....	The Pawns Count Private Peat	Oh, Money! Money! The Land of Deepening Shadow
Providence, R. I.....	The Earthquake Private Peat	The Tree of Heaven First Call
Rochester, N. Y.....	The Tree of Heaven Private Peat	The U. P. Trail The Big Fight
San Antonio, Texas....	The U. P. Trail Under Fire	Limehouse Nights My Four Years in Germany
San Francisco, Cal....	The U. P. Trail Under Fire	The Tree of Heaven Over the Top
Seattle, Wash.....	Christine Over the Top	The Tree of Heaven Private Peat
Spokane, Wash.....	The U. P. Trail	The Major
Springfield, Mass.....	Over the Top The Girl from Kellers First Call	Private Peat Comrades A Yankee in the Trenches
St. Louis, Mo.....	The U. P. Trail Gunner Depew	The Major The Big Fight
St. Louis, Mo.....	The U. P. Trail Private Peat	Oh, Money! Money! Over the Top
San Francisco, Cal.....	Twinkletoes Private Peat	Carolyn of the Corners Over the Top
St. Paul, Minn.....	The Major Private Peat	The U. P. Trail Over the Top
Tacoma, Wash.....	The U. P. Trail Over the Top	Christine Gunner Depew
Toronto, Ont.....	The U. P. Trail Over the Top	The Spy in Black Private Peat
Utica, N. Y.....	The U. P. Trail Private Peat	The Tree of Heaven Outwitting the Hun

(Continued)

The second book is about the War

3d ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
Biography of a Million Dollars	The Major	Webster's Man's Man	The Earthquake
Holding the Line	Yankee in the Trenches	Under Fire	A Flying Fighter
The Major	Cabin Fever	The Pawns Count	Miss Pim's Camouflage
Outwitting the Hun	Gunner Depew	Glory of the Trenches	Carry On
Vicky Van	The Tree of Heaven	Three of Hearts	Green Mirror
En l'air	A Journal of Our Legation in Belgium	Glory of the Trenches	Treasury of War Poetry
The U. P. Trail	Bab	The Definite Object	Dwelling Place of Light
Over the Top	Carry On	The White Morning	All In It
Kitty Canary	Long Ever Ago	Oh, Money! Money!	The Girl from Kellers
A Flying Fighter	Outwitting the Hun	Under Four Flags in France	Over the Top
Missing	The Tree of Heaven	The False Faces	The Hope Chest
Under Fire	The Land of Deepening Shadow	Women and War Work	Carry On
The Tree of Heaven	The U. P. Trail	Vicky Van	Carolyn of the Corners
Outwitting the Hun	The Big Fight	War and Bagdad Railway	Cavalry of the Clouds
The Bag of Saffron	The Tree of Heaven	Extricating Obadiah	The Major
Over the Top	Yankee in the Trenches	Glory of the Trenches	Cavalry of the Clouds
The Girl from Kellers	Oh, Money! Money!	The U. P. Trail	The Hope Chest
Women and War Work	A Flying Fighter	Glory of the Trenches	Over the Top
The False Faces	Oh, Money! Money!	Carolyn of the Corners	Vicky Van
Carry On	Outwitting the Hun	Over the Top	My Four Years in Germany
Comrades	The Road of Ambition	His Own Home Town	Long Live the King
A Crusader of France	Yankee in the Trenches	To Arms	Rhymes of a Red Cross Man
The Green Mirror	Limehouse Nights	Cabin Fever	Sonia
Carry On	All In It	Private Peat	Gunner Depew
The Major	The White Morning	The U. P. Trail	Salt of the Earth
Under Fire	All In It		Christine
The Tree of Heaven	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Salt of the Earth	
Under Fire	Holding the Line	Cavalry of the Clouds	Yankee in the Trenches
Oh, Money! Money!	The U. P. Trail	Cabin Fever	The Tree of Heaven
A Crusader of France	Outwitting the Hun	A Flying Fighter	En l'air
The False Faces	The Tree of Heaven	Mary Regan	Oh, Money! Money!
Private Peat	Women and War Work	Glory of the Trenches	Over the Top
Christine	Vicky Van	Chronicles of St. Tid	The Bag of Saffron
First Call	My Four Years in Germany	The Land of Deepening Shadow	Gunner Depew
The U. P. Trail	Dwelling Place of Light	The Girl from Kellers	The Green Mirror
First Call	Gunner Depew	The Red House in the Hollow	Little Lord Fauntleroy
The Tree of Heaven	The White Morning	Missing	Anne's House of Dreams
All In It	Carry On	A Student in Arms	My Four Years in Germany
Light in the Clearing	The Major	The Broken Gate	The Winds of the World
Fragments from France	How to Live at the Front	Notebook of an Intelligence Officer	
The Bag of Saffron	Sonia	The False Faces	The Major
First Call	Yankee in the Trenches	All In It	The Courage of Marge O'Doone
His Last Bow	Carolyn of the Corners	Comrades	All In It
Over the Top	Yankee in the Trenches	The Land of Deepening Shadow	

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 356-360) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing 1st on any list receives 10	
" " " 2d " " " " 8	
" " " 3d " " " " 7	
" " " 4th " " " " 6	
" " " 5th " " " " 5	
" " " 6th " " " " 4	

FICTION

The Tree of Heaven. Sinclair. (Macmillan.) \$1.60	248
The U. P. Trail. Grey. (Harper.) \$1.50	225
The Major. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.40 ..	101
Oh, Money! Money! Porter. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50	79
Bag of Saffron. Van Hutton. (Appleton.) \$1.50	48
Christine. Cholmondeley. (Macmillan.) \$1.35	40

WAR BOOKS

Private Peat. Peat. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50	261
Over the Top. Empey. (Putnam.) \$1.50	241
First Call. Empey. (Putnam.) \$1.50 ..	134
Under Fire. Barbusse. (Dutton.) \$1.50	101
A Yankee in the Trenches. Holmes. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35	95
Outwitting the Hun. O'Brien. (Harper.) \$1.50	69

A COMPLETE LIST OF BOOKS MENTIONED IN THE FOREGOING REPORTS

Aliens.	Glory of the Trenches.	Notebook of an Intelligence Officer.
All In It.	Gossip Ship.	Oh, Money! Money!
Anne's House of Dreams.	Green Fancy.	Old Front Line.
Apple Tree Girl.	The Green Mirror..	On the Right of the British Line.
Bab.	Gunner Depew.	Our Square and the People In It.
Bag of Saffron.	The Heart's Kingdom.	Outwitting the Hun.
Best Short Stories of 1917.	His Daughter.	The Pawns Count.
The Big Fight.	His Last Bow.	Private Peat.
Biography of a Million Dollars.	His Own Home Town.	Over the Top.
Blue Eyed Manchu.	Holding the Line.	Rhymes of a Red Cross Man.
The Bolsheviks and World Peace.	The Hope Chest.	Salt of the Earth.
Boy Woodburn.	How to Live at the Front.	Second Fiddle.
Broken Gate.	A Hundredth Chance.	Secret Witness.
Brown Brethren	Hunt Ball Mystery.	Sonia.
Cabin Fever.	In the Heart of German Intrigue.	The Spy in Black.
Carry On.	A Journal from Our Legation in Belgium.	The Soul of a Bishop.
Calvary Alley.	Kitty Canary.	A Student in Arms.
Carolyn of the Corners.	Kentucky Warbler.	Three of Hearts.
Cavalry of the Clouds.	Ladies Must Live.	Three Things.
Christine	The Land of Deepening Shadow.	To Arms.
Chronicles of St. Tid.	Lifted Veil.	The Tree of Heaven.
Cleek, the Master Detective.	The Light in the Clearing.	Treasury of War Poetry.
Comrades.	Limehouse Nights.	Twinkletoes.
Conscript 2989.	Long Ever Ago.	Under Fire.
The Courage of Marge O'Doone.	Long Live the King.	Under Four Flags in France.
A Crusader of France.	The Long Trick.	The United States and Pan Germania.
The Dwelling Place of Light.	Love and Hatred.	The U. P. Trail.
The Earthquake.	Luck of the Irish.	Vicky Van.
En l'air.	The Major.	War and Bagdad Railway.
Extricating Obadiah.	Mary Regan.	Webster's Man's Man.
The False Faces.	Missing.	When a Man's a Man.
Fanny Herself.	Miss Pim's Camouflage.	White Ladies of Worcester.
Fighting for Peace.	Mr. Britling Sees It Through.	White Morning.
First Call.	My Four Years in Germany.	The Winds of the World.
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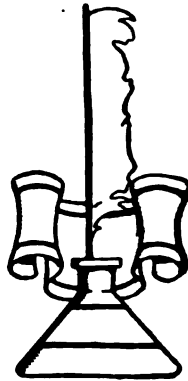
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John Buchan—Colonel John Buchan—has a delightful personality and is greatly loved by those who have the good fortune to be numbered among his friends. His versatility is amazing. A man who can write *Nelson's History of the War* and *Greenmantle*, who produces with the same pen *The Battle of the Somme* and *Salute to Adventurers*, has a brain capable of working strenuously, effectively, cohesively along different and divergent lines.

John Buchan is not only a successful writer. He is a sound and successful business man, the head of a flourishing and prosperous house. As a correspondent of the *London Times* on the Western Front in 1915 and 1916 he was the most widely read of all writers, with the possible exception of Philip Gibbs. Buchan's copy from scenes of battle was strikingly virile. His descriptions were vivid, his diction clear and smooth, and his summaries comprehensive and sound. His knowledge of military affairs is truly extensive. The officers of the British army at the front, from those of the General Headquarters Staff to the junior subaltern of some infantry command read John Buchan's articles in the *Times* with unflagging interest.

In addition to his *Times* correspondence Buchan kept up his *Nelson's History of the War*, volume succeeding volume with a regularity and consistent excellence which, considering how much demand his newspaper work made on his time, was surprising. Buchan is not only the author of *Nelson's History of the War*, but a partner in the house of Nelson. Early in 1917, Mr. Nelson, the other active member of the firm, who was an officer in the New British army in France, was killed at the front. This

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was a severe blow to Buchan, as they were fast friends. The same week as that in which Mr. Nelson was killed, the casualty lists gave the news of the death at the front of John Buchan's brother.

In the first part of 1917, Buchan was asked by the British Government to give up his newspaper work and take the position of head of the newly formed Department of Information, in London. He was first made a subaltern, and, a few days later, a lieutenant-colonel in the British army. As Director of Information, many officers of the junior ranks were placed under his orders. His promotion to colonel was the natural concomitant of the delegation to him of the authority he wielded in the department.

John Buchan is of medium height, strongly built without being stocky. His smooth-shaven face shows fine features and a strong Scot chin. One can see at a glance that Buchan is a Scot, though his accent would hardly suggest that he came from north of the Tweed. He has a keen eye, in which a twinkle is as like as not to appear at any moment, for Buchan's sense of humour is great. He is a good judge of men and of things, and is as versatile in his conversation as he is in his writings.

John Buchan is not voluble, nor is he taciturn. He makes a good speech and can tell a story well. As a writer his nimble wit and great power of drawing rare characters are as valuable an asset to his literary work as his comprehensive knowledge of all things to which he has bent his really fine mind.

Altogether, Buchan is a man to be admired and a writer to be followed closely. He has never produced a book that was not worth the reading, whether it was written to convey serious information or penned to while away a passing hour.

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...

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BOOKMAN CORRESPONDENCE

Even the most hardened of editors appreciates a letter like the following, especially when it comes from so distinguished an observer as Professor Schouler. Opinion of this kind from such men justified us in the enlargement we made in *THE BOOKMAN*'s policy last year. The point regarding James Russell Lowell is remarkably well taken, for Lowell, who became our ambassador to England, was as much a man of action in the affairs of his day as he was a distinguished figure in the thought and literature of his time.

Boston, Mass.

EDITOR OF "THE BOOKMAN":

I have received the February and March numbers of *THE BOOKMAN*, sent for beginning my new subscription.

I am much pleased with your enlargement of the scope of the magazine, as shown by the title. To be "a bookman" is not necessarily to be bookish or exclusively literary, and James Russell Lowell, whose avowal used to be quoted on your title page, set an example in this respect.

For thirty years and until my retirement from office last summer, I used to select the books for purchase, as director and president of our mountain library, and I always found your monthly tables of new books serviceable in making a selection. I shall still do some work in that respect; and hence your list of books recommended by *THE BOOKMAN*, now a newly added feature, will be found of much use.

As to the element of "life," I have read with special interest and pleasure the leading article of your March number—*Wanted: An American Policy*—by William Forbes Cooley.

The author sets forth clearly the danger attendant upon our American individualism, and his appeal for a national spirit to de-

velop a more human civilisation and afford equal opportunities for all is timely and inspiring.

JAMES SCHOULER.

THE GUEST-ROOM SHELF

We wish we could print all the letters we have received about a Guest-Room book shelf of books which Christopher Morley's communication in the February *BOOKMAN* set agoing. Mr. Morley's list attempted to idealise a Guest-Room book shelf "for men only," but with the bravery of the "Two Old Maids" in the April issue who sent in a list for women guests, many more members of the same sex have contributed their ideas for such a shelf. We wish we could print all the lists we have received, but of course this would be impossible. At first we thought we would select those that contain the highest percentage of our own personal favourites, but upon mature consideration this seemed a little unreasonable and unworthy of the best ideals of criticism. Then we thought we would select only those letters which were typewritten out of consideration for our printer's temper, but after due thought this seemed in a manner a discrimination against the genius that may happen to be unfamiliar with the typewriter—and printers always have a bad temper anyway. So as the last resort we determined to mix them up and draw a half dozen at random. The result follows:

BOOKMAN CORRESPONDENCE

BIRCHARD LIBRARY

FREMONT, OHIO

EDITOR OF "THE BOOKMAN":

At your suggestion one of the opposite if not altogether the gentler sex accepts your courtesy and presents her suggestive list for a guest-room book shelf. In protest largely, lest we find the foregoing lists standardised and bound to fit the prevailing colour scheme and sold by the foot or yard. And 'twould be my luck to meet some such collection, and not dare to insult their dainty blueness by storing them reverently but securely under the window seat before removing my hat, as some of those titles would sorely tempt me to do. I have spent too much time searching at the request of grubby small boys for their prototype "Huck" to relish days off with him as on-looker.

However, you see I am not without a youthful favourite. Which I endorse as an excellent soporific as I have yet to find a more magic sleep producer than "Do cats cat bats?" "Do bats eat cats?"

These, I say, are the friends I should like to have greet me and which I think would do most to remove that haunting sense of strangeness and "Wish I had never left home feeling."

Bible. Youth, by Conrad. *Mary Antin's Promised Land. These Lynnekers*, by Beresford. *Marble Faun*, by Hawthorne. *What Men Live By*, by Cabot. *Fortitude*, by Walpole. *Travels With a Donkey*, by Stevenson. *Mill on the Floss*, by Eliot. *Hilltop on the Marne*, by Aldrich. *Little Book of Modern Verse*, edited by Rittenhouse. *Alice in Wonderland*, by Carroll. *Kim*, by Kipling. *Madeleine at Her Mirror*, by Tinayre. *Best Russian Short Stories*, edited by Seltzer. *Wee McGregor Enlists*, by Bell. *Vermilion Box*, by Lucas. *Fraternity*, by Galsworthy. *Laughing Muse*, by Guiterman. *Return of the Native*, by Hardy. *Bunner's Short Stories. French Perspectives*, by Sergeant. *Buried Alive*, by Bennett. *Midsummer-night's Dream*, by Shakespeare. *Half-hours*, by Barrie. *Women and War Work*, by Fraser.

ELIZABETH M. RICHARDS,
(Librarian).

P.S. Amazement at my own presumptuousness has made me forget my manners and neglect to tell you how much I like the new type. *THE BOOKMAN* being my particular joy, I usually dip in here and there at odd moments before settling down to a thorough going perusal, hence the fact that

I noticed the improvement before the explanation.

I have called the attention of our High School English teacher to your helpful new department and have not interned our German dictionary! Does that take the curse off my being a librarian?

E. M. R.

...

UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH DAKOTA

VERMILION

EDITOR OF "THE BOOKMAN":

For a guest-room shelf? A tempting opportunity to turn away from the librarian's threadbare trinity—"for information, for recreation, and for inspiration"—and choose at random for a holiday mood. Now, if I were going a-visiting I should like best to find—(without thinking too hard, they come like this): *The New Testament*. Marcus Aurelius—*Meditations*. Jeremy Taylor—*Selections*. Grahame—*Golden Age*, or *Dream Days*. Atlantic Classics. O'Henry—*Four Million*, or *Voice of the City*. Maeterlinck—*Treasure of the Humble*, or *Wisdom and Destiny*. Kipling—*Poems*. Keats—*Poems*. Palgrave—*Golden Treasury of Verse*. Lang—*Ballads in Blue China*. Thompson—*Trail of the Sand Hill Stag*. Kipling—*Brushwood Boy*. Kipling—*Light that Failed*. Allen—*Kentucky Cardinal*. Aldrich—*Marjorie Daw*. Dickens—*David Copperfield*. Thackeray—*Vanity Fair*. Phillips—*Paola and Francesca*. Maupassant—*Odd Number*. Brooks—*Short Stories from Four Languages* (in English). Repplier—*In Our Convent Days*, or anything of hers. Rostand—*L'Aiglon* (in English). Lady Gregory—*Plays. An Attic Philosopher in Paris*. Poe—*Poems*. Garland—*Captain of the Gray Horse Troop*. Deland—*Old Chester Tales*. Davis—*Gallagher and Other Stories*. Emerson—*Essays*. Stevenson—*Selections*.

These, then, to read curled up in a big, deep, downy, winged chair. Never in bed.

MABEL K. RICHARDSON,
(Librarian).

...

New York City.

EDITOR OF "THE BOOKMAN":

You wrote that you would be glad to have lists of books for the guest-room shelves compiled by some of your feminine readers, or as you said it, "gentler sex."

Since you did not classify us as "gentle readers" you may, where I am concerned, keep your scalp covered with your own hair—as long as *tempus* and the barber permit. But what a close shave, I mean, narrow

BOOKMAN CORRESPONDENCE

escape, that was in the March number.

I hope my guests will enjoy these few simple things that have been chosen for their entertainment:

Edgar Allan Poe's complete works. *Can Such Things Be?* Ambrose Bierce. *John Silence*, Algernon Blackwood. *Scarlet Letter* and short stories by Hawthorne. *McTeague*, Frank Norris. *Frankenstein*. *Short Stories*, Stevenson. *The Grim Thirteen*. *Mid-Stream*. *Essays*, Emerson and Stevenson. *Life of the Bee*. *Confessions of an English Opium Eater*. *Last Book of Wonder*, Dunsany. *Luck of Roaring Camp*. *History*, Herodotus. *The Bible*. Small but reliable dictionary. *Rubaiyat*, Fitzgerald's translation. *Iliad*, Pope's translation. *The Last of the Mohicans*. *Ivanhoe*. *Pickwick Papers*. *Book of Snobs*. *Ruggles of Red Gap*. *Old Judge Priest*. *Options*, and other Henry volumes. *The Three Godfathers*. *Scally*, because it is a dog story without tears. *The Star Rover*, London. *Aftermath*. *Barrack Room Ballads*, and all the collections of fine short stories I could discover with a space saved at the end of the shelf for

Poems, Christopher Morley.

KATHLEEN K. EDDY.

...

Brookline, Massachusetts.

EDITOR OF "THE BOOKMAN":

Those guest-room book shelves; how intriguing they are, and how bored you must be with them! If I were a confirmed week-end I should angle for an invitation to each one of the houses and keep the light on all night. But really, you know. They never were, on sea or land—especially on land. Here is the sort of thing that gravitates to the guest-room book shelf. The house, of course, is of the comfortable mansard-roof period, the book-case of oak, unfumed, unweathered, unconcealed, and the ornaments—but never mind. You know.

Hugh Black, *Friendship*. Brontë, *Wuthering Heights*. Lady Brassey, *Around the World in the Yacht "Sunbeam"*. Davis, *Gallagher and Other Stories*. (Paper cover, much tattered.) *Ingoldsby Legends* (half calf and marble paper). Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, *Faith Gartney's Girlhood*. Hawthorne, *The Marble Faun* (illustrated with photogravures of the Venus de Medici, Apollo Belvedere, etc.). Harold Bell Wright, *The Winning of Barbara Worth*. Rossetti, *The House of Life* (white and gold, tied with purple ribbons). Elbert Hubbard, *A Little Journey to the Home of*

Thoreau (limp leather, hand illustrated). Macaulay, *Lays of Ancient Rome*. *Junie Meredith*. May, *Little Prudy's Sister Susy*. Chambers, *The Younger Set*. Mrs. Jamieson, *Sacred and Legendary Art*. Whittier, *Poems*. Ruskin, *The Crown of Wild Olive* (bound in olive-coloured watered silk). Jerome, *Three Men in a Boat* (paper, several pages missing). Mrs. Gaskell, *Cranford*. Barrie, *A Window in Thrums*. Kipling, *Barrick Room Ballads*. Mitchell, *Reveries of a Bachelor*. Stanley, *In Darkest Africa*. Mrs. Browning, *Sonnets from the Portuguese* (16mo, leatherette). Butterworth, *Zig-zag Journey through the Orient*. Meredith, *Lucile*. Reed, *Lavender and Old Lace*. Hope, *Prisoner of Zenda*. Stevenson, *Virginibus Puerisque* (Mosher edition). *L'Abbé Constantin*. Carlyle, *Sartor Resartus* (uncut).

LOUISE ANDREW KENT.

...

Baltimore, Maryland.

EDITOR OF "THE BOOKMAN":

I was quietly reading my BOOKMAN the other night and received a very pleasant shock: I saw my own name without a shadow of warning, and then I read the reference to my Catalogue. I do not know just how this came about, but the least I can do to show my appreciation, for even my modest spirit does greatly appreciate the felicitous phrase which embodies my latest child (Sixth List), is to acknowledge that I have seen the phrase and been "pleasantly surprised." (Shock was the word, too, for I sat up as if I had heard my name called out of the vasty deep.)

I imagine you are prepared for further remarks as to the Guest-Room Book Shelf for next month, but if you feel you would care to express the views of one whose purpose in life is to meet many refined tastes in literature, with apt suggestions, I will be glad to have you use the enclosed list.

Morley (the Great) and the other man may have expressed their personal tastes. I would aim to express the tastes of the many discriminating readers of both sexes whom I strive, and for ten years have striven, to serve.

My idea is to have a book for every man and woman and the child, too, is not forgotten. Let your shelf contain books to interest minds from six to sixty. A book for a wait for the dinner bell, a book to induce sleep, to quiet the nerves after the various occurrences which take place in all well-regulated homes. Let your departing

BOOKMAN CORRESPONDENCE

guest "entrain" with the memory that he or she has at last read a book often heard of but never before read. My including but one or two volumes of well-known classics is intentional. Many a middle-aged visitor has a need for his little dose of Gibbon before retiring, without it sleep tarries.

My guest-room books: *Just So Stories*, Kipling. *Alice in Wonderland*. *Literary Lapses*, Leacock. One or two volumes of a large print *Don Quixote*. *Cargoes or More Cargoes*, W. W. Jacobs. *Men, Women and Books*, Leigh Hunt. *Raffles*, *Gentleman Crackman*, Horning. *Tales of Wonder*, Dunsany. *Men, Women and Guns*, Sapper. *Acton Front*, Cable. *A Club of One*, A. P. Russell. *Meditations of an Autograph Collector*, Joline. *Decline and Fall of Rome*, Gibbon. One or two volumes, large type, *Poems every Child Should Know*, collected edition. (Poems Every Man and Woman Should Know, may well be added as a subtitle.) *Strange Schemes of Randolph Mason*, Post, this for the Lawyers. *The Girondin*, Belloc. *Private Paper of Henry Ryecroft*, Gissing. *Parnassus on Wheels*, Morley. *Songs for a Little House*, Morley. *The Gold Headed Cane*, for the Doctors. *Gentle Grafter or Roads of Destiny*, O. Henry. Hichens's *Green Carnation*. *Young Lucretia*, and *Other Stories*, Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman. Thackeray's *Henry Esmond*. John Halifax, *Gentleman*, Mulock. *Typhoon*, Conrad. *Emma*, Miss Austen. *Ninety-six Hours' Leave*, McKenna. *The Book of Artemas* (?). This will do for the spring of 1918 and three-fourths of this list would answer, so I think, for many a year.

MEREDITH JANVIER.

...

St. Louis, Missouri.

EDITOR OF "THE BOOKMAN":

I read with much interest the Guest list of books printed in several of your recent numbers. As I recall it, you especially wanted to hear from feminine readers, but I shall assume your continued indulgence toward the other sex. Indeed, I may be entirely disqualified, for I do not even have a guest-room. However, I have very definite ideas on the subject, and if I have a guest-room some day there will be books in it. I have always thought the traditional twenty of Chaucer would be enough, but the lists of thirty in THE BOOKMAN served to remind me that we have been going some since Chaucer's day, and I was forthwith converted.

Of course, I do not agree with the theory

of the lists already printed, the theory as indicated by the choice of titles. My own choice is dominated by a fact, not a theory. My guests will be entirely of the male sex, most likely bachelors, like their host. The lot of bachelors is at best a melancholy one, and never is this brought home more vividly than when they are detached from their customary environment, such as the bleakness of a guest-room. So their reading must be selected with great care. There should be books of a philosophic nature, to help keep the guest reconciled to the lot assigned him by fate; there should be poetry for his imaginative moods (bachelors are viciously addicted to those, you know); and then there should be plenty of delightful short stories and other matter of an entertaining nature.

Indeed, I expect to go further in my efforts to send my guest to pleasant slumbers. I shall furnish an annotated sort of index, enabling him to find readily the sort of thing that may fit the mood he is in as he lights his reading-lamp, so that he will not have to waste any time hunting around. I even have hopes that by the time my dream of a guest-room materialises it may be possible to Victorise (please do not misspell that word) him. The selections could be arranged like those of a player-piano, without the coin slot, and all he would have to do would be the push of a button. In any case, physical effort must be minimised, for a retiring bachelor is usually a worn-out man.

Here is my list:

The Bab Ballads—Gilbert. *Frere's Aristophanes*. Palmer's *Odyssey*. Tennyson's *Poems*. Matthew Arnold's *Poems*. *Obiter Dicta*—Birrell. *Call of the Wild*—London. *Pickwick Papers*—Dickens. *Droll Stories*—Balzac. *Little Citizens*—Kelly. *Golden Age*—Grahame. *Dolly Dialogues*—Hope. *Options*—Henry. *Short Sixes*—Bunner. *Plays of Oscar Wilde*. *Tom Sawyer*—Twain. *Tramp Abroad*—Twain. *The Green Carnation*—Hichens. *New Arabian Nights*—Stevenson. *Letters from My Mill*—Daudet. *Penrod*—Tarkington. *Pleasant Plays*—Shaw. *Contes Choisis*—Maupassant. (Not too much *choisies*.) Page's *Molière*. Shakespeare's *Comedies*. Selections from Plato. *Confessions of a Young Man*—Moore. Whitman's *Poems*. *Letters to Dead Authors*—Lang. *Les Aventures du Roi Pausole*—Louys. (If he cannot read French he can at least enjoy the illustrations.)

This list is not copyrighted and I hope that some fortunate fellow-bookman may be able to put it into working operation.

H. C. SCHWEIKERT.

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JUNE

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THE BOOKMAN

*A Review of
Books and Life*

G. G. WYANT, Editor

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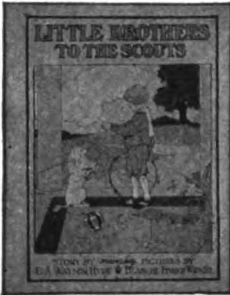
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THE BOOKMAN

A REVIEW OF BOOKS AND LIFE

JUNE, 1918



STRINDBERG AND HIS PLAYS

BY VANCE THOMPSON

AUGUST STRINDBERG—the greatest dramatist of his generation, the most tragic figure in modern literature—was a man who was hounded all his life by gods and by devils who had the faces of woman—a tragic man.

First of all I shall try and show what kind of a man he was—what he looked like—as he went the way of life. For the Great Truth is this: Every man is exactly what he looks!

It was in the later nineties and the early part of this century that I knew Strindberg. Those were the years when he walked in the shadow. A few years before he had known glory—he had stood, like a statue in a public square, with the light and crowd all around him. His plays held the theatres of Paris—three of them at one time. For the first and only time in his life, he was rich in money and applause. He had a pleasant house in the Quartier de Passy—a young and gentle wife, a pretty baby. At the Café Napolitain in the Boulevard des Italiennes—where the men of letters used to gather in those days: Catulle Mendes, Anatole

France, Ernest La Jeunesse, Réthé, Richepin, Henri de Regnier—all the successful writers of the day—Strindberg held his little court. Days of glory! I did not know him in that proud moment; and it lasted but a little while.

The first time I saw him was in a little *crêmerie* in the Boulevard Raspail. Anyone of you who has ever known the *quartier Latin* knows it well—a huddled, noisy little restaurant where the students and girls of the Quarter dined for a few pence and (sometimes) paid.

I had gone there to see a boisterous painter of my friends—then a poor, wild Bohemian; to-day the greatest of American landscape painters in France, John Noble. Noble was not there and I sat down at a table and waited. A little model, whom everyone knew and everyone painted, came and kept me company. Her name was Minna. She was a silly, romping little girl, rather amusing.

The *crêmerie* was full of noise and laughter. Over in a corner sat one

man—alone and gloomy. He was dressed in shabby, black clothes and crouched with his face in his hands—so you could see only a mop of grouse-coloured hair.

Minna was a little tipsy, and she began to bombard him with bread. He stood up and looked about him in a dazed way; and Minna, laughing, ran over and threw herself in his arms and kissed him.

It was just her hoidenish way of being merry.

The man pushed her off; and stood there—in the babbling, noisy restaurant—and *so you may see him!* He was tall and lean and haggard, with staring eyes and a tortured face—he looked like a man who had come from hell and he was August Strindberg. He gave a harsh cry and rushed out of the *crémèrie*, pursued by jeers and screams of derisive laughter. He was not sober.

A few days later I saw him. You know how it is.

There are two streets; you hesitate which one you shall take—and you turn to the right. Then, strolling idly on, you come face to face with a woman—and your whole life is changed. Had you gone through the other street nothing had happened. So this day—*by the chance which is not chance*—I passed the brasserie des Lilas.

It was an afternoon in May, and there on the terrace, alone at a table, Strindberg sat brooding over a glass of absinthe.

I took a seat at his table and told him who I was, for we had many friends in common—notably Sinding, the sculptor. So we talked. And he said:

“Do you know an American named Schlatter?”

Schlatter!

You remember what we said? The great truth—the only truth needed to take you through life—is that every man is exactly what he *looks!* Let me tell you what Strindberg looked like as he leaned over the table and asked me if I knew *Schlatter*. He was dressed, as I have said, in a shabby, cheap and ill-fitting suit of black—with dubious linen and a black shoestring sort of necktie. His hat was off and what struck me most was his hair. It must have been blonde in youth, but now it had become grouse-coloured like that of most middle-aged Swedes. It stood up—four inches above his scalp—and with his tortured and haggard face—he gave you the impression of a man who had been held up by the hair of his head and swung to and fro over an abyss.

His eyes were pale. There was a wild and fleeting look of agony in them. A long face, with high cheekbones, an immense forehead, a nose that broadened at the tip, with flaring nostrils; and under it, shaded by a little, flat moustache, a mouth like a woman's mouth—a sad, tender, unhappy mouth with bluish lips.

This was August Strindberg, as he leaned across the table that Paris afternoon—his bony, spatulate fingers nervously interlocked.

“Do you know an American named Schlatter?”

I had heard of such a man. You may have heard of such a man. I think it was in Denver that he appeared—twenty years ago—as a “healer.” Thousands of vague dupes followed him and for a while the stories of his “cures” and his eccentricities and his “spiritual mission” filled the newspapers. And then, of a sud-

den, he disappeared. His mad disciples sought him world-over—in cities and in the desert; but Schlatter, the “healer,” had vanished.

Whither? Toward what new avatar?

This is what Strindberg told me: One day in the *crémérie* he met an American—a strange fellow—with a most portentous face, fat, snub, dew-lapped, thick-nosed bull of impudence and sensuality—a quack-face—German in type—who said he had just arrived in Paris to take up painting.

“I feared him,” Strindberg said, “and he pursued me—a strange and awful man!”

Then one night the man came to Strindberg’s poor room in the Rue d’Assas and asked for shelter. He was penniless; he had been driven out of his garret; the *crémérie* refused him further credit—he had tried to commit suicide, but the morphine had merely made him sick.

And so Strindberg—though he disliked and feared the man—harboured him, in his generous poverty, for two months. For the man was unhappy. He told Strindberg of his frightful career—driven from Germany for some folly and crime of youth—he had wandered through America for seven years—as waiter in cheap restaurants, as professional hypnotist, finally as *healer*.

“A dangerous man,” Strindberg whispered, “of shifty intelligence, a melancholy man, an unbridled sensualist—and what is most terrible is that he half believes in his own sorcery. He wanted to ‘*heal*’ me. He told me he had ‘*healed*’ five thousand people over in America—in 1895.”

Strindberg took from his pocket a page from the *Review of Reviews*

(the French edition) on which was a photograph of Schlatter.

“That is the man,” he said; “for two months I carried him on my shoulders—like an old man of the sea.”

“And then?” I asked.

“And then,” Strindberg said mysteriously, “he vanished. He was a terrible man. For days, even when I had food for him, he would pretend to fast. Perhaps he did. He said the only profit to be got out of life was in its contrasts. And then, having fasted, for days he would go to the Bal Bullier and drink and riot with the wild night-girls—and come back to my room and lie on the floor and weep and pray and curse for hours.”

And Strindberg added solemnly: “At last God has saved me from this demon—he has vanished.”

Was it Schlatter? I do not know. I say only what Strindberg said.

Was it Schlatter? Not long ago I was lecturing in Los Angeles.

It is a queer town, Los Angeles. Everything happens there.

I had just made some notes for my lecture, when a hairy little man left a newspaper at my door—a dreadful-looking sheet, the *Ram’s Horn*, and I read:

“His Majesty King Francis Schlatter and His Royal Highness Prince A. Schrader of Shiloh House and Pastors of the Baptist Church—Cancer cured by prayer—The Blessing of Handkerchiefs—King Francis Schlatter is performing the same miracles as he did before Queen Victoria in 1852, when she donated to him a big mansion!—Miracles Performed *Like* in the Days of Christ—Take Hollywood car to Fountain Avenue—I am Thy Lord that cures

you and *make* you whole—phone Holly 2664”—and all the rest of it!

Is this the same Schlatter who sponged on my poor friend, Strindberg, over in Paris? Is it the *old dog* in a new doublet? Or a new dog in the old spangled coat?

Anyway it is a queer thing to find him here—brawling about God in bad English and advertising miracles—(but anything can happen in Los Angeles, that sunlit city—)

But I was talking of Strindberg's *mad years*.

It was then he *made gold*—for among other things he was an alchemist.

Strindberg was not a scholar in the classical sense, though he was a good Latinist, but he was as widely educated as any man I ever met. Of all the sciences he knew more or less. He was biologist, mineralogist, botanist, chemist—a man insatiably curious. He had none of the autolatry of the professional man of letters—of the pale professional poet who fancies literature is an occupation infinitely superior to all others—that it confers a sacred character—No! He could conceive genius under many forms. And so he lived a multiple life. When I knew him he had been a gardener; he was to be a monk; and he was a chemist, a great chemist. Remember it was Strindberg who discovered the component parts of sulphur, proving it to be a ternary compound of carbon, oxygen and hydrogen. He did that!

His favourite walk was in the cemetery of Montparnasse. He noticed faint, awful exhalations rising from the graves—as though the badly buried dead were emerging from their tombs. So he went

hunting the ghosts of these dead men: Thierry, Orfila, Dumont d'Urville, Boulay—Napoleon's honest man.

He held an open phial filled with liquid acetate of lead over the grave; and having trapped his ghost he corked it up—like the *genii* in the bottle—and took it home. There under the microscope, he studied the precipitate—ghost-crystals of the dead. A strange man—

And he made gold! Poet, dreamer, visionary—he made gold. Always truth has been first seen in a vision—always it has come first to the dreamer! Alchemists and transmuters of metals—for a thousand years official science had called them charlatans! *Raymond Lutte* and Roger Bacon were charlatans; and *Basil Valentine*, who isolated and described radium eight centuries ago, was a charlatan. Then one day Madame Curée rediscovered radium; and one day Sir William Ramsay changed one metal into another—he transmuted copper into lithium—and those forgotten alchemists were justified of science. Dead beliefs—like dead men—never die!

Then came Strindberg—the mad poet, with his dream of energising copper into silver, silver into gold. In his garret in the Rue d'Assas he worked over his retorts—playing with fire until the skin fell in flakes from his poor hands. And failed.

Then there happened one of those mad things that were always happening in Strindberg's life. He had made two hundred experiments with no result—not a trace of gold on his test paper. He walked out one morning into the Ave. de l'Observatoire. Two little scraps of paper were blown to

him by the wind. He picked them up. On one were the figures 207: on the other—28. He took them home, and pondered. Now 207 is the atomic weight of lead and 28 that of silicium. That was all; but it was a glaze composed of lead and silicium that he transmuted for the first time into a mineralised gold of perfect beauty!

Dreamer, madman, poet, if you will—what was gold to him? In his own *Dream Play* he has given you the answer:

Dreaming child of man . . .
When from thy winged flight above the
earth
At times thou sleepest downward to the
dust,
It is to touch it only—not to stay!

One day Strindberg did not come to the Café des Lilas; like the mystagogue Schlatter he had vanished; the next thing I heard was that he had entered a monastery in Belgium. (I was not surprised.)

Once he said to me in his emphatic French: "*Dieu m'a tourmenté toute ma vie*"—God has tormented me all my life long! Not even in the cloister was he to make peace with Him. In a little while he fled.

One other thing tormented him all his life—woman.

It appears by the history of Samson, which is recorded in a notable book, that woman is the enemy of strong men.

Now Strindberg was a strong man. And you can understand neither his plays nor his life if you do not know the fierce, deep and tragic influence women had on him. Strindberg's father was a shopkeeper, his mother a servant. In his youth he dreamed of fair ladies—châtelaines with white

hands and pale faces and soft eyes—and round him were the boisterous women of the tenement in which he lived. Then he met a Swedish countess—the dream-lady with white hands. She was married, but they broke that chain; and he swept her away into a new marriage of vehement adoration. And the pale lady trampled on his heart—rode him with spurs—poisoned his ideals. He woke from his dream of love, horrified—as one who has touched something cold and unclean.

In a book you know, *The Fool's Plea*, he pictured that woman—damned her forever in blasting and obliterating words. Ten years of married life; and the last words of the book are: "*Now the tale is told, my beloved, I am avenged. We are quits.*"

But it was not this woman alone upon whom he took vengeance—his anger fell upon all; and it was the anger, mark you, of a disappointed sentimentalist. In his plays and books he pours anathema upon women—and his savageness is that of a pathetic boy who has been disappointed in love.

His ideal of love was something incredibly high. The women he knew failed to come up to it—they were not white-handed heroines of romance, but food-hungry women with human tempers and habits—and he shrieked his disappointment and cursed his broken idols. And all his life long *women* tormented him—like God.

After the countess he married a vague, kindly Austrian woman; and he parted from her—at the Gare du Nord in Paris—parted forever "with ferocious joy!" and told it in a book.

A third wife I did not know. She was a Swedish actress; no one knows her—for Strindberg died before he had written a book about her! James Huneker told me about her. He had gone to Stockholm to see Strindberg; and the playwright sported his oak. But at the theatre Huneker met the gilded actress and she took him home with her after the play. Strindberg was sitting in his study—a silent, haggard man. The actress bubbled and made conversation; but Strindberg did not open his lips—and in his pale Northern eyes was the look of the man who has lost faith—even in actresses; and that is the great disillusion. Once only he spoke—a cryptic saying: Women are never unhappy unless they have reason to be unhappy—man, alone, is unhappy without cause.

And so Huneker went away.

There, in his later days, Strindberg found his God—a strange Swedenborgian god—possibly known here also in the United States, where there are (I have discovered) fifty-seven varieties of religion; all false. But he never regained his faith in woman.

You must remember that was the day when the *new* woman was abroad in Sweden—Ibsen had set her going and, in a little while, the flap of her loose shoe was heard half round the world. And her development in the narrow, Lutheran, provincial life of Sweden was singularly threatening to the astounded male of those parts.

There was fought again the eternal duel of sex. Strindberg's side was stated savagely enough in one of his plays—you may remember it—*Comrades*. Axel and Bertha are painters and the man is ruled, enslaved, de-

stroyed by the woman—even as in real life Strindberg was poisoned by his Swedish countess.

"In this war to the death between the two sexes," Axel says gloomily, "it would appear that woman, being the less honest and the more perverse, would come out conqueror—since man's chance of gaining the battle is very dubious. *He* is handicapped by an inbred respect for woman—without counting the advantage he gives her, in supporting her and leaving her time free to equip herself for the fight."

And so, in plays and books, again and again—with crude violence of language—with heart-broken vehemence—he curses women and knocks them about the ears. He could think of nothing else—of God and woman—and I am not sure there is anything else worth thinking about.

And so you get an impression of Strindberg as a great, blind, amorphous force, sprawling in the dark life of his day, like a helpless animal in a pool, a picture that is true enough.

And yet this man was the greatest dramatist of the age—the most important figure in the intellectual evolution of all Europe.

And now a word or two about his dramatic work.

In real life he was independent, disinterested, indomitable—he faced the most frightful misery, poverty, contempt rather than bend his neck to the hypocrisies of a provincial society. *A man's life is the best commentary on his works*. He was a rebel whose faculty of revolt was made terrible by a touch of genius.

Even so his works. His one duty

—he held—was to speak the truth, no matter how shameful it was, no matter how bitter. He had learned truth-speaking in a pitiless struggle, he had fought for bread as an usher in a school, as “super” in a theatre, as an apothecary’s drudge.

And yet—bear this in mind—in spite of the savage way he stripped modern life of its pretences—he began his literary career as a romanticist and sentimentalist and ended it as a writer of fairy-tales.

Of course you know him best by such plays as *The Father*, *Miss Julia*, *Pariah*, *Comrades*, *The Dance of Death*. They belong to his middle period. *The Father* was first produced in 1887—an epoch-making play. Here was all the strength—the bitter strength—of the new drama—beside which the ferocious trivialities of Ibsen were as water unto wine.

Remorselessly he flayed the human beast—if his hand trembled it was with excitement—it never flinched. He wrote with a dissecting-knife. And he laid bare all the brutality, egotism and irresponsibility of modern life. His hatred for evil and for cruelty was brutal and venomous as that of Swift. A play without laughter—like all his plays.

“They call *The Father* a sad play,” he said; “did they expect a tragedy to be jolly! People talk of the *Joy of Life* as though it consisted in dancing and farcical idiocy—for me the *Joy of Life* consists in the mighty and terrible struggles of life—in the capability of experiencing something—of learning something.”

So his plays are mighty struggles, terrible and dark—man’s tragic struggle with fate! Note, too, that

in all these plays of the middle period fate comes in the guise of a woman. (That was the dark lesson he learned from his Swedish countess.)

There must always be a victim—and almost always it is the man who succumbs. Why, in this eternal war of the sexes, are the men always conquered? It is because they have *distractions*. They wanton by the way. They forget the battle. They interest themselves in life, art, nature, friendship. They have neither the patience, nor the tenacity, nor the bitterness of woman. Now and then man lays down his arms. Thus in *The Father* the captain pursues his scientific studies—he is on the point of making a great discovery—and Laura, his wife, takes him unaware—when he has laid his sword aside.

Thus in *Creditors* Adolphe, the artist, is absorbed in his art—when the woman strikes him. The battle is unfair. It is waged between man, the dreamer, and woman, who has all the serene insensibility of Nature herself—Nature’s implacable and victorious cruelty. And the poets and savants and dreamers are those whom Nature—through her instrument woman—punishes most implacably.

Now this is the thesis of all those plays of the eighties and nineties, and they tell the story of Strindberg’s sufferings at the hands of his Swedish countess and the little, pinky, Austrian wife; and they tell nothing else. Amazing plays—in their sincerity and savage realism—remember that from them sprang the drama of modern realism that swept over Europe for a quarter of a century. They begot *Tristan Bernard* and many another; indeed they begot

George Bernard Shaw—which should be accounted to them for a certain sort of righteousness, I suppose—Heaven knows why!

But this is the point. If you are to understand Strindberg, the greatest figure in Scandinavian literature, you must see that his plays represent only a part of his life—and work. Strindberg was always a rebel—always, as he said, "*Je sonne la révolte et je brandis l'idée.*" (I sound the revolt and I brand the idea.) But he did not spend his whole life rebelling against his wife, which (at its best) is misdirected genius! His first plays were historical dramas—great national dramas of patriotism.

Once he said to me: "The only work one can go on taking a daily interest in is work done for the glory of the dead—or the good of those who are not yet born." *Olaf the Reformer* is such a play—it enshrines the old glory of Sweden and proclaims new hope for a better future. Have you read *Peter in Search of His Fortune*?—this sort of *Faust* in miniature? Then you know why Strindberg is the great national poet of Sweden.

Forget what you have heard of his bitter and ferocious attack on women. Turn to the great dramas of his youth and his later days—*Gustav Wasa*, *Christine*, *Erich XIV*, *Olaf*—and you will understand why a nation followed him to his grave a few years ago. Read *Swan White* and *The Dream Play*—and you will understand why the children covered his coffin with wild flowers as he was borne—the great dead man—through the streets of his city.

In him, as in all of us, there were many men. God tormented him and

—all his life—the women tormented him. And a score of his plays—a half score of his books—are merely his cries of agony and revolt.

One of the men in him was this tortured rebel. Another was the reformer—heroic as his own Olaf—who fought the evils of a bad civilisation—the wrongs of government—the hypocrisies of religion—the shame of poverty. That is the Strindberg I love best. Those were his high moments, when life became a splendid adventure in heroism and sacrifice—and life, you know, should be either a tremendous adventure or nothing. That was the Strindberg who stood on a mountain peak.

There was another man in him—and this Strindberg, I think, the world will love best as the years go by and the noise of the battle he waged dies away. It was he who wrote the *Children's Saga*—and told of the Silver Moor and sang the fairy tales and told the little modern fables that sing themselves.

He was many men, but the greatest and truest of them was the dreamer.

Do you remember when Indra's daughter came down to him in the play? She drew her hand across her eyes and said: "All this time I have been dreaming."

"It was not a dream," he answered, "it was one of my poems."

And Indra's daughter asked him: "Do you know what poetry is, then?"

And he said softly: "I know what *dreaming* is."

And that was Strindberg's life—dreams of high and beautiful adventures—nightmares of shattered love—and dreams through which the fairies whispered mysterious sagas of the white north.

And then having dreamed for sixty years he died. But long before death took him he had learned the Great Lesson: The perfection of culture is not rebellion, but peace—not the battle hymn of Olaf, but a saga sung to children in the twilight.

SUMMER, 1918

BY GLENN WARD DRESBACH

SLOWLY the summer comes and slowly goes—
And eyes that but a summer past had seen
New wonders, now strain out beyond the green
Of fields and hills, as if to look on those
Dear faces that are absent. No repose
Is left to summer, for in every mien
There is the mark of waiting, tense, between
The stern days claimed by bravery and woes.

O eyes that watch, those faces bear the light
Of spirits fired with the brands of truth . . .
They face each firing line, with eyes that gleam
From souls awakened for the needs of Right,
To save with all brave love and strength of youth
Our Nation's glory and our Nation's Dream!

THEOPHRASTUS UP TO DATE

BY GRANT SHOWERMAN

DEAR MR. EDITOR:

It so happened several weeks ago that some trifling circumstance drew my attention once more to that entertaining series of sketches called *The Characters of Theophrastus*—who, as every schoolboy knows, or would if he studied Greek, and studied it long enough, was the friend of the philosopher Aristotle.

It has seemed to me ever since a matter of great regret, either that Theophrastus was born too soon, or that the era of child study arrived so late—regret for myself and parents in general, because the work of so careful and competent an observer as Theophrastus is our greatest present need; regret for our babies in particular, because babies, as social animals forming an exceedingly large and important factor in our modern democracy, have the right not only to be heard, which indeed nobody is able successfully to deny them, but to be intelligibly and intelligently heard. It has seemed to me also a pity for Theophrastus himself, because he has been compelled, through force of mere circumstance, to forego the honours and the honorarium which must undoubtedly have been conferred by grateful fathers and mothers and mothers' and others' magazines upon the author of such articles as we may feel sure he would have produced.

I realise, Mr. Editor, that for Theophrastus himself at this late date I can do nothing, except in the somewhat vicarious way of affording

him the satisfaction of seeing (from his home beyond the Styx) a brother artist and a kindred spirit reap the rewards which only an unkind fate kept from becoming his own. As regards the babies and the elder public, however, I am not entirely without hope that something may still be done to console them for the losses they suffer at the hands of time, and that I myself may be the instrument of the doing.

And now I will turn to my task.

PROEM

For a long time, O Polycles, I have been a student of human nature. I have lived (more or less) years ninety and nine. I have associated, too, with many and diverse babies, observing side by side, with much closeness, both the good and the worthless among them.

I will describe to you, class by class, the several kinds of conduct which characterise them, and the mode in which their affairs are administered.

THE POETICAL BABY α'

The poetical baby has clean hands and a pure heart, and will not lift up its soul unto vanity, nor swear deceitfully. The poetical baby is most frequently a girl. She is delicately responsive to the moods of nature. She will lie quietly on her back for an hour and look into the infinite blue of heaven and gurgle. The infinite blue is always reflected in her eyes.

The poetical baby thinks the thoughts of poets and philosophers,

and expresses them in the tongues of angels. This is the gurgling. Her little kicks and chuckles are its punctuation and underscorings. The poetical baby would write a book, if she could spell and hold a pen. Her mother knows this, and her father takes her mother's word for it.

THE ZOOLOGICAL BABY β

The zoological baby is a boy. The zoological baby is merely one more animal come to the shores of light. The zoological baby is a Darwinian. He is raw and formless. He has pink and wrinkled fists, and keeps them doubled. His eyes have not uncrossed themselves.

To his mother, the zoological baby is the most individual of beings. To the general public of the childless and unmarried, and to his brother, the zoological baby always looks alike. There are those who say, and also to his father. It is a wise father who knows his own son in the zoological baby.

THE BIOLOGICAL BABY γ

The biological baby's father is a scientist, or his mother has a book on the care and feeding of babies and reads a mothers' magazine. The biological baby is scientifically cradled, scientifically clothed, scientifically fed, scientifically aired, scientifically handled, and scientifically studied. All his ways are observed, set in a notebook, learned, and conned by rote. The book is a standardised book.

The biological baby is always ahead of the book. Scientifically, this is sin. But it is venial sin.

THE BACTERIOLOGICAL BABY δ

The bacteriological baby, sometimes called also microbiological, is a specialised or differentiated bio-

logical baby. He is special or different in respect of the mysticism of his environment. Science, in the case of the bacteriological baby, is in at least one way in accord with religion; it is based upon imagination of the unseen. But even here the accord is by no means complete. In religion, the predominating sentiment is the love of things hoped for; in science, it is the dread of things not seen. The devotee of religion rests in the arms of contemplation; the devotee of science writhes on the wrack of fear.

The bacteriological baby lives, moves, and has his being in strictly depopulated media. His habitat is a fortified vacuum, and he is kept in it alone by himself. The main business of the bacteriological baby's parent is the erection of barbed-wire entanglements all about the fortification, so high that no microbiological enemy can fly over them, so deep that none can get under, so minute that none can get through. Friends are excluded along with enemies. There are no passwords or countersigns. There is nothing but *Verboten*.

The bacteriological baby is at once the beneficiary and the victim of *Kultur*. He is beset behind and before. He is forcibly separated from all the numerous minute and invisible friends and playmates with whom babies have associated on familiar terms for all times since babies began. Sometimes he makes a breach in the fortifications and invites them in; but by the time all concerned are in the way of resuming to their mutual entertainment and profit the old relation, along comes some *Hochwohlgeborener Herr Professor Inspektor* with a forty-two centimetre microscope, and they are discovered and rudely thrust outside

the lines, if not put to death without trial or warning under circumstances of atrocity unparalleled in the annals of warfare.

THE PEDAGOGICAL BABY ε'

The pedagogical baby comes into the world not to observe, but to be observed; not to be proved, but to prove. When the pedagogical baby is one day old, or as soon as his fists can be untied, a twig is forced into his fingers. If they curl up again and cling to the twig, that proves that he, or someone of his fathers, was once or is a monkey. Two days after this, he is suspended, stomach downward, in a full tub of tepid water. If he paddles, that proves that ages ago he was an amphibian, and brother to the mud puppy. If his submaxillary neighbourhood displays certain microscopic signs, that proves that he once had gills. In more mature days, when he is displeased and knocks over his high chair and throws himself on the floor in screaming fits, that proves that he was once in the savage stage, and perhaps even in the stage of justification by supreme necessity.

The pedagogical baby's contribution to the world is the demonstration of a wise, inspired, and entertaining theory called recapitulation. The pedagogical baby, up to the time of his maturity as a man, represents the whole human past. Perhaps his remaining years, with their liability to broken necks, disease, and lapses into asininity, with their satiety, weakness, decay, imbecility, helplessness—

Second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans
everything—

perhaps his remaining years repre-

sent the whole human future. This is not without an element of reason.

The pedagogical baby is of all babies at the same time the most fortunate and the most unfortunate. He is fortunate because he can do as he dam pleases. You must not interfere with the individuality of the pedagogical baby. The natural world may stop him, and some time some one of a number of human agencies may stop him; but with his own kith and kin, and with nurse and teachers, he must have his own way, or at least be made to think he has it. Because, if he does not have it, but has some other person's way thrust upon him, why, what becomes of *him*?

And this is also just where he is unfortunate. He can do everything he pleases, and everything he pleases is right. Nature is always right; the pedagogical baby is nature; therefore, the pedagogical baby is always right. The pedagogical baby can do no wrong; he misses the sweetnesses of transgression. He is always under observation; he must forego all the delights of deceit. The deliciousness of sin in secret is totally impossible with him. This should be intolerable in a democratic society.

THE SOCIOLOGICAL BABY ζ'

The sociological baby will be a near relation of the pedagogical baby. The sociological baby may hardly yet be said to exist. The social sciences must first adjust the sum total of *adult* human relations. Then the sociological baby will come into his own. He will work out for himself, of course under the competent direction of social science professors engaged in the fabrication of dissertations and reputations, all the

problems of liberty, equality, and fraternity. Thus we shall put the capstone upon democratic theory and practice, and begin really to live.

THE DENATURED BABY *η*

There are those who think the denatured baby only a bacteriological baby with pedagogical tendencies. This is not the case. He is a distinct individuality.

The denatured baby is denied his mother's milk. It may contain the poisons of unpasteurised drinks or unfletcherised foods. It may contain the virus from undeodorised social relations. It may be corrupted as the result of autointoxicating spiritual and intellectual heresies.

The denatured baby must not be bathed in unsterilised waters. He must not be fed unsterilised viands. He must not be clad in unsterilised clothing. He must not touch the ground, because the ground is damp, and full of creeping things whose paws have travelled over goodness-knows-what. He must not roll on the grass, because a grass blade might produce a cutaneous abrasion and make straight the way for effluvia and bacteria. He is screened in from pestilential flies and malarial mosquitoes. He is protected from changing breeze and varying temperature. The sun must not smite him by day, nor the moon by night. He is fenced in, as well as screened. His hands must touch no object but the sterilised immovable cradle, the sterilised parent, the sterilised nurse, and the sterilised plaything. Not even Auntie and Grandma may get over the fence. Only properly disinfected visitors who comply with the rules and regulations as to times and the prohibitions and restrictions as to feeding and irritating, may, by

and with the advice and consent of the legally constituted authorities, secure a permit, and under the guidance of the keeper advance to the outer limit of the enclosure.

The denatured baby must not be excited. He must not be rocked. He must not be tossed. He must not be joggled. The denatured baby must not be allowed to hear loud laughter or scolding. He must not see tears or frowns. He must not be startled by rude and undenatured jokes. He is surrounded by a zone of silence while he naps. Somebody is always in charge over him, to keep him in all his ways. When he begins to walk, he must be well shod, and nurse must bear him up in her hands, lest he dash his foot against a stone.

God made the denatured baby—in the first instance only; let us not be hard—and therefore let him pass for a baby.

THE NATURAL BABY *θ*

The natural baby is a horrible example. The mosquitoes bite him. The flies roost on him. The cat rubs against him. She sandpapers his hands with her tongue. It makes him feel funny. He does not know it is bad for his nerves. The dog licks his face. He plays in the dirt. He absorbs it, eats it, digests it. His nose is never clean, and his fingers are never clean except when he sucks them. He is washed on Sundays and holidays.

The natural baby has the freedom of the house and the door yard. In the city, he has the freedom of the streets. He interferes with the traffic. He has a charmed life.

The natural baby is fathered and mothered without the consent of eugenics or birth controllers. He is born without a professional nurse.

The house is without a vacuum cleaner. The natural baby screams with distress, and nobody heeds him. He protests that it is colic. He insists with tears and imprecations that his case is something special, and begs for a doctor. His mother says it is nothing but stomach ache. She gives him peppermint. She says she supposes she must count on three months of this. The natural baby has, or will have, thirteen brothers and sisters and three dozen cousins. His mother says they all have acted just that same way.

The natural baby is unscientifically managed, uninspected, unsanitized, and ignorant. Enemies rise up against him on every hand, but he is self-reliant. He does valiant combat with them all. The natural baby is a sportsman. He scouts the idea of *Kultur*. He is for *laissez-*

faire. He muddles through. A thousand fall at his side, and ten thousand at his right hand; but he multiplies and replenishes the earth. He furnishes most of the world's workers and fighters, seven-eighths of its brains, all of its common sense and health and strength, and ninety-nine and three-quarters per cent. of its genius. He would furnish all of the genius, but genius is a freak, and sometimes comes to dwell where every attempt is made to drive it away.

The natural baby is fed his mother's milk. He goes on a journey, and his table is prepared before him in the presence of the passengers. The natural baby cries for more, and does not get it. The natural baby is spanked. He cries as hard as he can. He cries as long as he likes. His mother goes on with her work.

SWAN-CHILD

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

*My feet have touched the Dancing Water,
My lips have kissed the Singing Rose
And I was born a swan-girl's daughter. . . .*
Oh, I would stay with you, my lover,
But in my heart a sea wind blows
And in the dark the wild swans hover. . . .

To-night as I went down to sea
To cast my net, to draw my net,
The Marsh-King's daughter whispered me,
"Sister," she called, "do you forget?"
For, though I am a fisher's child
It was a swan-maid mothered me,
And I have wings that I can don
When day is done, when dark comes on,
To bear me high across the sea.

One star-dusk when I waited you
And it was long before you came,
There was a bird with wings of blue
And claws of gold and crest of flame
Who sang with words as mortals do:
He sang me of an ivory fountain
Within a wood beyond a mountain
Where lies beneath the water's flow
A golden key, a silver cup,
Until my hand shall lift them up. . . .
(Oh, I must go from you, my lover!)
For they were mine once long ago.

How shall you keep me, dear my lover?
My heart is yours till night-winds call,
And then dear earth-things fade and fall
(O I was born a swan-girl's daughter!)
For I have found beneath the moon
Brown fairy fernseed for my shoon
That carries me where no man knows,
Beyond the sands, beyond the clover. . . .
I cannot bide with you, my lover. . . .
*My feet have touched the Dancing Water,
My lips have kissed the Singing Rose.*

THE EVOLUTION OF THE BOOKSTORE

BY H. H. MANCHESTER

PART II. IN MEDIÆVAL AND EARLY MODERN TIMES

THE INFLUENCE OF THE METHOD OF DISTRIBUTION UPON LITERATURE

THE establishment of the Eastern Empire at Constantinople did much to reduce the importance of Rome as the book centre of the world, and the retreat to the East was turned into a flight when Rome was finally taken by the barbarians.

From the viewpoint of books, conditions in the Middle Ages were the combined result of the breaking up of the Roman Empire, and the establishment of the Christian Church. The dissolution of the Empire made intercommunication difficult, compelling each community to exist principally on its own resources, while, at the same time, the ability to read was acquired but slowly by the invaders. As a consequence, in the West, the knowledge of the old literature died, and the books were lost or destroyed.

Not considering the Church, conditions in the early Middle Ages were, from a literary point of view, somewhat analogous to the situation in the Greek world at the beginning of its history. There were many tribes, more or less independent chiefs, and a people which had to be reached, if at all, through the spoken and not the written word. The result, as might almost have been foretold, was another production and distribution of literature by bards and minstrels. The epic of *Beowulf*, the *Sagas*, the *Eddas*, the *Kalevala*, and the *Niebelungen Lied*, were all composed to be recited or

chanted, just as were the *Iliad* and other Greek epics.

The minstrel travelled from chieftain's hall to chieftain's hall, and woe to him who had not a thrilling tale to tell. Because of this, all the best of these sagas are still interesting. In fact, judging from Greek and mediæval results, a distribution through minstrels is the surest way to evolve a great epic, and it is very doubtful whether any really stirring one has been produced through any other means.

The one great modifier of these conditions in the Middle Ages was the Christian Church. It had a common interest in all lands, and kept up the intercommunication of even the most distant churches and monasteries with Rome. In an analogous way, it also kept in touch with Latin, and to a lesser extent with Greek, because of its interest in the Church Fathers and the Scriptures. It was probably on this account that the conquest of the northern tribes did not entirely put a stop to literary activity and bookselling at Rome, or even in Paris and some of the other larger cities. In the sixth century we find the sale of books in France mentioned by Cæsarius of Arles. There was even a provision in the laws of the Visigoths that a book should be sold for six sols.

In the seventh century we hear of a manuscript of Osorius being prepared by a scribe in the Statio Ma-



LYDGATE PRESENTING HIS BOOK TO THE KING. ONE GREAT ESSENTIAL OF MEDIEVAL AUTHORSHIP WAS TO FIND A PATRON

gestri Viliaric Antiquarii. In 658 Gertrud ordered books from Rome, and Abbot Benedict, according to Bede, brought back a number of scholarly works from Rome in 671, 678, and 681. In the next century Archbishop Albert of York, between 766 and 780, sought for books not only at Rome but "elsewhere," which proves that there were bookstores outside of the Eternal City.

The monasteries not only kept alive an interest in books, but soon took up the publication of books, though, of course, in manuscript form. The most useful religious books, as well as the works of the Church Fathers, were copied, decorated, illustrated, and bound in all styles from the simplest to the most gorgeous. Sometimes one monastery borrowed a book from another for



A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY PRINTERY AND BOOK SHOP, FROM LA CAILLE



STRADANUS'S ENGRAVING OF A MARKET-PLACE ABOUT 1560, WITH WHAT IS PROBABLY A STATIONER'S SHOP AT THE RIGHT

the purpose of copying it, in which case it was customary to leave an equally desirable book as a pledge. Occasionally, instead of borrowing the book, a scribe was sent to another monastery to copy it. The monasteries copied manuscripts not only for themselves, but for their patrons,—in other words, they themselves acted as publishers and booksellers.

While the small devotional manuscripts were easily copied and sold cheaply, the more elaborate works, which required genuine ability and infinite patience, brought amounts comparable with the value of such rare books to-day. It is not surprising that while Philip the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, in 1386 paid to Martin L'Huiller only sixteen francs for binding eight books, the Countess of Anjou paid for an elaborately illuminated book two hundred sheep, a hogshead each of wheat, rye, and millet, and a bundle of marten skins.

The writing in the monastery was done either in a general scriptorium,

or in smaller stalls where one monk worked alone. The copying was commonly assigned to one scribe, the illustrating to another, and often the illuminating to a third. The binding was likewise done by specialists. In the early Middle Ages the principal book material was parchment, as papyrus could no longer be imported from Egypt, and paper was not introduced into western Europe until the eleventh century.

While the distribution of books through the monasteries did much to preserve religious and learned works of more or less importance, the actual original literature to which it gave rise was almost negligible. Sundry religious discourses, various scholastic dissertations, a few pious tales, and occasional historically important, but literarily worthless annals, almost exhaust the list. The monk had no audience or reading public to hold him up to the mark, and could expect few honours save for doctrinal or moral writings.



A SCRIPTORIUM IN A MONASTERY IN MEDIEVAL TIMES

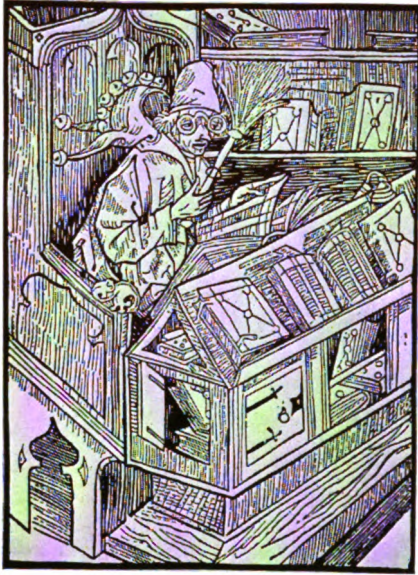
The distribution of books through the universities, which began in the twelfth century, was even more sterile in literary results. The University of Bologna was started in 1116, that of Paris about 1150, and the first beginnings were made at Oxford in 1167. With the early Renaissance the colleges became numerous. Almost as soon as a university was established, it was found necessary to set up bookstores where the works recommended to the students could be purchased. Such shops were officially connected with the universities and the stationers who kept them were humble members of the university staff.

Although there still remained independent booksellers in western Europe, the universities almost from the very beginning began to reach for control over the book trade, at least in their own vicinity. This was particularly the case in France. In 1275 the sale of books in Paris, except at certain fairs and by pedlars, was restricted to licensed bookstores, and the university specified the stock the stationer should carry and the

prices he should ask. Many of the students rented their books for the quarter instead of buying them. If manuscripts were put on sale on commission, the dealer himself was prohibited from purchasing until after a certain period, and the price and purchaser had to be recorded on the manuscript. Various other restrictions were added in 1300. In 1323 there were twenty-nine book shops in Paris, two of which were managed by women. In return for restrictions under which they laboured, the booksellers were free from taxes and personal service. In 1340 control by the university was extended over the pedlars, and various other provisions enacted.

Among the early booksellers of Paris, we find mention of Herneis le Romanceur in the first half of the thirteenth century, of Hugichio le Lombard in 1274, of Guillaume Herneis in 1292, and at the same date of Agnien in the Rue de la Boucherie.

In England we hear of Robert the stationer at Oxford in 1308, and of John Hardy in a similar position at Cambridge in 1350. The social po-



THE BIBLIOMANIAC, 1494, FROM SEBASTIAN BRANT

sition of the stationer may be imagined from the fact that in 1411 Oxford University directed that the graduating students should give their old clothes to the stationer.

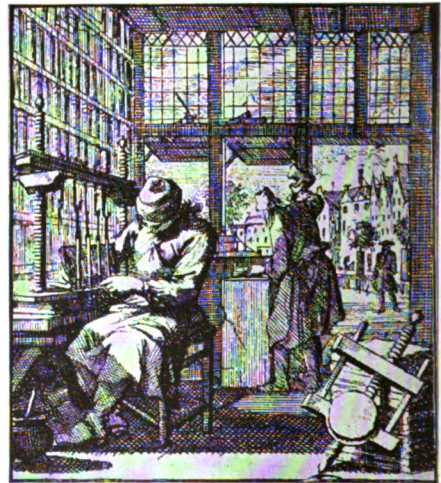
All this university activity in book selling, however, produced practically nothing in literature. Whether it actually retarded it or not, is too broad a question to be considered here.

As a sort of combined result of feudalism and the Church, came the crusades. These offered an amazing field for the distribution of literature through the bard and story-teller, and gave rise to at least three different types. Their chivalrous spirit was the centre of many knightly tales, including such epics as the *Song of Roland*, and the *Cid*. Their romantic atmosphere made popular the mediæval romances of Alexander, Charlemagne, and King Arthur. The invasions into the East by the cru-

saders produced accounts of strange travels and adventures. Probably all of this literature was first recited or narrated among the crusaders and travellers, and not written down until later.

The spirit of adventure and romance was maintained in the early Renaissance. Marco Polo told of his travels, Dante described experiences in Hades, and Petrarch sang of love. Whether the production was first recited or written, it was at least put into such form as to fit it for oral repetition. Boccaccio's stories were supposed to be told by a group of refugees from the plague, and Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* narrated on a pilgrimage. Chaucer even states expressly in his prologue to *Troilus and Cressida*, about 1380, that it was meant to be read "or elles sung." Altogether, in comparison with the writings at the monasteries and universities, the literature designed for general distribution by word of mouth seems to have attained to far higher results.

The popularity of the new litera-



A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY BOOKBINDER AND BOOK SHOP, BY JAN LUIKEN

ture certainly led to the establishment of booksellers who were at once scribes and publishers, and not directly dependent upon the monasteries and universities. The very name of Herneis le Romanceur, the Parisian stationer of about 1225, implies that he wrote or at least copied romances.

Independent book shops probably existed in Italy throughout the entire Middle Ages. In the thirteenth century we hear of *librarii* as distinct from *stationarii*, the latter probably being connected with the university. Joannes Aurispa is noted as being a manuscript dealer in Venice as early as the fourteenth century. In Florence, Arretinus, about 1375, sold manuscripts and sent scribes to copy them in the monasteries and universities. Leonardo Bruno in 1416 wrote that he had "hunted through all the book shops" of Florence.

In England Richard de Bury about 1345 stated that by making advance payments to the *stationarii*

and *librarii*, not only native but French, German, and Italian, he had procured books from great distances over the sea. The London scribes were organised as a guild in 1357, and the limners in 1403, though as yet they had no exclusive privileges.

But the manuscript shops, in spite of their development, could offer as yet practically no method by which an author could receive a reasonable compensation for his work. As a result, the authors of the Middle Ages, outside of the unknown minstrels and a few monks, were either nobles or were compelled to seek the patronage of the nobility. Dante during his long exile found a pleasant refuge with Can Grande della Scala of Verona and other Ghibelline nobles. Petrarch was honoured with the laurel crown by King Robert of Naples. Boccaccio found favour with Giovanna, Queen of Naples. Chaucer was under the patronage of Lionel and later John of Gaunt, two sons of Edward III. Froissart, who



A BOOKSTALL IN AN ENGRAVING BY BOSSE, ABOUT 1650

reported the Middle Ages as Herodotus did the Greek, had various royal and noble patrons, both in France and England, who probably enjoyed his narratives as much as he did their favour. There are many pictures in the works of the Middle Ages showing the author presenting his book to his patron, and the rule seems to have been, no patron no publisher. But the system of patronage was far more productive than no system of rewards at all, for had not authorship led to patronage, there would probably have been few authors.

The invention of printing, toward the middle of the fifteenth century, by Coster or Gutenberg—I believe this controversy is still undecided,—produced in the beginning fewer changes in books themselves than it did in bookselling. The earliest printed books were close imitations of manuscripts. The type was designed after the different kinds of writing used respectively in religious works, charters, ordinary manuscripts, and letters. The illustrations and illumina-

tions were of the same style as before, and were often filled in by hand. The lines were still of uneven length, and there were various other resemblances familiar to the collector of incunabula.

It soon became noticeable, however, even with the small editions of two hundred or three hundred copies put forth by the early publishers, that printing was greatly increasing the supply of books. Fust had to travel to Paris to sell part of his output. There is an interesting legend, probably false, that as he kept offering duplicate books at decreasing prices, he was charged with being a sorcerer and arrested by the authorities, whereupon he was compelled to disclose the secret of printing. Whether this tradition is true or not, it apparently embodies several facts of the situation at that time. It suggests the similarity between books and manuscripts, the sale of the first books as actual manuscripts, the increase in the supply, the reduction of price, and the control by the universities.

Fust was probably the first pirate



THE MARKET-PLACE AT BOLOGNE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY, AT THE LEFT A BOOK SHOP



CHARLEMAGNE DICTATING TO HIS SCRIBES, ACCORDING TO A MEDIEVAL MANUSCRIPT. NOTE THE METHOD OF PRODUCTION, BOOK FORMS AND CASE

printer, for in 1466 he reprinted a volume published the year before by Mentel of Strasburg, changing merely the imprint. In this, of course, he was only following out the usage of manuscript copyists.

The reduction in the price of books through printing seems to have been about eighty per cent. Bishop John of Aleria, in 1467, wrote to Pope Paul II that books which had formerly been one hundred gulden gold were then twenty gulden, and that those which had been twenty gulden could be bought for only four.

The increase in the number of bookstores kept pace with the rapidity with which printing spread over Europe. By 1477, when Caxton set up the first printing press in England, it had been introduced into twenty or more places on the Conti-

nent. Every printer was necessarily a bookseller, and in many cases sent out agents and maintained agencies in other places. Thus Schoeffer had a representative at Luebeck and another at Frankfort, before he removed to the latter place himself.

Many books were also sold at fairs. For several centuries the greatest book fair in the world was at Frankfort, and books were brought there from every city. In a way it acted as a place of exchange, to which printers from all over Europe carried their surplus stock. This they either sold for cash or traded for other books which they thought could be disposed of at home.

One of the first printers to sell other publications along with his own was Schoeffer. In accordance with the old custom of recording the sale of a book on one of its fly leaves, there is in a volume of Johannes Scotus printed by Koberger in 1474, a receipt by Schoeffer as follows: "I, Peter Schoeffer, the printer of May-



ARMS OF THE STATIONERS' GUILD, TO WHICH ALL LONDON BOOKSELLERS HAD TO BELONG

ence, acknowledge having received from the worthy magistrate Johannes Henrici of Pisa, 3 scuta as the price of this book."

The increase in the supply of books in proportion to the number of readers at that period threatened for a time to flood the market. There were more than twenty thousand known editions published before 1500, and although the editions numbered only a few hundred each, this output must have multiplied the world's available supply of books by many times. In 1472 we find a petition to the Pope for help from Sweynheim and Pannartz, printers at Rome, stating that they were in danger of being ruined through heavy loss of unsold remainders amounting to twelve thousand four hundred and seventy-five volumes. Another commentary on the state of business is that Pannartz soon afterward took up engraving. In a somewhat similar way early printers in Paris appealed for assistance to the university.

Such petitions to the Church and universities were based partly upon the fact that both the Church and universities still maintained a control



THE EARLIEST KNOWN PICTURE OF A PRINTED-BOOK SHOP AND PRINTING PRESS. FROM "LA GRAT DANSE MACABRE," PRINTED AT LYONS, 1499

of book publishing and selling within their jurisdictions. They both favoured cheap books and often gave permits for publication on condition that at least one edition should be published at a low price.

Many of the early printers also depended largely upon patrons. The Aldus shop was greatly assisted by the nobles of Paris, and Caxton printed several works under the patronage of Edward IV and Richard III of England. On the other hand, Fust and Schoeffer, who first made a commercial success of printing, seem to have had no patrons,



A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY BOOK SHOP, FROM MUEHLBRECHT

and to have depended upon their ability to undersell manuscript copies.

It might be supposed that the new distribution of literature through printed books would have had a revolutionary effect upon literature itself, but in the beginning this was not true. Out of the more than twenty thousand incunabula, probably eighty per cent. were religious or scholastic, which was much the same proportion as before the discovery of printing. The influence of the Church and universities may have had something to do with these percentages. In fact, where these influences were not so strong, we find Caxton republishing Chaucer, Gower, Lydgate, Thomas Mallory, and in general a larger proportion of "joyous and playsaunt romaunces."

On the Continent there were also the rediscovered classics to be brought out in available form, and altogether the early printer seems to have had enough to do to catch up with the past, without acting as a medium for the development of new literature. At any rate, the period from 1450 to 1500 was singularly barren of literary results. Eventually, however, printing greatly multiplied the number of readers, and this in turn increased the field for literature.

The oldest known picture of a printed book shop appears in *The Great Dance of Death*, which was published at Lyons, February 18, 1499, and illustrates the ravages of death among all sorts and degrees of people. The same picture also includes what seems to be the earliest extant representation of a printing press. The print shop, where Death may be seen seizing the compositor

and pressman, is very interesting as illustrating the press stiffened by supports to the ceiling, the coarse wooden screw, the ink balls, type case, and the compositor's stick. At the right of the picture, Death is laying hold of the bookseller in his stall. The shopman is at a counter in an arched opening, where customers might look over the books. On shelves in the background may be seen several other volumes which have been completed and are ready for inspection.

Probably the second oldest picture of a print shop represents that of Jodocus Badius Ascensius about 1507, but it does not include his bookstore. Since the bookselling at the time was done by the stationers, we are reproducing an engraving by Stradanus of about 1560, which includes what is probably a stationer's stall. At the left of the same print, Stradanus depicts a spectacle store, and in the centre a shoemaker's shop. The open counters and wooden awnings are typical of the shops of the period, but we are surprised to see what apparently represents a closely fitted pavement between the stalls. The stationer is perhaps recording the purchase of a book, while a customer is glancing over one of the volumes on sale.

At about this period we find the beginning of a new idea in the book world which, while in part due to printing, has had an even greater influence toward the development of literature than printing itself. This was the conception of exclusive rights in books and book sales.

It first appeared in the form of special licenses for printing. In 1491 the Republic of Venice gave to the jurist, Peter of Ravenna, the exclu-

sive privilege of printing and selling his work *Phoenix*. No time limit was fixed in this case, but thereafter Italian privileges were usually given for a period of fourteen years or less. In 1501 Konrad Celtes received an exclusive license for an edition of the dramas of Hroswitha of Gandersheim, and from this date on a number of imperial patents were given for publishing and bookselling. In France, after 1503, it became customary to get letters patent for the same purpose, the terms depending upon the nature of the book and the whim of the minister. The first privilege of the sort in England seems to have been issued to Richard Pynson, the king's printer in 1518, and similar exclusive privileges were given to an author in 1530.

The prohibition of the free importation of books into England in 1534 was another great protection to the English printers and booksellers.

Upon the chartering of the Stationer's Company in 1556, exclusive privileges were extended to all its members for the publication and sale of any work which they registered upon the records of the company. All London dealers in books, except those especially licensed by the crown, were compelled to come under the jurisdiction of this company, which was itself under the supervision of the government. The company had searchers which traced the source of illegal or unlicensed books, and heavy fines and confiscation were imposed in various cases. An apprenticeship of from seven to eleven years was required before a boy could become a printer, but was not necessary in order to become a publisher or bookseller.

At this period the majority of the book shops in London were clustered

around Saint Paul's Cathedral. The first bookseller on London Bridge was William Pickering in 1557. All evidences point to the increase in the numbers and influence of the craft.

Whereas it had been practically impossible, and in fact had never been attempted, to prevent the promiscuous copying of manuscripts, printing required sufficient paraphernalia to make supervision possible, and exclusive privileges enforceable. This new development opened a more profitable field for both booksellers and writers. It made an author's work of commercial value, not only for the moment, but as long as the sale and exclusive privileges were maintained. It enabled him, for the first time, without the intervention of a patron, to make literature pay not only in honours, but in money. Because of this, more men attempted to write, and out of the increase in numbers arose a greater chance of developing an author of talent or even a genius.

Another source which added to the possibilities of authorship was afforded by the rise of the theatre, which might be considered a new field for the distribution of literature. The miracle plays of the Middle Ages had been gradually developing into interludes, moralities, masques and pageants. The interludes, moralities, and masques were often enacted at court, and the pageants given in celebration of some great event or of a royal visit. About 1550 marks the date of *Ralph Roister Doister*, the first important English comedy, and 1562 of *Gorboduc*, the first notable English tragedy. The increasing popularity of the theatre gave an opportunity for writers to make a precarious living constructing plays, and almost immediately sprang up the group of

bohemian authors who were the first English dramatists.

A more substantial success might be reached by combining the old system of patronage with the new one of direct pay for literary work, or by obtaining an adequate share in the receipts of the theatre. Thus Ben Jonson not only received direct payment for his plays, but was also patronised by Lord Aubigny, and, in return for his masques enacted at the court, was eventually pensioned by Charles I in 1616 and by James I in 1631. Shakespeare, on the other hand, rose from being an actor in Jonson's plays, to first a writer of plays, and then a partner in the profits of the company.

Most of the Shakespearcan plays were first printed by pirates, who had them taken down in shorthand, but this was merely because the theatre considered it better business to make the public come to hear the play than to publish it.

Still another product for the bookseller and field for the disposal of literary work was furnished by the rise of pamphlet and periodical literature, which took place about this time. The first of the dated news sheets in western Europe was apparently printed in 1498. One of the same series describes the discovery of America. A semi-yearly chronicle called the *Mercurius Gallobelgicus*, was published at Cologne between 1594 and 1635. In England we find a news letter of 1603, and a short

series of intelligence letters beginning in 1619. Archer and Bourne published a pamphlet,—*A Currant of Generall News*,—in 1622, and kept it up weekly, but under different titles, for some time. The *Mercurius Britannicus* was issued in 1625 in imitation of the *Mercurius Gallobelgicus*. Such printed sheets were subject to censor, but could be registered and protected.

Not long after this began the religious and political troubles which led not only to the Puritan civil war, but to a myriad of pamphlets and news letters on religious, political, and martial subjects. What may be considered the first genuine English newspaper, *The Public Intelligencer*, was started in 1663, while the long-published *Oxford Gazette* dated from 1665.

All of these pamphlets and news sheets, ephemeral though most of them were, furnished both booksellers and writers with a chance to turn an occasional necessary penny, and many an afterward famous author got his start at such hack work.

While it is too much to claim that the new methods for the distribution of literature were the secret of the tremendous literary activity of the era from Elizabeth to Charles I, there is no doubt that the wider market and improved methods of sale offered both to booksellers and authors developed a class that made writing a profession, from which came most of the great literary results of that and subsequent periods.

The third of Mr. Manchester's articles will discuss the Modern Period. The first article, appearing in the May BOOKMAN, described Bookselling and Bookmaking in Ancient Times.

THE ADVANCE OF ENGLISH POETRY IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

PART IX

Fannie Stearns Davis—her thoughtfulness.—Carl Sandburg—his career—his defects.—Harriet Monroe—her services and her original work.—Alice Corbin—her philosophy.—T. S. Eliot.—Sarah N. Cleghorn—poet of the country village.—Sara Teasdale—her poems of love—her finished art.—Margaret Widdemer—her indictment of society.—John C. Underwood—a city poet.—Witter Bynner—a country poet.—Herman Hagedorn.—Percy Mackaye—his theories—his possibilities.—John G. Neihardt—his love poems.—Charles W. Stork—"Contemporary Verse."—M. L. Fisher—"The Sonnet."—Scudder Middleton.—J. P. Bishop.—W. A. Bradley—his nature poems.—William Griffith—"City Pastorals."—Theodosia Garrison—her war poem.—Meredith Nicholson—his left hand.—J. G. Fletcher—monotony of free verse.—Alan Seeger—an Elizabethan—a true poet.—W. A. Percy—a masterpiece—the best poem of 1917.

THE verse of Fannie Stearns Davis (Mrs. Gifford) has deservedly attracted critical attention. She is young; and the quality of her mind as displayed in her two books indicates high possibilities of development. She was born at Cleveland, March 6, 1884, is a graduate of Smith College, was a teacher in Wisconsin, and has made many contributions to various magazines. Her first book of poems, *Myself and I*, appeared in 1913; two years later came the volume called *Crack o' Dawn*. She is not much given to metrical adventure, although one of her most original poems, *As I Drank Tea Today*, has an irregular rime-scheme. For the most part, she follows both in subject and style the poetic tradition. She has the gift of song—not indeed in the superlative degree—but nevertheless unmistakable; and she has a full mind. She is neither optimist nor pessi-

mist; I should call her a sympathetic observer. The following poem sums up fairly well her accumulated wisdom:

I have looked into all men's hearts.
Like houses at night unshuttered they stand,
And I walk in the street, in the dark, and
on either hand
There are hollow houses, men's hearts.

They think that the curtains are drawn.
Yet I see their shadows suddenly kneel
To pray, or laughing and reckless as drunk-
ards reel
Into dead sleep till dawn.

And I see an immortal child
With its quaint high dreams and wondering
eyes
Sleeping beneath the hard worn body that
lies
Like a mummy-case defiled.

And I hear an immortal cry
Of splendour strain through the sodden
words,
Like a flight of brave-winged heaven-desir-
ous birds
From a swamp where poisons lie.

—I have looked into all men's hearts.
 Oh, secret terrible houses of beauty and
 pain!
 And I cannot be gay, but I cannot be bitter
 again,
 Since I looked into all men's hearts.

There is one commandment that all poets under the first class, and perhaps some of those favoured ones, frequently break: the tenth. One cannot blame them, for they know what poetry is, and they love it. They not only know what it is, but their own limited experience has taught them what rapture it must be to write lines of flawless beauty. This unconquerable covetousness is admirably and artistically expressed in Fannie Davis's poem, *After Copying Goodly Poetry*. It is an honest confession; but its author is fortunate in being able to express vain desire so beautifully that many lesser poets will covet her covetousness.

Carl Sandburg sings of Chicago with husky-haughty lips. I like Chicago and I like poetry; but I do not much care for the combination as illustrated in Mr. Sandburg's volume, *Chicago Poems*. I think it has been overrated. It is pretentious rather than important. It is the raw material of poetry, rather than the finished product. Mere passion and imagination are not enough to make a poet, not even when accompanied by indignation. If feeling and appreciation could produce poetry, then we should all be poets. But it is also necessary to know how to write.

Carl Sandburg was born at Galesburg, Illinois, January 6, 1878. He has "worked his own way" through life with splendid courage and ambition, performing any kind of respectable indoor and outdoor toil that would keep him alive. In the

Spanish War, he immediately enlisted, and belonged to the first United States Company that went to Porto Rico. In 1898 he entered Lombard College; after his Freshman year, he tried to enter West Point, succeeding in every test—physical and mental—except that of arithmetic; there he has my hearty sympathy, for in arithmetic I was always slow but not sure. He returned to Lombard, and took the regular course for the next three years, paying his way by hard work. His literary ambition had already been awakened, and he attained distinction among his mates. Since graduation, he has had constant and varied experience in journalism. His poem *Chicago*, published in *Poetry* in 1914, was awarded a prize for being "the best poem written by a citizen of the United States during the year." In 1916 appeared a substantial volume from his pen, called *Chicago Poems*.

His work gives one the impression of being somewhat chaotic both in form and content. Miss Lowell quotes him as saying, "I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on my way." According to G. K. Chesterton, this attitude was characteristic of modern life in general before the war. We don't know where we're going,—but let's put on more speed. Perhaps the other extreme, so characteristic of our southern African friends, is no better, yet it has a charm absent in the blind strenuousness of mere eagerness. A Southern negro being asked whither he was going, replied, "I ain't goin' nowhar: Ise been done gone whar I was goin'!" It would appear that there is sufficient room between these extremities for individual and social progress.

In manner Mr. Sandburg is closer to Walt Whitman than almost any other of our contemporary poets. I do not call him an imitator, and certainly he is no plagiarist; but I like that part of his work which is the farthest removed from the manner of the man of Camden. Walt Whitman was a genius; and whilst it is quite possible and at times desirable to imitate his freedom in composition, it is not possible to catch the secret of his power. It would be an ungracious task to quote Mr. Sandburg at his worst; we are all pretty bad at our worst, whether we are poets or not; I prefer to cite one of his poems which proves to me that he is not only an original writer, but that he possesses a perceptive power of beauty that transforms the commonplace into something of poignant charm, like the song of the nightingale:

Desolate and lone
All night long on the lake
Where fog trails and mist creeps,
The whistle of a boat
Calls and cries unendingly,
Like some lost child
In tears and trouble
Hunting the harbor's breast
And the harbor's eyes.

He has a notable gift for effective poetic figures of speech; in his *Nocturne in a Deserted Brickyard*, an old pond in the moonlight is a "wide dreaming pansy." This and other pieces show true power of poetic interpretation; which makes me believe that the author ought to and will greatly surpass the average excellence exhibited in *Chicago Poems*.

Harriet Monroe was born in Chicago and went to school in Georgetown, D. C. In connection with the World's Exposition in Chicago she received the honour of being formally

invited to write a poem for the dedication. Accordingly at the ceremony commemorating the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America, October 21, 1892, her *Columbian Ode* was given with music.

Harriet Monroe's chief services to the art of poetry are seen not so much in her creative work as in her founding and editing of the magazine called *Poetry*, of which I made mention in my remarks on Vachel Lindsay. In addition to this monthly stimulation—which has proved of distinct value both in awakening general interest and in giving new poets an opportunity to be heard, Miss Monroe, with the assistance of Alice Corbin Henderson, published in 1917 an anthology of twentieth century verse. Certain poets are excluded according to the rules laid down in the Preface; the title of the book is *The New Poetry*; the authors are fairly represented, and on the whole the selections from each are made with critical judgment. Every student of contemporary verse should own a copy of this work.

In 1914 Miss Monroe produced a volume of her original poems, called *You and I*. There are over two hundred pages, and those who look in them for something strange and startling will be disappointed. Knowing the author's sympathy with radicalism in art, and with all modern extremists, the form of these verses is surprisingly conservative. To be sure, the first one, *The Hotel*, is in a kind of polyphonic prose, but it is not at all a fair sample of the contents. Now whether the reading of many manuscripts has dulled Miss Monroe's creative power or not, who can say? The fact is that most of these poems are in no way remarkable either for feeling or expression,

and many of them fail to rise above the level of the commonplace. There is happily no straining for effect; but unhappily in most instances there is no effect.

Alice Corbin (Mrs. Henderson) is a native of Virginia and a resident of Chicago. She is co-editor with Miss Monroe of *The New Poetry* anthology, wherein her own poems are represented. These indicate skill in the manipulation of different metrical forms; and they reveal as well a shrewd, healthy acceptance of life as it is. This feeling communicates itself in a charming way to the reader; it is too vigorous for acquiescence, too wise for blind optimism, but nearer optimism than pessimism. It seems perhaps in certain aspects to resemble the philosophy of Ralph Hodgson, although his command of the art of poetry is beyond her range.

There is such a display of cynical cleverness in the verse of T. S. Eliot that I think he might be able to write almost anything except poetry. He has an aggressive champion in the distinguished novelist, May Sinclair, who says his best work is equal to the best of Robert Browning.

Sarah Norcliffe Cleghorn was born at Norfolk, Virginia, February 4, 1876, but since childhood she has lived in Vermont. She studied at Radcliffe College, and has written much verse and prose. Her name frequently appears among contributors to the better-known magazines, and in 1915 a number of her lyrics were printed between the short stories in a volume by her friend, Dorothy Canfield, called *Hillsboro People*. In 1917 she published a book of verses, *Portraits and Protests*, where the portraits are better than the protests. No one has ever more truly or more sympathetically ex-

pressed the spirit of George Herbert's poetry than Miss Cleghorn has given it with a handful of words, in the lyric *In Bemerton Church*. But she is above all a country mouse and a country muse; she knows her Vermont neighbours to the skin and bone, and brings out artistically the austere sweetness of their daily lives. I think I like best of all her work the poem

A SAINT'S HOURS

In the still cold before the sun,
Her matins Her brothers and her sisters
 small
 She woke, and washed and dressed
 each one.
 And through the morning hours
 all
Prime Singing above her broom she
 stood
 And swept the house from hall
 to hall.
 Then out she ran with tidings
 good,
Tierce Across the field and down the
 lane,
 To share them with the neigh-
 borhood.
 Four miles she walked, and home
 again,
Sexts To sit through half the after-
 noon
 And hear a feeble crone com-
 plain.
 But when she saw the frosty moon
 And lakes of shadow on the
 hill,
Nones Her maiden dreams grew bright
 as noon.
 She threw her pitying apron frill
 Over a little trembling mouse
Vespers When the sleek cat yawned on the
 sill
 In the late hours and drowsy
 house.
Evensong At last, too tired, beside her bed
 She fell asleep—her prayers half
 said.

Is not this one of the high func-
 tions of poetry, to interpret the life

the poet knows best, and to interpret it always in terms of the eleventh and twelfth commandments? Observe she loves the sister-mother, and she loves the mouse as well as the cat. There is no reason why those who love birds should not love cats as well; is a cat the only animal who eats birds? It is a diverting spectacle, a man with his mouth full of squab, insisting that cats should be exterminated.

Sara Teasdale (Mrs. Filsinger) was born at St. Louis (pronounced Lewis), August 8, 1884. Her first book appeared when she was twenty-three, and made an impression. In 1915 she published a volume of original lyrics called *Rivers to the Sea*; some of these were reprinted, together with new material, in *Love Poems* (1917), which also contained *Songs out of Sorrow*—verses that won the prize offered by the Poetry Society of America for the best unpublished work read at the meetings in 1916.

Sara Teasdale is a true poet. It would be an insult to call her poems "promising," for many of them exhibit a consummate mastery of the art of lyrical expression. It would be difficult to suggest any improvement upon

TWILIGHT

The stately tragedy of dusk
Drew to its perfect close,
The virginal white evening star
Sank, and the red moon rose.

Although she gives us many beautiful pictures of nature, she is primarily a poet of love. White-hot passion without a trace of anything common or unclean; absolute surrender; whole-hearted devotion expressed in pure singing. Nothing is finer than this—to realise that the

primal impulse is as strong as in the breast of a cave-woman, yet illumined by clear, high intelligence, and pouring out its feeling in a voice of gracious charm.

PITY

They never saw my lover's face,
They only know our love was brief,
Wearing awhile a windy grace
And passing like an autumn leaf.

They wonder why I do not weep,
They think it strange that I can sing,
They say, "Her love was scarcely deep
Since it has left so slight a sting."

They never saw my love nor knew
That in my heart's most secret place
I pity them as angels do
Men who have never seen God's face.

A PRAYER

Until I lose my soul and lie
Blind to the beauty of the earth,
Deaf tho' a lyric wind goes by,
Dumb in a storm of mirth;

Until my heart is quenched at length
And I have left the land of men,
Oh let me love with all my strength,
Careless if I am loved again.

If the two pieces just cited are not poetry, then I have no idea what poetry may be.

Margaret Widdemer, the daughter of a clergyman, was born at Doylestown, Pennsylvania, and was graduated from Drexel Institute Library School in 1909. She has written verse and prose from early childhood, but was not widely known until the appearance of her poem *Factories*. In 1915 this was published in a book with other pieces, and a revised, enlarged edition was printed in 1917, called by the name of the now famous song, and containing in addition nearly a hundred lyrics. Although her soul is aflame at the omnipresence of injustice in the world, her work covers a wide range

of thought and feeling. Her heart is swollen with pity for the sufferings of women; but she is far indeed from being a sentimentalist. There is an intellectual independence, a clear-headed womanly self-reliance about her way of thinking and writing that is both refreshing and stimulating. In hope and in despair she speaks for the many thousands of women, who first found their voice in Ibsen's *Doll's House*; her poem *The Modern Woman to Her Lover* has a cleanly honesty without any strained pose. And although *Factories* is doubtless her masterpiece in its terrible *Inasmuch as ye did it not*, she can portray a more quiet and more lonely tragedy as well. Her poem called *The Two Dyings* might well have been named *The Heart Knoweth its own Bitterness*.

I can remember once, ere I was dead,
The sorrow and the prayer and bitter cry
When they who loved me stood around the
bed,
Watching till I should die:

They need not so have grieved their souls
for me,
Grouped statue-like to count my failing
breath—
Only one thought strove faintly, bitterly
With the kind drug of Death:

How once upon a time, unwept, unknown,
Unhelped by pitying sigh or murmured
prayer,
My youth died in slow agony alone
With none to watch or care.

Never in any period of the world's history was the table of life so richly spread as in the years 1900-1914; women were just beginning to realise that places ought to be reserved for them as well as for men, when the war came, and there was no place for anyone except a place to fight the Black Plague of Kaiserism; now when the war is over, suppose the

women insist? What then? Before the French Revolution, only a few were invited to sit down and eat, while the majority were permitted to kneel and watch from a distance. A Frenchman once remarked, "The great appear to us great because we are kneeling—let us rise." They rose, and out of the turmoil came an enormous enlargement of the dining-hall.

John Curtis Underwood is not only a dynamic, but an insurgent poet and critic. He has published four volumes of poems, *The Iron Muse* (1910), *Americans* (1912), *Processionals* (1915), and *War Flames* (1917). The roar of city streets and the deafening pounding of machinery resound through his pages; yet he somehow or other makes a singing voice heard amid the din. In fact, he uses the din as an accompaniment; he is a kind of vocal Tubal Cain. He writes about strap-hangers, chorus girls, moving pictures, convicts, hospitals, bridge-builders and construction gangs—a symphony of noise, where everybody plays some instrument. He is no pessimist and he is not sour; there are a good many "damns" and "hells" in his verse, because, whatever he lacks, he does not lack emphasis. His philosophy seems to be similar to that of the last two stanzas of *In Memoriam*, though Mr. Underwood expresses it somewhat more concretely.

Leading the long procession through the
midnight,
Man that was ether, fire, sea, germ and ape,
Out of the æons blind of slime emerging,
Out of the æons black when ill went grop-
ing,
Finding the fire, was fused to human shape.
Heading the dreary marches through dark
ages;
Where the rest perished that the rest might
be,

Out of the æons raw and red of bloodshed,
 Man that was caveman, found the stars.
 Forever
 Man to the stars goes marching from the sea.

His poem *Central*, in which the telephone girl's work is interpreted, is as typical as any of Mr. Underwood's style; and no one, I think, can fail to see the merit in his method.

Though men may build their bridges high
 and plant their piers below the sea,
 And drive their trains across the sky; a
 higher task is left to me.
 I bridge the void 'twixt soul and soul; I
 bring the longing lovers near.
 I draw you to your spirit's goal. I serve
 the ends of fraud and fear.

The older fates sat in the sun. The cords
 they spun were short and slight.
 I set my stitches one by one, where life
 electric fetters night.
 Till it outstrips the planet's speed, and out
 of darkness leaps to day;
 And men in Maine shall hear and heed a
 voice from San Francisco Bay.

Witter Bynner—the spelling of whose name I defy anyone to remember, and envelopes addressed to him must be a collection of curiosities—was born at Brooklyn, August 10, 1881. He was graduated from Harvard in 1902, and addressed his Alma Mater in an *Ode To Harvard*, published in book form in 1907. In 1917 he collected in one attractive volume, *Grenstone Poems*, the best of his production—exclusive of his plays and prose—up to that date. One who knew Mr. Bynner only by the terrific white slave drama *Tiger*, would be quite unprepared for the sylvan sweetness of the Grenstone poems. Their environment, mainly rural, does not localise the sentiment overmuch; for the poet's mind is a kingdom, even though he is bounded in a nutshell. The environment, however, may be partly responsible for the spirit of healthy cheerfulness

that animates these verses; whatever they lack, they certainly do not lack purity and charm. Far from the madding crowd the singer finds contentment, which is the keynote of these songs; happiness built on firm indestructible foundations. Some of the divisional titles indicate the range of subjects: *Neighbors and the Country-Side, Children and Death, Wisdom and Unwisdom, Celia, Away from Grenstone*, where homesickness is expressed while travelling in the Far East. And the tone is clearly sounded in

A GRACE BEFORE THE POEMS

"Is there such a place as Grenstone?"
 Celia, hear them ask!
 Tell me, shall we share it with them?—
 Shall we let them breathe and bask

On the windy, sunny pasture,
 Where the hill-top turns its face
 Toward the valley of the mountain,
 Our beloved place?

Shall we show them through our churchyard,
 With its crumbling wall
 Set between the dead and living?
 Shall our willowed waterfall,

Huckleberries, pines and bluebirds
 Be a secret we shall share?—
 If they make but little of it,
 Celia, shall we care?

It will be seen that the independence of Mr. Bynner is quite different from the independence of Mr. Underwood; but they both have the secret of self-sufficiency.

Another loyal Harvard poet is Herman Hagedorn, who was born at New York, July 18, 1882, and took his degree at college in 1907. For some time he was on the English Faculty at Harvard, and has a scholar's knowledge of English literature. He has published plays and books of verse, of which the best known are *A Troop of the Guard* (1909) and *Poems and Ballads*, which appeared

the same year. He has a good command of lyrical expression, which ought to enable him in the years to come to produce work of richer content than his verses have thus far shown.

By far the best known of the Harvard poets of the twentieth century is Percy Mackaye, who is still better known as a playwright and maker of pageants. He was born at New York, March 16, 1875, and was graduated from Harvard in 1897. He has travelled much in Europe, and has given many lectures on dramatic art in America. His poetry may be most easily studied in one volume of appalling avoirdupois, published in 1916. It takes a strong wrist to hold it, but it is worth the effort.

The chief difficulty with Mr. Mackaye is his inability to escape from his opinions. He is far too self-conscious, much too much preoccupied with theory, both in drama and in poetry. He can write nothing without explaining his motive, without trying to show himself and others the true aim of poetry and drama. However morally noble all this may be—and it surely is that—it hampers the author. I wish he could for once completely forget all artistic propaganda, completely forget himself, and give his Muse a chance. "She needs no introduction to this audience."

There is no doubt that he has something of the divine gift. His *Centenary Ode on Lincoln*, published separately in 1909, was the best out of all the immense number of effusions I read that year. He really rose to a great occasion.

One of his most original pieces is the dog-vivisection poem, called *The Heart in the Jar*. There is a tumultuous passion in it almost overpower-

ing; and no one but a true poet could ever have thought of or have employed such symbolism. Mr. Mackaye's mind is so alert, so inquisitive, so volcanic, that he seems to me always just about to produce something that shall make his previous efforts seem immature. I have certainly not lost faith in his future.

John G. Neihardt was born in Illinois, January 8, 1881. From 1901 to 1907 he lived among the Nebraska Indians, studying their folklore and characteristics. He has published a number of books, of which the best is perhaps *A Bundle of Myrrh*, 1907. In 1915 he produced an epic of the American Fur Trade, preparing himself for the task as follows: "I descended the Missouri in an open boat, and also ascended the Yellowstone for a considerable distance. On the upper river the country was practically unchanged; and for one familiar with what had taken place there, it was no difficult feat of the imagination to revive the details of that time—the men, the trails, the boats, the trading posts where veritable satraps once ruled under the sway of the American Fur Company."

I heartily envy him these experiences; to me every river is an adventure, even the quiet, serious old Connecticut.

Yet the poem that resulted from these great visions is not remarkable. Nothing, I suppose, is more difficult than to write a good long poem. Poe disapproved of the undertaking in itself; and only men of undoubted genius have succeeded, whereas writers of hardly more than ordinary talent have occasionally turned off something combining brevity and excellence. I feel sure that Mr. Neihardt talks about this journey more

impressively than he writes about it. His love lyrics, in *A Bundle of Myrrh*, are much better. The tendency to eroticism is redeemed by sincerity of feeling.

Charles Wharton Stork was born at Philadelphia, February 12, 1881, and has studied at Haverford, Harvard, and the University of Pennsylvania. He is a scholar, a member of the English Faculty of the University of Pennsylvania, and has made many translations of Scandinavian poems. Always interested in modern developments of poetry, both in America and in Europe, he is at present the editor of *Contemporary Verse*, a monthly magazine exclusively made up of original poems. This periodical has been of considerable assistance to students of contemporary poetry, for it has given an opportunity to hitherto unknown writers, and occasionally it contains some notable contribution from men of established reputation. Thus the number for April, 1918, may some day have high bibliographical value, since it leads off with a remarkable poem by Vachel Lindsay, *The Eyes of Queen Esther*. I advise collectors to secure this, and to subscribe to the magazine. Mr. Stork has written much verse himself, of which *Flying Fish: an Ode*, may be taken as illustrative of his originality and imagination.

Another excellent magazine of contemporary poetry is *The Sonnet*, edited and published by Mahlon Leonard Fisher, at Williamsport, Pennsylvania. This appears bimonthly; and while the attempt to publish any magazine whatever displays courage, Mr. Fisher is apparently on the side of the conservatives in art. "We have attempted no propagandism, and acknowledged no revolution," is the

sentence that forms the signature to his periodical. Furthermore, we are informed that "the sole aim of *The Sonnet* is to publish poetry so well thought of by its makers that they were willing to place it within strict confines. The magazine will have nothing to say in defence of its name. It will neither attack nor respond to attacks." It has certainly printed some good sonnets, among which are many by the editor. In 1917 appeared a beautifully printed little volume, limited strictly to two hundred copies, and published by the author—*Sonnets: a First Series*. Fifty specimens are included, all written by Mr. Fisher. More than a few have grace and truth.

A new aspirant appeared in 1917 with his first volume, *Streets and Faces*. This is Scudder Middleton, brother of George Middleton, the dramatist. He was born at New York, September 9, 1888, and studied at Columbia. His little book of poetry contains nothing profound, yet there is evidence of undoubted talent which gives me hope. The best poem of his that I have seen was published in *Contemporary Verse* in 1917, and makes a fine recession to Mr. Braithwaite's Anthology.

THE POETS

We need you now, strong guardians of our
hearts,
Now, when a darkness lies on sea and
land,
When we of weakening faith forget our
parts
And bow before the falling of the sand.
Be with us now or we betray our trust
And say, "There is no wisdom but in
death"—
Remembering lovely eyes now closed with
dust—
"There is no beauty that outlasts the
breath."
For we are growing blind and cannot see,

Beyond the clouds that stand like prison
bars,
The changeless regions of our empery,
Where once we moved in friendship with
the stars.
O children of the light, now in our grief
Give us again the solace of belief.

A young Princeton student, John Peale Bishop, First Lieutenant of Infantry in the Officers Reserve Corps, who studied the art of verse under the instruction of Alfred Noyes, published in 1917 a little book of original poems, with the modest title, *Green Fruit*. These were mostly written during his last undergraduate year at college, and would not perhaps have been printed now had he not entered the service. The subjects range from the Princeton Inn to Italy. Mr. Bishop is a clear-voiced singer, and there are original songs here, which owe nothing to other poets. Such a poem as *Mushrooms* is convincing proof of ability; and there is an excellent spirit in him.

William Aspenwall Bradley was born at Hartford, Connecticut, February 8, 1878. He was a special student at Harvard, and took his bachelor's and master's degrees at Columbia. He is now in the Government War Service. He wrote an admirable *Life of Bryant* in the English Men of Letters series, and has made many scholarly contributions to the literature of criticism. He has issued two volumes of original verse, of which perhaps the better known is *Old Christmas*, 1917. This is composed of tales of the Cumberland region in Kentucky. These poem-stories are not only full of dramatic power, comic and tragic, but they contain striking portraits. I think, however, that I like best Mr. Bradley's nature-pictures. The pleasure of recognition will be felt

by everyone who reads the first few lines of

AUTUMN

Now shorter grow November days,
And leaden ponds begin to glaze
With their first ice, while every night
The hoarfrost leaves the meadows white
Like wimples spread upon the lawn
By maidens who are up at dawn,
And sparkling diamonds may be seen
Strewing the close-clipped golfing green.
But the slow sun dispels at noon
The season's work begun too soon,
Bidding faint filmy mists arise
And fold in softest draperies
The distant woodlands bleak and bare,
Until they seem to melt in air.

William Griffith was born at Memphis, Missouri, February 15, 1876, and received his education at the public schools. He has been a "news-paper man" and magazine editor, and has produced a number of books in verse and prose, of which the best example is *City Pastorals*, originally published in 1915, revised and re-issued in 1918. The title of this book appears to be a paradox; but its significance is clear enough after one has read a few pages. It is an original and interesting way of bringing the breath of the country into the town. The scene is a New York Club on a side street; the year is 1914; the three speakers are Brown, Gray, Green; the four divisions are Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter. The style is for the most part rimed stanzas in short metre, which go trippingly on the tongue. Grace and delicacy characterise the pictures of the country that the men bring back to the smoky city from their travels.

Occultly through a riven cloud
The ancient river shines again,
Still wandering like a silver road
Among the cities in the plain.

On far horizons softly lean
The hills against the coming night;

And mantled with a russet green,
The orchards gather into sight.

Through apples hanging high and low,
In ruddy colors, deeply spread
From core to rind, the sun melts slow,
With gold upcaught against the red.

And here and there, with sighs and calls,
Among the hills an echo rings
Remotely as the water falls
And down the meadow softly sings.

A wind goes by; the air is stirred
With secret whispers far and near;
Another token—just a word
Had made the rose's meaning clear.

I see the fields; I catch the scent
Of pine cones and the fresh split wood,
Where bearded moss and stains are blent
With autumn rains—and all is good.

An air, arising, turns and lifts
The fallen leaves where they had lain
Beneath the trees, then weakly shifts
And slowly settles back again.

While with far shouts, now homeward bound,
Across the fields the reapers go;
And, with the darkness closing round,
The lilies of the twilight blow.

Many of the other poems in this volume, that follow the *City Pastorals*, are interpretations of various individuals and of various nationalities. Mr. Griffith has a distinct gift for the making of epigrams; and indeed he has studied concision in all his work. It may be that this is a result of his long years of training in journalism; he must have silently implored the writers of manuscripts he was forced to read to leave their damnable faces and begin. Certain it is, that although he can write smoothly flowing music, there is hardly a page in his whole book that does not contain some idea worth thinking about. His wine of Cyprus has both body and bouquet.

Theodosia Garrison was born at Newark, New Jersey, November 26, 1874. She has published three vol-

umes of verse, of which perhaps the best known is *The Joy of Life* (1909). At present she is engaged in war work, where her high faith, serene womanliness, and overflowing humour ought to make her, in the finest sense of the word, efficient. Her short poem on the war is a good answer to detractors of America.

APRIL 2nd

We have been patient—and they named us weak;
We have been silent—and they judged us meek.
Now, in the much-abused, high name of God
We speak.

Oh, not with faltering or uncertain tone—
With chosen words we make our meaning known,
That like a great wind from the West shall shake
The double throne.

Our colors flame upon the topmost mast,—
We lift the glove so arrogantly cast,
And in the much-abused, high name of God
We speak at last.

Meredith Nicholson, the American novelist, has followed the example of many of his brother craftsmen in England, in publishing a volume of original verse, *Poems*, 1906. It is possibly a sign of the growing interest in poetry that so many who have won distinction in prose should in these latter days strive for the laurel crown. Mr. Nicholson's poems are a kind of riming journal of his heart. It is clear that he is not a born poet, for the flame of inspiration is not in these pages, nor do we find the perfect phrase or ravishing music; what we do have is well worth preservation in print—the manly, dignified, imaginative speculations of a clear and honest mind. Furthermore, although he writes verse with his left hand, there is displayed in many of these pieces a mastery of the

exact meaning of words, attained possibly by his long years of training in the other art of prose.

John Gould Fletcher was born at Little Rock, Arkansas, January 3, 1886. He studied at Andover and at Harvard, and has lived much in London. He has become identified with the Imagists. Personally I wish that Mr. Fletcher would use his rather remarkable command of gorgeous imagery in the production of orthodox forms of verse. Free verse ought to be less monotonous than constantly repeated sonnets, quatrains, and stanza-forms; but the fact is just the other way. A volume made up entirely of free verse, unless written by a man of genius, has a capacity to bore the reader that at times seems almost criminal.

Alan Seeger—whose heroic death glorified his youth—was born at New York, June 22, 1888. He studied at Harvard, where his literary talent won instant recognition. He lived in Paris, and no one has ever loved Paris more than he. He enlisted in the Foreign Legion of France at the outbreak of the war in 1914, and fell on the fourth of July, 1916. His letters show his mind and heart clearly.

Alan Seeger was an Elizabethan. He had a consuming passion for beauty, which was his only religion. He loved women and he loved war, like the gallant, picturesque old soldiers of fortune. There was no pose in all this; his was a brave, forthright nature, that gave everything he was and had without a shade of fear or a shade of regret. He is one of the most fiery spirits of our time, and like Rupert Brooke, he will be thought of as immortally young.

He was an inspired poet. Poetry came from him as naturally as rain

from clouds. His magnificent *Ode in Memory of the American Volunteers Fallen in France* has a nobility of phrase that matches the elevation of thought. Work like this cannot be forgotten.

I said that Alan Seeger was an Elizabethan. He wrote his autobiography in one of his last sonnets, paying poetic tribute to Philip Sidney—lover of woman, lover of battle, lover of art.

Sidney, in whom the heyday of romance
Came to its precious and most perfect
flower,

Whether you tourneyed with victorious lance
Or bought sweet roundelays to Stella's
bower,

I give myself some credit for the way
I have kept clean of what enslaves and
lowers,

Shunned the ideals of our present day
And studied those that were esteemed in
yours;

For, turning from the mob that buys Success
By sacrificing all life's better part,
Down the free roads of human happiness
I frolicked, poor of purse but light of heart,
And lived in strict devotion all along
To my three idols—Love and Arms and
Song.

His most famous poem, *I Have a Rendezvous with Death*, is almost intolerably painful in its tragic beauty, in its contrast between the darkness of the unchanging shadow and the apple-blossoms of the sunny air—above all, because we read it after both Youth and Death have kept their word, and met at the place appointed.

He knew his poetry was good, and that it would not die with his body. In the last letter he wrote, we find these words: "I will write you soon if I get through all right. If not, my only earthly care is for my poems. Add the ode I sent you and the three sonnets to my last volume and you will have *opera omnia quae existant*."

Among our living young American poets there are few who have inherited in richer or purer measure than William Alexander Percy. He was born at Greenville, Mississippi, May 4, 1885, and studied at the University of the South and at the Harvard Law School. He is now a practising lawyer. In 1915, his volume of poems, *Sappho in Leukas*, attracted immediately the attention of discriminating critics. The prologue shows that noble devotion to art, that high faith in it, entirely beyond the understanding of the Philistine, but which awakens an instant and accurate vibration in the heart of every lover of poetry.

O singing heart, think not of aught save song;

Beauty can do no wrong.

Let but th' inviolable music shake

Golden on golden flake,

Down to the human throng,

And one, one surely, will look up and hear
and wake.

Weigh not the rapture; measure not nor
sift

God's dark, delirious gift;

But deaf to immortality or gain,

Give as the shining rain,

Thy music pure and swift,

And here or there, sometime, somewhere,
'twill reach the grain.

There is a wide range of subjects in this volume, Greek, mediæval, and modern—inspiration from books and inspiration from outdoors. But there is not a single poem that could be called crude or flat. Mr. Percy is a poet and an artist; he can be ornate and he can be severe; but in both phases there is a dignity not always characteristic of contemporary verse. I do not prophesy—but I feel certain of this man.

One day in 1917, I clipped an unsigned poem from a daily newspaper, and carried it in my pocketbook for months. Later I discovered that it was written by Mr. Percy, and had first appeared in *The Bellman*. I know of no poem by any American published in the year 1917 that for combined beauty of thought and beauty of expression is superior to this little masterpiece.

OVERTONES

I heard a bird at break of day

Sing from the autumn trees

A song so mystical and calm,

So full of certainties,

No man, I think, could listen long

Except upon his knees.

Yet this was but a simple bird,

Alone, among dead trees.

Professor Phelps's last essay will discuss the work of W. V. Moody, E. A. Robinson, H. van Dyke, R. U. Johnson, G. E. Woodberry, W. D. Foulke, G. Santayana, R. Burton, J. P. Peabody, C. Y. Rice, E. Markham, H. K. Vielé, H. H. Whitney, R. Hughes, H. A. Beers, R. C. Rogers, Brian Hooker, W. R. Benét, C. M. Lewis, E. B. Reed, F. E. Pierce, R. Munger, A. Colton, R. B. Glaenzer, S. V. Benét.

WAR ECHOES

EDITED BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

I. THE FATHER'S HAND

BY G. HUMPHREY

THE Dean and I were sitting after dinner discussing the shortage of students at Oxford since the war began.

"You have no idea," he was saying, "how strange it is to lecture to a class of four or five when one has been accustomed to forty or fifty. This morning, for instance . . ."

"Well, Dean," I put in, "after the war there will be no lectures on Latin poetry. The times are changing."

The old man threw back his head, and his silvery beard waved in the candle-light.

"Listen," he began, "you remember the passage where a father was trying to carve a picture of his son's death?"

"*Bis patriae cecidere manus*," I quoted. "Twice the hands of the father fell. Icarus, was it not, for whom his father had made wings, and who flew too near the sun and fell down to earth?"

He nodded. "*Bis patriae manus cecidere*—the father's hands fell to his sides. In our village in the first few months of the war, there came an old man, a refugee from Alsace-Lorraine. By profession, he was a monument carver, and out of the exercise of his craft he had acquired a considerable familiarity with what one might call Phœnix-Latin, the kind that is only called into being when 'Our Esteemed Fellow-Townsmen' dies. He had all the pedant's

love for the language. Often he would exchange tags with me when I met him in the street.

"*Quomodo es?* How are you,' he would laugh in the tiny general store, to the mystification of the little spectacled proprietress.

"*Bene, domine*,' was my grave answer,—'Very well, sir.'

"Soon he became very popular in the village, though he was regarded as something of a crank. It appeared that he was of the old days when Alsace-Lorraine belonged to the French. Of his private affairs we could learn nothing, except that he had married young and that his wife had died at the birth of a son. When he was questioned about his early life, he would affect not to understand—'*Je ne comprend pas, m'sieu*'—this and a shrug of the shoulders was all that we could get out of him.

"Well, the old fellow prided himself on his excellent eyesight, and in the fairly frequent air raids, he refused to go into shelter, preferring instead to remain lying down on the hill outside the village, where he would watch the hostile aeroplane pursued by our guns until it became a speck in the distance toward London. Then he would trudge back again.

"'The pigs are gone,' he would reassure us in our cellars, shaking his fist at the sky. 'Ah the cochons!

Sus Germanicus! and we would crawl out again into God's air, pleased to see him and knowing that there was no longer any danger even if the 'all clear' signal had not yet sounded. For he was always right. He knew from bitter experience.

"One day I saw him in conference with the little knot of sailors that presided over our anti-aircraft defences. He was pointing to the sky rather excitedly and telling them in his broken English, something about aeroplanes and 'it is necessaire that they pass so,' at the same time indicating a track of sky.

"What is it?" I asked the petty officer.

"He's got an idea for bringing down the Germans," explained the man, twitching his thumb rather contemptuously toward my old friend. 'He says they always pass over that point above the headland before they turn to London. I never noticed it myself, but there may be something in it. I'll tell the captain.'

"*En hostes,*" cried the old man in Latin to me, pointing to the place. 'Behold the enemy. It is quite necessaire that he pass by here what you call the landmark, is it not? The German precision, *toujours* the same.'

"I laughed and took him by the arm, down to the village, marvelling at the intense hatred with which he spat out the words. 'The German pigs,' he muttered as we went along. 'They have my country.'

"Soon after there came another raid. We heard the gunfire, without paying much attention to it, so customary had it become. When the safety siren was heard, we all went back to our occupations as usual. I wondered why the old fellow had not appeared, and began to grow

anxious, thinking he might have been killed. I was just setting out to look for him when I caught sight of him running toward me over a ploughed field, stopping every other moment to pick up his battered black hat, and looking, even at a quarter of a mile, as if he was full of news of some kind. When he came within a hundred yards or so, still running, he shouted something at me, raising his hands to the sky and then pointing to the earth.

"*'Fuit Ilium,'* I heard. 'Troy is fallen. The Germans is destroyed. They have him shot, so,' and he brought his arm from above his head to the ground in a magnificently dramatic sweep.

"What is it?" I asked as I reached him.

"Perspiring and mopping his face with the tricolour handkerchief that some would-be wag had given him, he told his tale. The gunners had taken his advice, and fired at the spot he told them, and a German aeroplane had actually been brought down.

"That week the village was jubilant, and my old friend found himself suddenly a hero. The local papers brought out a long account of the affair, with a leader about the 'victim of German autocracy, whom we are proud to shelter in our midst. With the courage that we know so well in our brave allies, he stayed out unprotected and discerned the weak spot in the foe's armour. We are proud of our guest.' It was, indeed, a proud time for our refugee.

"The naval authorities took over charge of the wrecked aeroplane, and the remains of the fallen aviator were gathered together to be buried the following week in the village cemetery. We were a simple, kind-hearted community, far away in the country,

and many of the villagers had themselves sons fighting at the front. So we decided that the village should erect a simple tombstone over the fallen enemy—the resolution being made, I suspect, chiefly as the result of a sermon of the worthy pastor, who pointed out that the dead man was more sinned against than sinning, that he was the victim of the German system, and that we ought not to think bitterly of a fallen foe who died at what he conceived to be his duty.

"The next question was as to the inscription. The old Frenchman brought out a book, which he explained was the '*Vade mecum* for cutters of tombs.' From it he produced a marvellous quotation, which he said came from Seneca. He was listened to now with respect, but I could see that the idea was not popular. No one liked to oppose him, until I finally remarked that something simpler would perhaps be better, and suggested, 'Here lies a fallen German,' with the date. The old refugee was obviously very reluctant to give up his wonderful epitaph, but my reading was clearly the favourite, and it was adopted in the end. The obvious man to do the carving was the old stonecutter who had brought down the aeroplane. He was given the commission.

"The burial took place, and the village went back to its normal routine, the old man being supposed to be working on the inscription.

" . . . It was about the time of the discussion of the epitaph that the relics from the recent raid were exposed for view in the little museum at the school. There was no address found on the body, and almost the only personal effect that had survived the terrible fall was a photograph of

a woman, young and fair-haired, with the inscription, 'Meine Mutter,' which I translated to the admiring villagers as meaning, 'My Mother.' Nothing else. I went to tell the old Frenchman and ask him if he had seen the curiosities. I found him sitting in the garden of the cottage where he lived, in the little shed he called his workshop, where the tombstone had been brought. To my surprise, he was lying on the ground, and beside his open hand lay a chisel.

" 'What is it?' I asked him.

"He started up when he saw me. 'I was tired,' he answered confusedly. '*Fatigatus opere*, weary with labour. *N'est-ce-pas?* and his poor old face relapsed into a sad attempt at a smile.

" 'But you have not begun to labour,' I answered, trying to joke away an impending feeling of tragedy that I but dimly understood. 'Why do you not do the work?'

" 'Ah, I cannot. My hands are old, and I can no more.'

"Then I saw that his hands were shaking, and I grew alarmed. I could see that the strain of the last few days was telling on him. He seemed years older. So I gently helped him up and took him indoors, where the good woman of the house put him to bed. I asked her how long he had been sick, and she told me that he had gone out that afternoon, looking well, and intending to buy a chisel and visit the little museum. She had not seen him again till I brought him in from the garden.

"From that time the poor old man seemed to grow feebler and feebler, and we began to think that his last joke had been cracked and all his troubles ended. He seemed to lose all wish to live, lying on his bed

without a word, and only taking food when it was almost forced down his throat. I frequently visited him and tried to console him. For the one thing that now troubled him was that he would not be able to execute his commission before he died. 'Never have I promised and not perform,' he would say. 'Oh, for one day of my *pristini roboris*—my youthful strength.'

"I comforted him and told him, against my belief, that he would be out cutting the inscription next spring. But he shook his head sorrowfully, and at each visit he seemed to grow weaker and weaker. The climax came quite suddenly. Summer had turned to fall, and I was taking my usual walk by the light of the harvest moon, passing through the old churchyard, where the German had been buried and the cross had now been put, uncarved. For we

boasted no other stonecutter in the village. I went up to look at it, and by the moonlight I caught sight of the figure of a man. Bending down, I saw my old friend, dead, by the work he had promised. It was not till the next day that they found his chisel by the tombstone, and about a dozen letters which he had chiselled. The villagers thought that the old man had gone out of his mind, for the letters on the stone were not the beginning of the epitaph we had agreed on. They think so yet. For I never told them, and I am the only man who can read what is written on the stone."

Here the Dean was silent a moment or so.

"Well, what had he carved?" I asked.

"*Bis patriae m . . .* Twice the hand of the father failed. The dead man was his son."

II. SOMEWHERE IN . . .

BY M. P. MERWIN

"CAN you ask me that!"

"But after—after all the years?"

"Why, I should have known you at the ends of the earth, I should have known you in hell itself—yes, in the very hell of battle! Or in the midst of all the splendours of heaven—"

"Ah!"

"So you like that better?"

"I do! It fits better—don't you think so?"

"I should say I do—what could any heaven offer more? You, *you* here, your hands in mine! But that's what is so strange, I don't quite—"

"Then I haven't changed? Do I look, do I—do I appear the same, after—after—all the years?"

"Yes and no—both! That's what I don't understand—you *are* the same, yet so very different, when I really look at you. It's queer, you know, but I don't seem to be able really to look at you, at your dear, beautiful face—why, do you know, it actually *shines*."

"And yet you did know me—I saw that you did, even before you 'really looked.' How was it—do you know?"

"Wasn't that the most wonderful

thing? I don't know how to get it into words. I guess I just knew you, and that's all there is to it. You see, I felt that—yes, that's it—I *felt* that ineffable mother-ness of you!"

"My little Lad!"

"Mother, how just heavenly to be hearing *that* again!"

"And how 'just heavenly' to be saying it."

"It's been so long since I heard it, so cruelly long! Motherkin, how could it be—how could you go, and not a word of farewell—not even of warning—not even to me! It was cruel, cruel—"

"Lad-of-mine, don't imagine I haven't known the bitterness it held for you—for you! But let's not think about that, now—now that we are together—and *here*."

"That's the thing to remember, wise little Mother-of-mine! And that's you, just as you always were—leaping straight at the good thing, and saying, 'Now let's think about *that*.' *Together* and *here*—I haven't much idea what 'here' means, but I know that 'together' and that about fills up my measure of content. Of course, I suppose it's the hospital—and not very far from the front. Isn't that right?"

"Call it 'hospital,' if you like—if the word seems to you to fit. And 'front?' Yes, Son, you might truthfully say that we are not far from the front—the great Front!"

"Mysterious little person—same as always—never would tell me a thing until you thought it was 'right' for me to know! And putting me off so cleverly, too—why, you actually used to make the youngster—that-was—think it was fun to be bamboozled into waiting your time! But never a lie—not once!"

"Of course. How could I have

got the truth from you, unless I myself gave it to you?"

"Sure—the kids always know. H'mm—it's getting mighty hard to keep quiet, but I suppose it wouldn't do to move much. It's hard to keep—but there's no *pain*. Do you know, Motherkin, I actually don't remember which arm was shattered!"

"No? You might try moving them—a little. Then perhaps you would begin to—to get at the truth."

"Oh, may I? I'd have supposed—Why, I don't seem to have any trouble to—to move them, both of 'em! They feel—well, *light*. Fact is, I feel light all over."

"And the wound, that thrust through the lung?"

"Ah, that bayonet! I *thought* I couldn't have been mistaken about that. And lying there on the ground—it was an eternity; and the groanings and shriekings—God, what an inferno! Then I forgot everything. Queer, but I feel all right now, here, with you. *Oh-h*, I see—*now*,—of course, this is— They've given me something, and I'm still under the influence of it,—wonder I didn't think of that before! H'mm—if I'm going to be mu— Oh, well, what's the use of worrying about it!"

"None—none at all."

"Light-headed, of course! But wait—see here,—Mother, am I just dreaming all this? You—*you* are real? Mother-Mother, tell me, tell—quick, before I—"

"You are *not* dreaming. And I am 'real,' very real, my little Lad—my little Lad!"

"And you say it,—who never lied to me. You *couldn't* lie, even in a dream. Oh, how good, how just *natural*-good, to hear you say that again,—'My little Lad—my little Lad'

—twice, just like that, as you always did!"

"Because *you* always called 'Mother-Mother,' twice, just like that."

"Yes, that was my cry, when something turned up that was too big and wonderful for me to digest by myself,—do you remember that?"

"Do I remember!"

"Oh, forgive me! But still, didn't you ask if I—*knew* you?"

"So I did,—we will absolve each other!"

"One of those times I remember: I was a scrap of a kid, and I'd found a baby robin that had fallen out of the nest, in that old orchard,—Grandpa Morley's,—do you remember?"

"Yes—go on."

"You know, Mother, I feel just like that youngster again,—here with you! I can feel it right now—the thrill of it, the unbelievable wonder of it all, to hold it in my very own hand,—that bit of feathery life with tiny bright eyes, straight out of the World-that-flies! And then, of course, I raced to find you, calling 'Mother-Mother,' and you—of course, you answered—"

"My little Lad—my little Lad!"

"Nothing was right, really *right*, until it had been laid before you. No Great Experience gave up its real meaning, its flavour, until you—And that's why it was so terrible, so simply *impossible*,—why, I never got over it,—the not telling things to you, after you—! Not even to be allowed to write—"

"Darling, think of this—you have me now! To tell things to, all the sweet old things like the baby robin, and—all the wonderful, wonderful new ones,—as long as you like."

"That will be some long time,—

you won't get away from me soon again!"

"Never again! And remember this, Son,—it is because of the surpassing love between us,—the same thing that made my going so cruel—that *this* can be now. This is the other side of that! It is because of our great love, and because of the fair fruit of your life, little Son-of-mine, because you gave all, not only your young body, but your clean mind, too, to France, to freedom, in pure, utter devotion, in finest self-forgetfulness—"

"Oh, I say now, Mother—"

"Because of these two things, it has been possible for me to meet you here, here at the Frontier, the very Border—"

"What is that you say? frontier? border? Tell me,—Mother, I must know—have we truly come to the border? How long have I been like this—asleep, or unconscious, or whatever it is? Have we—Mother—Mother, have we driven them out of France, beautiful, crucified—"

"Little Son, will you trust Mother?—only a little while, and be quiet, just until— For a time I ask you not to think of—what they call the Great War. Let us think rather now, for a time, of the Great Love that has brought us together,—that, working with the immeasurable gift my boy has made to the Spirit of Freedom—"

"But Freedom—that's just what I am thinking of! Mother, tell me this! I can't wait for this! Our flag, the flag the little French girl said had the sky in it, the flag you taught me to reverence, because it meant freedom,—Mother, *where is that flag?*"

"Laddie, presently all your questions shall be answered, in full! Now you will trust me, and wait a little.

This is the—Border, though not just in the sense in which you say it. As to the flag, *our* flag, the flag dearer to you and to me than life, because it stands for a great outpost on the road to Freedom,—oh, little Son, I *will* tell you this, even now,—when the time comes for you to know the place of that beloved flag, *you will be satisfied.*”

“*Satisfied?* Coming from your lips, little freedom-loving-Mother, proud—passionately proud daughter of Columbia that you always were! It’s enough for me,—I’ll wait, as long as you say. Though I don’t see why I should wait,—I feel perfectly well, never better. Maybe finding you would account for that,—of course it would! Still, I *am* all right, Mother. That shattered arm, the bayonet thrust,—did I *dream* all that?”

“You could call it dreaming, and not be far wrong.”

“Mother, your face shines! It was always sort of shining, you know. But not like this! And now I should know you, too,—your face, I mean, and not just the mother-ness. When you said that now,—‘*You will be satisfied,*’ you were your old self. That is exactly how you looked once, when I was a kid, and had come running in to you with my new pal, Bill,—they’d just moved in next door,—remember Bill?”

“Billy Slater,—yes.”

“We told you we had a new song, ‘an awful good one,’ and you stopped your sewing and looked interested and eager, just as you always did,—but the other kids’ mothers never looked that way! But after we’d sung a little,—*those eyes of yours!* Something had gone wrong with the world, I could see that, even if I didn’t know what. I said, ‘Oh,

Mother, then *did* you raise me to be one?’ And then you got to be yourself again, and all cool, and you explained for us how you hoped that there would be no large war ever again, that men were growing too decent and civilised to fight. But you said if ever our country called, in the name of Freedom,—and then you said that song must not be sung in our house, unless we wanted to change a word. And your eyes—well, they were just like that a minute ago!”

“And all these years you have remembered that!”

“Remembered that? Why, that was what brought me to France.”

“Son!”

“Yes. You see, Mother, things have changed a lot since you— Of course, there were fellows who went over for the big adventure of it. But I didn’t hanker after adventure. I wanted to do my work, and have a little home-place of love, just like what we had, you and I. I wanted to work for it, and for—the just-the-right-Girl. Mother, she has the same kind of eyes as yours! It didn’t matter that she had not turned up yet—But look here, how *easy* this goes!”

“Goes?”

“Yes! You see, I’ve never mentioned *her* before, not to a living soul, and here I go telling you all about her! Anyhow, she always seemed to belong with you,—the same kind of thing was looking out of her eyes at me. Sometimes, when the doubt came of her existing at all—on earth—well, she had to be, she *was*, because you were. You had to be, so why couldn’t she be, too, even if she hadn’t yet put in an appearance?”

“And so you got your faith in her, your just-the-right-Girl, from—*me?*”

Oh, little Son, that is a fair, a very fair flower for a mother to wear in her heart! And that faith—*faith is the substance of—* But go on,—you said things had changed—”

“Yes; peace was the only thing we thought worthy of sane men. All the glory and all the romance had gone out of war. War was just—*killing*. It was impossible, unthinkable. Then came the Great War—overnight! Mother, don’t despise me, but at first I thought we should do just one thing, *keep out*. There must be some other way to bring the madmen to their senses, without our going mad, too. Our Government, our America, —organised for killing—it was impossible. Then, little by little, it became clear that those—those Super-Madmen could be stopped only by the same things that they carried in their blood-stained hands. Then I lay awake nights, trying to work it out, trying to see that it wasn’t our fight, —*my* fight. God knows how I wanted to keep out of it! Motherkin, are you ashamed of me?”

“No, no! Go on.”

“Then I saw the thing—as it was —*I was trying to save myself!* Not my skin, you understand; I wasn’t so keen about that. It was my—peace of mind that I was wanting to save, at any old price, too. It was to keep my hands clean of blood. And then I saw myself for what I really was,—when blood had to be shed, dirty work that must be done for civilisation, that Freedom might be kept on this earth, I, *your son*, was scheming to find a way to let the other fellow do it! And what made the whole thing clear to me was just —*your eyes*,—Motherkin, your blazing eyes, as they looked when you said that Bill and I couldn’t sing that song unless we changed it so,—

‘I did not raise my Boy to be a *Slacker!*’”

“And so, from a little thing, a little moment-matter in your far-off boyhood, has come the growth of a thing of world-moment,—the dedication of a soul to Freedom!”

“You’ve said it right, it was just that—a soul. I suppose my body, born of you, might have gone over to France sooner or later,—somehow. But the matter was settled for the immortal soul of me! Perhaps it wouldn’t be so desperately far off to say that then my soul was born—of your soul, and I got to be, in living earnest, your son. And so I started and found the Foreign Legion. For, you see, Freedom did call, in the name of France, even if my own country— Oh, all right, I’ll wait,—‘until’! Anyhow, I don’t seem to think of it so much,—and you said ‘satisfied’ anyhow. It’s because of you, you wonderful, radiant Motherkin, with—those Eyes! I’m so utterly content, satisfied. And this wonderful sense of Things-to-come,—what *does* it mean?”

“You might rest a little, and wait. You know that wise old earth-saying, ‘All things come to him who waits’? Few had then the wisdom to wait,—and now the ‘waiting’ is so short!”

“Mother-Mother, what is this—this—*colour?* This grace, or is it a glory—and everywhere! Are we—are we—*rising?* I feel so—*light*. Why, this might be the very Gates of Heaven itself—”

“Yes—yes?”

“I’m beginning—I’m beginning to—to see—”

“To see—”

“It’s been such a puzzle—your being here. You see, you—you *did*—And yet here you are! And this is— all this is so wonderful,—unspeak-

able— Do you remember when I first saw the ocean? *Do you?*”

“I do! We had gone on board at night, and you were carried on asleep; and next morning when we came on deck and you saw it for the first time, you said,—dear little Son-of-mine!—you said, ‘Why, I guess this is where God lives when He’s at home.’”

“That is how it feels now. Mother—Mother, you did go long, long ago; and it wasn’t just a dream—the arm and the bayonet through me. And

yet, as you said, it *was* a dream, too! And this is—no hospital—”

“No, no!”

“I see—oh, I see! It was, both for you then and for me a day or a week or a month ago,—it was—death?”

“Men call it that, little Son-of-mine.”

“And this, *this*—oh, it is, it is! God does live here! Both your hands, Motherkin,—this is—”

“It *is*, my Son,—it is—Life, Life!”

“Mother—Mother,—*Mother* . . .”

“*My little Lad* . . .”

III. THE RETREAT

BY CLAIRE VARDON

OVER the small French village, a cloudy dusk was gathering, melting into a grey and shifting mass the throng of soldiers and civilians that stood in the square before the town hall and crowded to make way for a lumbering file of munition wagons.

An old woman, passing in front of Pierre Lameaux’s house at the end of the village, stared at the closed shutters of the window that gave on the street, and stopped before the open door, peering into the darkened front room.

Gradually, the interior became visible to her puckered eyes. Dark masses of wood detached themselves from the flowered wall-paper; she recognised the massive oak cupboard, and the side-board, crowned with the beaten copper bowl which Lameaux, père, had given to his daughter-in-law on the occasion of her wedding, a year ago. The door that led to the back of the house was ajar.

The old woman turned her head

suddenly toward the darkest corner in the room. A tall shadow against the wall had swayed slightly. She leaned forward, scraping her foot on the stone step, and the shadow moved, the pale face of a girl becoming visible in the half-light, her dark eyes fixed on the bent figure in the doorway.

“Good evening, Madame Lameaux.” The visitor stuttered a little, and smiled foolishly. “I was passing, and thought I would stop and see if all was well with you.”

The girl came to the door, adjusting the loosely knit shawl that fell below her waist. The stronger light revealed deep shadows under her eyes.

“It is late for you to be out, Madame Bourrier.” She drew in her breath, and glanced swiftly over her shoulder.

“Indeed, yes, Madame Lameaux—it is late. But on such a day as this, does one think of time? I’ll wager our men will not come home to-night

until they have torn down everything the Prussians have left behind—everything they have built and changed here since two years!”

The girl nodded, her eyes half closed.

“Two years, Madame Lameaux! After two years in the hands of these Prussians—after living in cellars like rats—to have seen them retreat, and to know that we are already out of reach of their guns and that we have escaped destruction! Some—yes, one would think some here were mad with joy.”

The girl shivered and drew her shawl closer. Madame Bourrier’s bright eyes glanced at her curiously.

“Is your husband working in his fields so late, Madame Lameaux? Indeed, he has to do the work of three men these days—”

“No.” The girl shook her head. “To-day he has been sent to do some work for the village.”

“Indeed, it is a good thing there are a few strong men left behind. Now, your husband is just as useful here as if his eyes were strong enough to aim a gun. Was he sent far?”

“Beyond the woods, to help dig—a grave—”

“For the unburied Germans—” Madame Bourrier’s voice rose querulously. “It seems a pity any Germans should remain in our good ground. To think that Prussians should be left behind, with us—”

The girl retreated a step, into the half light, keeping her eyes on the old woman’s face.

“Yes—to think of that, Madame Bourrier—”

Her visitor shifted her weight uneasily, and glanced down the street. “See! My Jacques comes home. I must go. Good evening, Madame

Lameaux.” She stepped cautiously from the threshold.

The girl’s answer was muffled. She was back in the shadows of the room, leaning against the wall, her face buried in the folds of the black shawl.

There was no sound in the room save the confused hum of voices which a rising wind brought from the crowded square. The girl remained immobile, the shadows deepening around her.

The wind was strengthening rapidly, its plaint rising above the rumour of voices. The drawn red cotton curtains before the recess of the window moved a little. A sudden gust rattled the panes. The girl started, lifting her head. The room was almost dark. She crossed it swiftly, keeping her eyes on the grey piece of light framed by the doorway, and sat down on the stone step, outside.

A group of soldiers, passing on the opposite side of the street, greeted her. She smiled at them wearily, as she had smiled at the old woman, and turned her head toward where the road that led to the fields twisted out of sight, among tall trees. An old man shuffled past, hurrying toward the village. She did not look at him, but closed her eyes as the wind beat against her face.

Images took shape against her closed eyelids, fantastic and distorted at first, mellowing gradually into the vision of a curtained room, warm with the glow of a dying fire, vibrant with the low tones of her husband’s voice, that spoke of the great love which had brought happiness to the house, the love which would allow no evil to come—

The wind, moaning as it swept across the fields, broke against the low houses and rose to a shriek.

The girl opened her eyes. Lameaux was standing near, tall and erect, looking down at her. She rose quickly.

"Pierre—I'm so glad you've come."

He smiled under his drooping mustache, his brown eyes narrowed with amusement.

"What an idea—to sit outside in this wind!" He put his arm around her. "You must be cold."

She clung to him. "Yes, I am cold. Let us go in."

They stopped at the threshold; Lameaux glanced at her.

"No light? Not even in the kitchen? Isn't supper ready?"

"I'll have something in a minute." She spoke fast. "Strike a match, Pierre."

She stayed at his side till the match flared, went forward to the lamp on the table, then turned toward him, keeping her face in the shadow.

"You'll have to eat a cold supper. The—the stove isn't drawing right. I have some meat from yesterday."

He grumbled, taking off his coat. "Bring it quickly, then. I'm hungry."

She disappeared through the half-open door.

Lameaux hitched up his corduroy trousers and sat down at the table, gazing with a sigh of contentment around the room, at the flowered wall-paper, at the strip of red and blue carpet before the window, half concealed by the closed curtains, at the dull reflection of lamplight on the doors of the oak cupboard. From the kitchen came the sound of dishes. He drummed his fingers on the table.

She returned, and laid the supper before him.

He glanced at her as he began to eat. "You're looking pale to-night."

"I am tired." She sat down opposite him and filled her plate.

For a while, Lameaux ate without looking at her. He lifted his head suddenly. "You are pretending to eat." He leaned over the table and laid his hand over hers. "You must have caught a fever, sitting out there in the wind."

She laughed a little, and caught her breath. "I'm all right."

The window shook under a furious blast of wind. Lameaux glanced at the swaying curtains.

"I'll have to fix that window before winter. It rattles as if it was going to come apart. Lets in the wind, too."

The girl had half risen. He stared at her.

"What's the matter?"

She sat down and shaded her eyes. "This light. It's so strong."

"I never noticed it." He scraped his plate and pushed it away, leaning his elbows on the table.

She looked at him. "You must be very tired, Pierre."

"Yes, it was hard work, to-day. But I'm not in a hurry to go up; one feels so comfortable down here." He glanced around again, and smiled at her. "One thing shows I was tired when I came in. I looked all around the room, and didn't notice that the new bit of carpet in front of the window was rumpled. See those creases? You must have done that when you were closing the shutters."

The girl gasped, staring at him with widened eyes, and turned her head slowly toward the window. Her hand went to her throat.

Lameaux rose abruptly. "Marie—you must tell me what—"

She turned to him, smiling with

white lips. "I tell you it is nothing. I'm just tired—"

The wind renewed its violence.

Her eyes strayed back to the window. Lameaux's glance followed hers. He bent forward, his lips parted. The creases in the carpet had changed, deepening into folds.

Lameaux advanced slowly toward the window, still bent forward. He paused, swore hoarsely, flung back the curtains, and recoiled.

The body of a German officer was propped up against the window, his blond head thrust forward, his jaw sagging, as if he were under the blow of fearful tidings.

Lameaux looked at his wife over his shoulder. "What—"

She was moaning, bent over the table, her face hidden by the black shawl. "I didn't want you to see—I was going to get it out of the house to-night, hidden under some bushes—"

The wind shook the window again, and the body quivered. The thick boots slid forward almost imperceptibly, pushing the carpet before them.

The girl had begun to sob. "—didn't want you to know. I closed the shutters and hid him. They would have found him under the bushes to-morrow—and just thought he'd been forgotten."

Lameaux passed the back of his hand over his forehead. "I don't understand."

Her sobbing rose harshly, dominating the silence of the room. Abruptly, he strode over to her and closed his hands over her shoulders.

"Tell me what it means."

She lifted her head, grasping his arm. "Pierre—I will tell you—only sit down—wait—"

Lameaux reached back for a chair and sat down, staring at her. She

wiped her face with the shawl, and turned to face him. The lamp flickered, burning lower. He stretched out a shaking hand to raise the wick.

She began slowly, her voice strained and low.

"He came in by the back way—this afternoon. I was washing in the kitchen, and when I turned from the sink I found him standing in the middle of the room. I saw that it was one of the staff officers who had been quartered across the street. I saw also that he swayed as he stood; he had been wounded in the shoulder. I tried to reach the door, but he caught hold of my arm and said in his ugly French, 'Don't give the alarm. Listen first to me. For your husband's sake, take me to where I can talk to you quietly.' I said, 'We have nothing to fear from you. Let me go.' He looked at me hard, and repeated, 'I swear you will be sorry if you betray me.' Then he showed me he was unarmed. He said, 'In the front room, you would have only to call, and someone would hear you.' I stood still, thinking. A great fear had come to me—that you were in danger. He kept on looking at me, his lips moving. Finally, he said, 'You had better do as I say.' I left him, locked the front door, and returned to the kitchen. He was still standing in the same place, and drew a deep breath when he saw me. I motioned him into this room. He walked in front of me, touching the wall to steady himself, and sat down here, by the table.

"For a long time, he remained silent, leaning back in his chair. When I spoke, he looked up as if he had forgotten me. He told me that he had been wounded and left behind in the retreat; that he had been hiding in our barn, and waiting all day

for a chance to reach the house without being seen. Then he grinned at me and said, 'And now, Madame Lameaux, you shall bring me food. After that, you shall hide me in a safe place until I can make my way to the German lines.' I went to the door, telling him that if this was all he had to say, I was going to notify the authorities. He put out his hand and cried, 'Stop!' his voice suddenly becoming hoarse. 'A good wife should have more respect for her husband's peace of mind.' I asked what he meant. He grinned at me again. 'While I was hiding in your barn, I thought of many things that happened when the staff was quartered across the street.' I waited, listening. 'You remember,' he said, 'that your house was in great danger of being punished, once, for some stray rifle shots, and was spared?' I shrugged my shoulders. 'Because the shots hurt no one, and it was not proved they came from here.' He nodded. 'That is true. But some people were much astonished at the recalling of the order, your husband among them. I remember hearing him say that we had decided to have the house destroyed, that he couldn't understand why we should change our minds at the last moment.' He went on more slowly. 'Now some evil-minded persons might consider that the suspicion rested on the house of the prettiest woman in the village. I don't say they would think of it, but if someone put it in their heads—' I still did not understand, and stood looking at him. He said, 'I came to see you a short time after that.' I interrupted quickly. 'You came to ask about a friend of mine, whom you had known in Paris before the war. And I didn't receive you any too well.' He nodded again.

'That also is true. But have you any witnesses? We were alone.' When I could speak, I said, 'It is impossible—you cannot tell that lie—my husband would not believe you. Besides, he would kill you.' Then he fumbled inside his coat, drew out a folded white paper, laid it on the table, keeping his hand over it, and looked at me quietly. 'I shall not be captured alive,' he said. 'If I am discovered, does it matter how the end comes? But, in order to increase my chances of escape, I want you to know that your happiness depends upon it.' I told him again, 'He would not believe you.' He leaned forward, and said, 'I know your husband, and I know how to tell him. He will not be sure. He will try not to believe. But the doubt will remain.'

"Then he stretched out his legs and lay back in the chair, trying to smile—he was getting weaker—and told me that we French thought the Germans had no imagination. 'But I have shown you that we have: when it is a matter of life and death. Now you shall bring me some coffee before you hide me.' He closed his eyes.

"It was then I remembered the folded paper he had left on the table."

The girl paused, and shivered as a feeble gust of wind rattled the window faintly.

"I took it."

Lameaux had not moved. She looked away from him.

"It was a white powder, and it dissolved very quickly. When I returned, he opened his eyes enough to watch me. I saw that it was in his mind that I might try to kill him. He took the coffee from my hands, and told me to stand in front of him.

"After he had drunk, he sat for a little while bowed over, his hands on his knees. He lifted one hand to his head and muttered something in German. Then he glanced at me, saying, 'It wouldn't do for me to go to sleep here,' and stood up. He lurched, caught hold of the table, and stood over it, his head hanging. Suddenly he said—'Where are those powders?' I was standing near the door. He looked in my direction. His eyes were vague, and couldn't seem to find me. Then he began to fall on his knees, slowly—he was fighting against it and grasping the edge of the table. He said—'You—you haven't—'"

The mesh of the black shawl strained and tore between the girl's clenched hands.

Lameaux found his voice. "And then?"

"And then he died—lying on his face."

The rattling of the panes grew

louder in the stillness of the room. Lameaux, sitting erect, was staring before him. The girl remained motionless, her fingers twisted in the shawl.

Lameaux looked at her. "You thought—he made you think—that I might believe him?"

She nodded wearily.

He pushed back his chair, adjusted a plate on the side-board with great precision, and came over to her.

"Marie— Do you think you could forget, after a while?"

She glanced at him. He motioned with his head toward the window. "Forget that you have killed—a liar."

She put out her hand and touched his arm. "Pierre—with you—perhaps I could."

Lameaux went to the window, drew the curtains together, and stood facing her, his shoulders square.

"You are tired, Marie. Go upstairs. I will—I will come up soon."

BARREN

BY GRACE G. BOSTWICK

WITH wistful eyes she watched them pass—
The long, long line of marching boys;
A smile was frozen on her lips
As of remembered joys.

She waved her hand and stood erect—
One with the brave on that bright morn:
A mother cheering for her son
Whom she had never borne.

THE UNDERGRADUATE AND THE SCENARIO

BY THOMAS H. INCE*

THE writing of motion-picture scenarios is a field of literary endeavour that has been strangely overlooked by the ambitious and talented young fellow who is "working his way" through college.

We have come to know the undergraduate who earns his board and tuition and other expenses by managing an eating club, taking orders for laundry, chaperoning the college furnaces, soliciting subscriptions to books and periodicals and the like during the vacation period; but so far, we have not become acquainted with the clever fellow who devotes some portion of his spare time to the fashioning of scenarios for the motion pictures.

Here is a vast, unworked, wonderfully fertile field that offers better and quicker financial reward than almost any other line of personal effort that I know of.

There is a great and immediate demand for stories for the motion pictures and so far the producers have, for the greater part, been compelled to rely upon the writers of note whose "best sellers" have brought exorbitant prices to their authors, and to the staff writers who are attached to most of the important studios of the country.

With our old friends, Mr. Supply and Mr. Demand, still doing busi-

ness, as usual, and with Demand overwhelming Supply, the pressing need for scenarios becomes more apparent. Picture producers think nothing of paying anywhere from five thousand to forty thousand dollars for the motion-picture rights to some popular story that has film possibilities, and has the added advantage—and this latter is a very important item—of an exceptional advertising vogue. As much as a thousand dollars has been paid for a single idea, for a situation or an incident, for the mere suggestion of a climax that will lend itself to the purposes of the camera.

And yet there are literally thousands of bright young men, working their way through educational institutions, who regard their earning capacity as of unusual calibre if it returns to them as much as five hundred dollars a year,—meaning the scholastic year in this connection. Most of these young men are gifted in a literary way . . . certainly, each of them has at least one story locked up in his brain, one story that will stand the Missourian test of the producer.

The writing of a story for the screen is not a difficult matter, once the author has his plot well in mind. The motion-picture producer does not care for any technical arrangement of the story—meaning that he does not want the story submitted in what we, of the screen, call "continuity form." The writing of "continuity"—the writing of the various scenes of the picture—is a matter

*Mr. Ince is the president of the Thomas H. Ince Co., Inc., and the William S. Hart Productions Co., and is a dominant figure in the motion-picture world. He is one of the pioneers of an industry that is ranked by the United States Census as the fifth in importance in this country.—*Editor's Note.*

for the staff writers who make a specialty of this form of composition.

Any good plot for a picture can be told in from one thousand to three thousand words. All we care for is the mere story, with the characters well defined, the action and incidents plainly indicated . . . there need be no dialogue at all. The fashioning of such a story represents but a fraction of the time and effort that enter into the writing of a short story for a magazine or a similar literary composition. Personally, I have bought first-class stories that have been written on the back of a single envelope . . . but the *story* was there in its entirety, condensed, of course, but complete.

The motion-picture story makes just as many demands upon the author as does a dramatic work upon the dramatist. Everything that enters into the making of a successful play must be found in the successful motion picture. First of all, there must be conflict—and all drama is conflict—and there must be, too, suspense, plenty of action, the always necessary “love interest,” the characters must be human and act like human beings; all artificiality must be brushed aside on the screen as on the speaking stage and there ought to be as much of comedy as is permissible, because laughs are as valuable an asset to the screen product as to the play of the stage. And above all else, there should be the always desirable “punch.” This “punch” may be physical or psychological. Many picture producers rely upon the physical punch for their most effective scenes and climaxes, although the psychological has been known to be equally as thrilling and telling, if logically

introduced, and not merely dragged in.

It was not so very many years ago that most producers of films believed that a physical fight was an all-important feature of a screen product and it was not long before almost every maker of pictures was engaging the sturdiest of actors, with the result that with everybody filming fights, the fight quickly lost its screen value. Now, the producer injects a fight into his work only when the exigencies of the story demand it, and not for the mere sake of having two well set-up actors pummel each other for several hundred feet of film for the few thrills that such a battle may provide.

The public has showed, by its failure to patronise them, that costume pictures are not wanted. So, no matter how good the costume story—and by “costume story” I mean a story in which the characters live and are garbed in the attire of another period than the present—may be, nor how many opportunities it may offer for effective picturisation, the writer of scenarios would do well to avoid this class of story.

There are specialists in scenario work, as in every other department of literary effort. For instance, I have had in my employ for the last three years one writer who specialises in scenarios for my Artcraft star, William S. Hart, the portrayer of Western characters. Hart requires a peculiar sort of a story. The people that go to see a Hart photoplay never would accept him in the garb of an Easterner. He is essentially of the West. He possesses a singular and proved ability to portray characters of the early Western country—the sturdy pioneer of the plains, the grim-visaged, steel-eyed,

quick gun-draw man of the mining camp and gambling places of the early fifties. Hart always must have the best of every physical argument in his screen work, not that he personally cares to come out "first best" in every encounter, but if he did not, his millions of admirers would be disappointed and he must be kept on his cinema pedestal. Hart always must have a chance to prove his superiority as a horseman. He demands opportunities to come to the screen rescue of suffering and imperilled femininity. He must be pictured as a big-hearted, whole-souled, rough-spoken man with a wealth of real affection for animals, children and womenfolk. Aside from these screen necessities, Hart may be pictured as a despicable sort of a character by the scenarioist, only he must have a chance to swing over to the side of Law and Order during the last hundred or so feet of film of the story.

So, a story that will fit Hart pretty much after the manner of the proverbial wall-paper might not be at all suitable to any other screen player, although there are scores of what we call "Western actors" in the different studios of California and the East. But because this particular scenarioist I refer to has the knack of fashioning stories for Hart he is able to report a yearly income of fifty-two thousand dollars to the Government—and if he turns in eight stories a year I am more than satisfied.

A few months ago there came to my Los Angeles studio a young man who said he was a graduate of the University of California. He said he had taught school in a small town in the State of Washington for a year, after which he had tried being

a San Francisco newspaper reporter at thirty-five dollars a week. He thought he could write scenarios. I told him to prove his belief by writing one. He did. It was so good that I immediately bought it. I paid him more for this one story than he had received for an entire year's work as a school teacher in Washington. His next story was even better. He showed that he had the faculty for "building plots." Today he is a member of my regular staff of scenario writers and is paid more money every Saturday afternoon than he ever dreamed he could make in an entire month in any other line of work.

Any "best seller" will bring to its author about forty thousand dollars for the motion-picture rights. This is the amount such popular fictionists as Rupert Hughes and Robert Chambers receive for one of their widest advertised stories, after it has gone through the serial and bound volume process. Rex Beach will not sell his stories at any price. He prefers to turn his plots into film form himself, thereby getting the profits that otherwise would accrue to the producer. That Mr. Beach has found his plan is a good one is attested by the fact that he continues to plod along, content to make about one hundred thousand dollars with each of his stories, in their celluloid form. Even Mrs. Humphry Ward—whose writings are not particularly suitable for screen purposes—demands and receives as much as five thousand dollars for one of her stories. I think this is the amount she received for the screen rights to *Missing*, which attained something like a fourth rank in the best-seller class of its year.

Barrie will not listen to the golden

offers of the film folk. Once he did. He sold the rights to picturise *The Little Minister*. He did not like the result and declared that never again would he permit any picture maker to use one of his stories. He has steadfastly stuck to this declaration, although he has been offered one hundred thousand dollars for the film rights to *Peter Pan*. Nor will the heirs to the Lew Wallace estate consider any price for the screen rights to *Ben Hur*. As much as two hundred and fifty thousand dollars has been proffered for the right to make a picture out of the Wallace story, and the offer refused. Perhaps, some day when the bid for *Ben Hur* rights reaches the half million mark, there may be a different answer.

Only recently the sum of forty thousand dollars was paid for the film rights to a recent stage success of more than common proportions. Most of the plays of the speaking stage have been made into pictures, which will largely account for the present condition of Mr. Supply and Mr. Demand.

"While there are only a few *Peter Pans* and *Ben Hurs*, there are, nevertheless, hundreds of clever young

men, with trained minds and fluent pens, undergraduates of our educational institutions, who would not mind being paid hundreds—and perhaps thousands—of dollars for a story that would make a good motion picture. The market is awaiting their product and it is always a rising market, too. The entire future of the fifth industry in the United States depends upon exactly one thing—good stories with film possibilities. Some day, an early day, I trust, some of the young men who are earning their educations by hard work will turn their attention to this big, undeveloped, golden field of the motion-picture scenario.

And to the college student who may care to exploit this wonderfully fertile field, I might mention an all-important fact—that in selling a scenario, the author merely disposes of the motion-picture rights . . . he retains for his own the serial and other rights, because all the motion-picture man cares for is the right to turn the story into a five-reel photoplay—and five reels of film mean about five thousand feet of celluloid romance and adventure, or about fifty-five or sixty minutes' of entertainment.

STORIES OF TEMPERAMENT AND CHARACTER*

BY H. W. BOYNTON

WHILE we are waiting for the last of the "Books of the Small Souls," by that sober and subtle painter of modern Dutch life, Couperus, this complete and characteristic story comes, unexpectedly, from the unwearied hand of Mr. de Mattos. There are two theories of choosing a title for a novel. One is to bag the attention of the public with a "compelling" phrase; the other is to suggest, for better or worse, what the book is about. The work of Couperus belongs to an order of fiction that disdains catchpenny methods and wishes only to be taken for what it is. If people are not interested in small souls and old people and things that pass, if they shrink from looking upon life from the meditative ironic view, let them (he would say) take warning in advance. If they prefer rose-coloured glasses, so much the pleasanter for them, no doubt: our own happen to be of neutral colour or, perhaps, slightly tinged with grey. Still, if we do not see life as

a pretty thing, an affair of juvenile love-making ending with the wedding bells, or of brisk comedy inviting to laughter, neither do we see it as the gross affair of the naturalists with their attempt to reduce human nature to the proportions of an obscene scrawl in an outhouse. The routine and much of the substance of life are wearisome and often ugly. But it contains self-rewarding affection as well as unhappy passion, noble endurance as well as meaningless suffering, a true bond of souls as well as the conventional and often clogging bonds of kinship or marriage. And under its drab surface, through its humdrum action, often runs a thread of tragic romance.

Such is the atmosphere in which the story-teller envelops us. To begin with, this whole book is saturated with the sense of age. "So old—so old," is the incessant refrain. There are Grandmamma, ninety-seven; her friends and former lovers, Mr. Takma, ninety-three, and Doctor Roelofsz, eighty-eight; her children in their sixties and seventies; her grandchildren some of whom already feel and dread the approach of age. "So old—so old . . ." But one is not called on to assist here at a scene of mere disintegration and cessation, such as, for instance, Arnold Bennett summoned us to in the latter part of *The Old Wives' Tale*. For these old and very old people are not mere shadows and echoes of the past, long since dead or dying as actors in the world's drama. A single red and deathless moment out of the past has

*Old People and the Things that Pass. By Louis Couperus. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Stucco House. By Gilbert Cannan. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Children of Passage. By Frederick Watson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

The Autumn Sowing. By E. F. Benson. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Light Above the Cross Roads. By Mrs. Victor Rickard. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Restless Sex. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Professor Latimer's Progress: A Novel of Contemporaneous Adventures. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

kept the past alive, made it a part of the present. The dramatic action, which had reached its first climax sixty years ago, is still to be concluded—must be concluded—before the chief actors are released from the burden and the passion of living. Sixty years back “Grandmamma,” already a woman of nearly forty, was found by her husband with her lover. Next morning the body of the husband is discovered among the boulders of the river that ran near their bungalow—in a remote Indian district. The wife and her lover are guilty of his death. Roelofsz is sure of it, but officially returns a report of death by accident. He exacts his price of the woman, and remains true to his promise of silence. There are rumours of foul play, talk of investigation, but the crime is never brought home. Outside of “Grandmother,” her lover Takma, and Roelofsz, only an old Indian *baboe* and the twelve-year-old son of the murdered man know what has happened. The son keeps silence, but his life is blasted by his dreadful secret. The *baboe*, before her death many years later, tells her son—the beginning of blackmail. The central figures in this last act of the drama, sixty years after, are the strange trio whom love and crime have linked in secret, and who seem condemned to wait and listen for the retribution which has so long stayed its hand. There is a touch of conventional romance in making an instrument of discovery out of the half-destroyed letter that falls from the dying Takma’s hand. It is a haunting tale, piteous and sombre and yet not without elements of beauty, as notably in the character of Lot, sensitive and generous and achieving what it may against the

deadly inhibitions of its inheritance.

I think there is less health in *The Stucco House* because of its indifference to tragic beauty,—we might be sure of it but for the single figure of Tibby. This is the sequel and, thank heaven, the conclusion of *Three Sons and a Mother*. You recall the Scottish widow, Lawrie, grimly ordaining that her three boys shall grow up and make what they can of themselves in Thrigsby—a smug, dingy stronghold of British provincialism like one of Mr. Bennett’s Five Towns. When at last they are clear of her, two of them have been duly modelled to her pattern—prosperous, respectable men, entirely selfish, narrow, and well thought of. The third, Jamie, is the duckling of the brood, non-conformist, dreamer, and dabster at life—the fellow with the temperament whom we so easily ignore as a neighbour and are supposed to be so much interested in, in books. The truth is, temperament is only interesting to most of us when it lends richness and colour to that old-fashioned commodity, character. I do not mean by character mere conventional morality—it is not and never was that: I mean the quality that is chart and compass and rudder to the strong man on his reef-strewn, storm-swept course through this world. Not everyone can be the successful skipper of his soul; but most people like to have a try at it. And if there is anything that bores them it is the spectacle of the party alongside who expects a salute of ten guns because he is so original as to prefer drifting and gazing at the moon. They are as contemptuous of the Jamie Lawries, the dabsters and fumlbers and feckless dilettantes of experience, as

of the Tom Lawries who worship the main chance and the proper thing. At the end of the earlier story we parted with Jamie as he left England upon a journalistic mission to America. He is glad to escape from his life and his wife in Thrigsby; and despite our experience of him, we have vague hopes that he will find himself and his right course at last by way of the Atlantic. The present narrative shows him up as the child of promise, and the youth of promise who never comes to anything. We fall in step with him again at the moment of his return to Thrigsby. He brings from America nothing but contempt for that new land, and returns to England as to a choice of evils, or futilities. Some thrill of homecoming he is conscious of; there is to be a secondary honeymooning with the dull, vain and handsome wife. But he is soon in his old ways, a scorner of Thrigsbean respectabilities and hypocrisies; a bit of a poet, a bit of a prophet, and not much of a man. He has nothing to rely on but his own temperamental bootstraps; and they fail him. At the long last we are content to have done with him, the dirty, embittered, half-crazed old fellow—he is “real” enough, if that matters. . . . Tibby, I say, Tibby the ugly, the faithful, the longsuffering, the indomitable, a strong presence brooding over the temperamental abyss, is the memorable figure of the book. Apart from its human substance, it is, of course, a book admirably “written,” a fine achievement in style and all that we mean by workmanship.

Very different from its grim ironic monotone is the varied note of a more distinctively Scottish story, *Children of Passage*. The author, who is the son of “Ian Maclaren,” has done sev-

eral books of overt humour, with a strongly satirical bent. Here he would appear to be influenced by the greatest of models for a Scotchman, Sir Walter himself. He has reverted, at least, to a now old-fashioned form of novel in which the tense romantic story is relieved by scenes and characters of satire or broad humour. Its chief setting is the remote provincial backwater of “Inverclover,” with its quaint local characters and customs. The days of its feudal prosperity are past. A few of its old families remain, lording it over the memory of what has been, but in faded state. Tenants are emigrating, estates are being gobbled up by the new rich from the South; but the end of the old order is not yet, in so far as it is a social order. At its head is the master of Garroch, James Grahame, a survival of the simpler times, clinging to the tradition of greatness while Garroch sinks steadily deeper into the slough of debt and disintegration. Once owner of the whole countryside, fate and his own mismanagement have forced him to sell part of his lands and to encumber the rest with mortgages. But he still hopes blindly on, proud and obstinate in his belief that the home of his ancestors must somehow be saved to his descendants. His only link with the coming generation, to be sure, is his frail daughter, Iona,—already marked with death, but as little able to seek life away from Garroch as he himself would be. The coming of young David Manning gives her a chance. Their love revives her hold upon life for a happy hour. But he himself is ill-fitted for the career of “success” laid down for him by authority. The war finds a way out for them (as in so many current novels) from a hopeless im-

passee. So much for the romantic story—in which also is involved a kindly, ineffectual parson, John Parrish. Apart from it the book holds some memorable “character” portraits in the theatrical sense, picturesque types for the hand of friendly satire. In Manning, senior, the pushing, ruthless man of the hour, is a figure for harsher interpretation. Serious and moving also is the study of John Parrish’s awakening by love, war and death, from his easy dream, and of his setting forth in middle age upon his real quest. For a moment, as we part with him on the eve of his effort, he is pausing to think wistfully upon the dead youth of the young pair who seem somehow to symbolise the dead youth of the world. I give the few concluding lines as suggestive of the beauty with which this story-teller often invests his pages: “The first shafts of the dawn triumphed down the flanks of the glen, the sun was climbing upward until it flung a dazzling pathway to the summit of Ben Calder. . . . How was it with Iona and David? . . . He raised his eyes, and at that the eternal glory of the rising sun, the old wistful fancy of childhood came back to him, carrying with it a new tenderness and beauty. ‘Beyond the mountains—who can say what manner of country is there.’”

Mr. Benson has no longer any surprises for us, but this is a very good sample of his work,—altogether the best thing he has done lately. I could not feel that he himself took his *Oakleyites* with any sort of seriousness. In that and others among his later novels he has seemed to be spinning his yarn languidly and perfunctorily, out of habit, and with no strong impulse to begin anywhere or get

anywhere. Sometimes he has seemed to be merely yielding to the stream of his fluency, often lapsing into dilution and sheer garrulity, and lulling or disgusting with his amiable babble, according to the mood and intelligence of his hearers—of whom he appeared to expect little. Traces of this laxity and rather insolent nonchalance appear in the present narrative; but they are relatively few. There is a story to be told here. On the surface it looks stale enough: the middle-aged, married man falling in love with his stenographer. The self-made Mr. Keeling, with his universal stores, his dull marriage, his smug success, is fair game for a romancer who likes to try his hand at homely materials. What we are really to watch here is the spectacle of a smug fellow, a Philistine and a cad, being remoulded and made a man of by a profound experience of the heart. And this does not mean that he is to have his way of love, for better or for worse. One knows how Mr. Wells would have handled the situation (he must have handled it somewhere by this time!)—exulting in the triumph of personal liberty over convention—or Mr. Bennett, in a vein of whimsical comedy with an inconclusive and ironic curtain. Mr. Benson would not do that. He is still thought of, to be sure, as the author of *Dodo*, which is vaguely recalled as a rather daring little story. But he is essentially a conservative and a man of sentiment. He has, let us say, an old-fashioned belief in character as the really significant and determining thing in life. When poor Keeling and his Norah reach the moment of decision, as to whether they shall take their happiness in the face of all other things, they are not turned

back by cowardice or a feeble habit of conformity. What decides matters is something in them, some force or spirit which they both resent and rely upon and cannot go on without. "We belong to each other," cries Keeling, after his discovery that Norah loves him too, "that's all I know. I have you now. You needn't think I shall let you go. You will leave that damned place this evening with me. . . . There is no other way." . . . Even as he spoke, that silent, inexorable tug, that irresistible tide of character which sweeps up against all counter-streams of impulse which do not flow with it, began to move within him." The stronger tide in her is needed for the final conquest: the point is that for them it is to this conquest that Something, the greater good or the greater happiness, has called them. Victorians? Very well (this storyteller would seem to admit smilingly): perhaps the world still needs a few of those worthies "in its business."

The Light Above the Cross Roads is a war story upon much the same plane as the recent *Comrades* of Mary Dillon: a romance tinged with generous feeling not toward the spirit of Prussianism, but toward a Germany which is itself the victim and the instrument of that spirit. Here, also, pitted in love and war against the British hero, is a noble German of high charm and character. Marcus Janover is the son of an important Anglo-Indian official, who destines him for the diplomatic service, and, rather despising the Eton-and-Oxford method and product, has him educated largely in Germany. There the boy finds a devoted friendship with a young Count Eitel von Verlhof, a youth of the best

German type, though strongly imbued with the German view of a predestined Teutonic supremacy. Janover is half Irish, and grows up to a passionate feeling for Ireland and her wrongs. Almost identified in his consciousness with Ireland is his beautiful cousin Hesper, tied to the reactionary father and the decaying estate that represent one of Ireland's crying problems. Hesper shares Janover's dream of a freed and happy Erin. So come the troubled years before the war, with their threat of civil conflict in the beloved island, and their apparently hopeless tangle of ideals and allegiances. And then the war itself, which is to smother for a time, if not to extinguish, so many of Britain's smouldering menaces within. Janover has become an attaché of the British Embassy at Berlin. His German training and acquaintance, not least his friendship with Eitel von Verlhof, give him special opportunities for usefulness. On the eve of the war, partly through a circumstance which I feel to be artificial as a determining factor, he is led to leave the Embassy and to become virtually a spy for England in Berlin. Making much of his Irish blood and his unfair treatment at the hands of England, he gets himself accepted as a hireling of the Wilhelmstrasse, discovers the most amazing things, and more than once saves the day for the Allies. Meanwhile, there is his romance with cousin Hesper marooned in her Irish halls. This is complicated in two ways: first by the fact that Eitel has fallen deeply (and chivalrously) in love with her, and second, by Janover's sense of his hopeless unworthiness, as a spy, to be the mate of an honourable maiden. In the end the greater duty forces

Janover to go his way ruthlessly, even to the point of betraying his always beloved Eitel to certain frustration and actual death. In the end we have the expected glimpse of possible future happiness for Janover and Hesper after he shall have cleansed himself by way of the firing line and, perhaps, "come through" to receive his reward. In style and atmosphere this novel has more distinction than in action or characterisation.

I suspect that Mr. Chambers enjoys having himself held up as an awful example; certainly he enjoys, now and then, a little fling at "high-brow" criticism. "That's the sort, Cleland, if you want to make money!" cries the illustrator Spink in *The Restless Sex*, having outlined a popular melodrama. "But of course if you don't, well, then, go on and transmute leaden truth with your imagination into the truer metal wrought by art. If there's a story in it, people will excuse the technical excellence; if there isn't, they won't read it. And there you are." Cleland himself (who is the hero of this tale) sees through the polite veneer of literary art into the core of things. "How does it pan out with you?" he inquires of an old school-master of his. "Well," said Grayson, "I write things that are taken by what people call the 'better class' magazines. It doesn't seem to advance me much." "Cheer up. Try a human magazine, and become a best seller," said Cleland, laughing. The theory, on its face, is that if sound and fine work—"transmuting leaden truth," and so on—cannot be cashed in at the highest market figure, it does not "advance" anybody much. Of course Mr. Chambers does not believe this. On the whole, I

have come to disagree with the earnest critics (including myself) who have looked upon him as a man deliberately prostituting his talents, to the concoction of sham boudoir-and-studio fiction for the undergraduate and the shop-girl. It is true that he has written two historical romances of solid merits and only slightly tainted with his special perfume—or shall I say perfumery? And it is sure that when he chooses to employ it he has a strong and masculine hand with the short story—as witness his recent book of war tales, *Barbarians*. But I believe (reluctantly) that when he writes a novel of modern life he is doing his best; that this world of stage lingerie, and rouged motive, and false sentiment and coquettish naked models and the rest, has come to be the world in which his fancy as an author really lives. Perhaps he has subdued his hand to what it worked in, or perhaps that was his natural *milieu*. Anyhow, there he is, to the honest admiration of a very large number of our fellow-citizens. *The Restless Sex* is there with him.

And now for a book which I admire unreservedly, and which I really think ought to have its appeal for readers (and critics) of every altitude or elevation of brow. *Professor Latimer's Progress* contains plenty of cheerful nonsense and great store of cheerful sense. On its whimsical surface, it is a romantic tale of the road, with all the expected accessories of that kind of yarn. In fact, it quite has its responsibilities on its mind, and from time to time produces with a smile of triumph the special attraction that is in order—the philosophic tinker, or damsel errant, or wayside ruffian called for by this sort of thing. The hero with

equal readiness tries his hand as a movie star, a squire of dames, or a champion of the road (if nearly choking a villain to death may be said to qualify him as such). But all this pleasant folly is merely a vehicle for the main parable, which is of our own time and predicament. The traditional hero of the road is a young gentleman escaping from the dullness of polite or at least civilised life to an existence in which he may count for himself and hew his own way. For that young gentleman the war now offers a ready avenue of escape. Therefore our present hero is a stout, old, retired professor of sixty, to whom the young gentleman's door of escape is closed: to whom, in his helplessness, the war itself is the prison from which his mind must somehow get free. From the beginning he has taken it heavily to heart. How many thousands of Americans of his generation, I wonder, have been, or are, in his case?—"He had been hard to live with ever since August 1, 1914, although that was not the reason of his banishment to Sister Harriet's place up-state. He was being sent away for his own good, as far as possible from the war, which from the first day had laid hold of his soul's peace and put it on the rack. Every campaign in the three continents and on and under the seas had been fought simultaneously somewhere in Latimer. His heart was seldom out of the trenches. The war had mobilised him more completely than if it had placed a rifle in his hands and sent him to the firing line. It had not altered his habits; he was as fond as ever of rich foods, of wine on occasion, of his

afternoon nap, of friendship, of loud and coloured talk, of the buoyant, intellectual, epicurean, big-city existence in which his robust being was at ease after thirty years on a college campus. But the war had shaken the foundations of his daily practice. It would sweep upon him and empty all life of its meaning. The war would descend upon him on bright summer mornings, as he was shaving or lacing his shoes. . . ." In short, he is in a bad way and must be shaken out of his mood, which is really in part a mood of egotism, by some new adventure. Theoretically he becomes an irresponsible wanderer, with his back to the war and all other unpleasant things. In reality he is on a quest of spiritual peace and mental security; and having yielded himself to that quest, all things work together to lead him gently on his way. The detail of his adventures, physical and spiritual, cannot be given here. They fail to lift him to any peak of absolute vision; but absolute vision is no longer among his desires. Somehow before the end of his whimsical holiday he has won to a quiet mind. He has lost what he calls his "exaggerated egocentrism," discovered that the destiny of the race does not really rest on his shoulders alone, and that all may yet be well with the world even if he cannot get more than a glimpse of how it is to come to pass. The richness of the book lies in the free and ardent and increasingly benignant play of the professor's intelligence and sympathy in dealing with a score of aspects of the modern world, both in peace and at war.

IBSEN ONCE AGAIN

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

I

It is now a dozen years since Madame Nazimova made her first appearance in the English language, in the part of Hedda Gabler. To students who were thoroughly familiar with the play, her impersonation of this character seemed to be based upon a misconception; but it was at least well rendered, and the very novelty of a Hedda conceived as sensuous and languorous, instead of coldly and brilliantly intelligent, resulted in a great deal of unmerited praise from the reviewers. Madame Nazimova had been previously seen, in Russian, as Regina in *Ghosts*,—a part that she has not yet played in English; and her Hedda was soon followed by a rendering of Nora Helmer in *A Doll's House*. Her Nora—in contradistinction to her Hedda—was satisfactory in all respects, and established her beyond cavil as an Ibsen actress of a very high order. A year later, she played Hilda Wangel to the Master Builder of Mr. Walter Hampden, whose performance of this massive part was monumental in its rugged grandeur, and amazed all commentators on the current situation by scoring a commercial success which kept the theatre crowded week after week with a play that had previously been assumed to soar “over the heads of the public.” Two years later Madame Nazimova exhibited a memorable rendering of Rita Allmers in *Little Eyolf*; and her performance of this character—particularly in the first act—touched the high-water mark of her achievement

as an actress of Ibsen. Yet, since the spring of 1910, Madame Nazimova had not again revisited the glimpses of Broadway with any play of Ibsen's until she was recently persuaded by Mr. Arthur Hopkins to undertake a series of Ibsen “revivals.” [The word “revival” is somewhat insulting to the greatest modern dramatist, because it suggests that his plays have been at some time dead, and have needed a miraculous resuscitation; yet, in a theatre which has falsely set a premium on novelty, it has crept into common usage in the vocabulary of comment.]

The present Ibsen season was inaugurated by Mr. Hopkins at the Plymouth Theatre on the evening of March 11th, with the first performance of *The Wild Duck* that had ever been offered in the English language in New York,—though an excellent rendition of this play had been previously given in the German language in January, 1917, with that admirable actor, Herr Rudolf Christians, in the rôle of Hjalmar Ekdal. In this production, Madame Nazimova assumed, for the first time, the minor but delicate and difficult part of the little martyred Hedwig, and acquitted herself with credit. *Hedda Gabler* was resumed—with less success—on April 8th; and *A Doll's House*—the most popular of all the Ibsen plays—was triumphantly repeated on April 29th. At the very outset of the undertaking, Mr. Hopkins and Madame Nazimova had promised the public to set forth subsequent productions of *Ghosts*, *The*

Master Builder, and [possibly] *Little Eyolf*.

These Ibsen "revivals" have been generously patronised, especially by the studious classes who frequent the cheaper seats; and *A Doll's House*—at the moment when this article is written—is crowding the Plymouth Theatre to capacity. The response of the public gives ample attestation to the fact that a decade is too long a period to banish Ibsen arbitrarily from the theatres of Broadway. Madame Nazimova's impersonations are not, by any means, of even merit. According to the judgment of the present commentator—*E pluribus unum*—her Nora is in all ways satisfactory, her Rita is exceptionally admirable, her Hedwig is cleverly adequate, her Hilda is merely passable, and her Hedda is utterly mistaken. Yet all of her performances of Ibsen—good and bad—are worth seeing many times, because—even at their poorest—they afford repeated opportunities for studying the masterpieces of the greatest modern playwright.

Why should it not be possible—as a practical, commercial proposition—for Mr. Arthur Hopkins to persuade Madame Nazimova to repeat these plays, not merely once in a decade, but every year, in the last six weeks of the waning theatre season? Each of the half dozen dramas in the Ibsen repertory of this actress could be counted on to do a good week's business, year after year. There is always a public for great plays; and each season delivers to the theatre a new "class"—as the word is used in reference to military mobilisation—which is eager for an opportunity to see so celebrated and so popular a drama as *A Doll's House*.

When *The Wild Duck* was presented by Mr. Hopkins on the evening of March 11th, it came to most of the audience as a new play, after a decade which had been strangely bare of performances of Ibsen; and the effect upon the public and the critics was remarkable. Mr. Hopkins's method of production is founded sanely on the theory that it is better to leave a play alone, to work its will on the spectator, than to attempt to decorate or to embellish or even to interpret it. His stage-direction is admirable not so much because of what he does as because of what he refuses to do. Simplification is his method, and simplicity is his excellence. In producing *The Wild Duck*, Mr. Hopkins did not allow himself to be overawed by the gigantic reputation of the author. He directed the performance with the same freshness—and, one might almost say, the same irresponsibility—that he might have shown in staging a "script" by John Doe,—a promising but quite uncelebrated playwright. As a consequence of this easy-going method, the audience was surprised to discover that Ibsen is enjoyable, and that it is possible to buy tickets for an Ibsen play because of the incentive of a wish for entertainment, instead of a desire for instruction or a solemn sense of duty.

The Wild Duck, though grim in subject-matter and truly terrible in its culminating moments, was conceived essentially as a sardonic comedy. As Mr. Edmund Gosse has justly said,—“The topsy-turvy nature of this theme made Ibsen as nearly ‘rollicking’ as he ever became in his life.” The surprising thing, therefore, is not that the audience should laugh at Ibsen's “rollicking,” but that anybody should have been

surprised by the spontaneity of this laughter. And even more surprising was the tardy discovery of the reviewers that *The Wild Duck* is genuinely enjoyable in the theatre. Ibsen had lost much, in the appreciation of the public, from the accidental fact that his plays had been banished from our current stage for nearly a dozen years. During the passage of this decade, he had come to be regarded—to state the fact conveniently in slang—as a sort of “high-brow,” instead of a sure-enough competitor for the plaudits of an avid audience with so practical a pair of playwrights as Mr. George Broadhurst and Mr. Bayard Veiller.

II

Ibsen died in 1906; and now, for the first time, he is beginning to be appreciated in this country from the disinterested point of view of sheer dramatic criticism. So long as he was still alive, his plays were studied not as plays, but under the different labels of “literature,” “philosophy,” or “sociology.” The casual patrons of our theatre were told that they should see his dramas because of a sense of duty and not because of the incentive of enjoyment; and, in pursuance of this method, even so popular a piece as *A Doll's House* was heralded by many commentators as a sort of family funeral.

The reason for this *cul de sac*, which pocketed for many many years the popularity of Ibsen as a purveyor of entertainment, is easily apparent. Our native knowledge of Ibsen was imported overseas from England; and it was in England that the misconception of this author as a “high-brow” first originated. Ibsen was “discovered” for the English

public by Mr. William Archer and Mr. Edmund Gosse; but, when these two enlightened critics endeavoured to deliver their discovery, they found themselves impeded by the mediæval institution of the British censorship of plays. Because of this impediment, the very first performance of an Ibsen play in England—that epoch-making production of *Ghosts* which was shown in 1891 by Mr. J. T. Grein before the private audience of the Independent Theatre Society—was regarded by the general public as a thing tabooed and flung beyond the pale. In consequence of this condition, the comments called forth by this first performance of a play of Ibsen's in the English language were based upon contrasted theories of ethics instead of being based on theories of dramaturgic craftsmanship.

Ibsen was criticised—in the England of the early eighteen-nineties—as a sociologist, a philosopher, a man of letters, a moralist, a propagandist,—in short, as everything except the one thing that he really was,—a practical and interesting playwright. His technique—as a professional dramatist—was not discussed, despite the repeated pleas of so appealing a dramatic critic as Mr. Archer. Instead, his commentators—*pro* and *con*—contented themselves with throwing mud or throwing roses against his subject-matter,—which is, of course, the last thing to be considered by a genuine dramatic critic in analysing any well-made play. Not what an author says, but how effectively he says it in the theatre, is the proper theme for celebration by dramatic criticism; for, in the great art of the drama, the “message” of an author is superior to comment, and nothing offers invi-

tation to the technical interpreter but the mere efficiency displayed, or missed, in the elocution of this "message" to the public.

III

Because of the incubus of the British censorship, an impression was spread abroad, throughout the eighteen-nineties, that Ibsen should be regarded as a philosophic thinker and a man of letters, instead of being judged as a playwright ambitious to receive the plaudits of the theatre-going public. From the effect of this misconceived impression, our casual American audience is only now beginning to recover. Our local public is now learning, tardily, to see that Ibsen was a playwright, first and last and all the time.

The truth of the matter now, at last, appears to be that Ibsen was a very great artist of the theatre, and was nothing else at all. Quite obviously—in the cold light of our later learning—he cannot be accepted seriously as a man of letters. He had no literary training; and he never acquired the advantage of a literary culture. In the decade of his 'teens, he did not go to school: in the decade of his twenties, he was not even registered as a regular student in the provincial University of Christiania. His entire education was not literary but theatrical. At the age of twenty-four, he went to Bergen as the general stage-manager of a stock-company in that isolated town; and, in this capacity, he worked a dozen hours every day throughout five successive years. His annual salary amounted, in round numbers, to three hundred dollars; and his apprenticeship may be understood most quickly if we face the fact that,

throughout the formative period of his youth, he exerted all his energies, at a dollar a day, to the tasks of setting forth a new play every week with a stock-company localised before the public of a little city as secluded as Schenectady, New York.

In these years of his apprenticeship, Ibsen had no time to read; and all that he could learn was acquired incidentally from his necessary business of presenting to the local Bergen public many French plays of the school of Scribe. His own first play of any prominence—*Lady Inger of Östrat*—was written in emulation of the current formula of Scribe; and this minor but inevitable incident is indicative of the important fact that Ibsen's education was derived not from the library but from the stage. Never at any time—in the midst of a perilous attempt to earn his living against agonising odds—did Ibsen ever find the leisure to become a "man of letters." In his twenties and his thirties, he read a few plays of Schiller and a few plays of Shakespeare; and, at the same period, he seems to have become more familiar than he was willing later to admit with both parts of Goethe's *Faust*; but, to the end of his days, he remained distinctly—and this fact became with him a point of pride—a playwright who knew next to nothing of the history of literature. Though most Norwegians are accustomed, as a matter of course, to study many other languages, Ibsen never acquired an easy fluency in any foreign tongue but German. Late in his life, he said to one of his Boswells that he hated all the plays of Alexander Dumas *fils*, and added the unexpected comment,—"But, of course, I have never read them." The last remark was, presumably, more candid than the first:

for Ibsen, in his later years, was genuinely proud of the fact that he had read little except the daily newspapers. When commentators pointed out that the patterned formula of *Ghosts* recalled the technique of Euripides, he would retort irritably that he had never read Euripides.

It was not until the time of the Italian tour which Ibsen undertook in the middle of his thirties that he ever actually saw any of the major works of architecture, painting, or sculpture that are existent in the world. At this belated moment, he attempted—to employ a phrase that is current in the narrowly restricted world of professional baseball—a “delayed steal” of culture; and his experience ran parallel to that of our own Nathaniel Hawthorne, who also made a pilgrimage to Italy at a time of life too long deferred. Like Hawthorne, Ibsen appreciated the wrong paintings, admired the wrong statues, and waxed enthusiastic over the wrong works of architecture. While showing the sensitised impressibility of a responsive temperament, he betrayed also the effects of an early education that had been exceedingly defective. Even in responding to the appeals of such æsthetic regions as Rome, Sorrento, and Amalfi, Ibsen remained the stage-director of a stock-company in Schenectady, instead of rising to the rarer atmosphere of a stimulated man of letters.

If Ibsen lacked culture in the realm of letters—and he frequently, when interviewed, insisted on the point that he was not well-read—it is even more obvious that he claimed no standing whatsoever as a sociologist or a philosopher. He regarded himself as a playwright, first and last and all the

time,—that is to say, a craftsman whose task it was to interest the public by holding, as 't were, a mirror up to nature in the actual, commercial theatre. His teacher was Eugène Scribe,—that exceedingly adroit technician who codified the formula of “the well-made play” [*“la pièce bien faite”*]; and the contemporary of whose exploits he was most justly jealous was Alexander Dumas *fils*,—who, like himself, attempted in his own way to improve and to perfect the formula of Scribe. Ibsen was not a philosopher; for he was ignorant of the accumulated records of philosophic literature. The author of *Brand* and *Peer Gynt* is not to be regarded primarily as a poet; for he had never studied any other universally important poem except the first and second parts of Goethe's *Faust*. To sum the matter up, he should not be considered in any other light than as an honest craftsman of the theatre who endeavoured—in accordance with that downright statement of the practical Pinero—“to give rise to the greatest possible amount of that peculiar kind of emotional effect, the production of which is the one great function of the theatre.”

Because of the distressing influence of a mediæval British censorship, Ibsen was long regarded, in the English-speaking theatre, as a sort of Doctor Munyon of the drama, lifting loftily an admonitory finger to the moralists and crying, “I'm for health!”, while his opponents countered with the Puritanical assertion that his purpose and effect were merely to disseminate disease. Now at last—in consequence of the repeated efforts of Madame Nazimova and the new enthusiasm of Mr. Arthur Hopkins—the undertakings of this downright manufacturer of

plays for the general and normal public are beginning to be appreciated at their worth, as compositions which require the disinterested

admiration of all who seek "to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the theatre of the world."

VIOLETS

BY NANCY BARR MAVITY

THERE'S a place for violets,
By a brown stream, among the long swaying grasses;
Deep and purple and wistful and tender and gay,
Fresh as the joy of youth.
I have filled my hands with their green stems,
I have hidden my face in their coolness.
Violets, I lean to kiss you over the years.

But there's a place for violets—
They laugh and shake their beauty to the wind;
They need no aid of memories.
Where I walk the grey streets they are blue,
And snow cannot cover their fragrance.
You planted them in my heart, my friend—
I send you violets out of the love in my heart.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

THE promoters of the Liberty Loan have found good material for their propaganda work in the writings of Thomas Paine, author of *Common*

Sense, the first book (1776) to advocate American independence, and *The Crisis*, a series of inspiring pamphlets which followed *Common Sense* in rapid succession when the revolution of the colonies had been established. The first sentence of this quotation from *The Crisis* heads Liberty Loan posters, and the entire paragraph is used on other literature of the propaganda:

These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of their country, but he that stands it *now* deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like Hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheaply we esteem too lightly: it is dearness only that gives everything its value. Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon its goods; and it would be strange indeed if so celestial an article as *freedom* should not be highly rated.

...

Thomas Paine is too little known in America, even among literary folk, who should pay homage to him as the very first American author. The makers of school histories have been strangely neglectful of this very important figure in the founding of this nation. Leaving the name of Thomas Paine out of the story of the United States is like ignoring Copernicus in a history of astronomy. Paine not

only planned and advocated American independence at a time when freedom of the colonies was a dream yet undreamed, but by personal effort he brought about its accomplishment.

...

No pamphlet ever written sold in such vast numbers as did *Common*

Sense, nor has its An Early "Best Seller" effect been ever paralleled in literary

history. Of the first edition more than one hundred and twenty thousand were sold within a few weeks. Paine donated all the financial proceeds to the patriot cause. Six months after its publication a Declaration of Independence, comprising the principal arguments of Paine's pamphlet and a good deal of its actual phrasing, was signed by the patriots in Philadelphia. The theory has been frequently advanced that Thomas Paine actually drafted that immortal document, and several books and pamphlets have been published on this subject, but conclusive proof is lacking.

...

In Paine's *Crisis* may be found the first use of the words "United States of America." The

Devoted to Patriotism phrase occurs in an impassioned appeal for support of the patriot cause. "The United States of America," Paine wrote, "will

sound as pompously in the world, or in history, as 'the Kingdom of Great Britain.'" In Paine's spirited writings of the American Revolutionary War period may be found some of the loftiest as well as some of the



THE HOUSE WHERE THOMAS PAINE LIVED IN NEW YORK, 309 BLEECKER STREET, WEATHEN-BEATEN AND ABOUT ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS OLD, BUT STILL STANDING

most patriotic sentiments in American literature. Many of these are as pertinent to America's present struggle as when written nearly one hundred and fifty years ago. This quotation is from *The Crisis*:

It is the object only of war that makes it honourable. And if there was ever a

just war since the world began, it is this in which America is now engaged.

Prescience might almost be attributed to the author of these words, also in *The Crisis*:

We fight not to enslave but to set a country free, and to make room upon the earth for honest men to live in.



Photo by Van der Weyde, New York.
 RICHARDS'S FINE STATUETTE OF THOMAS PAINE, THE FIRST
 AMERICAN AUTHOR, IN THE THOMAS PAINE NATIONAL
 MUSEUM IN THE OLD PAINE HOMESTEAD AT NEW
 ROCHELLE, NEW YORK

This is from *Common Sense*:

The cause of America is in a great measure the cause of all mankind.

In the third *Crisis*, dated April 19, 1777, may be found this apt phrase:

Where is the war on which a world was staked till now?

...

The old frame house where Paine lived in Bleecker Street, New York City (No. 309), weather-beaten and almost crumbling from neglect, is still standing. It is graphically described in a chapter on Thomas Paine in Anna Alice Chapin's recent book, *Greenwich Village*. Paine died in

1809 in a little house that stood on the site of the present 59 Grove Street, just around the corner from the Bleecker Street house.

...

Benjamin Kidd, author of *Social Evolution*, whose posthumous book,

The Science of Power, has just been issued by the Putnams, had none of the advantages of higher education. He was essentially a self-made man. At the age of nineteen he entered the English Civil Service as a lower division clerk under the open competition scheme originated by

Gladstone, and secured a position in the Inland Revenue Department at Somerset House. This was in 1877, and for the first period of his life, until the appearance, in 1894, of his first book, *Social Evolution*, he remained utterly unknown to fame, and even his closest associates had no idea that he was in any way destined ever to be more than an ordinary civil servant with the ordinary interests and ambitions of a man in his position.

But from the beginning, behind outward appearances there existed a personality and a mind moved to tremendous efforts by an absorbing passion for knowledge. In his early years in London, Kidd was entirely alone and dependent on his own resources, which did not amount at first to more than about £80 per annum. His family were unable to give him any financial support. Although in after years it was with the greatest difficulty that he could be brought to allude to this period of his life, there is no doubt that he fought for knowledge at the cost of food and clothing, and that he even resorted to money-lenders in order to obtain the necessary fees to attend evening classes in science. He spent three years reading for the bar in his spare time after office hours, and gained a thorough grasp of the law, only to abandon the project finally on the realisation of the insufficiency of his means. He then read for the consular service, but this project also fell through for a different reason. The age qualifications were altered suddenly in such a way that he found himself excluded. Yet his main purpose was accomplished. He had become gradually master of a wide and varied knowledge of science, philosophy, literature and art. Above all

he knew life, for his knowledge was gained not in the artificial seclusions of the universities, but amid the realities of the world. Who shall say how far this circumstance contributed to give his subsequent work that force and tone of human reality which has caused his social philosophy to exercise such an influence on



THE LATE BENJAMIN KIDD, THE AUTHOR OF THE FAMOUS "SOCIAL EVOLUTION." HIS POSTHUMOUS BOOK, "THE SCIENCE OF POWER," HAS JUST BEEN ISSUED.

the general mind? The idealism and youth of mind which Kidd retained throughout his life is all the more remarkable when contrasted with the stifling environment of his early years and his wearing struggle in pursuit of knowledge.

. . .

According to Dr. Robert T. Morris, the celebrated surgeon, the Germans in stressing Darwin's theory of the struggle for existence, have completely forgotten his other theory of mutual interdependence. Setting forth this contention in his

Defective Brains Cause War



MARY ROBERTS RINEHART. HER LAST BOOK IS "THE AMAZING INTERLUDE," A STORY OF THE SPIRIT OF AMERICA AT THE FRONT

new book, *The Way Out of War*, the doctor says in effect that instead of trying to cultivate the goodwill of the other nations, the Prussians are now trying to smash them, and this, carried to its logical conclusion, means that she is done for.

"Prussia," he asserts, "is proto-plasmically senile. In fact, any nation that deliberately wages aggressive war is abnormal, for war is always a symptom of deficient brain development. . . . The relation of war to the species is that of a destructive process in all of its final phases. The reason for that is because it exhausts a part of the fund of vital energy which belongs by natural inheritance to the germ plasm.

"Warfare by arms will probably continue for some centuries, yet, in all probability, with ever-lengthening periods of peace. According to the laws of continuity, order in nature indicates that in the end a world state will emerge, following the already accomplished union of states in larger and larger groups since the day of small tribes and clans."

The author thinks, too, that it

will not be the psychologist or the sociologist, but the jurist or the biologist who will construct the Magna Charta of peace for the nations of to-morrow.

. . .

When Mary Roberts Rinehart and her family went through Glacier

Park and across the Cascade Mountains on horseback, the party stopped one

day at Kalispell in Montana. Mrs. Rinehart wore an old felt hat, much the worse for weather and fish hooks. Sitting her horse, she was surveying the hat ruefully while she purchased a new one—"a cowgirl affair," she calls it. "Suddenly," she says, "a gentleman I had never seen before, but who is green in my memory, stepped forward and presented me with his own hat band. It was of leather, and it bore this vigorous and inspiring inscription: 'Give 'er pep and let 'er buck!'" In *Tenting Tonight*, Mrs. Rinehart tells the story of the hat band, and adds: "To-day, when I am low in my mind, I take that cowgirl hat from its re-

treat and read its inscription: 'Give 'er pep and let 'er buck!' It is a whole creed!"

. . .

One of the most curious and colourful incidents of the war, and an incident which illustrates in a striking and picturesque way the incalculable historical value of the official draw-

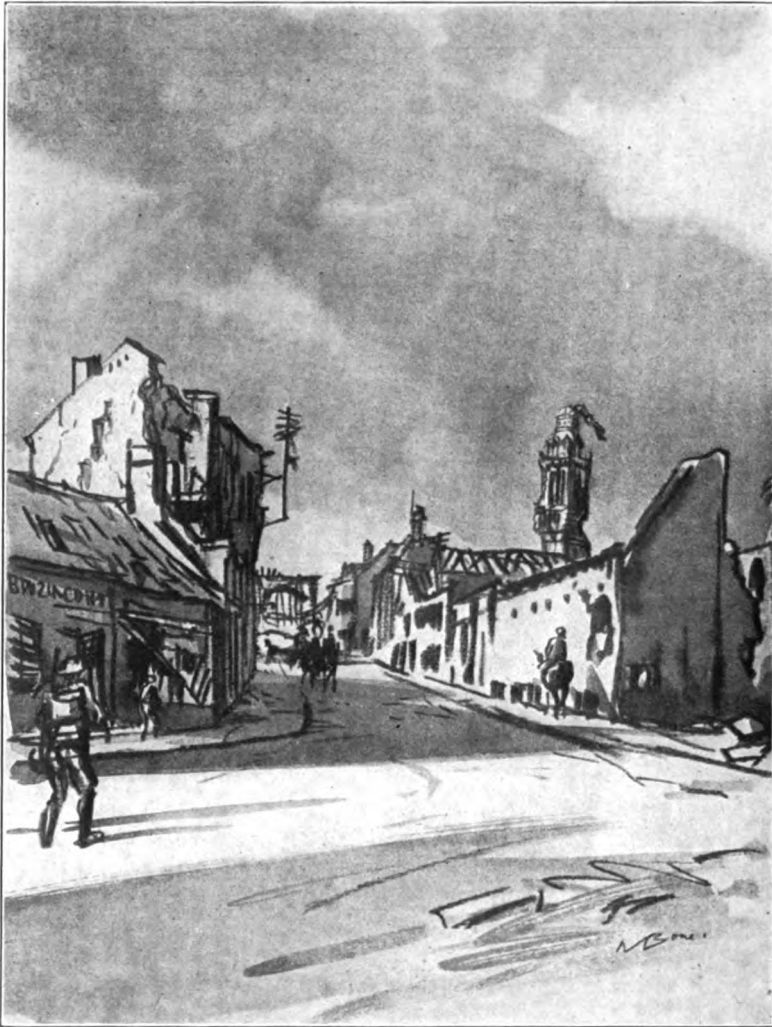
**The Famous
Falling Virgin
Caught in
Passing**

ings made by artists at the front, is presented in one of the pictures by Muirhead Bone, and reproduced in the publication, *The Western Front*, the collection of his work done for the British Government. Mr. Bone has made a drawing of the Albert Church tower, famous for its impending figure of the Virgin, knocked by artillery fire into a singular diving attitude; the Virgin concerning which the legend arose that when



Photo by Van der Weyde, New York.

A BUST OF VANCE THOMPSON, MADE BY SPICER-SIMON OF PARIS. NOTE THE RESULT OF WEARING THE FAMOUS MONOCLE, A CUSTOM THAT, IN SPITE OF MRS. THOMPSON, OF MAC MONNIES AND OF "JIMMIE" WHISTLER, HAS NEVER BEEN SUCCESSFULLY INTRODUCED INTO THIS COUNTRY. MR. THOMPSON'S ARTICLE, "STRINDBERG AND HIS PLAYS," APPEARS IN THIS ISSUE



"A SKETCH IN ALBERT." BY MUIRHEAD BONE. FROM "THE WESTERN FRONT," A BOOK OF DRAWINGS DONE FOR THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT. IN THE DISTANCE CAN BE SEEN THE FAMOUS "FALLING VIRGIN" WITH THE CHILD OUTSTRETCHED IN HER ARMS. SINCE THIS DRAWING WAS MADE THE STATUE HAS BEEN COMPLETELY SHOT AWAY

finally she fell the war would end; and which was felled by a German shell a few days ago. In the drawing the Virgin appears as she was, a strangely memorable spectacle against the sky, pitched forward

with the Child in her outstretched hands. In the illustration, "A Sketch in Albert," reproduced on this page the Albert Church tower with the Falling Virgin may be seen in the distance!

There remains to be written some day the plain, ungarnished tale of the Tired Business

Charles Brooks, T.B.M. Man. A legend hovers about his indifference to Art, Lit-

erature, Music and the Drama, especially when the last gives scant latitude to the Frills and Frolics, the Airs and Graces of Broadway. The college bred T.B.M., however, is yet another thing again. He occasionally takes us shyly into his confidence over his hobbies indoors and out, his starved tastes and enthusiasms. For is not this a commercial as well as a Freudian age? Projected into business on leaving Yale over a ripe decade ago, Charles Brooks combined success in business with a turn for phrase, an interest in Elizabethan drama that he had rashly caught at Yale. His prosaic Cleveland evenings were devoted to the business of Literature. When his first volume of essays, *Journeys to*



JOHN DRINKWATER. FROM A DRAWING BY WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN. HIS "POEMS 1908-1914" IS DISCUSSED IN MISS RITTENHOUSE'S ARTICLE IN THIS ISSUE



E. E. BROOKS, AUTHOR OF "THERE'S PIPPINS AND CHEESE TO COME"

Bagdad, appeared, his business associates were sure it revealed a nefarious pursuit on a par with watered stocks or paper assets. Another volume from the Yale Press, *There's Pippins and Cheese to Come*, placed him outside the ancient and honourable order of the T.B.M. and suspicion burgeoned into distrust. The critics began to call him a disciple of Elia, and the Cleveland T.B.M. little wot that even Lamb was a slave of desk and ledger. When they find this out they will get together and found a Lamb Club to rival the Rowfant for literary suppers. Meanwhile, having proved a successful and precocious T.B.M., the renegade Mr. Brooks retired to New York's Green-



"AND THEY LIVED HAPPY. . . ." MRS. MARY L. B. BRANCH
READING ONE OF HER OWN STORIES TO SOME LITTLE
GIRLS AT NORTHOVER CAMP. MRS. BRANCH'S "GULD, THE
CAVERN KING," IS REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE BY MISS ZONA
GALE

wich Village to write more essays. At Christmas both his books sold well in Cleveland. The Cleveland T.B.M. read them to see if there were any trade secrets given away, any sly portraits of their ancient order. When the war came to New York and Cleveland, Charles Brooks, Business Man, went to the Shipping Bureau at Washington. But the Yale Press is getting ready to issue an-

other volume by Charles Brooks, Essayist.

. . .

Mrs. Mary L. B. Branch (whose *Guld, the Cavern King* is reviewed in this issue by Miss Zona Gale) is the mother of the poet, Anna Hempstead Branch. They live in an old house in New London, Connecticut, a house



A CORNER OF THE "KEEPING ROOM" AT HEMPSTEAD HOUSE,
THE HOME IN NEW LONDON OF MRS. MARY L. B.
BRANCH AND HER DAUGHTER, ANNA HEMPSTEAD
BRANCH, THE POET

which was built by someone in their family before the Revolution—a log house, into whose walls a cannon ball was shot during the Revolution, picked out, laid on the parlour floor, and has rolled about there ever since. The room across the hall, with old guns and a sword still resting on the beams, has always been called the “keeping room.” The house is heated only by great fireplaces and lighted by candles. And its attic is a place of spinning wheels and chests and drying herbs—which New London uses for post-cards. Miss Branch’s contribution to *The Masque of Poets*, which appeared in the December BOOKMAN with the title *The Name*, was called by the Boston *Transcript* “the best poem of the year.”

...

The author of *The First Hundred Thousand* and *All In It* says of the

“German
Offensive not
Alarming”:
Major Ian Hay
Beith

present German drive: “I think the situation is pretty good on the whole. The main point is that, although it

is naturally a time of great anxiety for us, it is ten times worse for the enemy. If this drive fails, it means disaster for him. It is not a question of disaster for us. The enemy does not actually outnumber us. The fact that he seems to, that he does in the actual fighting, means that we are holding out reserves for future action. The French are doing the same. As for Ypres, I think the British will voluntarily flatten out the Ypres line. It will not be a loss. It will be good strategy. For three years we have held the Ypres salient as a sentimental corner of Belgium and for no other reason. Its straightening has been suggested

as a means of economising troops, and if we need those troops elsewhere the flattening of the whole line would be a distinct advantage. . . . The really important thing, though, is that American soldiers should get into the fighting now. One American soldier now is worth three eighteen months hence.” Major Beith’s new book, *The New America at War*, will shortly be published by Houghton Mifflin Company.

...

Donald Thompson, the author of *Donald Thompson in Russia*, has

been on every fighting front in Europe since the war started; he has been

in the midst of thirty or forty battles, great or small, has been wounded three times, and has been arrested so often that he has lost count. He has worked his camera with bodies falling around him and upsetting his machine. He has made during the war and sent back to the United States one hundred and fifteen thousand feet of moving-picture film and has snapped more than seven thousand kodak pictures. Thompson, who is a Kansan by birth, is still under thirty. He is at present in America, where, in addition to preparing his book of Russian experiences, he has sold his moving-picture films to one of the great companies for an almost fabulous sum. He plans to get back to the Western Front as soon as possible.

...

With all the interest in that greatest of war books, *Under Fire*, the

following translation of an early poem by the author, Henri Barbusse

is particularly interesting.

This poem, *The Letter*, appeared originally in *Les Annales* some eight or nine years ago and shows the author in quite a different light from his *Under Fire*. The translation into English verse was made by Mr. Willard M. Smith as follows:

THE LETTER

By Henri Barbusse

Translated by Willard M. Smith.

I am writing a letter;
The lamp bends an ear,
And the clock beats the time
With a stroke soft, but clear.
My eyes are fast closing,
I shall dream of you, dear.

A fever runs through me,
The light lower slips;
I hear but your voice,
Your name smiles on my lips;
My fingers are full
Of your touch in their tips.

I feel a soft languor;
Your heart's in me, too.
Half dreaming I waiver
'Twixt the false and the true.
Is it I, who am dreaming,
Or, is it not—YOU?

...

The "tanks" of the British army made their sensational appearance on a September morning in 1916 on the Somme, when they crawled up a hill, impervious to the German machine gun fire, and calmly sat down on the machine guns which had worked such havoc. The world was amazed. Captain Richard Haig, the Commander of the British tank *Britannia*, which is now touring the country, has written a story called *Life in a Tank*, which has been recently

published by Houghton Mifflin Company. Many war books have mentioned the performances of the tanks, but this is the first book which tells in detail about life with one of "His Majesty's Landships," as they are officially called, and the first book to be written by a tank commander. The author entered Sandhurst in 1914, having already chosen the army as his profession, but the war cut short his training and early in 1915 he went to the front with an infantry regiment, the Royal Berkshires. He fought with them until he was wounded at Loos. After his recovery he joined his regiment and was again wounded at the Somme, where he was recommended for, and later received, the Military Cross. Shortly after his second convalescence he joined the Heavy Branch Machine Gun Corps, which later came to be known as the "Tank Corps." He was a tank commander and went into action with his tank at Arras and at Ypres. Last winter he was recalled, and sent to this country with the tank, and he is now touring the country in the interests of the British Recruiting Mission.

...

"There is a growing sentiment in this country," writes Prof. Albert G. Keller in the introduction to his new book, *Through War to Peace*,

"that what Germany has come to stand for is utterly irreconcilable with all those acquisitions of human society—freedom, democracy, Christianity—which we most prize; that it represents a grave menace to them all. This sentiment, with its attendant foreboding, I believe to be substantially correct, so that it will bear examination in the light of reason

and science. I think it can be shown that the German code of international behaviour constitutes a direct and grave challenge to the essentials of civilisation; that it is a reversion toward an earlier and cruder phase of societal development—and that it must be extirpated if civilisation is to go forward on its normal course.”

This extract indicates Professor Keller's point of view. He looks at the war from the sociological standpoint, developing what he terms the societal theory. This theory, briefly,

is that society expands by developing certain customs, manners or folk ways which ultimately become a code. There has been growing up of recent years an international code, which has determined the progress of civilisation. The Germans have marked a variation from this code, and have been building up one of their own, sharply opposed to that of the other nations. This makes the present war the inevitable conflict between the code of civilisation and the German variant.

THE OTHER

BY CHARLES E. GIBSON

You might have made, upon the fabric of his life,
So dull and grey,
An ornamental, fair, embroidery,
A pattern appliqué.

But She is woven in its very warp and woof
And only shows,
When, from its texture, under some revealing light,
A fleeting radiance glows.

LATEST BOOKS OF ENGLISH POETS*

BY JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE

IF ONE had never heard that William H. Davies had been a "Super-tramp" he would know from the reading of his poems that he was a man who had in some way burst the gyves and come a little nearer to the native simplicities of life than most of us come. The innocence of Blake and the brooding of Wordsworth meet in his songs, the child and the seer become one. But though one constantly sees Blake looking over his shoulder, there is a fundamental, if subtle, difference in the work of the two. Blake's eyes were much oftener fixed upon angels than upon human beings, and the exceeding clarity of his vision has always about it something of the mystic and miraculous, whereas Davies has won to clear seeing and to the utmost transparency of words by deep knowledge of life and of nature. To be sure, he fled life; but he knew it, knew it and suffered it to the full and nature became to him an almost imperative refuge from the misery about him. His sympathy was too keen, he was not sufficiently insulated by self-interest to ignore the pain of the world, pain which was quick in him from experience as well as contact.

While Davies spent a part of his youth in America, one never associates him with this country. He

used it chiefly as a point of departure. He was always sailing to England and Scotland, working his way on ships, and who can forget the record of those voyages, particularly the time he shipped from Baltimore to Glasgow with eighteen hundred sheep:

The first night we were out at sea
Those sheep were quiet in their mind;
The second night they cried with fear—
They smelt no pastures in the wind.

They sniffed, poor things, for their green fields,

They cried so loud I could not sleep:
For fifty thousand shillings down
I would not sail again with sheep.

The tenderness of Davies for all the dumb creatures is unsurpassed in modern poetry. It is Blake's attitude, religious at heart, but made more tender and familiar by years of intimacy with the life of the fields and hedges.

The wren knows well
I rob no nest;
When I look in,
She still will rest.

The hedge stops cows,
Or they would come
After my voice
Right to my home.

The horse can tell,
Straight from my lip,
My hand could not
Hold any whip.

Say what you like,
All things love me!
Horse, cow, and mouse,
Bird, moth and bee.

Mr. Davies almost as constantly invites comparison with Wordsworth

*Collected Poems of W. H. Davies. New York: Alfred Knopf.

Poems 1908-1914. By John Drinkwater. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Georgian Poetry, 1916-1917. London: The Poetry Bookshop.

Ardours and Endurances. By Robert Nichols. New York: Frederick A Stokes Company.

as with Blake, but here, too, the essential difference is no less marked. He has Wordsworth's purity and simplicity but not the august quality which was quite as native to the older singer. He is wholly the lyrist and two-thirds the child, never getting over the wonder of all that he sees. This is the secret of his charm, for charm he has to a degree not often matched in contemporary poetry. Something more than charm, too, is in these songs that hold the first freshness of joy, the almost mystic transport of nature. *The Rain* will serve as well as another to illustrate this:

I hear leaves drinking rain;
I hear rich leaves on top
Giving the poor beneath
Drop after drop;
'Tis a sweet noise to hear
These green leaves drinking near.

And when the sun comes out,
After this rain shall stop,
A wondrous light will fill
Each dark, round drop;
I hope the sun shines bright;
'Twill be a lovely sight.

Ecstasy of the sort that one feels in all of the nature poems of Davies is not essentially different from that which a mystic must feel in his moments of illumination, and is, indeed, a healthier thing. One arrives at God through withdrawal, through intense, self-centred contemplation, the other through beauty, through wonder, through finding God's handiwork good. No one can read the work of W. H. Davies without having his sense of beauty quickened and his reverence enhanced, and what priest or devotee could do more for him than this? When one reads these songs in the midst of war and world upheaval, they seem to belong to some innocent, forgotten period.

Could this song, for example, have been written since August, 1914?

Sweet chance, that led my steps abroad,
Beyond the town, where wild flowers
grow—
A rainbow and a cuckoo, Lord
How rich and great the times are now!
Know, all ye sheep
And cows, that keep
On staring that I stand so long
In grass that's wet from heavy rain—
A rainbow and a cuckoo's song
May never come together again;
May never come
This side the tomb.

While these are the characteristic moods of W. H. Davies, one would know him but imperfectly who had not read certain of his London poems, such as *The Heap of Rags*, *The Lodging House Fire*, or *The Sleepers*. Here the hopeless misery of life among the very poor is so poignantly expressed that it haunts one. Where, in the work of Wilfrid Gibson, who has devoted himself until recently almost exclusively to depicting the same phase of life, does one find a picture that stays in the mind like that in the last stanzas of *The Sleepers*?

As I walked down the waterside
This morning, in the cold, damp air,
I saw a hundred men and women
Huddled in rags and sleeping there:
These people have no work, thought I,
And long before their time they die.

That moment, on the waterside,
A lighted car came at a bound;
I looked inside and saw a score
Of pale and weary men that frowned;
Each man sat in a huddled heap,
Carried to work while fast asleep.

Ten cars rushed down the waterside,
Like lighted coffins in the dark;
With twenty dead men in each car
That must be brought alive by work:
These people work too hard, thought I,
And long before their time they die.

The war has temporarily changed

all this in London and other large cities, the labourer is king; but the war will sometime end and then Society has this age-old problem before it.

POEMS, BY JOHN DRINKWATER

Two books could scarcely be more dissimilar than the poems of W. H. Davies and those of John Drinkwater. The magnetic personality that quickens one's mood the moment he opens the volume of Davies, is lacking in that of Drinkwater. One's first feeling about the book is that it lacks vibration, that it is static. This feeling does not wear away but it is modified somewhat by longer familiarity with the poems. In this book, Mr. Drinkwater has brought together the best of his work done between 1908 and 1914. It is a selection from several books published during that interval, a clearing of the decks for further action, for Mr. Drinkwater's best work is still before him. To this conclusion I am impelled by the fact that his most recent lyrics are his best, indeed the selections from his work included in the last issue of *Georgian Poetry* are much more fresh and delightful than the majority of those in his collected volume.

If, however, the book lacks somewhat in magnetic charm, it has the fine feeling and the ideality without which charm were an empty thing. It is set to a high mood throughout and the best English traditions have helped to shape it. One would know that Mr. Drinkwater was English, even if the English landscape did not appear as the background of the poems. Their feeling is altogether English, racial in the deepest sense. There is little of modernity as it manifests itself here, little of the so-

cial passion, none of the influence of the revolutionary verse. Mr. Drinkwater's poems will not please the ultra modern, but they are true to the standards which he has set for himself and they have their own beauty, though it is often reminiscent of yesterday. *The Soldier* is one of the most direct utterances in the book and pertinent to the present time, though by antithesis:

The large report of fame I lack,
And shining clasps and crimson scars,
For I have held my bivouac
Alone amid the untroubled stars.

My battle-field has known no dawn
Beclouded by a thousand spears;
I've been no mounting tyrant's pawn
To buy his glory with my tears.

It never seemed a noble thing.
Some little leagues of land to gain
From broken men, nor yet to fling
Abroad the thunderbolts of pain.

Yet I have felt the quickening breath
As peril heavy peril kissed—
My weapon was a little faith,
And fear was my antagonist.

Not a brief hour of cannonade,
But many days of bitter strife,
Till God of His great pity laid
Across my brow the leaves of life.

GEORGIAN POETRY 1916-17

Mr. Drinkwater is, as I have said, represented with several selections in the new book of *Georgian Poetry*, covering the past two years, and the very quality that is lacking in the volume which he has gleaned from his earlier work, a native, spontaneous charm, is present in the later poems, for example, in this picture of *The Cotswold Farmers*, reaping their ghostly fields:

Sometimes the ghosts forgotten go
Along the hill-top way,
And with long scythes of silver mow

Meadows of moonlit hay,
Until the cocks of Cotswold crow
The coming of the day.

There's Tony Turkletob who died
When he could drink no more,
And Uncle Heritage, the pride
Of eighteen-twenty-four,
And Ebenezer Barleytide,
And others half a score.

They fold in phantom pens, and plough
Furrows without a share,
And one will milk a faery cow,
And one will stare and stare,
And whistle ghostly tunes that now
Are not sung anywhere.

The moon goes down on Oakridge Lea,
The other world's astir,
The Cotswold farmers silently
Go back to sepulchre,
The sleeping watch dogs wake, and see
No ghostly harvester.

Perhaps no poets love their land as do the English poets, and surely none have a more beautiful land to love. To draw one's heritage from the Cotswold country is in itself almost a patent of poetry, so might it inspire one to celebrate the intimate beauty of those midland hills. With a British poet, love of nature is love of England, love of the home land, and no poets are so consistently true to their country, so deeply, indissolubly linked with it as are the English. Every shire has inspired beautiful verse, every locality has its association with some singer and takes on a romantic interest from his work. One never opens the book of an English poet without feeling this love of the very soil that bred him, and *Georgian Poetry* having the work of eighteen poets, makes this impression accumulative.

It is the third of the biennial anthologies brought out by Harold Monroe of the Poetry Bookshop in London, and taken in connection with the former ones, affords an ex-

cellent opportunity to follow the general trend of English lyric poetry, to get a collective impression of it and to note its characteristics as distinguished from our own. The entire absence of *vers libre*, during the period when it was most in evidence here, the entire absence, indeed, of any revolutionary tendency in form—stands out as the most striking contrast with the work of American poets. Not less striking is the fact that Mr. Monroe continues to bring out the volume without including the work of any woman. In America this would not be possible, the book would be so manifestly unrepresentative and misrepresentative that the public would not accept it as authoritative. In this country women are doing work in poetry of such a quality that it not only equals but in many cases surpasses the work of men. This is not true, however, at the present time of any other country but America. There are isolated exceptions in all countries, but the representative work is being done by men.

This does not, however, excuse an anthologist from presenting the best that women are doing in his country, particularly when giving a biennial summary that is intended to follow the course of English lyric poetry.

Another observation that forces itself upon one in looking over the successive volumes of *Georgian Poetry* is the lack of freshness of theme in the work of the British poets. If it were not for the war, which introduces a new element, the present volume might quite as well have been written a hundred years ago. True, all the great themes are eternal, and when they are presented as Masfield presents them in his sonnets to Beauty, of which several of

the best are given here, they are independent of time; but when, in the twentieth century, with the world shaping anew before our eyes, the poets of a country, according to Mr. Monroe's representation, write chiefly of nature, there seems a strange anachronism in it all. The work seems to belong to another period. The monotony of the anthology, despite its salient poems and the admirable war verse of Siegfried Sassoon, Robert Nichols and Robert Graves—may well be due to an editorial bias for a certain style, but this would seem to be disproved by the utter unconventionality of the selections from his own work that Mr. Monroe has included. True, they are of nature, but nature alive, and the *Week End* group of sonnets set one tingling for the great green world where "The fresh air moves like water round a boat." Mr. Monroe has a rare faculty of communicating a mood and of giving to his work the effect of improvisation. For quotation, the sonnets need the sequence, so here, instead, are two brief poems which originally appeared in that exotic but fascinating book, *Strange Meetings*, as did all the selections from Mr. Monroe which are included in the anthology:

If suddenly a clod of earth should rise,
And walk about, and breathe, and speak,
and love,
How one would tremble, and in what surprise
Gasp: "Can you move?"

I see men walking, and I always feel:
"Earth! How have you done this? What
can you be?"
I can't learn how to know men, or conceal
How strange they are to me.

A flower is looking through the ground,
Blinking at the April weather;

Now a child has seen the flower:
Now they go and play together.

Now it seems the flower will speak
And will call the child its brother—
But, oh strange forgetfulness!
They don't recognise each other.

Several of the poets in former collections of *Georgian Poetry* are dead, notably Rupert Brooke and James Elroy Flecker, and several others have been omitted from the present collection in order to make way for new comers, of whom there are nine in this issue. The anthology opens with the work of W. J. Turner, who has not previously appeared. His work is marked by great precision, almost as if carved or chiselled. It has the quality of beautiful sculpture, particularly the poem of the Greek shepherd, sitting on a rock, watching his sheep when death comes to him from an aeroplane in the blue Attic sky. Nevertheless a little of this precision goes a long way and the group by Mr. Turner is saved from monotony only by the first poem which delightfully recaptures a mood of childhood. We can all remember when we were hypnotised by the mere sound of names which meant to us the mystery of the great, far-off world. Part of the poem must suffice to show its charm:

When I was but thirteen or so
I went into a golden land,
Chimborazo, Cotopaxi
Took me by the hand.

My father died, my brother, too,
They passed like fleeting dreams,
I stood where Popocatapetl
In the sunlight gleams.

I dimly heard the master's voice
And far-off boys at play,
Chimborazo, Cotopaxi
Had stolen me away.

I walked in a great golden dream
 To and fro from school—
 Shining Popocatepetl
 The dusty street did rule.

I walked home with a gold dark boy
 And never a word I'd say,
 Chimborazo, Cotopaxi
 Had taken my speech away.

In the group by Walter de la Mare is an exquisite poem, *Remembrance*; in the group by John Freeman, otherwise purely conventional, is a very human poem, *Happy is England Now*, and there are characteristic things from Davies, Hodgson and Stephens, but by far the most vital work in the anthology is the war poetry of Siegfried Sassoon, Robert Nichols and Robert Graves. There is an excellent representation of Sassoon, one of the vivid personalities of the war and one of the finest poets whose work the war has brought forward. I reviewed his work briefly in my article on *Poets Militant*, but brief quotations give little idea of his verse as a whole. Sassoon is from India and there is an interesting mixture of the Orient and Occident in his work. He is a close friend of both Robert Nichols and Robert Graves, and it is pleasant to see the work of the three printed together, since they have poems to one another in their respective books on the war. The work of Robert Graves, son of Alfred Percival Graves, the Irish scholar, is boyish but full of character and of a fresh, direct, exuberant mood that is infectious. It gives high promise, while not yet of the maturity of that of his friends. But any utterance on the war by one who has lived it is significant, for this war, which is running like a flame through stubble and burning away all that is effete, which is compelling

new valuations and changing the whole aspect of life, is expressing itself through the souls of young poets more vitally than through any other medium. One sees a thousand marching men in khaki; they look alike, the uniform has robbed them of outward individuality; their faces are set to the task; even in expression there is a certain uniformity which comes of a common will focussed to one end. Seeing this mass of men, this collective soul, one finds himself wondering what is in the mind of each; what that emotion must be that can transcend love and ambition and fame and even life itself. When one sees the thousand men multiplying to millions, all with the soldier's silence, they seem withdrawn, like men already detached from life—and then comes the poet and speaks for them! The collective soul has found its voice, all speak through the one, all become articulate.

ARDOURS AND ENDURANCES, BY ROBERT NICHOLS

Of all the books through which the soldier has spoken in this war, *Ardours and Endurances*, by Robert Nichols, is the highest and finest utterance. It is splendour and flame from beginning to end, the spirit seeming to have won clear from all the suffering and horror that war entails upon the body. As one reads the book he is in a perpetual state of wonder that human life can so transcend itself, that youth, to which mere physical life is an ecstasy and a passion, can so forget and forego all that had previously filled its existence. Nor is it that Robert Nichols is by nature an ascetic nor one who could detach himself from life more readily because he did not

love it. His pre-war verse is Keats-like in its love of beauty and keen with the passion of life. Only one who could feel the beauty of life so keenly could be blown to such a flame by the spiritual need to relinquish it. He is altogether the poet, and yet many others surpass him in technique, it is much more the spirit than the letter of his work that makes him what he is. The poet feels more keenly than his fellows, the poet has a vision beyond them, and it is in these essentials of poetry that Robert Nichols is most significant; in these and in a directness and sincerity almost painful to the reader since they admit him so closely to a soul forging its armor in the imminence of death.

The poems are grouped, and were probably written, in an order that makes a continuous unfoldment of battle experience. Under *Approach* we have a succession of events intimating the increasing nearness of the battle, as this *Halt by the Roadside*, where the first sound of the guns is heard:

In my tired, helpless body
I feel my sunk heart ache;
But suddenly, loudly,
The far, the great guns shake!

Is it sudden terror
Burdens my heart? My hand
Flies to my head. I listen . . .
And do not understand.

Is death so near, then?
From this blaze of light
Do I plunge suddenly
Into Vortex? Night?

Guns again! the quiet
Shakes at the vengeful voice . . .
It is terrible pleasure.
I do not fear: I rejoice.

This is not the rejoicing, however, that comes of mere lust of conflict, not a word of that sort is in the

book. It is the rejoicing of one who will test himself in the supreme crisis, who will endure the breath of war,

For by that mighty winnowing
Being is blown clean.

Arrived at the battle line, we have another sequence of experiences coming to a climax in *The Assault*, one of the most graphic and dramatic pictures of the charge that we have had in war poetry. Robert Service has several poems which depict the same thing, but with the vast difference that he relates what he has observed or heard from others, he is not himself in the active fighting line; but on the Red Cross; whereas in Robert Nichols's poem we have not only the spectacle of the assault but the revelation of what it means to a young soldier to await the moment when he will scramble up the parapet and rush head down into the storm that greets him. *The Assault* is too long to quote, but certain passages will show the inner spirit of it:

My heart burns hot, whiter and whiter,
Contracts tighter and tighter,
Until I stifle with the will
Long forged, now used
(Though utterly strained)
O pounding heart,
Baffled, confused,
Heart panged, head singing, dizzily pained—
To do my part.

Blindness a moment. Sick.
There the men are!
Bayonets ready: click!
Time goes quick;
A stumbled prayer . . . a blazing star
In the blue night . . . where?
Again prayer.
The tongue trips. Start:
How's time? Soon now. Two minutes or less.

* * * *

The great guns rise:
Their fury seems to burst the earth and skies!

They lift.

Gather, heart, all thoughts that drift;
 Be steel, soul,
 Compress thyself
 Into a round, bright whole.
 I cannot speak.
 Time! Time!

These passages give none of the action of the assault, but merely the psychology of it. There is not space to give the charge as the poem goes on to picture it, but it is admirably done and proves Robert Nichols to be a master of nervous, direct, dramatic speech.

The remainder of the war section of the book is devoted to some exquisite lyrics to his fallen friends, poems that stir the tenderness and pity that one must always feel when such lives as these go out. One of Mr. Nichols's best known poems, *Fulfillment*, a poem which has found its way into most of the war collections, is an impassioned tribute to the soldier and to the comrade love that "passes the love of woman." The highest and most beautiful association of men in arms is celebrated in these poems and one cannot but weep at the tributes to the ardent young friends who have, one after another, gone on to shining ranks elsewhere:

Oh, youth to come shall drink air warm and
 bright
 Shall hear the bird cry in the sunny wood,
 All *my* Young England fell to-day in fight:
 That bird, that wood, was ransomed by
 our blood!

I pray you when the drums roll let your
 mood
 Be worthy of our deaths and your delight.

In individual poems other poets of the war may have done finer things. There is, perhaps, no poem in *Ardours and Endurances* that will live as long as Rupert Brooke's sonnet, *The Soldier*, or Alan Seegar's *I Have a Rendezvous with Death*, but these were isolated poems and neither Brooke nor Seegar lived long enough to give us any body of poems interpreting the war, whereas in the work of Nichols we have nearly every phase expressed and expressed with such direct emotion that one does not stop to think whether any one poem stands out with finality as a piece of art. All are vital and moving and many of them are beautiful. It is, in short, a book to reveal the finer spirit of the war and to make us grateful that such dedicated young poets are helping to lift it above its physical horrors.

SOME BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

SPANISH AMERICAN LETTERS*

A VERY important volume, dealing with the activities of North American scholarship in the field of Spanish history and letters, is M. Romera Navarro's *El Hispanismo en Norte America*, published by the press of the Renacimiento in Madrid, Spain. The author has spent some years in the Romance Department of the University of Pennsylvania and has given undivided attention to all that pertains to this subject, which, as he proves, is a large one, constantly increasing on different sides.

Beginning with Washington Irving, Mr. Navarro traces the story of North American scholarship through Prescott, Ticknor, Longfellow, and Lowell, giving an extensive consideration to the Hispanic efforts of each in turn. He then goes on to a discussion of the great work accomplished by the Hispanic Society of America, including the scholarly labours of Archer M. Huntington and his *Poem of the Cid*; of Dr. Hugo Rennert and his monumental *Life of Lope de Vega*; of Professor John Driscoll Fitz-Gerald and his researches on *Gonzalo de Berceo*; of Charles Upson Clarke and his *Collectanea Hispanica*; of Jeremiah D. M. Ford and his *Spanish Anthology*; of Thomas Walsh and his version of *Fray Luis de León*.

**El Hispanismo en Norte America*. By M. Romera Navarro. Madrid: 1918.

Rinconete and Cortadillo. By Miguel de Cervantes. Translated by Mariano J. Lorente. Boston: Four Seas Company. 1918.

Martin Rivas. From the Spanish of Alberto Blest-Gana. By Mrs. Charles Witham. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1918.

He also discusses Professor Schevill's *Ovid and the Spanish Renaissance*, and Professor Chandler's book on the *Picaresque Novel*, and gives such detailed notice to the numerous translators and editors of the Spanish masterpieces, that, with regret and surprise, we note the omission of the name of Mrs. Mary Serrano, to whom we owe our versions of so many of the romance writers of Spain. Mr. Romera Navarro is a student, and his book is redolent of study: he is an ardent Spaniard and has all the care we would expect for his national honour, as well as full appreciation for those who have laboured in behalf of his country's reputation. His work reveals marked critical capacity, and will long fill a notable place in our libraries as a record of our love and labour in the cause of Spain.

If one does not have, originally, enough reasons for rejoicing in a new English rendering of Cervantes's little masterpiece, *Rinconete and Cortadillo*, the translator and editor, Mr. Mariano J. Lorente, will provide them in his Introduction. For he discusses the previous translators and commentators of Cervantes with a practical sense that reveals the true Spanish acumen of criticism, as well as some of its pitilessness. He explodes the pretensions of the translations of W. K. Kelly, which are attacked by Dr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly, and he is even more severe with the complete novels as rendered by Norman MacColl, who has been unservedly approved by the same Glasgow professor. He proves Mr. MacColl's imperfect knowledge of Spanish, his superficial acquaintance with

Cervantes and his Spain, and his very poor performances in English grammar and style; he shows this by irrefutable examples.

Rinconete and Cortadillo is one of the Exemplary Novels of the author of *Don Quixote*, and their composition has the additional interest of having been identical in time with that of the creation of Cervantes's masterpiece. As Mr. Lorente says: "In *Rinconete and Cortadillo* Cervantes portrays a brotherhood of Sevillian thieves, and although the members of the gang are all steeped in vice, so masterful and delicate are the strokes of his pen, that the characters, so far from being repulsive, become highly attractive. Yet they are perfectly true to life." *Rinconete and Cortadillo* is, indeed, one of the very foundation stones of literary realism. Translated into excellent English by a Spaniard, the critical questions involved are, one feels sure, nearer their complete solution than ever before.

Mr. Alfred A. Knopf has added to his Borzoi Series of Spanish Translations the masterpiece of Alberto Blest-Gana, the story of life in Santiago de Chile, entitled from the name of its hero—*Martin Rivas*.

The author, Alberto Blest-Gana, is certainly a realist of unusual art; he has chosen a charming, plausible love story, which, as in all Spanish and Spanish-American life, forms the very real background in the career of this poor country student come up into the proud new rich little city of Santiago. This touch of romance is so pronounced as almost to seem a dereliction from the realist's creed, until one remembers the class of society with which Blest-Gana is dealing. One feels sure, also, that there are very few pictures in South Amer-

ican literature that can compare in verisimilitude with these scenes in the house of Doña Bernarda and her daughters. *Martin Rivas* is a sample of South American literature that inspires the highest hopes in all that are interested in the development of the arts and letters of our southern neighbour. It also gives good ground for Coester's remark in his *Literary History of Spanish America* that Blest-Gana "is the greatest of Chilean writers of fiction and, in the opinion of Chileans, the greatest of American novelists."

Thomas Walsh.

II

ARTHUR TRAIN'S "THE EARTHQUAKE"

This is a remarkable book.

In one aspect it might be described as bearing a resemblance to *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*; but to this remark one must hasten to add that the comparison applies only to the general character of the book, as written of, and for, the amazing times in which we are living. For, as readers of his previous writings do not need to be told, Mr. Arthur Train, like Mr. H. G. Wells, has his own style and his own distinction. And it may be safely predicted that *The Earthquake* will bring fresh laurels to the author thereof.

But the fact that the book is written for a definite purpose, and conveys a message of importance and urgency, imposes a special responsibility upon the reviewer, for the obvious reason that there are many people who are not attracted by a work which is written with an object "apart from the story"; and thus even commendation on the part

*The Earthquake. By Arthur Train. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

of a reviewer may, in certain conditions, act as a deterrent. Be it therefore declared at once and decidedly that *The Earthquake* is a book which "on its merits" will well repay perusal by all who appreciate good literary work *per se*.

It is recorded that on the appearance of one of the novels (namely: *Emma*) by Jane Austen—that winsome artist, who did not fully receive her place in the kingdom of literature until after she had passed from the earthly scene—it was remarked by not a few that there was not much plot, or at any rate, none of the exciting sort, in the story; but the best judges did not regard this as a drawback; and Mr. Jeffrey, of the *Edinburgh Review* (and he was no chicken), gave his opinion tersely, by declaring that the novel kept him up for three nights. Mr. Train's new book is not a novel; but in it likewise the interest is sustained throughout. And the attraction includes that excellent quality, the power of description, in simple language, and with accuracy (most essential) as well as picturesqueness.

A good example of this feature occurs early in the story. The supposed narrator, John Stanton (for the autobiographical method is adopted), has been ordered to resort to "rest travel" to avert the results of overstrain in business. And accordingly we find him enjoying the lotus-eating life in the Sandwich Islands. The weekly steamboat, with newspapers and possible mails, is entering the cove. Mr. Stanton, who is fishing from a small skiff, is rowed toward the steamer.

Then follow a few descriptive touches which almost make us hear the growl of the propeller and the

thud of the screw-blades on the previously placid surface of the lagoon, lashing it into uneasy foam.

The steamboat has brought a letter from Jack (Stanton, Jr.), who is at college, but announces that "Most of the fellows are going to Plattsburg, so I thought you wouldn't mind if I went along, too." Jack quickly proves to be a splendid young fellow, and—*Laus Deo*—his is no fancy picture, but a life portrait of thousands of young Americans who are at this moment bringing glory to their country and strength to the Great Cause.

The letter from Jack causes the other members of the Stanton family to return promptly home to New York, and without delay the transformation brought about by the war is inaugurated in the Stanton home. And here we are introduced to a charming personality, Mrs. Stanton, all the more attractive because thoroughly human; and indeed Mr. Stanton, a most devoted husband, frankly admits that during the comparatively luxurious years preceding the war, his wife, Helen, had become too easy-going. But it soon transpired that her sterling qualities were only dormant, and with the emergency they came into full play; and, to quote her husband's words, "it was then that Helen showed the rare and penetrating quality of mind which had compelled my admiration so often in her earlier years, and which latterly had seemed to be dormant."

This admiration was now evoked by the practical manner in which Mrs. Stanton applied and adapted herself to a completely new style of living, including, as a commencement, the giving up of her motor car.

In order to complete our allusion to this fine type of American woman-

hood, a quotation may be permissible. Some little time after the period already mentioned, Mr. Stanton, one night, in the small hours, becomes conscious of the ringing of a distant telephone bell. At first he endeavours to ignore it, as not concerning him, but suddenly he realises that it is his own telephone bell that is ringing, on the ground floor. Instantly it flashes upon him with the speed of an arrow that the call may relate to his son, already in France, and in a moment he dashes downstairs and lifts the receiver.

"Is Mrs. Stanton there?" inquired a metallic female voice.

"This is *Mister* Stanton," I replied. "Give me the message."

"I must speak to Mrs. Stanton!" retorted the person at the other end of the wire.

"If it's any bad news—" I choked. "Please—tell—me!"

"Oh, it isn't any bad news! I'm sorry if I frightened you," said SHE, for that is the only typographical method of describing this authoritative lady. "But I want Mrs. Stanton at once. I need her at the Pennsylvania Station."

Me. "What the —! How do you mean? She's sound asleep in bed!"

SHE. "Naturally! This is Miss Pritchett talking, chairwoman of your wife's Committee of the Local Canteen. She's under orders, you know. We've fifteen hundred soldiers coming in from Spartanburg at four o'clock and it's now two fifty-five. I've got to get thirty women down there to feed those men in an hour, Mrs. Stanton among them. I shall see that the food is there."

Me. "But—! How on earth! You can't expect my wife to get up in the middle of the night and go down to the Pennsylvania Station!"

SHE (icily). "Will—you—kindly—transmit—the—order—to—your—wife?"

Me. "Look here, Miss Whateveryour-name-is! You must have got hold of the wrong Stanton—" I stopped abruptly, confronted by the peculiar opaqueness of sound that clothes a transmitter when the other party has hung up.

After ruminating for a few minutes, Mr.

Stanton returns upstairs; but already his wife is looking over the banisters, waiting for him.

"What is it?" she queried sharply. "Anything about Jack?"

After a few interrogations and replies the information was elicited that someone wanted Mrs. Stanton to go and help feed a lot of soldiers over at the Pennsylvania Station.

"Miss Pritchett—it was Miss Pritchett!" she almost shouted. "My captain! Order me a taxi, please, at once!" And quickly Mrs. Stanton was on the way to the railway station, her husband accompanying her, rather enjoying the adventure, including a friendly chat with one of the ladies who were waiting for the train, one whom he described as "a slender Artemis, whose cap was refusing to remain on her chestnut hair, and whose large grey eyes let themselves fall good naturedly upon mine as she tried to force the rebellious thing into place." Observing also near at hand a tall, middle-aged lady with a somewhat masculine type of countenance, he assumed that this must be Miss Pritchett, in command, and accordingly approached deferentially in order to apologise for any appearance of brusqueness on his part during the telephonic conversation earlier in the morning. But he was mistaken; it was "Artemis" who was Miss Pritchett. Soon the troop train rolls into the station; and here our author gives a touch which seems to reveal the artist and the prophet combined. For, with a slight sense of the unexpected, we find that the row of faces that look out of the windows are swarthy—it is a coloured regiment;—but of course this makes absolutely no difference in the alacrity and solicitude with which instantly the sandwiches and coffee are

brought forward and dispensed by the ladies, and, happily, all this, too, is no mere imaginary scene, but represents actual fact and experience.

The author proceeds to introduce us to the various phases of life with which he comes in contact, under present conditions, bringing out vividly the manifestation of practical patriotism, devotion and self-sacrifice. But also, and sometimes with a suddenness which may cause a feeling of bewilderment, we are presented with examples of the opposite tendency, the shirking of responsibility, and even the making use of the national emergency for personal advantage, this being often accompanied by specious attempts at self-justification.

Space will not permit the quoting of further examples of the author's method of imparting what he wishes to convey; but the foregoing remarks may indicate that while recording much that gives cause for pride and thankfulness, the book sounds a "serious call" to those who are not yet awake to the claims of the crisis. And, toward the end, the appeal is presented with increased urgency and insistence; so that it is not surprising, though highly interesting, to learn that an eminent personage whose name is a household word for patriotic energy and zeal, expressed the opinion that the concluding pages of *The Earthquake* might well be published separately as a "Tract for the times."

It should be remarked, in conclusion, that amid the delineation of various types of character, often accompanied by playful humour, the trend and tendency of this book will, in the main, promote, not a harsh, but a kindly view of men and things;

and the writer of whom this can be said would be on that ground, even if on no other, entitled to be described as one who is "serving his day and generation."

Aberdeen and Temair
(Marquess of Aberdeen and Temair, K.T.)

III

GEORGE INNESS, JR.'s "LIFE, ART, AND LETTERS OF GEORGE INNESS"*

One is inclined to regret, in view of Mr. Inness's particularly close association with his father, that he has chosen to make his biography strictly objective rather than intimate. "What I would like to give you," he informs the reader, "is George Inness; as he was, as he talked, as he lived—not what I saw in him or how I interpreted him, but *him* . . . in other words, I will put the pigment on the canvas and leave it to you to form the picture;" and the result is a figure that is somewhat isolated, remote, and unsympathetic. Mr. Inness's anecdotes and the letters and conversations which he reproduces have obviously been selected to portray the living man rather than to give a careful record of a long life. One misses the details of the long friendships in which men express most completely their own individuality as well as their common humanity, and the little domesticities and irrelevancies which give warmth and colour to a personality. Perhaps this is inevitable in any biography of less than two volumes.

Yet, after all, it must be recognised that by far the most important events of Inness's life were those that transpired entirely within himself,

*Life, Art, and Letters of George Inness. By George Inness, Jr. With an Introduction by Elliot Daingerfield. New York: Century Company.

and that his contact with the world about him was, on the whole, incidental. He was as pure an example of the "genius" as this country has produced. We read that he was "a dreamer, an idealist from early childhood," who "lived much in a world of his own imaginings;" that "art with him was life itself; it was his religion," and that "his contempt for the commercial aspect of life was profound." "Out of doors he was quiet, rational, and absorbed. But in his studio he was like a madman. . . . His best work was ever accomplished at white heat and under great emotion." "He was the most impersonal of men. He was never interested in himself as a man, though he was interested in the artistic man." And there are the usual engaging stories of absent-mindedness, of youthful inspiration, of great power of concentration, and a hundred other signs of possession by a purpose greater than himself. Inness seems to have suffered less than most of the clan from loneliness and misunderstanding; his spirit was too eager and too confident for that; but I know of no other book that is so full of that deeper pathos which is still more inseparable from the thing we call genius—the tragedy of the soul so torn by something within it struggling madly toward the unattainable that it never achieves the full self-consciousness or the poise of maturity.

Mr. Inness, however, is himself a painter and was for many years his father's pupil and associate, and he does not allow either the man or the genius, interesting as it may be, to overshadow the artist. His treatment of George Inness as a painter is full and many-sided. Inness's first ambition, it seems, was to combine

the "lofty striving" of Cole with the "more intimate feeling" of Durand. As to later influences his son is rather sceptical. "I attach little importance to the influence that foreign travel had on the art of Inness . . . for from the very start he strove to overthrow the old traditions, and tried to paint the landscape as he saw and felt it." But he remarks elsewhere that there is probably more of Constable in his father's work than of any of the French school. Inness considered Titian the greatest colourist who ever lived; he chose Corot, Rousseau, and Daubigny as the leading French landscape painters; he named a daughter after Rosa Bonheur. He greatly admired Turner, but was capable of calling *The Slave Ship* "the greatest piece of claptrap ever painted." He detested the Impressionists, especially Monet, and the Pre-Raphaelites. His adverse criticisms were full of ferocity, but one sentence from a letter written to a newspaper deserves immortality: "I am not interested in painters who find it necessary to label themselves." His theories of art were recondite and intricately involved with his peculiar and intense religious life. It is to be regretted that some of the space given to these theories is not devoted to tracing their actual influence on his paintings. And a second problem, evidently closely related to this, is also left untouched. How could a man who painted with such physical fury, often stripping to the waist to gain greater freedom of action, produce pictures which are so smooth and placid and harmonious? Tintoretto and Delacroix, who worked in the same tempo, stamped each picture unmistakably with the mark of their impetuosity, but an Inness

might have been painted by the most painstaking and methodical of artists. Several possible clues are given: his habit of working from memory rather than from nature, his oft-repeated sigh, "If I could only paint it without paint!" and his insatiable desire to repaint his finished pictures; but the problem remains practically intact for some future investigator.

The book is not only the most important contribution to the literature that has grown up around George Inness, but is one of the most interesting and most valuable biographies yet inspired by an American artist.

Carl H. P. Thurston.

IV

GULD, THE CAVERN KING*

A happy experience for all children—and again we have to say "of whatever age"—lies in Mary L. B. Branch's *Guld, the Cavern King*. This lovely bit of imaginative writing is dedicated to the author's daughter, Anna Hempstead Branch. And one is certain that it was on such beautiful fare, so phrased, so fancied, that Miss Branch's poetry, and her nature, were first fed.

The story of Guld is laid in the land of the kobalds, in deep caverns and misty ways. But the ways lead out, and all through the book come the intimations of it—the "noon-spot," where the cavern people came to see whether it was noon, because this spot before the king's door glowed a little when noon came; the high windows in the rooms of the kings, because kings must have the light near; the cave "with a sky,"

**Guld, the Cavern King*. By Mary L. B. Branch. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

where Uncle Bonn crept away in secret; the long stair, leading to another stair, and another, up which the foster-mother went to part the vines and see outside, and from which she brought back the two fresh red roses; the replies of the hill people, on market-day, when Little King Guld questions them and after long thought, says:

I should like to step out.

And last, the renouncing of the kingdom to go forth, half the people following. In all this the imagery, and the sheer art of the handling, and the quaint, lovely phrasing give their bestowals not less than the really exciting adventures of little Guld. In all the literature of childhood, there is nothing of greater charm than the three pages of the little chapter "Choose Your Ruler." Here the long threads are drawn into a shining tassel of a minute, and art, and adventure, and the symbolising of eternal verities combine to make a moving climax.

The gentle atmosphere of certain bits, given as faint, little repetends mark the story as the children's own. "Very well, since you have thought of it"—comes with the power of some loved family phrase, grown dear through covering with it many a moment of minds not quite one, but instantly fused when those words fall. The cave that was "room-shaped," making once-for-all an entity of the word "room," and no longer a generic. And the serpents' dens. And the hair that went up, not in curls, but in the beginnings of curls. And Hippa, who never smiled, because "she was of a very serious disposition,"—making a lady of a phrase. All the words of the

author come with gentle authority, even "Some writers have made the mistake of stating that kobold cows are blue, but this is not so."

It is a joyous and memorable little book, with its chapters all hung upon texts of William Morris and

Philip Bourke Marston and Lewis Carroll and John Davidson and Herrick. Every child will be happier and will love beautiful things a little more if Guld comes to live where he lives.

Zona Gale.

THE BOOKMAN RECOMMENDS

In this department the editors each month will endeavour to select from among the previous month's publications those volumes in each classification which seem in their opinion to be most worthy of recommendation to BOOKMAN readers. The editors will be happy to answer any questions in their power regarding these books and indeed regarding any books concerning which BOOKMAN readers may desire information.

Art

Raemakers' Cartoon History of the War. Vol. I. By Louis Raemakers. New York: The Century Company. \$1.50.

A collection of war cartoons in chronological order.

Pictures of War Work in America. By Joseph Pennell. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. \$2.00.

Pencil sketches of our great industries under war pressure.

The Western Front. Drawings by Muirhead Bone. Vol. I. With an Introduction by Field-Marshal Haig. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Sketches of the battle front and of the devastated country of France with descriptive text.

Biography

Confessions of the Czarina. By Count Paul Vassili. New York: Harper and Brothers. Illustrated. \$2.00.

The fascinating human story of a greatly misunderstood woman. Her unhappy life is described, and her own love story.

Correspondence of Sir Arthur Helps. Edited by His Son, E. A. Helps. New York: John Lane Company. With frontispiece. \$4.00.

The subject was a notable figure among the literary men of the last century and he enjoyed the confidence and friendship of Queen Victoria; while he was also on terms of intimacy with Tennyson, Gladstone, Ruskin and all the big figures of the day.

In the Days of Victoria. By Thomas F. Plowman. New York: John Lane Company. With fifteen illustrations. \$3.00.

A vivid picture of a long and diversified career among all sorts and conditions of men.

Business and Finance

The Romance of Commerce. By H. Gordon Selfridge. New York: John Lane Company. With numerous illustrations. \$3.00.

The author is the owner of the great American department store in London. His book is an exhaustive history of the development of international commerce.

Scientific Distribution. By Charles F. Higham. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.50.

Advertising as a tremendous new force and the ally of righteous government and sound education.

Co-operation the Hope of the Consumer. By Emerson P. Harris. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.00.

A description of the operation of a co-operative store and of its advantages.

Organized Banking. By Eugene E. Agger. New York: Henry Holt and Company. \$3.00.

The underlying principles of the organizing of American commercial banking on a national scale.

Civics

The A B C of Voting. By Marion B. Cothren. With an Introduction by Governor Charles S. Whitman. New York: The Century Company. \$.60.

On government and politics, written especially for the women of New York State.

Domestic Science

Economy Cook Book. By Maria McIlvaine Gillmore. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$1.00.

Based on the directions of the Food Administration of the United States. Written in simple, practical manner, with a great many recipes.

Everyday Foods in War Time. By Mary Swartz Rose. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$.80.

A message about food in war time. How to save is treated, and how to lessen the cost of living.

Caroline King's Cook Book. By Caroline B. King. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. \$1.50.

Simple recipes for modest but good cooking.

Drama and the Movies

Why Marry? By Jesse Lynch Williams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

A new edition, which is now justified by the great success of this comedy on the stage.

The Art of Photoplay Making. By Victor O. Freeburg. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. \$2.00.

Interested especially for those who write or would like to write moving-picture scenarios.

Purple Youth. By Robert DeCamp Leland. A Play in One Act. Boston: The Four Seas Company. \$1.00.

The conflict of youth and age built about one of our modern protagonists, the vice crusader.

Problems of the Actor. By Louis Calvert. New York: Henry Holt and Company. \$1.60.

A text-book of the craft, written with the autobiographic touch adding sympathy and humour.

They the Crucified. By Florence Taberholt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.00.

Two war plays of the French and their invaders.

The Sandbar Queen. By George Cronyn.

The Angel Intrudes. By Floyd Dell.

Night. By James Oppenheim. New York: Egmont Arens. 35 cents each.

The beginning of a series of small volumes of plays suitable for the little theatre. The plays have been used by the Washington Square Players, the Provincetown Players, and the Greenwich Village Players. The plays will be brought out at intervals of one month, and it is announced that one year's subscription, including 12 plays, may be had for \$3.00. The publisher is known especially as the leader of the People's Symphony Concerts of New York, which have been very successful in popularising the best music.

Education

The Story of a Small College. By Isaac Sharpless. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company.

The story of Haverford by its president from 1887 to 1917.

Essays

Glimpses of the Cosmos. A Mental Biography. By Lester F. Ward, I.L.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

Essays on a great variety of subjects, with special emphasis on geology and sociology. Will appeal more particularly to the scientist and technician.

Fiction

Gold and Iron. By Joseph Hergesheimer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.50.

Three short stories characteristic of American life and strife.

Mashi and Other Stories. By Rabindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

Short stories of the East, with the author's accustomed imagination and weird, fascinating descriptions.

The Enchanted Barn. By Grace Livingston Hill Lutz. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Company. Frontispiece. \$1.35.

A story of the dreams of a young girl and of the enchantment that the world holds for her.

The Statue in the Wood. By Richard Pryce. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.50.

The domestic complications of an English aristocratic family centring about the uncertainties of the heroine's heart interests.

Gaslight Sonatas. By Fannie Hurst. New York: Harper and Brothers. Frontispiece. \$1.40.

The revealing of women's hearts and what they feel and think in the whirlpool of modern city life. A collection of short stories.

Tarzan and the Jewels of Opar. By Edgar Rice Burroughs. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company. Illustrated. \$1.35.

A continuation of the adventures of the half-man, half-ape hero.

The Devil to Pay. By Frances Nimmo Greene. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.35.

A bank president involved in a crime causes all kinds of complications in the family life of the hero and heroine.

The Secret of the Marne. How Sergeant Fritsch Saved France. By Marcel Berger. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

A story built around the week at the Marne when von Kluck's flank was turned.

Gossamer to Steel. By Janet Payne Bowles. New York: Dunstan and Company. \$1.25.

The story of a girl's soul, which the late William James highly recommended. This is a new edition.

The Spy in Black. By J. Storer Clouston. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.35.

A German U-boat commander tells the story of his escapades as a spy in England. The stories appeared originally in one of the more sensational metropolitan dailies. Vivid and exciting, and a little too melo-dramatic.

The Amazing Interlude. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.40. Illustrated.

- The unfolding of the heart of a young woman in a mid-Western town under the influence of the war in Europe.
- The Making of George Groton.** By Bruce Barton. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. Illustrated. \$1.40.
- The dramatisation of success in business and love. The hero a country lad who conquers the difficulties of New York life.
- His Second Wife.** By Ernest Poole. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.
- The struggle between two wives, one living and the other dead, the latter still making her presence strongly felt. Of an analytical and rather intensive nature.
- Branded.** By Francis Lynde. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. \$1.35.
- An innocent outlaw and his adventures in the rough life of the labour camps and gold fields.
- Lord Tony's Wife.** By Baroness Orczy. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.85.
- The story of an English courtier's love for a charming French maid of the aristocracy. The villain is a Revolutionist seeking revenge.
- The Mainland.** By E. L. Grant Watson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.50.
- A continuation of the adventures of the characters in the author's earlier book, "Where Bonds are Loosed." A story of adventures in the wild places of the earth.
- The Martial Adventures of Henry and Me.** By William Allen White. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.
- A humorous account of the adventures of two American Red Cross men.
- My Airman Over There.** By His Wife. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company. \$1.35.
- The story of the woman who stays behind and of her feelings.
- Professor Latimer's Progress.** Anonymous. New York: Henry Holt and Company. \$1.40.
- The *Atlantic Monthly* serial now in book form, describing the thoughts and feelings of a middle-aged American scholar when war broke upon the world.
- The Panama Plot.** By Arthur B. Reeve. New York: Harper and Brothers. Frontispiece. \$1.40.
- A Craig Kennedy detective story laid in South America, with the usual scientific embellishments.
- The Boardman Family.** By Mary S. Watts. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.
- The story of the rebellion of a home-bred, secluded woman whose emancipation is brought about by her work and art.
- The Flying Pollu.** By Marcel Nadaud. Translated by Frances Wilson Huard. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. \$1.35.
- The tale of a Paris street urchin who wins his way to the Aviation Corps. It pictures a life of daring flights and fearless exploits.
- First the Blade.** By Clemence Dane. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.
- The love story of two youngsters and their development under its influence. It is called "A Comedy of Growth."
- The Lonely Stronghold.** By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.35.
- Of the adventures of a home-bred English girl who starts out into the world of deeds.
- Nocturne.** By Frank Swinnerton. With an Introduction by H. C. Wells. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.50.
- H. G. Wells's preface highly recommends the book. It is of the realistic school characteristic of the younger English writers.
- Before the Wind.** By Janet Laing. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$1.50.
- A war story dealing with those men and women of leisure who embellish life in times of peace and who are more than usually cumbersome under conditions of war.
- Shandygaff.** By Christopher Morley. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.40.
- The confessions of a young man who has lived the ordinary beer and ginger-beer (which is shandygaff) life in New York City. Filled with homely humour and every-day life optimism.
- The Book of High Romance.** By Michael Williams. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.
- A modern American adventurer in the world of business who, like the Crusaders of old, sees through the material world a great spiritual ideal.
- Old People and the Things That Pass.** New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.
- A realistic novel of vivid and intense character delineation, portraying the effect of a tragically romantic past upon the younger generation.
- Mrs. Marden's Ordeal.** By James Hay, Jr. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. Frontispiece. \$1.50.

A society novel with a mystery, bringing in the modern theories of psycho-analysis.

Kathleen's Probation. By Joslyn Gray. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. \$1.25.

The story of a college-bred, trained nurse seeking her way under modern conditions and opportunities for women. An analytical study.

The Flying Teuton. By Alice Brown. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

A collection of short stories, the title one of which was most favourably described by Edward J. O'Brien in a recent issue of *THE BOOKMAN*.

The House of Intrigue. By Arthur Stringer. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

A detective story with many adventures and mysteries and with the usual love and sentimental passages.

The Holy City. Jerusalem II. By Selma Lagerlöf. Translated by Velma Swanson Howard. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.50.

Stories of the Gordon Colony founded by Americans. A conclusion of the story begun in Jerusalem.

Greatheart. By Ethel M. Dell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Frontispiece. \$1.50.

A love story the scene of which is largely laid in Switzerland. The young heroine develops a flirtation which portends catastrophe.

The All Highest Goes to Jerusalem. Translated from the French by Frank Alvah Dearborn. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. \$.50.

Purports to be the diary of the German Kaiser on his trip to the Holy Land shortly before the outbreak of the war. This material originally appeared in *Le Rire* of Paris, the edition containing which being immediately suppressed.

The Book of Artemas. Anonymous. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$.50.

Written in Biblical style as a humorous sketch of the salient men and events in the world struggle. Rather funny reading.

The Stucco House. By Gilbert Cannan. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.50.

A realistic story projecting the conflict between the industrial revolution and the romantic movement in labour as going on in England at the present time.

His Job. By Horace Bleackley. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.40.

A domestic story of the problems of the home and of business, set in the English lower middle class.

The Man Who Lost Himself. By H. De Vere Stacpoole. New York: John Lane and Company. \$1.40.

A mystery story of a mixed identity, with humour and bewildering complications.

The Wire Devils. By Frank L. Packard. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.35.

A mystery and adventure tale of the masters of the wire and of the secret cipher code.

Front Lines. By Boyd Cable. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$1.50.

Stories of life in the trenches, giving a picture of what the men are living through.

Tales of Wartime France. By William L. McPherson. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.25.

Short French war stories describing the life among all kinds and conditions of men in their daily lives behind the line.

Merry Andrew. By F. Roney Weir. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company. \$1.35.

A novel suitable for young people as well as for grown-ups. A wholesome out-of-doors-life story.

He Who Breaks. By Inna Demens. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.

A live story of the analytical variety.

Juvenile

Polly's Garden. By Helen Ward Banks. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. \$.75.

A juvenile Pollyanna.

Winona's War Farm. By Margaret Widemer. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. \$1.25.

A story of war work done by Camp Fire Girls and Boy Scouts and of the good times they had while doing it.

Stephen's Last Chance. By Margaret Ashmun. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

A story of Montana ranch life.

The Little Lame Prince. By Miss Mulock. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. \$.50.

A new edition of a well-known fairy story.

Wonderful Stories. Winning the V. C. in the Great War. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. With fifty-seven pictures by well-known artists.

A collection of stories describing heroic deeds at the various fronts of the Great

War. Written in simple, dramatic style, with pictures a little too idealistic and obvious.

The Blue Jays in the Sierras. By Helen Ellsworth. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. \$1.25.

The camp experiences of a lively family of little folks.

The Adventures of Arnold Adair, American Ace. By Laurence La Tourette Driggs. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. Illustrated. \$1.35.

The story of a New York boy and his adventures in learning to fly, and then his escapades on the Western Front.

The Adventures of Bobby Coon. By Thornton W. Burgess. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 50 cents.

Devoted to the adventures of the animal; telling of his pranks, his good times, his enemies and his friends.

Military and Naval

Bombs and Hand Grenades. By Captain Bertram Smith. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.00.

A handbook of instruction covering the subject of explosive missiles, bombs, rifle and hand grenades and fuses.

The Navy as a Fighting Machine. By Rear Admiral Bradley A. Fiske, U. S. N. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

A new edition for popular study of our navy and its place in the naval power of the world.

Aircraft and Submarines. By Willis J. Abbot. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. With one hundred illustrations, mostly full-page and some in colour. \$3.50.

The uses and effectiveness of these two types of engines of war, written from a popular non-technical point of view.

Poetry

The Sword Unsheathed. By R. H. Langford. Kansas City: Franklin Hudson Publishing Company. \$1.00.

Describing the people reacting to the German menace.

Evening Hours. By Emile Verhaeren. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.00.

Poems illustrating the spiritual significance in the toil and soil of human life.

Rough Rhymes of a Padre. By "Woodbine Willie," M.C., Chaplain to the Forces. New York: George H. Doran Company. 50 cents.

Genuine human verses of a religious nature centring about the figure of the regimental chaplain.

The Stag's Hornbook. Edited by John McClure. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.60.

A collection of the best convivial and merry verse of the English language from early days to the present.

American Poetry. Edited by Percy H. Boynton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.25.

An anthology of American poetry from the earliest times to the present day, with brief critical comments.

The Day and Other Poems. By Henry Chappell. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.00.

English war poems that have had a large circulation in this country. Of the emotional and human variety.

Lover's Gift and Crossing. By Rabindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.

A collection of the author's latest poems.

A Pagan Anthology. The Pagan Publishing Company.

Composed entirely of poems by contributors to the Pagan Magazine.

The Habitant and Other Typical Poems. By William Henry Drummond. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A new edition dedicated to our fighters.

Mid-American Chants. By Sherwood Anderson. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.25.

Songs of the developing Middle West, characteristic of American life and effort.

A Year with the Birds. By Alice E. Ball. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. Illustrated. \$3.00.

Stories of the birds and their habits done into verse.

The Soldier's Scrap Book. By George O. Van Camp. Ridgewood: William R. Kane. 60 cents.

Stirring poems with some pages of miscellaneous information. In a convenient pocket size khaki-bound volume.

Songs of Sunrise. By Denis A. McCarthy. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Mostly reminiscent of Ireland and some dealing with everyday life in this country.

Political Science

India and the Future. By William Archer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. Illustrated. \$3.00.

On the relations between Great Britain and India, with the thesis that India must become self-governing.

Social Democracy Explained. By John Spargo. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.

The essential aspects of socialism as a theory rather than from its political party side.

The Limits of Pure Democracy. By W. H. Mallock. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$6.00.

An effort to establish the theory that democracy is the natural system of government only for small communities and that its possibility vanishes as states increase in size and industry becomes complicated.

The World Significance of a Jewish State. By A. A. Berle, A.M., D.D. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

The Zionist movement, its opportunity and position in world affairs.

The Aims of Labour. By Rt. Hon. Arthur Henderson, M.P. New York: B. W. Huebsch. 50 cents.

The Secretary of the British Labour Party analyses the shifting of labour's aims and position in the world.

Frontiers of Freedom. By Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.50.

A collection of the speeches of our Secretary of War made between December, 1917, and March, 1918, at a great variety of gatherings.

Science and Industry

The Automobile Storage Battery. Its Care and Repair. Chicago: American Bureau of Engineering, Inc. Illustrated. A scientific and technical book for the operative and technician.

Sociology

Through War to Peace. By Albert G. Keller. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.

The present war from the point of view of sociological theory.

The Mythology of All Races, in thirteen volumes. Volume XII. Egyptian by W. Max Muller, Ph.D., Indo-Chinese by Sir James George Scott, K.C.I.E. Boston: Marshall Jones Company. Illustrated. \$6.00.

A literary, comprehensive and scholarly series. Indispensable for those interested in its subject.

Pebbles on the Shore. By Alpha of the Plough. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. Illustrated. \$2.00.

A collection of papers in the nature of causerie that appeared in a London daily which are now reprinted with attractive illustrations. They portray moods and thoughts in war time.

Spiritualism

Man Is a Spirit. By J. Arthur Hill. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.50.

A collection of data by one of the leaders in the psychical research movement upon cases of dream and of vision. The criticism is from a scientific objective attitude.

Sports and Games

Camp Craft. By Warren H. Miller. With an Introduction by Ernest Thompson Seton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. \$1.25.

A new edition of a primer for campers-out.

Foster on Auction. By R. F. Foster. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.00.

The complete exposition of the latest development of modern auction by a well-known authority.

Camping Out. By Warren H. Miller. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

Practical advice and interesting discussions of the pleasures for campers. The author is the editor of *Field and Stream*.

The Post Mark Collection Book of the United States. Montclair: Cushman. \$1.00.

A blank book something on the order of an ordinary boy's stamp collection album, with places for post marks grouped under the different States.

Theology

The New Horizon of Church and State. By William Herbert Perry Faunce. New York: The Macmillan Company. 60 cents.

The relation of the Church and the State to the New World conditions of to-day.

Psychology and Preaching. By Charles S. Gardner. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.00.

A story of the important mental processes involved in preaching from the standpoint of functional psychology.

Just a Minute. By Charles Frederic Goss. Cincinnati: Stewart and Kidd Company. 75 cents.

Philosophical paragraphs for the religiously minded.

Counterfeit Miracles. By Benjamin W. Warfield. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.00.

An investigation along the order of "higher criticism" of the post-Biblical miracles from the second century to our own times, including the so-called cures of Christian Science. The thesis is that no real miracles have been performed since Apostolic times.

Religious Education in the Church. By Henry F. Cope. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

On the Church's work in the present world crisis and its present opportunity.

Travel and Description

Historic Mackinac. By Edwin O. Wood, LL.D. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. \$12.50.

The historical, picturesque and legendary features of the Mackinac country.

In Audubon's Labrador. By Charles Wendell Townsend, M.D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. \$2.50.

The account of a summer cruise along that part of the Labrador coast which Audubon has made familiar. A record of travel off the beaten track by one who is known especially as an ornithologist.

War

The Escape of a Princess Pat. By George Pearson. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. \$1.40.

The early days of the war. The author was imprisoned in Germany for fifteen months and escaped to Holland, to tell of his personal experiences.

Over Periscope Pond. By Esther Sayles Root and Marjorie Crocker. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

Letters from two American girls engaged in charitable work in Paris, grouped to form a continuous narrative.

War Time Control of Industry. By Howard L. Gray. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.75.

Successive stages in the development of governmental control, showing especially what has been done in England.

Letters from an American Soldier to His Father. By Lieut. Curtis Wheeler. S. R. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Frontispiece. 75 cents.

Lieutenant Wheeler is the son of the editor of *Current Opinion*, and his letters are among the first to describe American army life.

Where Do You Stand? By Herman Hagedorn. New York: The Macmillan Company. 50 cents.

An appeal to Americans of German origin.

The Real Front. By Arthur Hunt Chute, First Canadian Contingent. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.

The story of a war correspondent who turned soldier and who describes the feelings particularly of his comrades.

Above the French Lines. By Stuart Walcott. Princeton: Princeton University Press. Frontispiece. \$1.00.

Letters of an American aviator describing his experiences.

Attack. By Edward Liveing. New York: The Macmillan Company. 75 cents.

A short account of the attack on Gommecourt, part of the first great attack which began the battle of the Somme.

"Ladies From Hell." By R. Douglas Pinkerton. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

The Germans' name for the Scotchmen. Details of their training and fighting, with much of the horrors and the splendours of the war.

Mexico's Dilemma. By Carl W. Ackerman. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

The well-known traveller estimates the significance of the German activities in Mexico, with an effort to outline Mexico's position and present difficulties.

Blocking New Wars. By Herbert S. Houston. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.00.

A member of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States takes up the hope of permanent peace from the point of view of economics.

A Soldier Unafraid. By Capt. Andre Cornet-Auquier. Translated with an Introduction by Theodore Stanton, M. A. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. Frontispiece. \$1.00.

Letters from the trenches on the Alsatian front. A human document from a highly educated young professor.

Holding the Line. By Sergeant Harold Baldwin. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

Pictures of training and camp life and of incidents of the trenches.

Over the Threshold of War. By Nevil Monroe Hopkins. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. \$5.00.

Personal experiences from the diary of a traveller through the belligerent countries before our entrance into the war.

Lloyd George and the War. By an Independent Liberal. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$80.

A personal history of the statesman's part in great historical events.

Actions and Reactions in Russia. By R. Scotland Liddell. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. Illustrated. \$5.00.

The personal experiences of a traveller in Russia and at the Russian front. There are many illuminating observations of the Russian character and the forces at work there.

The Last of the Romanoffs. By Charles Rivet. Translated by Hardress O'Grady. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. Illustrated. \$3.00.

The story of the Russian Revolution up to the point at which Lenin came into power.

Soldiers' English and Italian Conversation Book. Translated and adapted by Ida Dickinson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

A little pocket volume giving the Italian of the ordinary soldier life phrases.

A Minstrel in France. By Harry Lauder. New York: Hearst's International Library Company. Illustrated. \$2.00.

The great humourist sees both the pathetic and the lighter sides of the struggle. Particularly interesting in view of the fact that his whole efforts since the death of his son at the front have been given to the prosecution of the war.

Men in War. By Andreas Latzko. New York: Boni and Liveright. \$1.50.

Realism artistically set forth by a former officer in the Austrian army upon whom the barbarities of the Hun wrought a change of soul.

Donald Thompson in Russia. By Donald C. Thompson. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. \$2.00.

An eye-witness record of Russia in revolution. By an American photographer.

Just Behind the Front in France. By Noble Foster Hoggson. New York: John Lane Company.

A New York architect and member of the American Industrial Commission to France describes his observation.

Over Here. By Lieut. Hector MacQuarrie. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Frontispiece. \$1.35.

A British officer, invalided and now giving his services to lecturing in this country, describes his varied experiences.

"Speaking of Prussians—" By Irvin S. Cobb. New York: George H. Doran Company. Frontispiece. \$50.

A stirring appeal to Americans by an eye-witness of the horrors of war.

Europe's Fateful Hour. By Guglielmo Ferrero. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$2.00.

The great Italian historian outlines the fundamental issues of the great struggle from the point of view of the evolution of civilisation.

Crescent and Iron Cross. By F. F. Benson. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.25.

An analysis of conditions in the Ottoman Empire and the reasons for Germany's foothold there at present, with intimation of what the author believes necessary for the Allies to accomplish in that field.

The Way Out of War. By Robert T. Morris. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.00.

Taking the biological argument that man is subject to the law of the survival of the fittest, the author develops the argument, beating this thesis on its own ground.

Runaway Russia. By Florence MacLeod Harper. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. \$2.00.

The Russian revolution as seen through a woman's eyes and with special reference to the cataclysm as it is affecting women. The author was in the midst of the revolution from the beginning until the passing of Kerensky.

The War and After. By Sir Oliver Lodge. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.50.

An analysis of social and spiritual thinking and conditions of the immediate past and present, with an inquiry into the possible future relations of men to each other and of the nations to Germany.

"Over There" with the Australians. By Captain R. Hugh Knyvett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. \$1.50.

The personal experiences of an intelligence officer in the trenches and in No Man's Land. A highly recommended book.

Face to Face with Kaiserism. By James W. Gerard. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. \$2.00.

A continuance of the author's former book, *My Four Years in Germany*, carrying the narrative up to the time of Mr. Gerard's return home, with some observations on the situation in this country.

"The Dark People"—Russia's Crisis. By Ernest Poole. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

The constructive forces at work to make a nation—the various political parties, army, railroads, industrial and labour problems and lastly the peasants and their thoughts and lives. Author recently returned from Russia.

THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the first of April and the first of May:

First book given for each city, in each column, is Fiction.

CITY	1st ON LIST	2d ON LIST
New York City.....	Sonia	The Tree of Heaven
New York City.....	"Over There" with the Australians	Outwitting the Hun
New York City.....	Martial Adventures of Henry and Me	The Tree of Heaven
	Over There and Back	First Call
Baltimore, Md.....	The Tree of Heaven	Christine
Baltimore, Md.....	Over the Top	Private Peat
Baltimore, Md.....	The Unwilling Vestal	The Tree of Heaven
	Glory of the Trenches	Outwitting the Hun
Birmingham, Ala.	Oh, Money! Money!	The Restless Sex
Boston, Mass.....	The First Call	Over the Top
Boston, Mass.....	The Pawn's Count	Oh, Money! Money!
Boston, Mass.....	The Glory of the Trenches	"Over There" with the Australians
Boston, Mass.....	The Pawn's Count	Vicky Van
Boston, Mass.....	Face to Face with Kaiserism	Outwitting the Hun
Boston, Mass.....	Oh, Money! Money!	The Pawn's Count
	First Call	Glory of the Trenches
Buffalo, N. Y.....	Oh, Money! Money!	The Tree of Heaven
	Glory of the Trenches	Face to Face with Kaiserism
Chicago, Ill.....	U. P. Trail	The Pawn's Count
Chicago, Ill.....	"Over There" with the Australians	Over the Top
Chicago, Ill.....	U. P. Trail	The Major
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	My Four Years in Germany	Outwitting the Hun
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	The Tree of Heaven	The Making of George Groton
	Outwitting the Hun	Holding the Line
Dallas, Texas.....	The Major	White Morning
Dallas, Texas.....	Face to Face with Kaiserism	Gunner Depew
Denver, Col.....	U. P. Trail	The Tree of Heaven
Denver, Col.....	Gunner Depew	Carry On
Des Moines, Iowa.....	Oh, Money! Money!	U. P. Trail
Houston, Tex.....	Gunner Depew	Private Peat
Houston, Tex.....	The Pawn's Count	Ladies Must Live
Jacksonville, Fla.....	Gunner Depew	A Yankee in the Trenches
Jacksonville, Fla.....	U. P. Trail	The Restless Sex
	Private Peat	Over the Top
Los Angeles, Cal.....	The Tree of Heaven	Oh, Money! Money!
Los Angeles, Cal.....	Face to Face with Kaiserism	"Over There" with the Australians
Louisville, Ky.....	Sonia	Firefly of France
Louisville, Ky.....	Face to Face with Kaiserism	Glory of the Trenches
Memphis, Tenn.....	The Heart's Kingdom	U. P. Trail
Memphis, Tenn.....	Outwitting the Hun	Face to Face with Kaiserism
Milwaukee, Wis.....	The Tree of Heaven	Carolyn of the Corners
	Private Peat	Conscript No. 2989

(Continued)

The second book is about the War

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
The Bag of Saffron Under Fire The Revellers A Yankee in the Trenches	Love and Liberty Glory of the Trenches Mary Regan Face to Face with Kaiser-ism	White Morning En L'air Vicky Van A Student in Arms	Best Short Stories of 1917 Iron Ration Vanguards of the Plains Under Fire
The Pawn's Count Glory of the Trenches The U. P. Trail In the Heart of German Intrigue Kitty Canary Carry On Five Tales Outwitting the Hun	Oh, Money! Money! Carry On Mystery of the Downs Face to Face with Kaiser-ism The Pawn's Count Glory of the Trenches The Boardman Family Face to Face with Kaiser-ism Flower of Chapdelaines Glory of the Trenches	Five Tales Under Fire The Pawn's Count Dark People The Bag of Saffron Private Peat The Bag of Saffron The Father of a Soldier	Best Short Stories of 1917 Comrades in Courage The House of Whispers A Flying Fighter
Oh, Money! Money! Land of Deepening Shadow The U. P. Trail	The Earthquake	Gossip Ship First Call	Thrice of Hearts Under Fire The White Morning Warfare of To-day
Face to Face with Kaiser-ism The Pawn's Count	Outwitting the Hun	The Flower of Chapdelaines All In It	Autumn Sowing A Student in Arms
The Big Fight	Mary Regan	Revellers	Branded Private Peat
Oh, Money! Money! Holding the Line The Tree of Heaven Private Peat Sonia German Atrocities	"Over There" with the Australians The Tree of Heaven Over There and Back Carolyn of the Corners Holding the Line The Boardman Family With the Colors	The Earthquake Outwitting the Hun Oh, Money! Money! Under Fire The Pawn's Count Gunner Depew	Tarzan and the Jewels of Opar
Ninety-six Hours' Leave Outwitting the Hun	Missing A Student in Arms	The Secret Witness	The Restless Sex Gunner Depew His Daughter Over the Top U. P. Trail Face to Face with Kaiser-ism Keys of Heaven Cavalry of the Clouds
Christine	The Major	Private Peat	White Ladies of Worcester My Four Years in Germany The Apple Tree Girl
Over the Top	First Call	The Major	Cavalry of the Clouds West is West Outwitting the Hun Sonia Soldier of the Sky
The Tree of Heaven	The Courage of Marge O'Doone	Glory of the Trenches His Own Home Town Over the Top Oh, Money! Money! A Student in Arms	The Earthquake A Student in Arms
Comrades in Courage Anne's House of Dreams First Call The Pawn's Count My Four Years in Germany U. P. Trail Glory of the Trenches	Holding the Line Sun That Was His All In It The Hope Chest Gunner Depew	Under Fire A Yankee in the Trenches	
The Flame Out There	The Major A Journal from Our Legation in Belgium U. P. Trail Gunner Depew	When Bearcat Went Dry Covered with Mud and Glory Definite Object Over the Top The Pawn's Count	The Tree of Heaven Warfare of To-day
Luck of the Irish Gunner Depew Simba	Christine Private Peat Flower of the Chapdelaines	Under Fire	Over Here First Call The Three of Hearts
"Over There" with the Australians	Shellproof Mack		The Real Front

(Continued)

First book given for each city, in each column, is Fiction.

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
Minneapolis, Minn.....	The Tree of Heaven Private Peat	White Morning Face to Face with Kaiserism
New Haven, Conn.....	The Restless Sex "Over There" with the Australians	The Boardman Family Face to Face with Kaiserism
New Orleans, La.....	The Tree of Heaven Glory of the Trenches	Flower of the Chapdelaines Private Peat
Norfolk, Va.....	U. P. Trail Lost Naval Papers	Kitty Canary First Call
Philadelphia, Pa.....	The Tree of Heaven Outwitting the Hun	The Pawn's Count "Over There" with the Australians
Philadelphia, Pa.....	Vicky Van Private Peat	Bag of Saffron The War and the Bagdad Railway
Pittsburgh, Pa.....	The Tree of Heaven Outwitting the Hun	False Faces German Atrocities
Portland, Maine.....	Oh, Money! Money! Face to Face with Kaiserism	The Pawn's Count Glory of the Trenches
Providence, R. I.....	The Pawn's Count "Over There" with the Australians	Oh, Money! Money! Glory of the Trenches
Richmond, Va.....	Kitty Canary Over the Top	The Tree of Heaven Glory of the Trenches
Rochester, N. Y.....	Oh, Money! Money! The Big Fight	U. P. Trail Glory of the Trenches
St. Paul, Minn.....	The Tree of Heaven Face to Face with Kaiserism	The Pawn's Count Private Peat
San Antonio, Texas....	Red Planet Over the Top	Long Live the King First Call
San Francisco, Cal.....	The Tree of Heaven Private Peat	Twinkletoes A Yankee in the Trenches
Seattle, Wash.....	U. P. Trail Face to Face with Kaiserism	The Tree of Heaven Over the Top
Spokane, Wash.....	U. P. Trail Over the Top	The Major Private Peat
Springfield, Mass.....	Golden Block First Call	Oh, Money! Money! Out There
Tacoma, Wash.....	U. P. Trail Fragments from France	Christine Flying Fighter
Toronto, Ont.....	Oh, Money! Money! Over the Top	U. P. Trail Private Peat
Utica, N. Y.....	U. P. Trail Outwitting the Hun	The Tree of Heaven Private Peat
Washington, D. C.....	The Tree of Heaven Glory of the Trenches	The Pawn's Count Outwitting the Hun
Worcester, Mass.....	Oh, Money! Money! Outwitting the Hun	The Pawn's Count Face to Face with Kaiserism

(Continued)

The second book is about the War

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
Best Short Stories of 1917 Comrades in Courage	Boy Woodburn The Mad Monk of Russia	Mistress of Men "Over There" with the Australians	The Pawn's Count The Father of a Soldier
Enchanted Barn Women and War Work	The Threshold In the Heart of German Intrigue	The Earthquake My Four Years in Ger- many	Branded Iron Ration
Missing Land of Deepening Shadow	U. P. Trail Three Things	Oh, Money! Money! All In It	Kitty Canary Carry On
Salute to Adventurers Aliens	The Restless Sex Brown Brethern Vicky Van	Vicky Van	Simba
U. P. Trail Private Peat	Face to Face with Kaiser- ism	Oh, Money! Money!	Carolyn of the Corners
U. P. Trail Green Tent in Flanders	Gertie Swartz The Bolsheviki and World Peace	The Tree of Heaven Over the Top	Missing My Home in the Field of Mercy
U. P. Trail Face to Face with Kaiser- ism	Best Short Stories of 1917 Carry On	Gossip Ship Under Fire	America at War
Extricating Obadiah "Over There" with the Australians	Boy Woodburn Private Peat	The Source Outwitting the Hun	The Threshold A Yankee in the Trenches
The Earthquake Outwitting the Hun White Morning Outwitting the Hun	Flying Teuton German Atrocities Oh, Money! Money! "Over There" with the Australians	Bag of Saffron First Call U. P. Trail Carry On	Autumn Sowing Private Peat
The Tree of Heaven Gunner Depew	Vicky Van "Over There" with the Australians	False Faces Outwitting the Hun	Private Peat
Anne's House of Dreams Over the Top	Oh, Money! Money! Land of Deepening Shadow	The Major Holding the Line	The Earthquake My Four Years in Ger- many
Dwelling Place of Light My Four Years in Ger- many	Oh, Money! Money! Carry On	Kentucky Warbler On the Edge of the War Zone	White Morning First Call
The Pawn's Count Gunner Depew	Aliens First Call	Flame All In It	His Family Rhymes of a Red Cross Man
The Major Private Peat	White Morning All In It	Salt of the Earth Flying Fighter	U. P. Trail Blown in by the Draft
The Tree of Heaven Under Fire	False Faces Gunner Depew	Baree All In It	Mary Regan First Call
The Threshold Blown in by the Draft	U. P. Trail To Bagdad with the British	Kitty Canary Outwitting the Hun	The Salt of the Earth A Yankee in the Trenches
Oh, Money! Money! Over the Top	Mary Regan In the Heart of German Intrigue	Calvary Alley Face to Face with Kaiser- ism	The Pawn's Count My Four Years in Ger- many
Bag of Saffron First Call	The White Morning A Yankee in the Trenches	The Spy in Black Gunner Depew	Green Mirror Notebook of an Intelli- gence Officer
Brown Brethern A Yankee in the Trenches	Comrades Glory of the Trenches	The Pawn's Count Soul of the Soldier	False Faces Germany at Bay
Kitty Canary Under Fire	The Unwilling Vestal Over the Top	Sonia My Four Years in Ger- many	Drowsy All In It
Extricating Obadiah Glory of the Trenches	Turn About Eleanor Private Peat	Sunshine Beggars First Call	False Faces Private Peat
			Girl from Keller's Carry On

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers A book standing 1st on any list receives 10
 from the various cities (see charts, pages " " " 2d " " " " 8
 468-471) the six best-selling books (fiction) " " " 3d " " " " 7
 are selected according to the following " " " 4th " " " " 6
 system: " " " 5th " " " " 5
 " " " 6th " " " " 4

FICTION

The Tree of Heaven. Sinclair. (Mac-
 millan.) \$1.60 217
 The U. P. Trail. Grey. (Harper.)
 \$1.50 200
 Oh, Money! Money! Porter. (Houghton
 Mifflin.) \$1.50 177
 The Pawn's Count. Oppenheim. (Lit-
 tle, Brown.) \$1.50 159
 The Major. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.40.. 55
 White Morning. Atherton. (Stokes.)
 \$1.00 48

WAR BOOKS

Private Peat. Peat. (Bobbs-Merrill.)
 \$1.50 171
 Outwitting the Hun. O'Brien. (Har-
 per.) \$1.50 158
 Face to Face with Kaiserism. Gerard.
 (Doran.) \$2.00 157
 Glory of the Trenches. Dawson.
 (Lane.) \$1.00 148
 Over the Top. Empey. (Putnam.)
 \$1.50 128
 First Call. Empey. (Putnam.) \$1.50. 107

A COMPLETE LIST OF BOOKS MENTIONED IN THE FOREGOING REPORTS

Aliens	Germany at Bay	Over Here
All In It	Gertie Swartz	Over There and Back
America at War	Girl from Keller's	"Over There" with the Aus-
Anne's House of Dreams	Glory of the Trenches	tralian
Apple Tree Girl	Golden Block	Over the Top
Autumn Sowing	Gossip Ship	Pawn's Count
Bag of Saffron	Green Mirror	Private Peat
Barce	Green Tent in Flanders	Real Front
Best Short Stories of 1917	Gunner Depew	Red Planet
Big Fight	Heart's Kingdom	Restless Sex
Blown in by the Draft	His Daughter	Revellers
Boardman Family	His Family	Rhymes of a Red Cross Man
Bolsheviki and World Peace	His Own Home Town	Salt of the Earth
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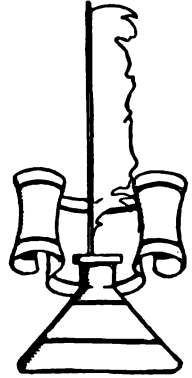
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Recently, Mr. Joseph Pennell has received congratulations on his lithographs of *War Work in America* from two most important sources—one, President Wilson, writes him: "They (the lithographs) are remarkably interesting and remarkably fine." And the other from the French Ambassador in Washington, M. Jusserand, who has informed Mr. Pennell that the French Government proposes to show a set of these prints in the Luxembourg. These are the lithographs which the United States Government authorised Mr. Pennell to make and which have been published under the title of *War Work in America*.

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Required by the Act of Congress of August
24, 1912, of THE BOOKMAN, Pub-
lished monthly at New York,
N. Y., for April 1, 1918

State of New York, County of New York.

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared A. M. CHASE, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of THE BOOKMAN and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 443, postal laws and regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are:

Publisher: DODD, MEAD & COMPANY, INC.,
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Editor: GEORGE G. WYANT,
443 Fourth Ave., New York.

Managing Editor: None.
Business Manager: ARTHUR M. CHASE,
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Signed, ARTHUR M. CHASE,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 12th day of April, 1918.

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(My Commission expires March 30, 1919)
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Margaret Widdemer consulted an agricultural expert while writing *Winona's War Farm*, and the volume is dedicated to this same expert, Arthur Burger. Now the author is imitating Winona and her Camp Fire chums; she has planted a war farm of her own, "where I am growing all of the things I could crowd into one back lawn." Doubtless hundreds of Camp Fire circles will put Winona's War Farm plans into practice this season. Fun and patriotism make a combination hard to beat!

...

The character sketches of great figures connected with the war at the front and behind which Charles H. Grasty has introduced into his new book, *Flashes from the Front*, include one of the ever-mysterious Colonel House, as he appeared during his recent momentous visit to Paris: "As is well known," says Mr. Grasty, "Colonel House is slight of stature and very unpretending. Those seeing him for the first time are not very deeply impressed. He is fond of telling stories illustrating his own unimpressiveness. And, by the way, a more frank, genial companion, it would be hard to find. I rather imagine that he sees the humorous side of his own importance and immense activities and mentally harks back to the good old days in little old Austin. His rule of life would not permit him to experience the slightest sense of self-importance as the result of the unique rôle that he is playing. That would spoil the game as he desires to play it. He practises such rigid simplicity that it almost amounts to affection. What other men commonly do to push themselves to the front he studiously avoids. 'Mrs. House comes along to attend the lunches and dinners that I am obliged to miss,' he said the other day. The colonel would much prefer dining along with an old friend and talking about old times in Texas."

...

President Wilson contributes a prefatory statement to the new book, *Keeping Our Fighters Fit*, by Edward Frank Allen, written in co-operation with Raymond B. Fosdick, in which he says: "Every endeavour has been made to surround the men, both here and abroad, with the kind of environment which a democracy owes to those who fight in its behalf. In this work the Commissions on Training Camp Activities have represented the Government and the Government's solicitude that the moral and

spiritual resources of the nation should be mobilised behind the troops. The country is to be congratulated upon the fine spirit with which organisations and groups of many kinds, some of them of national standing, have harnessed themselves together under the leadership of the Government's agency in a common ministry to the men of the army and navy." Mr. Allen's book tells just what is being done in the cantonments for the welfare and entertainment of our young men in training.

...

Nevil Monroe Hopkins, author of *Over the Threshold of War*, was in Russia just after the outbreak of the war. He saw a violent outbreak in Petrograd and Moscow when mobs destroyed practically everything of German and Austrian proprietorship; buildings were burned, their contents looted or destroyed, and many Germans met with personal ill treatment. This violence, and the drinking of wine from German shops, with its attendant disorder, was one of the causes of Russian prohibition. It is easy to see why the German Kaiser failed to use his influence with "Cousin Nicky," to prevent this ukase. A trained and shrewd observer, with unusual opportunities for getting first-hand knowledge as to causes and events, Major Hopkins has given us many new viewpoints in regard to the war.

...

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I. *The Father's Hand*. (A continuation of the series edited by Mr. O'Brien, with suggestions for study by Dr. Williams, author of *A Handbook for the Short Story*.)

1. What are the unique elements in this story which is built on an old and universal plot idea?

2. Point out the instances of dramatic forecast which demand the last sentence as the inevitable denouement.

3. Recall the myth of Icarus, observing in what particulars Mr. Humphrey's story presents a modern parallel.

4. Who rehearses the story, and with what effect in regard to the Latin phrases and quotations? That is, do they appear pedantic, or less so than if another had told the tale?

II. *The Retreat*.

1. Except for the first few paragraphs, this narrative is presented objectively. Is there an advantage in showing the reader the Lameaux home through the eyes of the old woman? Does the remaining dramatic presentation give to the reader all the necessary details? If you are not satisfied, what exercise of omniscience on the author's part would have made you so?

2. With what character are you most in sympathy?

III. *Somewhere in France*.

1. State as briefly as possible the situation. At what point are you in possession of all the facts?

2. What is the purpose of the story,—to relate the circumstances of a reunion in the spirit world? to emphasise a theme? or to advance certain principles by way of propaganda? Is the

form, then, that of the short-story, in the strict sense of the term?

3. Compare the human appeal in this story with that in *The Father's Hand* and *The Retreat*.

THE DRAMA

I. *Strindberg and His Plays*, by VANCE THOMPSON.

1. Give a résumé of the article—the dramatist's appearance, manners, mode of life, experiences with women, reflection of his philosophy in his work.

2. Comment on the author's idea of the "duel of sex."

3. What is the effectiveness of the narrative style?

II. *Ibsen Once Again*, by CLAYTON HAMILTON.

1. Trace the production of Ibsen's plays up to the present time. Comment on their present production.

2. What difference of conception is there between Ibsen's work now and during his lifetime? Account for this difference.

3. Discuss the dramatist's lack of culture and education. How did he attain his skilled craftsmanship of the theatre?

OF BUSINESS AND VOCATIONAL INTEREST

I. *The Undergraduate and the Scenario*, by THOMAS INCE.

1. What opportunities does the scenario afford to students?

2. What are the requirements of a motion-picture story?

3. Mention facts of interest as to the screen rights of best-sellers.

II. *The Evolution of the Book Store*, Part II, by H. H. MANCHESTER.

1. Discuss the conditions during the Middle Ages influencing methods of distribution of books: the minstrels, the Christian Church, monasteries, the Universities, the crusades, independent book shops, printing, book fairs, the first printed book shop, exclusive rights of selling, periodical literature.

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POETRY

I. The Advance of English Poetry in the Twentieth Century, Part IX, by PROFESSOR PHELPS of Yale.

1. What qualities of Whitman do you find in Carl Sandburg?
2. What do you know of the poetry magazines of the day and their editors?
3. Discuss the life and work of one of the poets mentioned in this article.

II. Study *The Swan-Child*, by MARGARET WIDEMER, *Violets*, by NANCY BARR MAVITY, and *Pity*, by SARA TEASDALE—for theme, technique and poetic quality.

BOOK REVIEWS

I. Life, Art and Letters of George Inness, by GEORGE INNESS, JR.

1. Distinguish between the objective and the intimate biography. Is the author wise in his choice here of the former?
2. Summarize his treatment of Inness as painter.
3. What is the method of the reviewer?

II. Spanish American Letters, by THOMAS WALSH.

1. Trace the activities of North American scholarship in the field of Spanish letters.

III. Stories of Temperament and Character, by H. W. BRYNTON.

1. Discuss good and bad titles of fiction.
2. What do you know of the work of Ian MacLaren's son?
3. What is your idea of Mr. Chamber's opinion of "high-brow" criticism?
4. Study the reviewer's method of treatment in each of these novel reviews.

IV. The Earthquake, by ARTHUR TRAIN (Lord Aberdeen).

1. In what respect is this novel like Jane Austen's *Emma*?

2. Note the reviewer's method in presenting the author's theme, plot, and character interest.

V. Latest Books of English Poets, by JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE.

1. Analyse the work of William H. Davies for qualities of Wordsworth and of Blake.
2. Discuss Drinkwater as an essentially English poet.
3. What is the significance of the absence of *vers libre* and of women's poetry in current English literature, as contrasted with American literature?
4. Do you agree with the idea of the lack of freshness of theme in English poetry?
5. Discuss English war poetry in general and that of Robert Nichols in particular.

MISCELLANEOUS

I. Theophrastus Up To Date, by GRANT SHOW-ERMAN.

1. What do you know of *The Characters of Theophrastus*?
2. Give your opinion of this sketch.
3. What do you know of Thomas Paine? (*Chronicle and Comment*.)
4. Make a selection of worth-while books, from the lists of this issue, for your home, club, or public library table.

SUBJECTS FOR ENGLISH OR CLUB PAPERS

Strindberg's Philosophy of Sex. Ibsen as Pioneer Feminist. American Poetry Magazines. The Short Story and the War. Thomas Paine. Sara Teasdale as Lyrist. *Vers Libre* in English poetry. The English Woman Poet.

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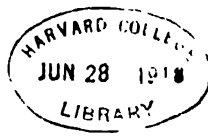
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THE BOOKMAN

A REVIEW OF BOOKS AND LIFE

JULY, 1918

TO THE AMERICANS

BY YONE NOGUCHI

YOUR romanticism inherited from the pure proud English blood (your ancestors crossed the Atlantic more from romantic impulse than from deliberate calculation, I think) usually innocent, healthy, fostered by geographical insularity, has made you, at least in the past, the incarnation of complacency. When you have misused your optimism, the natural outgrowth of your wealthy resources in substance or spirit, sometimes you have fallen—indeed an extremely engaging and winning sort of degeneration at that—into the assumption of an air of patronage; often you are dreamers, perhaps not very deep, at the same time propagandist perhaps over self-confident. However, it is wonderful to see that you have never, under any circumstances, become a prey to selfish dissipation, as we Japanese are wont in a moment of misused optimism. And again it is wonderful to see with what a grand manner you walk in the life of contradiction you have wilfully created. The best example of your men, to select only one from the poets (what country has more poets than your America?), I see in Walt Whitman, that

extraordinary personage of contradiction, that interesting mixture of dreamer and propagandist, who once sang:

I will make the Continent indissolute,
I will make the most splendid race the sun
ever shone upon,
I will make divine magnetic lands, with the
love of comrades, with the life-long love
of comrades.

Emerson, too, might be a man of Whitman's category, representing Holmes's Bostonians who believed that "the Boston State-House was the hub of the solar system."

This sort of optimism or romanticism, whether in the garb of holiday-making Topsy-turvydom or in the dark robe of a theologian's dignity, is not, like that of us Japanese, merely a simple admiration of your own self and country. I would not call it a lyrical mood, for there is distinctly some epical superstition running through it. (Where is another country, so epic as yours?) I may be wrong to regard your optimism as a superstition, because in so many cases, it has grown under the stimulus of the holy light of realised fact, into a magnificent faith. Like all men of faith you, too, are im-

pulsive. Again let me say that you are never a lyrical nation. A lyrical people like the Japanese are often irresponsible, pleased to misunderstand themselves; an impulsive nation like yours rushes sometimes into taking another's responsibility on her own shoulders, and being given even a superficial reason, will not hesitate to pay its bill and feel happy. Such an act, even though theoretically unwise, is certainly praiseworthy; its weakness is so suggestive. When we Japanese hesitate and are obliged even to act shabbily, since our wings of lyrical mood have been impeded, we cannot help attributing it to the incompleteness or poverty of situation on which we are standing. But you should be thankful for the superstition or faith of optimism that makes you strong, fearless and even foolish. Again be thankful for being able to act foolishness. When you think that you are the best nation of the world, you are assuming an attitude psychologically the same as that of a wealthy heir to whom life's pain and doubt are unknown. How I envy you that you have not been, at least till to-day, so unfortunate as to learn from bitter experience life's reality.

It was Thackeray who understood the word complacency as a master-characteristic of ignorance. When I myself use it, it is not, of course, in any fit of ill humour, but from my desire to reveal the really fortunate fact, that you have found it hardly necessary to study the geography of the rest of the world. In other words, you have found the whole universe in your own selves, although you may not be so narrow-minded to-day as Thoreau, who discovered all the phenomena of the Arctic

regions only in Concord. But where are the people who travel so extensively as you? And again where are the people who return home, like you, without a knowledge of the country or countries where they have travelled? I should say that you go into other countries carrying your own library, dining room and parlour, even with a big stove for your winter use, and when you return home, you carry them back; the chief joy of travelling for you, I dare say, is to find your own America in the other country, I mean, how your civilisation is invading there. It is not only my own opinion that your unreceptive mind (of course I admire its majestic manner almost dominating its environment) will be ever a stranger to the other country's reality. You may not know, on the other hand, how the money you spend so freely—quite natural to you as a wealthy heir—is demoralising a country, for instance, like Japan, whose physical desire is only checked by her unnatural cold asceticism. I heard at Honolulu, in 1885, that an "American tip" (and some American missionaries), had corrupted the whole islands. I heard in London, in 1912, that the "American tip" (and American journalism) had also corrupted England. And I am observing here at Tokyo to-day that this "American tip" (and American chewing gums and moving pictures) is working a speedy corruption on Japanese mind.

I depend on your magnanimity in expressing this candid opinion of mine, believing that it is one of your splendid characteristics. Indeed, I myself have seen many occasions when you diffused that blessing of magnanimity with silent but digni-

fied sense of humour. Again this sense of humour is another of your fine qualities. What a grand manner of yours is that, just like the manner of an elephant whose little eyes beam in humour mingled with sagacity. But I confess that my belief, particularly in this point, became disturbed when I heard from my friend just returned from your country that, since the present war had invited you in (allow me to use this expression), the time-honoured freedom of speech had been greatly impaired. I take it, however, as a proof of your main nature rather impulsive than deliberative.

To return to your ignorance of the geography of other countries. How we tried, I remember, at the time of the China-Japan war to point out to you the difference between Japan and China. Again we were obliged at the time of the Russia-Japan war, when in your country, to mark out our small islands from the world's map. To-day I am wondering what knowledge of Japan and the Japanese you have gained from your long contact (this long contact perhaps, as somebody remarks, was only between the governments of Washington and Tokyo), when my Japanese correspondent in your country often informs of your almost appalling ignorance of our country. The Bostonians were right in the belief that they were holding the golden hub of the world. It is nothing but a fact that it is unnecessary for you to come out into the other countries since the other countries come to you, as if ants swarming round a big lump of sugar; from Europe and Asia, and from every corner of the world, all the people ambitious and young wish to step into your rich domain. Who

will blame you if you feel superior to those poorly dressed immigrants? That you have grown to be innocent optimists is certainly excusable even as a fault. What I admire is to see how lightly you carry this optimism, and with what dignity.

Perhaps you will be displeased when I say that your American civilisation is tinted with a certain provincialism; I mean it in the real and pure sense, because the true essence of provincialism protects you from the degeneration in which your individual personality would lose its royal colour. The *American Scholar* delivered by Emerson as his Phi Beta Kappa address at Harvard in 1837 (perhaps a veritable Independent-Day bell for American scholarship as some critic gladly remarked) should be taken on the light of an exposition of your provincialism; again the European fame of Whitman rests on his universal idealism touched to distinction by his provincialism. The fact that Bret Harte and Henry James lived and died in England should be regarded as a sort of return compliment from your America to her mother-country. What would be left of Mark Twain if his provincialism were taken out? And I think that the true merits of Howells lie more or less in his parochial manifestation. I do not see why San Francisco should be the same as Paris, although I have often heard some people, evidently Californians, talking about them in the one same breath; surely there is no wisdom in the attempt to confound the human nature in Chicago with that of Manchester. If your valiant standard-bearers of new poetry, carelessly called the free-verse writers, go beyond their endorsement of the new

European movement with their enthusiastic provincialism, it means that they are acting blasphemy against their precious birth-right. I believe that the future of your American literature is vast, because, let me say perhaps at the risk of your displeasure, dilettantism there reigns in its real meaning; I should like to know where is a more sad literature than that written by the so-called professional writers? It is a general rule that the real life of authors declines with the passing-away of dilettantism into sad professionalism. Not only in literature, but in every phase of life, your greatness hangs on that one word. It is plain enough to see how your dilettantism works a divine deliverance for the international politics of the world.

I read somewhere as Münsterberg's words that the American education is given into the untrained rough hands of the lowest bidder. It is true that your women even with their brains much injured or weakened by magazine-reading and candy-eating, control the larger part of your educational field, perhaps driving the men away like Bret Harte's heathen Chinese with their cheap labour; still I believe that your educational condition is ten-times better than that of Japan where only tired, spiritless men (the strong-bodied, strong-souled young Japanese, in truth, cultivate their own lives somewhere else) are used to find their safe shelters. For some time past the teachers of Japanese schools, high or low, have been turning to mere phonographs of foreign languages, diffusing other people's ideas, but never their own, of course, naturally enough, for minds wholly subjugated by Western civilisation. Sorry to say I am also one of these

sad specimen. There are, I believe, many faults in your educational system with those half-paid women, one of which would be certainly that it encourages the feminine sort of civilisation (indeed America's is a civilisation feminine and in some sense the highest) and instills the religion of woman-worship, into a tender brain; however, I am not blind to the fact that it was, in a great measure, the very work of American women, generally speaking, that successfully checked the vulgarisation of the country in the hands of men with only monetary aspiration, almost without time for reflection and culture.

I should like to know where is a country where some sort of woman-worship is not practised. The Englishmen worship their women as they do liberty, which some critic calls lockjaw. The Germans worship the women with the cold estimation they have for kitchen utensils which, like German patriotism, are not a luxury but a necessity for existence. And the Frenchmen and Japanese worship the women with a lyrical mood so that to pretend to be brutes to them would be a sign of their courtesy. But none of them, as it seems to me, worship their women with a faith of religion like yourselves; it is interesting to study how this religion, the "Woman-worship," was first inaugurated in America, and how as a useful practice it was respected there. But to-day, as a religion, it has lost its original meaning of existence, sadly degenerating into nothing more than mere habit, perhaps like drinking or smoking or even opium-smoking, from which you will never succeed to keep yourself away. It is really sometimes a pretty habit, this woman-worship,

even when it has none of its former religious dignity, but as with any habit, you will soon become or have already become, dull, senseless and numbed from long contact with it. Perhaps you may not see anything wrong or faulty about it, when, as in truth, this women-worship as a habit or as a religion if you like, is publicly endorsed and greatly encouraged by your journalism, yellow or white or whatever it be. (Where is a country where the papers have such an influence as in yours?) To judge from the face of the papers, your New York is decidedly a great woman-worshipper. Your Chicago is never below New York in this religion. And San Francisco, too, burns incense before its sacred altar; there is, I think, some psychological reason for her becoming a far fiercer woman-worshipper perhaps than any other Eastern city. Of course I am not in the position to advise you to examine your women through the naked eyes of reality, or to put your religion upon a high shelf only to admire it as a precious relic of olden time. But here is your idealism, ignorant of life's pain, innocent and simple, which will surely object to leaving the woman-worship behind. Besides, without it, your female civilisation is soulless, a mere empty shrine from which the golden idol has been stolen. But I am wondering at the present wonderful time when you have stepped into the war (again from your romantic impulse rather than from deliberate calculation) what actual effect this step will have on yourself. Will your civilisation become man-like? If so, it will do you good certainly. The careless extravagant mind of your female civilisation is bound to grow sober, grave and thoughtful, when

the war puts its hand at once on the rearrangement of your own strength. Will your optimism ever become solemn? If so, again it will do you good doubtless. This is the time when you should take off your optimism's powder and paint and become real to steer a wise course amid the grave, confused moral questions. Shortly, this is the time when your optimism needs to be aroused to consciousness of itself. You have to learn the real proposition from the other world.

There was a time in America, for instance, in the early days when you had to struggle against the ever-combative nature and Indians; to be optimistic or even to pretend to be so at such a time, was surely considered a part most courageous, and the play of optimism was the best and most sensible self-protection from moral degeneration. But if I say that your real trouble lies in nothing but your optimism, as I said before, nourished and encouraged by the wealthy resources of your country (and, backed by your hasty belief in humanity and also by your newspapers), I mean that it is a menace, from the reason of its being superficial and slight, to the real development of morality. Indeed, it has acted always, I should say, to weaken your sense of life's conscience and force; I am sure that only when optimism stands on life's inevitable realism, its true value will be revealed. The present war is a great test for your optimism. Will it awaken you to a consciousness of your real selves?

Let me say again that your American civilisation is feminine, although I do not mean that it is weak or epicurean. From the reason that your country is floating comfortably on

the ocean all by itself, as if a well-fed real or lazy iceberg, though you are not, like Japan, situated at the end of the world, this side of nowhere, your civilisation has had but little to do with the world's development till recently. At the outset of the present article, I spoke on your romanticism, well harmonising with your feminine civilisation; as long as your impulsive nature of passion is kept compact, it is natural for you to be unreal and unscientific. I am sure that this definition in calling you unscientific may be criticised and even denied by one who pleases to understand you through the physical phenomena which are on the main your men's creation. But it is my own opinion that your material advancement, probably with little mutual understanding, lives with your spiritually feminine civilisation (highest but weak, till it is tested by diversity and misfortune) under the one same roof, and that makes you a thing of contradiction or incongruity. I do not know any other country where material wealth looks so wonderful and even mysterious when those different two things are mingled together by its powerful breath. Indeed, the most amazing thing with you is that your contradiction, in nine cases out of ten, looks quite natural and even comfortable. But to say that your spiritual civilisation and material advancement do not well harmonise, means after all that between your men and women there is very little understanding. For this matter of understanding between men and women, England, for instance, is far more fortunate. The fact that you have more divorce cases and many more unmarried men and women than any other country would attest the truth

of my assertion in some measure. I will not be far from the truth if I say that the eyes of your men and women are turned on entirely opposite directions; but if they reach the same place as they do reach strangely and surely, that will be nothing but nervous debility.

Your women grow to suffer from it, because their impulsive lives of passion are never fulfilled; and your men will get it as the result of their endless work, always illogical, often absurd, from which as from an octopus, you cannot make yourselves free. Their love of work so conclusive and almost terrible, is a sure sign of their being victims of chronic disease; if they suddenly stop working, they will perhaps find themselves hopelessly crippled and useless for the rest of their lives, like an opium smoker who has suddenly stopped smoking. You will see why I say that the working habit of your men is one of your greatest national problems; in truth, it is a great social problem of your country in the same sense that the lazy life of your women is certainly a menace to the sound health of your country. But your men and women, I dare say, fail to understand what is the real meaning of life; this being the case, there is no time so critical and important for them as to-day.

I have often heard and still am hearing that your wealthy daughters were under the allurements or decoys of European lords or marquises. But the trouble is that the good-hearted mothers of these daughters are always fallen into such a profound admiration of those aristocrats of Europe who possess nothing but rosy delicate figures or beautifully trimmed moustache. Before those mothers your newspapers are

of course mighty eulogists of them. Besides, I think that your fair daughters are far too civilised and, of course, too educated for your own men. Who patronises the art of your country? Your women. Who support your stages? Your women. And who control your literature? Your women. I used to hear, fifteen or twenty years ago, that your women could not keep away from Omar of Persia and chicken salads. They might be to-day cringing round Tagore of India and Chinese vases of jade. So long as things look and sound exotic and mysterious, your women are content with them.

Let me say again that your men are in the same sense hardly equal to

your women spiritually. Your men whose culture is sometimes doubtful, are not conversationalists, though they might become monologists or preachers. As I said, they are not conversationalists in the true meaning; and that is the reason why they fail to become successful lovers in women's eyes. If they fail, as they do in fact, I think and say that it is the fault of their environment and education.

I hope that you will excuse me if I have spoken too honestly and truthfully. If I have not dwelt much on your strong points, it is from my belief that it was unnecessary to speak about them to you whose future is so vast and meaningful.

MY FRIENDSHIP WITH GEORGE MOORE, THREE THOUSAND MILES AWAY

BY THE MARQUISE CLARA LANZA

IN THE late spring of 1888, happening to be in Brentano's, then in Union Square, idly turning over the pages of some periodicals displayed on one of the counters, I was approached by Mr. August Brentano, who handed me a book tastefully bound in olive green and bearing the imprint of a London publisher, with the request that I examine it and advise him as to the desirability of issuing an American edition of the same. I glanced at the title—*Confessions of a Young Man*, by George Moore. Who, I wondered, was George Moore? I had never heard of him. But the word "Confessions" opened up a vista of alluring possibilities, so I willingly enough took the volume home. The first chapter—I had almost written the first paragraph—chained my attention and caught my imagination, and as I read on each succeeding chapter exerted upon me a deeper fascination. Nothing I had read in years had impressed me with so compelling a charm as this chronicle by a totally—to me at least—unknown writer. The fine literary quality of the work, its attractive glimpses of artistic and bohemian Paris, its curious outlook on life, and above all, its amazing candour, delighted me to such an extent that I lost no time in hurrying back to Union Square to beg Mr. Brentano by all means to bring out the contemplated American edition. At that time the International Copyright Law existed solely in the subconscious minds of a few long-suffer-

ing authors and publishers. English and Americans alike stole from one another with an unblushing temerity that would have brought joy to the heart of Captain Kidd himself, but much to my satisfaction and, I must confess, somewhat to my astonishment, Mr. Brentano signified his complete willingness to "do the proper thing" by purchasing the unbound sheets of the *Confessions* from Sonnenschein, the London publisher, and paying Mr. Moore the usual royalty. It was after these preliminaries had been agreed upon that I wrote to the author, informing him of what I had done. This brief letter, which crossed the Atlantic just thirty years ago, was promptly and appreciatively acknowledged and resulted in a correspondence that extended over a period of several years. Despite the fact of our being separated by three thousand miles of water I got to know George Moore as well as if we had long been intimate associates, accustomed to dine and sup together, or chat over the teacups for ages. He seemed to be genuinely touched by my recommendation of his book and before it was published in America asked me to go over the proofs and correct a number of errors that had crept into the text. The French quotations and phrases were notably bungled and I straightened them out also. But no sooner had the *Confessions* been given to the American public than trouble began. Mr. Moore, who never does anything by halves, fell out with Brentano over some

point in their business agreement, and after a stormy interview had occurred between the two men in Paris, George thought it expedient to air his grievances in print. A long letter, bristling with rage and sarcasm, was published in the *Athenæum*, and an equally long and bitter tirade, that he spent a whole day in writing, was dispatched to me with instructions to see that it was printed at once in the New York *Herald*, or, failing this, any other journal of prominence. If I remember correctly, the *Herald* published it, with a portrait of the irate author at the top of the page to lend colour and force to his argument. The merry war grew fast and furious, and to make matters worse, Moore's recent novel, *Spring Days*, was being roundly abused by the English critics so that his cup of woe overflowed. "The reviewers say *Spring Days* is the worst book I have ever written," he remarks gloomily, "and one well-known critic says it is the worst novel he ever read. I am a great admirer of Jane Austen and I said to myself that I would recreate her method in *Spring Days*. Apparently I have failed and failed horribly. I am terribly upset. But," he concludes with an attempt at airy philosophy, "life was made for emotions."

Nothing daunted, he was then at work on a new romance that he intended to call *Don Juan*. The title was afterward changed to *Mike Fletcher* and, as was usual with him, he was extremely optimistic about this book both as to subject and treatment. "If I ever write a truly great novel," he observes complacently, "it will be *Mike Fletcher*. Ward and Downey tell me it is very fine, and the friends who have seen fragments of it say so too. I have

done my best, inspired by the desire to leave one really good book, one great romance, quite first-rate."

Fortunately, so far as I was concerned, the publication of *Mike Fletcher* in America had been arranged for by Ward and Downey, the Belford, Clark Company having agreed to bring it out. But just as the novel was on the eve of appearing, the Belford, Clark Company went to pieces with an appalling and totally unexpected crash, and *Mike Fletcher* went with it. Frenzied letters and cablegrams followed swiftly upon this dire catastrophe. What was to be done? Another publisher must be found and that quickly. I was his friend, the only person under heaven he could trust. Would I undertake to launch *Mike Fletcher* on the sea of literature and earn the author's undying gratitude? I replied that I would be only too happy to do what I could, so armed with a set of proofs I made a tour of the best publishing houses only to be met with polite but decided refusals. Nobody wanted *Mike Fletcher*, no one would so much as consider it. I read the book myself and found it insufferably dull. So far as I could determine it had not a single redeeming point, and I was almost in despair of ever finding a publisher willing to bring it out on any terms when I stumbled across a ponderous Greek gentleman, with an impossible name, who conducted what he was pleased to call the Minerva Publishing Company in West Twenty-third Street just off of Fifth Avenue. I prevailed upon him to read the advance sheets. For a while he hesitated, but he had heard of the *Confessions* and although he professed not to like *Mike Fletcher*, he eventually consented to issue the book in a cheap edition, with a guar-

anteed sale of a certain number of copies. I felt as if I ought to pat myself on the back, and George wrote again and again thanking me. He would never forget my kindness and all the trouble I had taken. He would be grateful as long as he lived, and so forth. In due course *Mike Fletcher* was published—a veritable horror as to paper and printing, and in a cover so hideous that the book was calculated to strike terror to the soul of the most hardened critic that ever drew breath. As might have been anticipated it fell absolutely flat. Either it was utterly ignored by the press, or else awarded a few lines of scathing comment. I have not preserved a copy and after the lapse of so many years cannot now recollect what the story was about. Nor have I ever met a solitary human being who had read, or even heard of it, with the exception of the late Professor Harry Thurston Peck, who not only did read *Mike Fletcher*, but discovered something in it that so tickled his fancy that he mentioned the fact in one of his essays. Unless my memory plays me false, it was the description of Mike himself standing stark naked in a bath tub that was responsible for Professor Peck's outburst of admiring applause. He considered that an exceedingly neat bit of realistic writing, and perhaps it was. I hope Mr. Moore saw this tribute to his genius, for I lacked the courage to send him any of the notices that came my way.

It goes without saying that the Greek publisher regarded himself as having been outrageously duped. He loudly asserted that being out of pocket for a large amount the idea of paying the author of *Mike Fletcher* any royalty was supremely ridiculous. On the strength of Mr.

Moore's reputation he had guaranteed the sale of so many copies, but according to his statement, which no doubt was perfectly truthful, he had sold nothing.

People didn't want *Mike Fletcher*. They declined to be interested in it at all. In addition he insinuated that I was actually to blame for all his misery, having hypnotised him into publishing what he knew beforehand was doomed to failure, as anybody with half an eye could have seen. George, meanwhile, kept up a steady fire of demand, insisting upon his rights. I was at my wits' end, between the devil and the deep sea, a helpless go-between, trying to pacify on the one side and persuade on the other. I recall a particular occasion when my entire household was rudely awakened at three in the morning by a violent ringing of the door bell. It was a cable from George—"Where are my royalties, send draft immediately." Once more I bearded the Greek in his den, but he was obdurate. Royalties indeed! Not he. Had not he already sunk a cool thousand or so on that atrocious novel? He reminded me loftily that he was engaged in the publishing business and not conducting a charity organisation. I soothed him as best I could, and while condoning his financial losses—although in point of fact the entire cost of the book, disgracefully gotten up as it was, could not have been more than a couple of hundred dollars—called his attention to the contract he had voluntarily signed. Protestations and discussions ensued, but eventually I won out. With tearful expostulations and calling upon Providence to witness that he was being shamefully robbed, I managed to procure from the Greek a cheque for

fifty dollars which, with a sigh of relief, I at once forwarded to London. A few weeks later the Minerva Publishing Company vanished from the face of the earth and that was the end of *Mike Fletcher*.

The astonishing collapse of his masterpiece, treading so closely upon the heels of that other fiasco, *Spring Days*, was a paralysing blow to Moore, plunging him for a period into the blackest despair. His every hope had been focussed upon this book which was to bring him fame and fortune and the outcome had been merely a puff of smoke and mortified vanity. "I thought it far and away my best work," he says sadly. "I forged every chapter like a sword, every sentence like a knife. My friends assured me it was head and shoulders above *A Mummer's Wife* or the *Confessions*. But," he concludes, with unconscious egotism, "I do not believe it is as bad as they say. It cannot be. It is impossible that a man who writes so perfectly as myself should be the author of three hundred pages of twaddle. Agreed that *Mike Fletcher* is inferior to *A Mummer's Wife*, it does not thereby follow that it is a bad book. You have seen my article on Buchanan." (This refers to a terrible battle of words between the two men of letters.) "Who else could have written it? Frank Harris said it ran Swift pretty close. Well, is it possible that a man who writes as I have done, and am still writing, could turn out a book that is bad from end to end? No, it is not possible. All the same, I am in dreadful distress."

In the next letter I received his opinion was somewhat modified. "I realise now," he admits, "that *Mike Fletcher* is not good. I wish I had known how bad it was and I would

not have published it. My articles in the *Fortnightly* attract attention and are much better than what I used to do along that line, but my fiction is poor, not up to the mark. I am filled with depression. . . . My next novel will be more human. I shall bathe myself in the simplest and most naïve emotions, the daily bread of humanity."

In the early stages of our correspondence I had given him a novel of mine which he liked so much that he instantly decided to dramatise it. But as he candidly confessed his inability to write a play unaided he suggested that we collaborate. His idea was to write a synopsis of each act—there were to be four or five—forward them to me in succession for such revision and alteration as I deemed necessary, and that I should then return them to him for final polishing. The dialogue was to be written entirely by me. I thought the scheme a good one and we started out swimmingly enough. Two acts were completed but in the meantime the dramatic microbe had so thoroughly infested his blood that he began to write a play on his own account, with the assistance of Arthur Kennedy. This drama was called *The Strike at Arlingford* and, of course, George was most enthusiastic over it. "It is a great play. I am satisfied, quite satisfied," he tells me, "but of course Kennedy has helped me a lot. Had it not been for him I could never have done it, for while I can describe a scene in a novel, I cannot write a scene in dialogue. A scene in a novel is like a painting. To write a scene in a play is like drawing an outline with a lead pencil and this I cannot do."

So engrossed, however, did he become with *The Strike at Arlingford*

that his interest in our joint production gradually waned and by and by flickered out entirely. The work never got beyond the second act. It died a natural death from inanition. But *The Strike at Arlingford* was finished and offered to several actors, all of whom refused it. I recall George's indignation because Beer-bohm Tree kept the manuscript for weeks without passing judgment upon it. "What can he be doing with it," fumes the anxious playwright. "For of course he would read it at once out of curiosity if for no other reason." In the end, Tree declined the play and it was sent to somebody else after it had been pruned and reduced from five acts to three. I cannot recollect whether it was ever produced or not, but I do recall that George swore he would never attempt another play, and that he generously presented me with a beautifully typewritten copy of *The Strike at Arlingford* which I still have tucked away somewhere in a closet.

Notwithstanding all this vexation and labour he was hard at work on his new novel *Esther Waters*, and found time besides to contribute essays to the *Fortnightly*. Little by little he was building up a reputation as a literary artist of distinction, and presently a volume of his collected critical studies was published under the title of *Impressions and Opinions*. This book made an instantaneous hit. "It is wonderfully successful," he confides to me rapturously "and I am receiving many offers to write. It is being said that I am a much better essayist than novelist. Well, I shall disabuse them of that idea soon. There is more in me than they think. People vilify me and say I have no talent. Let them wait and see. The *Athenæum* has

given me the front page and five columns. My book has been praised more than any other book I have ever seen reviewed." As it is always pleasant to find one's friends charmed with themselves and their achievements, I made haste to proffer my warmest congratulations.

As time progressed, however, our correspondence grew more infrequent. Mr. Moore now being fully capable of walking on his own literary legs had no further use for such a crutch as I could provide. But he sent me a presentation copy of *Esther Waters*, the American copyright of which was unfortunately unobtainable owing to the fact that the book was refused by three of the leading New York publishers. "After that," he writes, "I lost heart and published the book here, forfeiting all my rights." His volume of short stories *Celibates* I also received, then I heard nothing more from him until after *The Lake* was published.

This story, which is the history of a renegade Catholic priest, impressed me forcibly, particularly as, since my correspondence with Mr. Moore had been broken off, I had become a convert to the Catholic Faith, and it seemed to me that several episodes and expressions in the book, excellent as it was from the purely artistic side, were inconsequent and illogical. I therefore wrote to tell him frankly just what I admired in *The Lake*, and what I found therein to criticise adversely, explaining that as I was now a Catholic I would naturally consider the novel from a Catholic standpoint. Then the storm broke. A furiously angry letter came from Dublin where George was at that time living. He ignored my remarks concerning *The Lake*, making no ref-

erence whatever to them, but the vials of his wrath were poured out in full measure in regard to my conversion. "That you should have gone over to Rome, entered that home for lost dogs, the Catholic Church," he thunders, "distresses and astounds me beyond words. The intellect of the world has dropped away from Catholicism, the Church is dead. Since the Reformation, Catholics have not produced a single book. How can you take any interest in a stupid religion that so degrades the human mind? It is dreadful to think of you as a Catholic. It is unworthy of you. For shame, for shame!" And so on for several pages.

Now, Mr. Moore himself was born and educated a Catholic and several of his books show him to be still not only influenced to a marked degree by his early training, but positively obsessed by the spirit of the faith he now insults and repudiates. This calls for no comment inasmuch as it speaks for itself, and he who runs may read.

I fancy he must have regretted his violent rebuke to me, for after a considerable interval a communication couched in more temperate terms reached me. "I wrote you a cross letter, partly because, entirely because, I did not like the news that you had become a Roman Catholic. And I refused to answer a question you put to me regarding *The Lake*. I have told Mr. ——— to send you *Memoirs of My Dead Life* (you might have come into them). You will find your question answered in the long preface."

In a few days the book came to hand, and turning to the preface on page twenty-four I read as follows: "A letter arrived from Washington

a few months ago. The writer was a lady who used to write to me on all subjects under the sun. Some years ago we had ceased to write to each other, but she had broken a long silence, for she had been reading *The Lake* and had been much interested in the book. It would have been impolite to write me without alluding to the æsthetic pleasure the book had given her, but her interest was mainly a religious one. About five years ago she had become a Roman Catholic." (There ensues my criticism of *The Lake*, which being absolutely misquoted and distorted, attributing to me things I never said or even dreamed of saying, I refrain from repeating.) "I remember," he continues, having relieved his mind concerning my impertinence at having dared to disapprove of anything he wrote, "the irritation her letter caused me—my book was there for her to interpret or misinterpret, as she pleased; added to which her 'conversion' to Rome was an annoying piece of news. Fifteen years ago she was an intelligent and a beautiful woman, if photographs do not lie, and it was disagreeable for me to think of her going down on her knees in a confessional, receiving the sacraments, wearing scapulars, trying to persuade herself she believed in the Pope's indulgences. She must now be middle-aged, but the decay of physical beauty is not so sad a spectacle as the mind's declension. 'She began to think,' I said, 'of another world when she found herself unable to enjoy this one any longer; weariness of this world produces what the theologians call faith.'"

And here this story ends. For thirty years Mr. Moore has been threatening to come to America to

lecture. Perhaps one of these days he may actually do so. He is now rich and famous. He has long since "arrived," as the French say, and it may be that he and I may yet stand face to face.

THE LIVING PAN

BY NANCY BARR MAVITY

FORGOTTEN and lost are the ancient gods whose wrath in the thunder spoke,

And the gods too fair, too young, who dream in incense sweet and deep;
And quiet at last the cry of the god whose human heart we broke.

For mute are the gods that mightily lived; they have fallen back asleep,
Lulled by the chanting of drowsy creeds, asleep in the distant sky,—
While over their desolate temple sites, carts heavy and slow creak by.

I left their laboured litanies for banners green in the wind!

Pan is not dead! Pan is not dead! I saw him yesterday.
For the ferns still worship in Arcady wherever grey roots are twined,
And the leaves are floating before his feet as he passes his temple way.
The gods men bowed to, slumber on, while souls are born and die;
But never has Pan lacked worshippers under the star-sweet sky.

For gods are made by worship; and the worship of all has died

In the flame of a crimson battle-faith or the silence of the sun.
But where I lay in Arcady the altar steps were wide,
And quiet things and scampering things brought souls to the Living One.
My woodsmoke drifted incense-high, my altar fire shone red;
And out of the wind and dust and leaves He cried: "Pan is not dead!"

INNESS AND WINSLOW HOMER

BY CHARLES L. BUCHANAN

IT HAD always seemed a curious thing to me that a man who had gathered together the finest and most influential collection of American pictures we have so far had should be able utterly to relinquish an active interest in pictures; and one day in a conversation with that quite extraordinary collector, Mr. Thomas B. Clarke, I mentioned the matter, telling him of my wonder at the fact that he had not bought American art since the dispersal of his famous collection in 1899. "In my collection," he replied, "there was a God (meaning George Inness) and a Giant (meaning Winslow Homer). They stood alone. When they went out of my life there was no one to take their place." Thus spoke a unique appraiser. The estimate is accurate, comprehensive, final.

Curiously enough, of the two, the lesser man has gained the weightier reputation. With the notable exception of the conspicuous and no doubt helpful indorsement of Inness accorded him by the Frenchman, Benjamin Constant, and published in the *New York Times*, 1895, we do not find his art appreciated abroad to an extent commensurate with its illimitable significance. Arnold Bennett, to choose at random, coming upon the exhibition of Innesses in the possession of the Art Institute, Chicago, indorsed the kind and degree of civic spirit they bore witness to—"but," he somewhat gratuitously observes, "they did not strike me as being very good pic-

tures." Bloomers, the Dutch painter, spoke slightly of Inness. Urged to closer definitions, he said: "He is very imitative. We feel the Barbizon influence throughout all his work. To me, he is less original than your quite remarkable painter, Murphy." Which latter opinion I merely record for the manifest oddity of it. Winslow Homer, on the other hand, is almost an international figure. Foreign critics, coming to this country, speak favourably of him. Intruding the exasperating and monstrous fallacy of nationalism in art, they tell us this painter is our greatest painter. They say: "He is individual—and racial." They will very likely add: "He is the one representative painter America has produced." And so on. I said to one of these gentlemen once: "I fear I am hopelessly at odds with you. The matter of nationalism in art is, for me, the red rag to the bull. I contend that there is no such thing. But aside from this, let me put one question to you: If you place a premium upon nationalism in art, why do you emphasise Homer and ignore Inness?" With a gesture of superb and delicate aloofness he waived the name away: "Small," he said, "negligible." "Pardon me," I ventured, "may I ask what Innesses you have seen?" "Well, I have not seen very many," he answered. And then he proceeded to tell me the ones he had seen. It was just as I had suspected. He had seen no Inness of even a second class quality; he was absolutely

ignorant of the essential Inness; and in justice to him I must record the extraordinary fact that he eventually admitted the possibility of his having been in error.

But he is one in a thousand. Ignorance is not often so graciously susceptible to suggestion. In reviewing the art activities of this country for, let us say, the last quarter of a century, we have witnessed, as I have repeatedly pointed out, the unprecedented and incongruous spectacle of a native art, competent always, superb often, supreme in certain isolated instances, consistently ignored by casual criticism and editorial consideration. For an actual fact, the majority of persons writing on art in this country are, if not alien in birth, alien absolutely in education and in point of view. The editor of the foremost art magazine published in this country is a foreigner. A foreigner, quite out of sympathy with our native genius, was recently secured as curator for one of our important art institutions. The motives of these people are, no doubt, unimpeachable, but, in the very nature of the case, they cannot react to the essential gist of things with a satisfying degree of accuracy of perception and of estimate. To-day, even, in our own country, and nearly a quarter of a century after the death of Inness, our "radicals" are calmly telling us there is no such thing as an American painting. As I look through the occasional article that appears on the subject of painting, I am impressed by the fact that everything is recorded except the only things that really possess an intrinsic significance. I am gratified by exquisite subtleties of sophisticated obfuscation, but concrete facts are ignored. For example, one

of the most consequential of our publications will offer us a consideration of the mechanical art of Degas or the delicate artificialities of the American, Davies, but I look in vain for a recording of the fact that Inness's *Wood Gatherers* brought thirty thousand eight hundred dollars in the Hearn sale (to say nothing of the fact that three American landscape painters, Wyant, Blake-lock and Murphy, sold at prices ranging from fifteen to twenty-one thousand dollars as against the eight thousand two hundred dollars paid for Daubigny's *On the Oise*). If the art of Inness is scarcely apprehended by his own countrymen, we cannot expect foreigners, who have not glimpsed its authentic manifestations, to appraise it accurately. The fact of the matter is that the public has not seen the full measure of Inness's greatness. The productivity of Inness was notoriously copious, and, as a result, the market is literally flooded with pictures that are not only bad as Innesses, but are bad any way you look at them—hopelessly, miserably bad. The Inness that will some day lift this country off its feet is the Inness represented, let us say, in those magical revelations in the possession of Mr. James W. Ellsworth. It is here that Inness commands supreme recognition. Elsewhere, in pictures feebly unfinished, unsatisfyingly experimental, he compares unfavourably with those sturdy, rugged affirmations common to the art of Winslow Homer. A painting of Homer's asserts itself, draws attention to itself, if for no other reason than the novelty of its subject. Homer's impact is decisive, and his influence has been felt rather more as a sheer external salience than as

an inner ferventness of appeal, a spiritual radiation.

Why are these two painters the two greatest painters this country has produced?—greater, for instance, than Martin or Blakelock, Wyant or Murphy? Obviously, because their work is comprehensive to a degree over and beyond the work of their contemporaries and their successors. Contrary to the beliefs held and proclaimed in some quarters, we cannot discount the matter of bulk and weight and quantity and all-inclusiveness in our comparative estimates of art. No doubt the highly specialised talent achieves an acuteness of appeal sharper and more precious than that possessed by all but the very greatest. (De Pachmann's piano playing, for instance, Debussy's music, Verlaine's or Dowson's verse, a nocturne of Whistler's); but for the gain of this so intense, so penetrative appeal, it loses in that bigness of outlook, that cosmical visioning, that grandeur of proportion so compellingly the prerogative of the supreme sovereigns of human expression. Inness and Homer are what they are for the reason that the one saw, and the other both saw and felt, tremendously. To them the universe presented itself as a vast rhythmic co-ordination, a scheme miraculously devised out of mystic conformities and complementaries. Their art is great art because in its representative instances it transcends a merely local and topical significance. Ceasing to concern itself with the petty idiosyncrasy of transient phenomena, it is unpremeditatedly led into an isolated wonder at the inscrutable pith and gist of the eternal meaning. Both men reacted grandly and vigorously to the large, soul-

quickening sweep of world forces, the tussle of great gales, the lunge of pitiless, prodigious seas; and reacting greatly to fundamental manifestations, both men achieved great art. Their import is weightier than that of any other American painter; nay! weightier even than that of any painter of their kind and of their time.

It is not altogether true that great art is self-explanatory. There is great art in the world that has never been and may never be a part of the common comprehension. (The third act of *Tristan*, for example.) But, as a general rule, great art, in the course of time, reveals itself. It does more than this: it justifies itself. Subject it to the stress and duress of mortal vicissitude, of human agony, and it will not fail the most crucial juxtaposition. We shall feel that it is something more than a mere indulgence of transient egoisms, a petty avoidance of man's normal obligations, a half corrupt excrescence grown out of illegitimate felicities. We shall feel this because in this art we shall find the apotheosis of man's deepest and most ineradicable needs. Of such weighty meaning as this, of such stark, eternal verity is an art, for example, such as Beethoven's in music, Shakespeare's in literature, Inness's, at his greatest, in painting.

I trust I need hardly say that I am not for a moment comparing the relative degree of potency of appeal and profundity of significance inherent in these three masters of human expression. The art of painting—however we revere it and however exquisite our reactions to it may be—does not and cannot parallel the heights of eloquence and of emotional articulation peculiarly the

characteristic of the art of music. Nor can we believe that it possesses the indispensable integrity, the vital, propulsive, compelling energy of the written word. The five sonnets of Rupert Brooke (to utilise a somewhat banal instance) have probably quickened into sharper fecundity, have probably stimulated to higher functioning, the latent nobilities and motivating raptures of mankind to a degree beyond the cumulative influence of all the pictures taken together that the world has ever produced. We can hardly conceive of Rubens's *The Descent from the Cross* or Turner's *Téméraire* leading a forlorn hope, but it is not difficult to conceive of an ultimate catastrophe met to the murmuring of:

Honour has come back, as a King, to earth,
And paid his subjects with a royal wage;
And Nobleness walks in our ways again;
And we have come into our heritage.

Compared to expression such as this, compared, let us say, to the austere anguish of the *Eroica*, painting seems a poor and profitless means of communication.

Curiously enough, the practitioners of the art of painting have, with a few exceptions, sought to stultify and to invalidate their art through the proclamation and practice of the preposterous fallacy known as art for art's sake. This absurd and sophistical doctrine contends that art is a thing sheerly independent of the accumulated predispositions of vision, emotional reaction, and so on inherent in the human organism. An idea more fabulously asinine has never been promulgated. Which is not to say that art should be confounded with archæology, nationalism, statistics or ethics. In defending the inviolability of art's various prerogatives and manifestations,

critics even of an unimpeachable integrity have seldom penetrated to the essential gist of the matter. Hear Arthur Symonds, for example, a fragile, sensitive, perhaps somewhat too precious worshipper of beautiful things: "Great critics like Ruskin and great artists like Watts have done infinite harm by taking the side of the sentimentalists, by attaching moral values to lines and colours, by allowing themselves to confirm the public in some of its worst confusions of mind." Moral values? no! a thousand times no!: but emotional values?—ah! there's the rub. How about emotional values? What degree of emotional value do we find in a ballet girl drawn by Degas or in one of his women stepping out of a bath tub? What degree of emotional value do we find in the two Manets up at the Metropolitan—the *Boy with a Sword*, and the *Woman with a Parrot*? Simpering idiots both of them! What degree of emotional value do we find in the whole mass of French impressionism, taken collectively or individually? A landscape of Monet's? A nude of Renoir's? Critics of painting will dismiss this point of view as incompetent, irrelevant, and so on. They tell us that art is a sheer abstraction, that its essential function is to shape itself into patterns sheerly and beautifully decorative. Our friends are half-ways right and half-ways wrong. Their thinking is only skin deep. For example, one of the most specious and ornate of contemporary art critics attempts to demonstrate the claim that painting is not dependent upon an imitation of natural objects by sententiously observing that music is not dependent upon an imitation of natural sounds. Pater, even, fell into treacheries of

superficial thinking when he emphasised the abstract perfection of the substance of music. True, music does not depend for the potency of its appeal upon an imitation of natural sounds. But what our friends do not see is the fact that music is actuated by and is predominantly concerned with the expression of varying degrees and kind of human emotion; and it is in its pre-eminent capacity as a medium for the proclamation of ultimate instances, of crucial and exquisite hurts and regrets and desires, that music touches its incomparable altitudes of appeal. The appeal of music is as literal almost, as concrete almost, as the appeal of propaganda. The emotion we derive from it is not derived from the quality and impact of the music as sheer sound, it is derived from the degree of adroitness with which this sheer sound conveys a meaning to us essentially literary in its implications. All theorising to the contrary, the great moments in music are the expressions of the few great, stark, pre-eminent emotions common to humanity. Take a piece of purely decorative and picturesque music such as, for instance, Debussy's enchanting *Rondes de Printemps*. Here is one of the most beautiful and fantastic pieces of sheer sound that has ever been written, but let us compare it to a page of music wherein a fundamental agony is articulated, or a supreme conception exposed (as, let us say, the *Death and Apotheosis* of Strauss, the last movement of Tchaikovsky's *Sixth Symphony*, the *Tristan Liebestod*, the last act of the *Götterdämmerung*), and we shall find that it has come to appear an almost futile thing, a cursory thing devoid of spiritual implication.

No, there is a discrepancy somewhere, a discrepancy warranting a close and comprehensive exposition. If the claims made by the advocates of "pure" painting are true, if it is true that a ballet girl of Degas or a Renoir nude is as great art as a landscape of Corot's or of Inness's, then we are compelled to conclude that the art of painting is a law unto itself, a matter apart from and irreconcilable with familiar consistencies and with those fine standards and integrities that obtain in other arts. We must go even further; we must conclude that painting is an inferior art, a trivial art, in the last analysis superfluous. Neither in music nor in literature can a sheerly decorative beauty, a sheerly technical effectiveness compensate us for the loss of a commensurate significance of substance. I, for one, cannot accept the sterile conclusions proclaimed and maintained by painters and by critics of painting. At the risk of disturbing and obscuring the precious and untransferable identity of the separate arts, I am forced to believe that they are merely separate manifestations of man's emotional nature seeking to recapture some lost ecstasy, or to beguile the drab dejections of quotidian wear and tear, or to plead with, regret, rejoice and glorify.

Art reaches its highest degree of development when it presents us with a basic and an eternal emotion expressed through a medium so perfectly and abstractly beautiful, and so miraculously adapted to the fulfilment of the idea, that idea and expression are interchangeable. We accept and enjoy the means of communication if for nothing other than the sheer sensuous gratification inherent in a decorative loveliness, but

with this sensuous and quite legitimate gratification a something more has gone as well, a quickening of spiritual impulses, a hinting of vital issues. The two greatest masters of musical utterance that the world has ever known are Beethoven and Wagner. The two greatest poets that the English-speaking world has produced are Shakespeare and Tennyson. The reason that these men maintain their invincible pre-eminence is because their work represents a consummate fusing together of components into a supreme poise wherein the common sentiments of humanity and the basic energies of the universe are proclaimed without a sacrifice of the loftiest imaginable degree of beauty of expression and of workmanship. In proportion to the degree with which the scales of that equilibrium which means great art tip to the preponderance of the sheerly decorative on the one hand, the sheerly literal transcription of a natural phenomena, upon the other, art loses, not always in effectiveness, perhaps, but, we may be quite sure, in perfection. The aim of the highest art is to maintain an enchanted neutrality between the claims of a stark realism, an over-ornate fabrication. When Keats, momentarily seduced by immaturity, perpetrated the indiscretion of

Charm'd magic casements, opening on the
foam

Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

he committed himself to two of the worst lines in English poetry. The sensitive ear and the independent estimate cannot fail to detect in these lines a momentary and quite degenerate lapse into the petty gratification of a luxurious imagery quite alien to the matter in hand.

So easy a prettiness is as factitious and as obvious as cosmetics. When, on the other hand, a Cézanne landscape or a *Spoon River Anthology* neglects those beauties inherent in the respective mediums of oil painting and of verse (a subtle luminosity, an atmospheric evocation, in the first instance, a glorifying of homely instances through the deft enhancements of symmetrical sound and charm of utterance, in the second), we feel them guilty of a perversion of their material to a degree equally significant and discrepant.

That the art of Winslow Homer can be compared only disadvantageously to the art of Inness is because, being as it is, for the most part, a sheerly actual reproduction of what its eyes behold, it fails to achieve that indefinable something more than a sheerly actual reproduction; and it is precisely this something more which makes for the greatest art. As we study the development of a great artist, we see his work progress from a mere reproductive fidelity to that consummate equilibrium of which we have spoken, wherein this reproductive fidelity becomes welded into patterns exquisitely abstract without a loss of its inherent identity. The art of Homer seldom offers us this magical transmutation. It remains essentially preoccupied with story telling. We are at a loss to know whether we should take it as art or as anecdote. Conceivably, some future revaluation of æsthetic values may accord the highest consideration to the realist as opposed to the imaginative vision. We cannot know. But of one thing we are certain. The past has accorded supreme recognition to an art wherein a new way of seeing and of feeling has come into the world.

Art that has concerned itself exclusively with the drama of externals, with, in other words, the casualties, collisions and catastrophes of human action has, as a general rule, failed to achieve the supreme heights where dwell our mortal Gods. We have bestowed the highest awards upon those artists that have brought to the world a new beauty of interpretation, an inspired revisioning and glorifying of matters grown infinitely old. The response to the inexpressible thrill of original revelation is the supreme sensation in the life of the lover of beautiful things. Imagine the exquisite wonder experienced by a world hearing for the first time the incredible ravishment of Wagner's *Tristan* or *Walkure*; Shelley's verse or the verse of Keats and Tennyson. We know something of this because we have reacted in our time to those delicious amazements inherent in the verse of a Yeats or a Dowson, and in the music of the most eventful music maker we have had since Chopin—Claude Debussy. But it would seem that the art of a Winslow Homer is deficient in this inexplicable quality of magic evocation. It is photographic, and as such it fails, despite its obvious technical excellencies and the rugged, simple, often epical energy of its subject matter, to supply us with that kind of rapturous intoxication of which mention has been made. The answer is (I repeat) that it is a physical visioning of the world (as was Manet's, for instance, or Monet's or Degas's, and so on), rather than a spiritual visioning of the world (as was Whistler's partially, Corot's almost exclusively, Inness's to an extent greater and more valuable than any of them). As we pass from one Winslow Homer

to another (pictures almost all of them dealing with some immediate and specific incident), we experience wonder, amusement, anxiety sometimes, and (as in the case of the famous *Gulf Stream*, where the half-naked figure of a negro lies upon the deck of the derelict apathetically awaiting the inevitable end) in rare instances, horror. But it is questionable whether these emotions, as an end in themselves, are sufficient for the purpose of art. However vigorously and competently they are exposed, the art that exclusively concerns itself with them remains an inferior art. To me, the art of Winslow Homer achieves the highest development of which it is capable in those pictures of his wherein the human element is eliminated. At his greatest, he presents us with the stark, primeval rhythms of wind and wave. One does not readily recall an expression elsewhere in the art of painting that parallels these conceptions of world forces stupendously and inevitably propulsive. In these weavings together of cosmical and eternal energies, devoid of the casualty of human coincidence, of mortal drama, he approximates something of that abstract symmetry paramount in the greatest art, that symmetry wherein a sense of objective values—a sense of standardised realities—does not obtrude to the cost of subjective impressions.

The art of Inness must be considered superior to the art of Homer because it is an emanation from that indefinable, occult something in man we call the soul. Inness is what he is for the reason that every great artist is what he or she is—simply because his temperament was at once more profound, complex, passionate, intense and exquisite than the tem-

peraments of his contemporaries and his successors. Art does not present us with a figure of greater spiritual effulgence. As we run over in our minds the hundreds upon hundreds of salient figures that art has produced—figures projected into the consciousness by some superior adroitness, some knack of loveliness—we realise how small are the dimensions of their emotional and spiritual dynamics in comparison with the copious, ample, transcendent temperament of George Inness. Painting has not, as a general rule, supplied us with great intelligences, with great temperaments. I have repeatedly pointed out the fact that this art cannot compete with the compelling significances inherent in great poetry and great literature. The function of painting is limited, apparently, either to the weaving together of mere patterns and colours, or to the reproduction of the external and objective saliences of the visible world. It cannot comment upon, explain, excuse or glorify the acute and personal passions of humanity, and by so much it unmistakably falls short in potency of appeal. The insurpassable greatness of Inness resides in the fact that his art is both beautiful as art, and beautiful as an expression of something more than art. It fulfils, to a degree greater, I believe, than that achieved by any other landscape painter, that ideal of a perfect equilibrium maintained between profundity of emotion and beauty of expression which I have emphasised as a salient characteristic of the greatest art. In its magical transformations, a sweet humaneness is glorified into a radiance more exquisitely lovely than the most enchanted unreality. An Inness landscape differs from the landscape

painting of any other kind or time, because it represents a higher exposition of humanity's relation to the universe than we find in any other painting of a similar nature. Throw Inness into competitive juxtaposition with the eminent landscape painters of the world, and notice how singularly incomparable he is. As a matter of fact, with whom is it possible to compare him? Corot? The comparison is unthinkable. Consider the vastness of the panorama spread out before us by the vision of an Inness. The art of Corot concerns itself with certain effects of light and air at a certain hour at a certain place: the art of Inness metamorphoses the passing moment, the transient phenomena into the semblance of a thing that has always been, and that we are led to believe will always be; a thing not merely and casually curious but remotely and permanently strange. It is a kind of vision wherein a dawn breaking over a particular locality becomes a dawn breaking over the whole world. Monet? Obviously, we cannot for a moment consider the claims of so trivial a painter as Monet in comparison with the dramatic, human and radiant expressiveness of Inness. Turner, perhaps, we should hardly reckon with, for his art is essentially a prodigious phantasmagoria, whereas the art of Inness is essentially a sublimated humanity. Cézanne may be dismissed until such time as may come when art shall cease to derive its impetus from the ecstasies of the spirit, and shall concern itself with scientific investigation. For the present, the art of Cézanne is about as congenial to our human instincts, as the *Star Spangled Banner* or *Home Sweet Home* would be if harmonised by

Ornstein or Stravinsky. Rousseau is frequently mentioned as the nearest parallel to the art of Inness. He, perhaps, of all painters of landscape, comes nearest to Inness in temperamental vehemence and complexity; but in the matter of a rich, sensuous, superfine loveliness, both in conception and in means of expression, the comparison is all in favour of the American master.

Was Inness technically incompetent? Does his art depend exclusively upon its inspirational vigour? Does the sumptuousness and the superb exuberance and the imaginative ardour of his art distract the accurate workings of our judgment?

A consideration of this matter is suggested to us because of an idea prevalent in some quarters to the effect that the art of Inness is more an enormous jotting down of impressions, a passionate improvisation, so to speak, than an actual and an accomplished beauty. It has been said of Inness that, contrary to the methods of a Turner, a Corot, a Murphy, who work from an inarticulate indecisiveness up to a supremely co-ordinated consummation, he worked from a definite consummation of conception into an inarticulate indecisiveness. We are told that Inness's habit of work varied a dozen times or more within the confines of a single canvas. An instantaneous indication here or there, a dab of colour, the scrape of a palette knife, and a new point of view would overwhelm him. A sunset would transform itself into a moonlight, a moonlight into a frosty morning. The end was attained, we are told, through a series of brilliant, impetuous extemporisings: it was less a foreordained, inevitable end than it

was a fortuitous, an almost casual happening.

With this point of view I cannot agree. Inness lived his life in a flame of energy amounting to a kind of spiritual vertigo. His heart and soul burned with beauty. The unbounded vastness and tumultuous glory of his inner vision literally intoxicated him, and he produced many pictures that are really little more than indications. The vast majority of his pictures are not to be compared with the meticulous and premeditated perfection of workmanship that characterises a landscape of Murphy's. But a meticulous and a premeditated perfection is the prerogative of the lesser workman of art. It has given us in music a *Pelleas and Melisande*, it has given us in poetry a Swinburne and a W. B. Yeats; but it has seldom, if ever, given us one of those sublime impacts as of apocalyptic revelation wherein our heart and soul are lifted out of our body into some transcendent, rarefied glow of wonder and of complete gratification.

And this is precisely what an Inness landscape has the power to do to a degree greater than that attained by any other painting of a like nature that the world has ever known. Standing before the radiant glory of *The Bathers* (beauty burning with a kind of religious fervour of thanksgiving) or the mute splendour of the *Summer Silence*, one feels that one must seek elsewhere than in the art of painting for instances that compare with these in the matter of a strange, ineffable something of divine implication. This is a kind of loveliness that is of that royal and mystic lineage that has given justification to the creed of Beauty—Beauty whose ultimate

power is exercised in the revivifying of man's fallen faith in a reason why and in an ultimate recompense. Less compellingly, perhaps, but no less authentically, it affiliates with those moments in other more emphatic arts wherein we feel that a kind of sacred revelation has been vouchsafed us (as, for instance, in the almost intolerably tender theme of the Spring Night from *Meistersinger*, or the Redemption by Love theme at the close of the *Götterdämmerung*). If in attaining this superlative power, the art of Inness had sacrificed those qualities of charm inherent in an adroit manipulation of material, it would have fallen short of the greatest art. But it most unmistakably did not. To stand before the Innesses, in the possession of Mr. James W. Ellsworth, is to stand before a degree of incredible loveliness for which there is no parallel. I am inclined to call two of these pictures, *The Bathers* and the *Summer Silence*, the two most exquisite landscapes that have ever been painted. Our fallible, finite intelligences cannot conceive of an art more expressive than this. It may come, it may already exist in some remote locality; but of this we can know nothing. Here in these glowing exuberances of man's reaction to the spectacle of nature—pictures powerfully tender, heroically proportioned—the art of landscape, in so far as we have record, reaches its fullest efflorescence. To say as much is to indulge neither an immature enthusiasm nor a parochial prejudice. Taking Inness at his rare and representative best, we are presented with an accumulative appeal for which there is no parallel in landscape painting. *The Bathers* alone contains the quintessence of three

considerable painters. A Matthew Maris would no doubt have been glad to sign the left half of this picture; Corot would no doubt have bowed his head in awe at the ecstasy of the mood; Turner would, I am sure, have acknowledged the tremendous uplift of the conception, and responded to the eager warmth and opulent wealthiness of the colour scheme. Inness is unique because he holds in equitable relationship qualities that, in others, are separately manifest to the exclusion of a supreme synthesis. One of the great colourists of all time, he is, precisely, the greatest colourist landscape painting has produced. Less tremulously evanescent in his evocation of atmospheric phenomena than a Corot, a Weir or a Murphy, his scope is so far beyond theirs and beyond anyone else's with whom we may properly compare him, that the mere attempt at comparison demonstrates its futility. For Inness is distinguished above and beyond his competitors not alone in some special sense of technical efficiency, but, notably, because of the incredible wealth of reaction to every phase of nature he possessed. Not Monet, not Turner, not Rousseau and (obviously) not Corot or Daubigny, Weir, Murphy or Tryon has handled nature in a greater variety of moods, aspects, manifestations. He ranks with the greatest in his avoidance of a standardised vision. Painting never became for him a facile formula, it remained always a kind of passionate sacrament.

Inness put the soul of this country at its freshest and purest into his canvases. They are perennially youthful with the undying beauty of human truth. They are the conglomerate appeals of many woods and streams and mountain lands.

They are aboriginal sentiments, poignant almost as perfumes, legends, laughs of bygone times, simple music. And they are more. They represent the preponderating excellence of the universal attitude as opposed to a petty modern consideration of coincidence, of the exceptional instance, of things that are, however temporarily effective, of no abiding significance. They are a kind of art that metamorphoses the passing moment into the semblance of a thing that will always be, a thing not merely and casually curi-

ous, but remotely and permanently strange. In the best work of art such as this, interpretation achieves the significance of a kind of indefinable symbolism without, however, a loss of inherent identities, becoming, so to speak, characteristically cosmic rather than characteristically local, and half persuading us to believe it a hint dropped us from eternity. Beauty of this character is more than a mere sensuous gratification; it seems to hold for us a kind of happy promise of some benign Beyond.

SNAP SHOTS OF FOREIGN AUTHORS

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

BARRIE

Puck and Niobe
 Fathered and mothered him
 In some Gaelic moorland manger.
 Ariel sistered him
 To a delicacy of wit
 That descends like a butterfly.
 Cousin to Merlin, he knows
 The secrets of cloud and rain,
 Of rainbows and crocks of gold,
 Of children and of birds;
 And, knowing these,
 What secret is there left?

GORKY

You drive your pen
 As if it were a *troika*,
 Its three horses,
 Czar, bureaucrat and priest;
 Your words crack like whips
 As you gallop along
 Tearing off ukases,
 Ditching uniforms,
 Ripping out icons,
 While shouting to the moujiks
 To stop skulking in the willows.

MAETERLINCK

It is thrilling but terrible
To wander through the vaults,
The echo-haunted crypts
Of your Fomorian imagination.

It is maddening, crushing,
To see the blind grope hopelessly,
To hear the dumb choking for speech
And to be utterly helpless.

Drops oozing from the corbels
Eat slowly into our temples
Like water dripping on stone.

We know the joy of children
Released from a closet,
When carried to heaven by your bees.

D'ANNUNZIO

You have come centuries too late!

You should have reigned as Prince
In Antioch of the Garden of Daphne
Or as Duke of Byzantine Athens
Or have lorded it in Sicily,
That blue-domed glittering mosaic
Of all the ancient worlds;
With some daggered Cellini
To fix your esurient reveries
In gold, ivory and precious stones.

Years after, Webster of St. Andrews
Would have devised a play about you
"Gabriele, or the Scarlet Angel."

SCHNITZLER

As cleverly as a surgeon's scalpel
You lay bare their hearts,
Or what we call our hearts
When suffering from the same ailment.
The difference is
You chuckle all the time.
It may be a joke,
But it's a cruel joke
Which the victims can no more prevent
Than the sun his spots
Or the moon her allurements and servitude.

ARTZIBASHEF

WIND across the steppes,
Each gust demolishing some part
Of the House of Convention
And loosening some other
Until the whole of it is in ruins
And its inmates are driven
Out into the open
To make friends at last
With the rain and sun and air,
Their natural brothers,
And their father,
The soil.

SUDERMANN

A DARK grey skiff
Drifting down a roiled river
Under low damp bridges;
With leaves falling,
Scattered here and there
By moaning autumn winds,
Tossed before the skiff
To be muddled and sunk.

A ROMANTIC EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF THE POET, FITZ-GREENE HALLECK

BY STANLEY M. WARD

As FROM some newly opened chest or drawer, where it has lain concealed and forgotten, lo, these many years, there comes the delicious odour of sweet lavender or dainty mignonette, permeating the air and diffusing its fragrance all around, so, through the vista of over three-quarters of a century, there comes this story of a romance in the life of the poet, Fitz-Greene Halleck.

Everybody knows that Mr. Halleck lived and died a bachelor. Whether the successful efforts of Miss Flanner, whom he never knew by any other name than "Ellen Campbell," to evade him and to hide her personality, had aught to do with his failure to become a benedict, I cannot say, though I suspect they had. Of this episode in his career the poet once said: "In a life filled with not an inconsiderable number of pleasurable experiences, I look back on my correspondence with the lady I knew as Miss Campbell, as the most pleasant, regretting only, that I failed to ever become acquainted with her and that this might not have resulted in a ripe fruition."

There was gathered at the house of one of their number in Mount Pleasant, Ohio, on the evening of January 1, 1840, a gay company of youths. As the festivities lulled someone proposed that each lady present take advantage of her prerogative and send a letter to the literary man whose writings she most admired, telling him of the gathering, informing him that it was

Leap Year and requesting the honour of a reply.

No one appears to have considered this suggestion seriously except one person, a fair young Quakeress, Miss Abbie Flanner. Soon after the idea was broached she slipped unobserved from the company and was speeding her way along the snow-white path to her parent's house, not far distant. She had long admired the writings of Fitz-Greene Halleck, whose *Marco Bozzaris* was a favourite school recitation of our fathers. She determined to compose a poem and send it to him with a short note. Sitting down to work Miss Flanner had completed the following about the time the grey dawn of a winter's morning broke:

THE MERRY MOCK BIRD'S SONG

NEW YEAR'S NIGHT

O'er fields of snow, the moonlight falls
And softly on the snow white walls

Of Albi's cottage shine,
And there, beneath the breath of June
The honeysuckle's gay festoon
And multiflora shine.

And form a sweet, embowered shade,
Pride of the humble cottage maid,

Who now, transformed and bold,
Beneath the shadow of a name
Those equal rights presumes to claim,
Rights urged by young and old.

And who is she, to fame unknown
Who dares her challenge thus throw down
Lo at the feet of one

Who holds a proud, conspicuous stand
Among the magnates of the land
The Muse's favourite son.

As when she roved a careless child
 To pluck some mountain blossom wild
 Oft climbed some pendant brow
 Of crag or cliff, to gather there
 Some tempting flower that seemed more
 fair
 Than aught that bloomed below.

So now, like Eve in Paradise
 Though bounteous blossoms round her rise
 Of love and friendship blend
 With many a kindly blessing fraught,
 Would give them all for one kind thought,
 One word from Halleck's pen.

Like that fair plant of India's fields
 Which most were bruised or broken, yields
 Its fragrance to the air,
 Such is the heart I offer thee
 Pride of my country's minstrelsy
 Oh, is it worth thy care?

She signed this effusion "Ellen A. F. Campbell," incorporating her own initials with those of the heroine of Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, and sent it to Halleck, in New York. The first flush of excitement having worn away and Miss Flanner, no doubt looking at the matter from an impersonal standpoint, began to think pretty seriously of what she had done. Of course, it was all in fun and nothing very momentous could possibly come from it, still there remained the fact that she, a little, unknown Quaker girl, living on what was then, the confines of civilisation, had presumed to send a letter and a poem to the first literary man in America, at least one she considered such. (He had written one poem surely that will live.) But, reproaches and heart throbs were all in vain now. Had she known her Omar Khayyam she might have quoted "The moving finger writes," etc. The whole affair was out of her hands now and all she could do was to wait. Mails were not moved as quickly then as they are now, and it was several weeks ere the poet's re-

ply reached her. And when it did, with what feelings of trepidation, almost of fear, did she receive the packet and wonder at its contents. How had the great man received her missive? Had he snubbed her? Had he written her a curt note informing her that Leap Years were no reason for women forgetting their places? But one way could she find out and that was to open the parcel and examine the contents. We may imagine that she performed this task with trembling hands and fast beating heart. Oh, Joy! Not only had the great man answered her letter, but there was an original poem for her eyes alone. I doubt if there was a prouder woman in America that day.

TO ELLEN

THE MERRY MOCK BIRD'S SONG

The Scottish Minstrel's border lay
 Entranced me oft in boyhood's day
 His forests, glades and streams
 Mountains and heather blooming fair.
 A Highland lake and lady were
 The playmates of my dreams.

Time passed, my dreams were gone,
 My pilgrim footsteps pressed alone
 Loch Katrine's storied shore,
 And winds that winged me o'er the lake
 Breathed low, as if they feared to break
 The music of my oars.

No tramp of warrior men was heard,
 For welcome sound or challenge word
 I listened, but in vain,
 And moored beneath his favourite tree
 As vainly wooded the minstrelsy
 Of grey haired "Allan Bain."

I saw the Highland heath flower smile
 In beauty upon Ellen's isle
 And couched in Ellen's bower
 I watched beneath the lattice leaves
 Her coming, through the summer eves
 Sweetest and loveliest hour.

She came not, lonely was her home,
 Herself of airy shapes that come
 Like shadows to depart,
 Are there two Ellens of the mind

Or, have I lived at last to find
An Ellen of the heart?

And well my heart responds to-day,
And willingly its chords obey
The Minstrel's loved command,
A Minstrel maid whose infant eyes
Looked on Ohio's woods and skys,
My schoolboy's sunset land.

And must I deem her winning smile
But a mere mockery, to beguile
Some lonely hour of care.
And will this Ellen prove to be
But like her namesake o'er the sea
An Ellen of the air?

Or, shall I take the Morning's wing
Armed with a parson and a ring,
Speed dale and hill along,
And at her cottage hearth, at night,
Change into flutterings of delight,
Or, what's more likely, to affright,
The "Merry Mock Bird's Song?"

Accompanying the verses was a letter in which he thanks her for her "beautiful lines" and begs her to accept a volume of his poems on account "of the beauty of the binding and the width of the margin." Further on he says, "although your letter did not intend to make me a happy man it has made me a very proud one." He concludes as follows, "I am, My dear Miss Campbell, yours very gratefully, or, if you are in earnest, which I very much fear you are not, I am, dearest Ellen, Yours affectionately, Fitz-Greene Halleck." Her answer to this is a letter of considerable length in which she thanks him for the promise of his book, stating "that expectation stands on tiptoe on the misty banks of the blue Ohio awaiting its coming." She assures him that when he is in "Fashion's crowded halls or listening to the voice of deathless fame, she would not claim one thought,

But, when the busy throng is gone,
And brightly on the Western sky

The sunset's embers brightly burn,
Oh, wilt thou thither turn thy eye
And give one kindly thought to her,
Whose spirit ever turns to thine,
Like India's idol worshipper,
Or Moslem to his prophet's shrine."

The correspondence thus begun continued throughout the year. The gay badinage which marked its beginning was succeeded by earnestness on both sides. As the poet grew more ardent in expressing his admiration and esteem for his fair letter writer, she, though still preserving her incognito and shielded to a certain extent thereby, grew more timid. At one time she tells him that "every step I have taken in your acquaintance has increased my diffidence and timidity. With a careless laugh I flung my first offering on the current of accident little thinking that it would bring me back laughter and tears, joys and sorrows, anxious thoughts and fevered dreams." As the year 1841 approached, she tells him that the term of her privilege has about expired and that the correspondence must stop. It appears that Halleck was much alarmed at the chance of losing his fair though unknown writer, for he answers almost immediately, in a communication filled evidently with "profound logic," as she replies, saying, "I certainly did think I had written to Mr. Halleck for the last time, but you know, before I confess it, that I am only too willing to be convinced by your profound 'logic,' that it is not only my 'privilege,' but my duty to continue the correspondence. Your witty assumption of your exclusive privilege has relieved my woman's pride from the 'bastile of a word' for whose adamant walls, I have perhaps, not shown a proper reverence." After the interchange of a few more

letters, the poet announces his intention of starting West and meeting face to face the lady whom, as "Ellen Campbell," he has learned to admire and esteem. Now was Miss Flanner troubled. We may assume that nothing would have caused her more pleasure than to accede to Halleck's wishes, but, she reflected, that even a tacit agreement would put her in the position of wooer, as she had begun the acquaintance by writing first. She waited some time before she answered this letter and then had it mailed in Washington, District of Columbia, where she sent it to a relative under cover. Halleck, of course, sent his reply to the capital city and in time it reached Miss Flanner. But she did not answer it. All efforts the author made by correspondence and otherwise to find her were in vain, and he was forced at last to admit that she must forever remain to him "An Ellen of the mind."

Miss Abbie Flanner was about twenty-six years old at the time of her acquaintance with Mr. Halleck. She is described as being rather above the average female height, had a demure and quiet expression as became a member of the Society of Friends. Her hair was of a golden brown colour and her eyes also brown, though changing at times to grey. They were very expressive and smiled more often than did her lips. Her talents in the epistolary line may be judged by her holding so

long a correspondence with so noted a literary lion as Halleck and his evident desire to continue it. In music, also, Miss Flanner excelled. In fact, she was undoubtedly possessed of those mental and physical gifts which fitted her to grace any position in the land. She had two brothers, both physicians, one of whom perished in the cholera epidemic which visited Pittsburgh, many years ago. Late in life Miss Flanner married a man, her social equal, it is said, but one who failed utterly to appreciate her intellectual gifts. She lived but a year afterward and lies buried, according to her request, on a bold bluff overlooking the Blue Ohio. There is back of the bluff a fine grove of trees in whose branches the birds sing her requiem all the day long.

This manuscript has been in the author's possession for some time. A few years ago he submitted it to a lady who was once a member of the Society of Friends and whose affiliations are all that way. She was a well-known newspaper woman of northeastern Pennsylvania, and her sister, Anne, was at one time the undisputed queen of the American lecture platform. Her only comment was, "How did you come to know about this? Abbie Flanner was my mother's most intimate friend and she visited her at Mount Pleasant a year before marrying my father."



FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: J. S. SHERIDAN, WALLACE MORGAN, H. DEVITT WELSH, H. D. ADAMS, C. D. GIBSON, F. D. CASEY, F. J. SHERIDAN, JR., ADOLPH TREIDLER, HARRY TOWNSEND, C. E. FALLS

A MEETING OF THE DIVISION OF PICTORIAL PUBLICITY, WITH CHARLES DANA GIBSON IN THE CHAIR

Brushes, Attention!

An Account of the American Artists' War Work and a Sprightly Meditation upon the Return of first-rate Art to the Subject of War.

MAKING POSTERS FIGHT

BY MONTROSE J. MOSES

AN ARTIST who ties himself up to a slogan these days is doing his bit in the Great War. No submarine, no aircraft, can upset an idea once it is safely launched in the popular mind by means of a poster. That is why the governments of all the allied countries have depended greatly upon art for propaganda, calling upon pens, brushes and pencils almost as urgently as they have called upon guns. When the history of the war is told in full, a large chapter will be that which will describe how it has been pictured by artists, not only in books, but on billboards, in street-cars, on the sides of public buildings, even in mural designs over the façades of treasury buildings. This is a war in which the regular commercial advertiser and lithographer can aid governments in exploiting the necessary *material* things. But it is also a war of Ideas, where things of the spirit have to be kept continually before the people. One must advertise sacrifice as one advertises food products. So, artists have been called in for something broader and more subtle than mere advertising. They must picture the sweeping emotions which have upheld an unbroken line before the onrush of the Hun; they must picture the psychology behind every demand made upon the public.

It was on April 27, 1917, that the artists mobilised, at the request of Mr. George Creel, Chairman of the Committee on Public Information. We are launching,—he told them,—a nation-wide campaign. The re-

motest regions will have to be reached with our appeals to their spirit of supreme sacrifice. There is not an official department in Washington which has not its message to get across to the American people. And as the war is prolonged, this message will take on new aspects, will have to be more insistent, will have to reflect more and more the changing phases of sentiment. It is you artists who must picture all this for the Government.

Brushes, Attention! called Charles Dana Gibson, who became chairman of the Division of Pictorial Publicity, and from that instant the American artists entered the war, quickly grasping the new demands made upon them, and unselfishly giving time and energy to the new problems confronting them. It was no casual art work they had to do. Accustomed, as many of them were, to embodying ideas contained in stories, articles and poems, in illustrations and paintings, they were now called upon to flood the country with posters which, through no other appeal than their own graphic portrayal, would stir a people to action, and put them on the instant into possession of the essential reasons for winning the war. No time would be given for experiments; while every artist would be encouraged, only the expert would execute. Here was an opportunity for discovering whatever art resources the country had. It is not a surprise that the foremost men in the profession should have in-



CAPTAIN W. J. AYIWARD

stantly made good. But it is surprising to the officials of the Division of Pictorial Publicity that so many art schools, so many undiscovered artists, have answered the call so strikingly.

In order to meet the instant demand, organisation was an important part of the work. Mr. F. D. Casey, art editor of *Collier's Weekly*, was made Vice-Chairman and Secretary of the Committee. One might formulate the adage that it takes an art editor to catch an artist, for Mr. Casey knows the qualifications

of nearly every illustrator and painter in the country. There is not a demand made by the Government for posters, that he has not unerringly assigned the work to the men best qualified for the special task. Around a weekly council table, ideas are discussed, media weighed and decided. The American artist has still to urge his imagination as the initial impulse in this service. For the war is three thousand miles away. He can sit at his drawing-board or at his easel with no fear of the seventy-five mile gun reaching him, with no



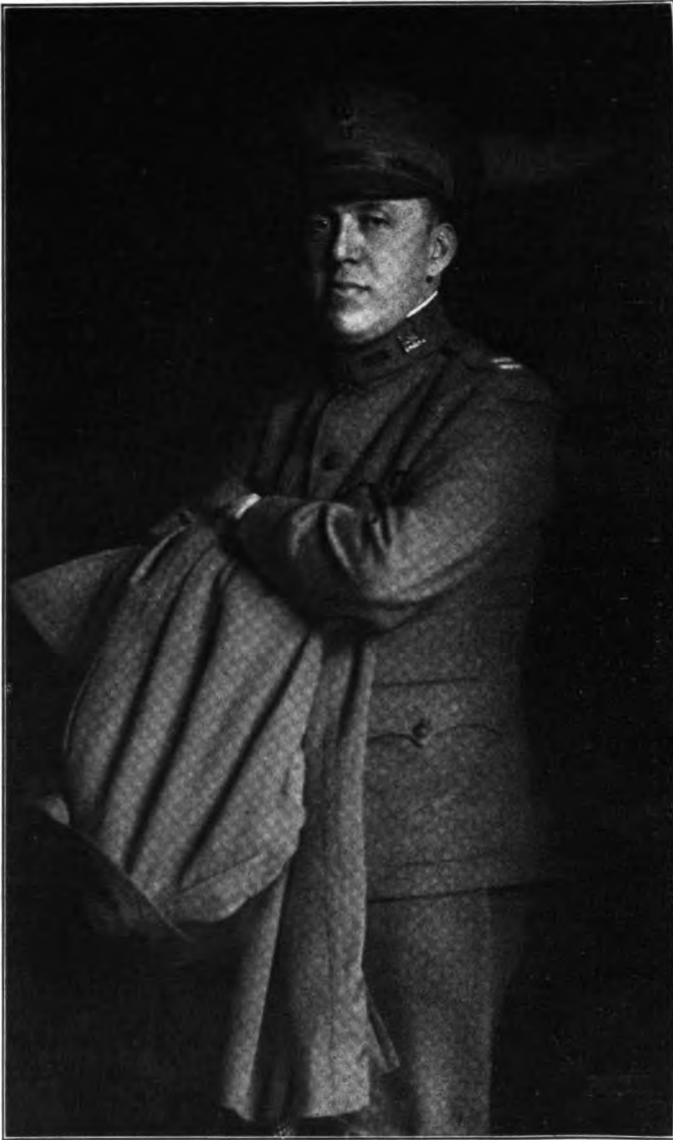
CAPTAIN ERNEST PEIXOTTO

air-raids imminent, with no wavering, fluctuating battle line on the western front at his door. Though the war overshadows the entire world, and regulates the thought of every individual in it, in America our indignation is not heightened by the actual sound of bombardment; we imagine the cries of the wounded, we do not hear them. The publicity campaign is urged, therefore, by a current that must travel three thousand miles.

Yet that is not entirely true. War is sustained by Ideas and Ideals. War is supplied by material re-

sources and the sacrifices of people. We have measured the need of Belgium by the ships laden with grain which have left our shores; we have measured the urgency for ships, by the empty docks which once held the *Lusitania* and the *Tuscania*; we have felt the call for men by the soldiers who have left our shores. It is all this which the artist must remember, as he sits in his studio evolving the pictures which must keep the nation stirred to action.

Another consideration. Slogans are not merely fine phrases. They are born out of the alembic of the



CAPTAIN WALTER JACK DUNCAN

moment. History clings to them, and identifies with them the men who uttered them. Peculiarly our distance has imposed upon us the necessity for relying upon inspiration rather than upon the immediate heat of the moment. There has not

been a "drive," whether for Liberty Loans, Red Cross, or Y. M. C. A.; whether for recruiting or conservation, that the slogans have not been framed beforehand, composed by that same largeness of creative impulse with which a poem is shaped.

The slogan is made to fit the moment, and the artist attaches himself to the slogan. That is the process by which most of the posters in America have been made.

The public became aware of the artist and the slogan long before they knew that the artists in America had been mobilised. During the visit of Marshal Joffre to this country, they saw a card nailed to trees and fences—a card called *Three Sisters*, and picturing the crucial dates in the histories of France and America, 1776, 1789, and 1917. Insistently the picture came upon them as they turned street corners, as they went into stores. And gradually method came out of the widespread use of this poster. It no longer was a mere picture, but the symbol which Joffre's visit presented. It is such publicity in its highest sense which Mr. Gibson's committee has been asked to regulate.

Appeal is the essential qualification of the poster. Henry Reuter-dahl's *Help Your Country* pictures a battleship under full steam, with its guns in action; it is aimed to stir the fighting blood. Albert Sterner's *Over There* indicates the deeper appeal of patriotism which impels the man to enlist. W. T. Benda's *Stand Behind the Country's Girlhood* is a dreamy embodiment of the Y. W. C. A.'s organisation; C. B. Falls's *Premiers au Feu* pulls enlistment toward the marines. These random examples are typical of the all-embracing quality of the poster—a specific illustration of a general emotion; the pictorial embodiment of an idea, so simple in its composition that it will not miss fire, so evident in its intention that it will appeal to the simplest intellect, so colourful that it will catch the attention, so typical

that it tells the whole story. Such is the demand upon the artist, mobilised to help win the war with his pen and brush.

So far, Mr. Gibson's committee has supplied posters for thirty-six departments and organisations active in war service. And this does not mean alone that they have supplied pictures to be reproduced, but they have likewise sent artists out into the streets, to paint, as sign painters would. To the left of the New York Public Library building I recall seeing Mr. C. B. Falls when he painted, as though he were before his easel, that striking poster, *Books Wanted for Our Men*. To the right, with all the feeling of colour and design worthy of a canvas, is F. Luis Mora's striking panorama of the battle-field of France. Over the New York Treasury building, with the detail of mural painting, N. C. Wyeth and Henry Reuter-dahl completed their decoration for the Third Liberty Loan—a picture ninety feet long and twenty-five feet high. This kind of publicity work illustrates what this war has most often emphasised—that the individual must be ready to school himself for any emergency.

Even as specifications are laid down for the building of cantonments and for the construction of battleships, so are details furnished the artists who are now co-operating with the Government. This is how it is done. Mr. Gibson's committee receives a letter which says in substance, We wish you to aid us in framing a suitable poster for shipyards and airplane factories, in which "the idea to be conveyed is that the worker, by keeping diligently on the job, is doing his bit just as much as the man in the



N. C. WYETH AND HENRY REUTERDAHL (CENTRE OF SCAFFOLD) PUTTING FINISHING TOUCHES ON GREAT POSTER ON SUB-TREASURY BUILDING, NEW YORK

trenches, and that it is his duty to put forth his best efforts. The poster must be twenty inches by thirty inches." With this in hand, Herbert Paus designed his picture, a stirring appeal for Labour to sustain the arms of the country.

The Liberty Loan Committees have sought the co-operation of the artists in the same way. They have outlined the insistent note for each campaign, and as the world necessity became stronger, as Prussian menace became greater, the urge has increased. In consequence the artists who have drawn posters for the Liberty Loans have been allowed to increase the emotional appeal. It is now conceded that the German raids upon American hospitals

helped to bring the Third Liberty Loan far over the top. Could we not prophesy that in the posters for the Fourth Liberty Loan, the artists will picture this? Yet, rightly, there is reticence about the use of grossness in posters; nothing should be suggested which would be either sickening or depressing. For the object of the poster is to stimulate. Recall that when Charles Lamb sent his book, *Ulysses*, to his publisher, Godwin, it was returned for some corrections. Children would be frightened by such and such incidents, suggested the cautious publisher, with his eye on over-squeamish parents. But Lamb wrote back, There is only one correction I will make, and that is where the incident

strikes me as being *disgusting*. Such was the substance of his letter to Godwin. The same applies to the poster.

Public response to the artist's work is fickle. They like to look at Frank Brangwyn's *American Sailors to the Rescue*, or Charles Livingston Bull's *The Two Eagles*, but they want to own Howard Chandler Christy's *Columbia's Call*, because of its direct feminine appeal. Yet, as posters go, it is characterless. Popular demand, however, required that over a million copies of this poster be printed. The American public has not yet been schooled to look at the poster as anything more than a magazine illustration. I have before me a letter from one department, written to Mr. Gibson's committee. It says, We want a poster with a child in it. The fundamental emotions have to be reached in order to make the public dig down into their pockets. It is not too much to say that a large part of the over-subscription to the recent Red Cross drive was due to A. E. Föringer's remarkable poster, *The Greatest Mother in the World*.

Every American artist of note is contributing to the poster output. Gibson's *House Manager*, for the Food Saving Campaign, is done with the old dash of the days when he illustrated Richard Harding Davis's *Soldiers of Fortune*; Joseph Pennell, with a method shaped by sketching and etching, has produced a poster for the ship-building "urge," which loses none of its delicacy, however large it is reproduced—the list goes on interminably, including Blashfield, Harvey Dunn, Wallace Morgan, Adolph Treidler, and others. One must check off with the art directory.

We might expect that the artist's usefulness would not be confined at home. When Walter Hale was alive, he showed us, by the visits he paid the front, what the pencil could do under fire. It was to be expected that when the American army got to France, the artist would be called also. In the Signal Corps of the United States army, there is a Major Kendall Banning, who was formerly the art-editor of *System*. It is through his advice and through General Pershing's call that eight captains' commissions were offered to Mr. Gibson's committee. Who would be the lucky men selected? Through a process known to the Division of Pictorial Publicity and to three officers in the army to whom the final selection was left, Captains Ernest Peixotto, Wallace Morgan, W. J. Aylward, Harry Townsend, Harvey Dunn, Walter Jack Duncan, George Harding and André Smith, now represent the American artists in France. They have not as yet taken sufficient root to indicate how they work. Their drawings will be official documents for the War Department. They are painters and illustrators, selected to work in any mediums required,—interpretative artists, who, in wash, pencil or crayon can illustrate; who, with brush, can record the colour of a battle; who, with pencil, can lay out scenes or detail structures; who could, if called upon, do decorative work.

Right here let it be emphasised that these are not the men attached to the Camouflage Corps. The latter come under the jurisdiction of the engineers; their work is a combination of carpentry, sculpture painting. But these captains are there strictly for pictorial work, for



CAPTAIN HARRY TOWNSEND

portrait painting and etching. Who knows but, close to the heart of the conflict, they will send home to the artists working here, ideas that are born of the smoke of battle, about which the American people should know.

Thus, the American artist has found himself in this war. The poster will probably affect his technique,

the quality of his imagination, his conception of the relation an artist bears to the life of his time. But he is doing his job, and letting that spirit which comes out of the times mould him for the future. The artist has been changed, as all things have been changed, by this war. Having discovered through another channel the way in which his brush,

his pen, pencil and crayon, his etching tools, may serve the democracy, his technique will improve. Some of our posters have been striking, but they have not been as symbolical nor as full of real art as the French and some of the Italian posters. They are much higher than commercial drawings; they are rapidly approaching the character of art.

The artists know that there will be need for them after the war. In this reconstruction they will be a part. But by the time of peace, the poster will have become a form in itself. A short time ago I had occasion to go into the stacks of the New York Public Library, where they

have a collection of three thousand posters of all countries. This includes duplicates. They have been mounted on cloth so as not to tear. The art student can study these, can trace in them the increase of war spirit, and the incoming of new appeals with the new demands. But the main idea of them all is the same, the underlying principle that the world must be made a decent place to live in, through the supreme sacrifice, if necessary, of all we have. Speeches, editorials, books, have driven it home. But the poster has said, Behold, and we have seen. That is its secret power over the masses in the street.

POSING THE WAR FOR THE PAINTER

BY ROBERT CORTES HOLLIDAY

IN ANY number of ways, as we all know, the Great War now on is an altogether new thing in the way of wars. One of the most novel features of its unique character, however, has not received any popular recognition. This is the first war that, in a manner of speaking, ever "sat" to the painter for its portrait.

When, of course, the primitive artist first began to contemplate the scene of the world about him he found men fighting. His first commissions were to fashion graceful weapons: spears, daggers, swords. A bit later we find him concerned with commemorating in alabaster the victories of Assyrian kings. To skip along, we recollect that on the metopes of the Parthenon were carved the battles of the Centaurs and the Lapithæ. And, when he got

into painting, for ages war, religion and love were the only themes the artist thought worth while. The idea of landscape as anything other than background for the spectacle is, of course, a modern invention. And though Rembrandt saw, as clearly as Degas, that a beggar was in himself a human story, the world in general until quite recent days has expected a picture to picture, so to say, something doing.

Nearly all great painters, until almost contemporary times, have painted military scenes: Mantegna, Veronese, Leonardo, Raphael, Michelangelo, Durer, Velasquez, Rembrandt, Hals, Rubens, David, Delacroix, Turner,—to name a few at random. And the Royal Academy kind of junk against which Whistler, Manet, and, loosely speak-



CAPTAIN HARVEY DUNN

ing, the other impressionists, rebelled largely consisted of "historical" scenes of war, battle "pieces," and the like. Fifteen years ago our own Metropolitan Museum was stuffed with that kind of stuff. And then war, with its picturesque trappings, passed almost altogether out of art, both good and bad, together with all other obviously picturesque subjects, such as religious emotion and the sentiment of love. And the business of the serious painter became symbolised in the obsession of Monet

rendering with scientific erudition the changing effect of a haystack in its envelope of atmosphere at different hours of the day.

The old masters, and the near old masters, and the far from near masters of the elder day, though they painted war scenes galore, did not paint a war. That is to say, they told the literary story of a historic episode, *The Surrender of Brada*, *The March Out of the Civic Guard*, *Sabine Women Intervening Between Romans and Sabines*, or some such

thing. After the thing had been over for some considerable time, in their studios, or at any rate far from the scene, they dressed up their hired models and fabricated the pageant. That some of these set pictures have never been surpassed as passages in paint is quite beside the point. And though Meissonier and his pupils or imitators, Neuville and Dataille, made their prime business the depicting with amazing minuteness and dexterity of anecdotic subjects of the Napoleonic wars, their procedure was the same. On the other hand, while Goya's *Horrors of War* (or whatever precisely the series of lithographs is called) and Callot's minute and intensely realistic engravings of whole armies certainly convey the effect of direct impressions of the scene, these things were "stunts" in the careers of the artists and present no consistent record of military life.

In fine, while traditionally the artist has been commissioned by states and princes to commemorate their valorous deeds in arms he had never been, as an artist, a soldier. He could, of course, lay down his brush and go fight if he wanted to, otherwise he remained a civilian historian. And in the course of the development of æsthetic theory, and the gradual lessening of the subject of war as one of the major concerns of mankind, the theme of war ceased to attract first-rate talent among painters, and fell to the province of lesser craftsmen, the illustrators. We have had in the United States a very creditable little group of men each with a distinctive *flair* for military magazine-pictures. Those of us brought up on our standard magazines recall with a kind of affection the sterling work in this field of such

entertaining instructors of our youth as T. dé Thulstrup, Howard Pyle, F. C. Yohn and Frederick Remington. With the rise of pictorial journalism, made possible by the introduction of rapid and inexpensive processes of reproduction, there came to pass, too, in the continuance of sporadic outbursts of war, a press figure familiarly known to us all as "our special artist at the front"—a figure of a highly popular kind, though, as in the case of H. C. Christy and the Spanish-American War, not infrequently one whose affinity with his subject has not been particularly conspicuous.

The present war is not in anything more unlike any other war than in its relation to art, both the art of literature and that of painting. Most of the authors of the world are now soldiers, and, it is a current witticism to say, most of the soldiers who were not authors before the war are authors now. And the "art artists" (as they have been so aptly described) are not only at the war to-day but in it, the real artists, that is, of England and Europe. There has never been anything at all like the files of *L'Illustration* since 1914; and a distinguished American painter and critic declared the other day that the pages of this journal gave a better idea of the war than everything else about it put together.

No writer has been able to make those who have not been there actually *see* the war, as one sees the human scene about him at home. It is beyond the power of the written word to evoke before the eye the mighty, sombre and malign quality of the battle-field landscape as a whole, or the daily life of troops in their habit as they live, down to the last detail of the cut of their coats.

And reams of photographs, we know, cannot with even a distant approach to adequacy tell the tale, because, wonderful as many of the photographs of this war are, the camera cannot feel. Only the artist can show the visible scene in the light of the spirit in which it is lived. Unlike the camera, his is the power to seize upon those things before him the interest of which is universal and eternal, and to let drop away those things which are ephemeral and accidental. He does not merely draw ruined churches and houses, great guns being aimed, guards and lorries, doctors and wounded men. His is the mission of making visible by his art to those remote from the scene and to distant ages the staunchness and patience, the faithful absorption in the next duty, the extraordinary humour, the standards of comradeship and good nature—all the strains of character and emotion that go to make up the temper of a great army in the field. He does not merely draw armed figures in the act of proceeding across a plain; he paints moments of transfiguration, when all the glow of courage that has been banked down and husbanded through months of waiting and guarding, bursts, at a word of command, into flame.

One of the most fascinating things about the return of first rate art to the subject of war is that it returns shorn of the academic conventions of pomp and panoply characteristic of the old, set battle pieces and stage-set scenes of surrenders. It returns with all the knowledge acquired in its evolution away from the pictorial picture and literary theme and paints not show pageants but, with its new fidelity to visible facts, the actual circumstances of the war.

Men of ability of a very high rank are painting for her France's part in the war. Among the "official" artists with the French armies are François Flameng, Lucien Jonas, Georges Scott, named in the order of their importance, all of whom have done perfectly corking things, of soldiers in action and in portraits of generals. Though doubtless the best known to Americans of the French war artists is Charles Huard, Official Painter to the Sixth Army of France, who has twice been to this country, and whose vivacious and distinguished illustrations first to the magazine articles and recently to the war books of his wife, Frances Wilson Huard, have had a wide currency among us. Among other French artists who have done notable work of enduring value are Paul Sabatier and Charles Hoffbauer; the latter of whom has lived much in the United States; is a member of the Players Club; and, so the story goes, was down in Virginia, or some other Southern State, painting a decoration for a court house when his call to the colours came, when, so had he kept himself in readiness since his term of military service, the war found him with even his boots greased.

Everybody probably knows and has enjoyed the work of Captain Bruce Bairnsfather, a genius in his way, the Phil May of the war, and of an army that certainly required a Phil May. Among British official artists are Frank Brangwyn Mac Vey, and, particularly worthy of his task, Muirhead Bone, an artist of very considerable power, with a sheer weight of impressiveness that is truly stunning.

At the request of General Pershing for eight artists for the Amer-

ican expeditionary forces, the War Department a few months ago ordered a committee on selection to be formed, C. D. Gibson, chairman, and this committee chose the men who are to make drawings and paintings of the scenes where the American army is fighting, and whose work from now until peace comes is to be preserved by the Government as part of the historical documents of the war. These eight men, commissioned with the rank of captain in the engineers, and who recently sailed for France, are Ernest Peixotto, Wallace Morgan, J. André Smith, Walter Jack Duncan, Harry Townsend, Harvey Dunn and William J. Aylward.

Of the eight, a man who for upward of two decades has been a voice of authority in art criticism in New York, confessed that he had never heard of three; J. André Smith he placed, with some difficulty, as an etcher. There is no painter in the group. Ernest Peixotto and Wallace Morgan are quite well known as illustrators. Mr. Peixotto is the au-

thor of a series of well-bred gift books of tours and cruises over fashionable routes; his pictures, sometimes pen sketches, sometimes wash drawings, suggest somewhat the influence of the master illustrator, Daniel Vierge, but, one fears, they suggest much more the use of photographs. Mr. Morgan might be described as a *Saturday Evening Post* reflection of the capable painter, William Glackens. William Aylward, an illustrator of naval scenes, will probably be recalled as something like Reuterdaahl, though much tighter and somewhat wooden in technique. Walter Jack Duncan, though but slightly known outside of illustrator circles, has, particularly in his colour drawings of New York and London, done work of high promise and distinct individuality.

What they will do with the war remains, of course, to be seen. At any rate, there is no record in the annals of art of any other group of young men having had so great an opportunity.

IN DICKENS LAND: A REVERIE

BY MICHAEL MONAHAN

DEAR, immortal Dickens! So the wise publishers have discovered a "revival" of interest in the Master of English story, and they are paying him the compliment of many new editions. As if it were not his province to lay his strong toll of grace on each new generation; as if he were not of those beloved Immortals who live on forever in the changeless romance of the young; as if, in fine, his world-wide audience had not been steadily growing in the space since his death until now it is by far the greatest that has ever done honour to an English writer. Truly, messieurs the publishers shall easily persuade us.

But I for one am glad at any rate to hear of this "revival," which never ceases, and to enjoy the publishers' accounts of those fine new editions of the old yet ever young Dickens. Books were *written* better in his day, no doubt; though Mr. Howells, who was once a daring young heretic on this subject and is now himself under the hand of time, will not have it so. But surely they were not *made* so well, at least for popular reading. And here the publisher is entitled to his bit of praise, however we may smile at that evidence of the ingenuity of the publishing trade, the Dickens revival. It will, I think, be always a safe venture to prepare for and to announce a "great revival of interest" in the works of Mr. Charles Dickens—especially with an eye to the new generation. Other authors dispute the fickle preference of the old, the disillusioned, and the too

mature—the young are always for Mr. Dickens.

And the sceptre shall not pass from him. Over three decades ago I first read my Dickens in the paper-covered books of the Franklin Square Library. They were ugly in appearance, clumsy to hold and, worse lack of all to a young reader, there were no pictures to give form and pressure to the story. But all this disparagement is the work of my later thought. Surely I was not then conscious of any fault or blemish in the Aladdin's treasure that had suddenly fallen to me from the sky. Pity the man who is not loyal to his first loves! I would give much to taste again the feelings of joy and rapture and wonder which then were mine while making my breathless course through those ungainly publications of the Franklin Square.

I was a boy then—God help me!—the sort of boy, I dare believe, the Master had much in mind; and a whole world of bitter experience lies between me and that happy time. Shall I ever forget the bare cold little room where I spent so many unwearied hours, hugging my treasure in both arms; often hungry, but forgetting it, fed as I then was with the food of romance; oftener cold, but unheeding that, too, warmed as I was with the glow of fancy? And the smell of the freshly printed pages as I turned them with trembling, eager hands (the door of the little room shut and I alone)—have I ever since known the like? Could the costliest book now yield me such a



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A NIGHT-TIME PHOTOGRAPH OF THE ORIGINAL "OLD CURIOSITY SHOP" IN PORTSMOUTH STREET, LONDON. THE UPPER ROOM ON THE RIGHT OF THE PICTURE IS SAID TO BE "LITTLE NELL'S" BEDROOM

thrill? Alas! could any spell, however potent, again make me free of the vanished kingdom of romance?

Oh, poor little room, which saw that miracle, the lighting up of a boy's imagination, the swelling chivalry of his young heart, the simple joy of his candid youth—I look back now with lamentable vision on the long way I have come, and I know I have met nothing so good in my journey. Would to God, little room, I might wake even now as from a vexed and sorrow-laden dream, to find myself that boy once again, sheltered by you and heedless of hunger and cold, could he but slake his thirst at the Enchanted Fountain!

.

And sure these blessed things of memory have played me a trick, or I am in very truth a boy again—dear God, do but grant it, a boy

again! for I would swear that just now a breeze of youth smote my cheek, and lo! in a trice I am whirled back into the past. Lost and breathless a moment, I soon find myself in a garden with my pretty mother, bolting furtive gooseberries and trying to look unmoved. . . . A wind arises and now I am in the house with Peggotty (I still feel the touch of her finger like a nutmeg grater), poring over the Crorkendill Book and Mrs. Gummidge (bless him for that name!). Barkis has just brought me in the cart and I am so proud to be a Yarmouth Bloater (oh, memory!). Isn't it fine to live in a house made out of an old boat and to hear the wind come creeping about it at night when you are snug in bed and just dropping off to sleep? . . . How sweet little Em'ly is, and oh, how I love her with

all the innocent love of my boyish heart!

The nights I lie awake, thinking about her and praying that she may come to no harm! . . . Mr. Murdstone is worse than ever since that day when he beat me and I bit him on the hand. His beard is very black and so thick that his skin looks blue after shaving—confound his whiskers and his memory! . . . My box is ready, Mr. Barkis is here again, and my mother comes out to say good-bye to me, with her baby in her arms. She would have said something more to me, I know, but *he* was there to restrain her. "Clara, Clara, be firm!" I hear his warning voice. But she looked intently at me, holding up her baby in her arms. So I lost her, so I saw her many a time afterward at school, a silent Presence at my bedside, holding up her baby in her arms. . . .

Comes a wooden-legged man stumping through my dreams and eyeing me fiercely. Was his name Tungay, and did he put a placard on my back reading "Take Care of Him—He Bites?" I must ask Traddles about this. . . .

The "horfling" and I have just parted in tears—she to St. Luke's Workhouse and Mr. Micawber to the Fleet, still gallantly figuring on his insoluble problem. I am somewhat comforted in the assurance that Mrs. Micawber (*with* the twins) will never desert him. . . . Now I am in Canterbury. It is a fine day and the rooks are flying about the old cathedral. Here is poor Mr. Dick, still bothered about the head of Charles I, and the Doctor placidly at work on his dictionary (not having advanced a letter since the old days), and Uriah Heep deep in Tidd's Practice. ("Oh, what a

writer Mr. Tidd is, Mr. Copperfield!" . . . How familiar seems this house, with the hallowed sense of early dreams! I enter and lo! what graceful figure is this coming down the stair to meet me, a bunch of household keys jingling at her waist? What was it about Agnes Wickfield that made me associate her always with the peace and radiance of a stained-glass window? . . .

How the scar flamed out on Miss Dartle's pale cheek when Steerforth asked her to sing! . . . I hate that sneak Littimer, who always makes me feel as if I was too young (alas, too young!) . . . Yarmouth again and Steerforth with me, more handsome and fascinating and irresistible than ever. Yes, though he broke her heart, and mine, too—(I have never recovered from it!)—still do I forgive him for the old love I bore him. Let me keep the sacred pledge of my boyish faith, to remember him at his best, as he asked me to, that night when we left the old boat together and I marked something different in him; let me think of him as I loved to see him in our school days, lying asleep with his head on his arm. . . . So they found him after the great storm and wreck, lying at rest amid the ruins of the home he had wronged. . . .

Ours was the marsh country down by the sea, where I first saw the Convict, what time the guns were firing and the hulks lay at anchor near by. . . . Wasn't it kind of dear old Joe to put that inscription over his bad and worthless father—

Whatsomever the failings on his part,
Remember, reader, he had that good in his
heart.

I saw that snorting old Pumblechook yesterday when I was on my way to

Miss Havisham's—he always makes me feel guilty, as if he knew something bad about me. . . .

What a strange lady Miss Havisham is, and why does she stay, dressed all in white and covered with old bridal finery, in a room where candles burn always and from which the light of day is shut out? . . . Oh, Estella, Estella!—how beautiful she was to-day! How I love her, and how she wounds me with her disdain! Yet once I plucked up courage to ask her for a kiss, and she slapped me on the cheek—I feel the sting of it yet! But my turn came when I whipped the prowling boy behind the brewery wall, and she, unseen by us both, had watched the battle. “You may kiss me if you please,” she said, with flushed cheek—how lovely she was in her conquered pride, and what a reward was mine! . . .

Ever the best of friends, ain't us, Pip? Dear old Joe! shall I ever forget when he came to see me at my lodgings in London and the trouble he had to keep his hat from falling? What a giant he was at the forge, though as gentle as a child! Surely Orlick soon found his master.

Beat it out, beat it out, old Clem,
With a clink to the stout, old Clem! . . .

Bentley Drummle came to Mr. Pocket's school when he was a head taller than that gentleman and several heads thicker than most young gentlemen . . . I cannot believe that Estella will marry that fool and brute. . . . He came up the stairway as I held the light for him and looked at me with a peculiar expression. . . . “When the colonists rode by me on their blooded horses I said to myself, I am making a better gentleman nor any of you.” . . . How strange it was of Mr. Jaggers to ask

his housekeeper to show us her hands! . . . Good God! Could it be possible that this convict, yet my benefactor, was Estella's father? . . . I went to the forge and it was strangely quiet. The house was closed. I walked toward the little church and suddenly I met them, Joe smiling and awkward in his Sunday clothes, Biddy in her best attire. “It is my wedding day and I am married to Joe!” . . .

A broad stream of light united the judge and the condemned, reminding some there present of that greater Judgment to which all alike were passing and which cannot err. Standing for a moment, a distinct speck in that sea of light, the prisoner said, “My lord, I have received my sentence from the hand of the Almighty, but I bow to yours.” . . . A woman was sitting there alone—it was Estella! “We are friends?” I said. “Yes,” she answered, “and will continue friends apart.” I took her hand and we went out of the ruined churchyard together. The mists were rising as they rose on that morning long ago when I first left the forge. And in all the broad expanse of tranquil light they showed to me, I saw no shadow of another parting from her. . . .

Why, this must be Mr. Pecksniff's Architectooralooral Academy! I hear Mercy giggling on the stair. There is the portrait by Spiller, the bust by Spoker, and as I live, there is Tom Pinch still making a shamefaced attempt to learn the violin between the bedclothes. Poor Tom Pinch! Have I ever seen simple-hearted kindness and truth in the world without thinking of thee? Have I ever seen unctuous pretence and rascality without recalling thy master? And yet they say thy Cre-

ator could not draw a character according to nature—the fools! . . .

Yo-ho—a race with the moon. I am making that famous journey with Tom Pinch by stage-coach to London. But lo! we have not gone far when we overhaul Nicholas and Smike on the road, fleeing to London, too, after thrashing Squeers and turning loose the tender youth of Dotheboys. Shall we make room for them?—well . . . But have a care, coachman, that Jonas Chuzzlewit shall not get a lift with us, for we have a dreadful suspicion of *Something* he left behind him in the wood. . . . Who were those two that crossed the road before us just then and slunk away in the shadow, a big hulking fellow and a boy?—I'll wager it was Bill Sykes and Oliver Twist going to crack a crib—more of Fagin's deviltry! . . . Yo-ho! the lights of London!—and here we are at last at London Bridge, where, quite giddy and breathless, we get down with Tom Pinch and the others—did I say that we had also picked up Codlin and Short, Mr. Scrooge and Tim Linkinwater, and a silent gentleman who cracked his joints incessantly?—I catch a glimpse of Rogue Riderhood slinking about his evil affairs and still wearing that old cap like a drowned dog. Drowned! that was the word in flaring black letters which stared from a dead wall—I saw John Harmon, muffled to the ears, stand before it a long time. . . . Now in the lighted city, and who of all strangely assorted beings of fact or fancy should I see in close conversation but Mr. Jarvis Lorry of Tellson's and Mr. Tulkinghorn of Lincoln's Inn Fields! No doubt they are talking about the strange disappearance of Lady Dedlock—I wonder if that boy limping past them,

unheeded, who looks so like Poor Jo, could throw any light on it. . . . But what grotesque figures are these under the corner lamp, with bonneted heads, bobbing at each other in eager colloquy? My life! it's Miss Flite and Sairey Gamp (dear Mrs. Gamp! thou, too, art said to be of an unreal world, yet do I hold thee dearer than all the joyless realities of their realism). I catch a few words—"the man from Shropshire"—and I surmise they are gossiping about the strange end of that unfortunate suitor of Chancery, who dropped dead on his one thousandth interruption of the Court. . . .

Flash-water weir mill lock of a balmy summer's evening and a rough fellow dressed like a bargeman, with a red neckerchief, who looks strangely like the schoolmaster Bradley Headstone. Was that the careless, handsome Eugene Wrayburn who went on before? Hurry, for God's sake, ere murder be done—you have not seen that man, as I did, smash his desperate hand against a stone wall. Hark! a blow!—another!—a splash—we are too late. But look! Lizzie Hexam is there before us, rowing her boat with a firm nerve and practised skill. Now thanks to God for that old time, and let me but save his life, even though it be for another! . . .

At Dr. Blimber's select academy for young gentlemen, and Master Bitherstone has just asked me, in a crisis of wounded feeling, if I would please map out for him an easy overland route to Bengal. I listened distractedly, for my mind was fixed on the New Boy. And who is this tiny chap sitting sadly alone while the grave clock seems to repeat the Doctor's greeting: "How—is—my—lit-tle—friend, how—is—my—lit-

tle—friend?" Oh, thou rejected of men and critics, let the world deny thee as it may, I call Heaven to witness that I was once as thou; that I wept true tears over thy young sorrows; that no child of my own house is more real to me than Paul Dombey. . . .

Mr. Richard Swiveller has just confided to me the extraordinary dilemma in which he finds himself—we were having a modest quencher, which induced the confidence. Mr. Swiveller's creditors have increased at such a rate that the principal thoroughfares are now closed to him, and in order to get only across the way, he is obliged to go into the country. I should have heard more on this interesting subject but for the sudden appearance, at the door, of a small person—Mr. Swiveller humorously called her the Marchioness—who made frantic gestures, importing that his presence was required in the establishment of Sampson Brass, Barrister-at-law. . . . Little Nell was dead. No sleep so calm and beautiful, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God—not one that had lived and suffered Death. . . . (And this, too, they have rejected, because, they say, it is blank verse!) . . .

Have you ever heard the legend of Bleeding Heart Yard, where Mr. Panks collects the rent and the Patriarch benevolently airs his bumps?—

Bleeding heart, bleeding heart,
Bleeding away!

Mrs. Plornish (who translates the Italian so elegantly) told it to me not long ago, but though it was very

sad, I have forgotten it. Perhaps because I was watching the eager eyes of John Baptist Cavaletto and wondering what he knows about one Rigaud whose moustache goes up and whose nose comes down. . . . I am sure that if Arthur Clennam had not given his heart to the young lady, and there had been no such thing as her engagement to *Another*, the rain would still have behaved just as it did—that is, it would have fallen heavily, drearily. But oh! I did not think so then. . . .

"Amy, is Bob on the lock?" . . .

I see an old man with white hair standing at the head of a rich banquet table and looking strangely upon the two long lines of astonished guests. Then I see Her go swiftly to his side and lay her hand on his arm, without shame, proud of him, loving him. And in her true eyes I see the fulness of that love through which the human reaches the divine—that love which, among English writers, Charles Dickens has best figured and expressed. . . . "Ladies and gentleman, I am called the Father of the Marshalsea. It is, ahem, a title, hum, hum, I may say earned, ahem, earned, by a somewhat protracted period of, ahem, residence. On this account it is, ahem, customary for visitors and, hum, hum, students, to make me a little offering, which usually takes the form of, ahem, a slight pecuniary donation. This is my daughter, ladies and gentlemen. Born here, bred here!" . . .

The roaring of many voices, the upturning of many faces, the rushing on of many footsteps in the outskirts of the crowd, until the mass heaves like a great wave and flashes away. . . . Fifty-three!

They said about him in the city

that night that his was the peaceful-est man's face ever beheld there. . . . It is a far, far better thing that I do than I have ever done. It is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known.

So they pass in review before my fond memory—the people of Dickens: a wonderful procession, fantastic, varied, extraordinary, not surely of this world, perhaps, but then of a better one—the magic realm of the master wizard of English story. And yet I am glad that I read him as a boy—that he belongs with so much else that is precious to the enchanted period of life. Rich as that genius was, and on many counts without a rival, one must I fear break with the charm when the illusions of youth are past. This is less the fault and loss of Dickens than our own.

Therefore, loving Dickens as I do,

I am yet not ashamed to confess that since boyhood I have re-read but few of his books—one of these was the *Tale of Two Cities*, and either the drinker was changed or there was something alien in the draught. I do not own a set of them, not even the old Franklin Square novels, which, a ragged regiment, have long since fluttered away into that dear and irrecoverable country where lie the lost treasures of youth. So I can honestly say that in the foregoing pages I have jotted down, without art or method, and without reference to the books themselves, some memories still fresh after thirty-odd years—it is perhaps given to few authors to possess us with such lasting recollections. Yet if I were to lose all these, I should not be beggared: there would still remain a world of Dickens in my remembrance.

M-U-D

BY JOHN OXENHAM

This poem is to appear in "High Altars," Mr. Oxenham's new book describing the battle-fields of France and Flanders.

This is an Ode
To
M-U-D—Mud!
Mud the ubiquitous,
Mud the iniquitous,
Mud—you're the limit in life's vast adversities!
Mud the all-prevalent,
Mud the malevolent,
Mud! to the deuce with your ill-timed perversities!

Mud, you most wretched old
Combine of wet and cold,
What were you made for, Mud?
Sure you weren't prayed for, Mud!
What is the use of you?—if this abuse of you
Could end the sluice of you—Mud, you'd be dud!
Ill-suppressed, chill-infest, de'il possessed Mud,
You're no good!
For it's—
Mud on the ground, and mud in the air,
And mud in your grub, and mud everywhere;
Mud in your mouth, and mud in your nose,
And mud in your boots, and mud 'twixt your toes,
And mud,—O my Tailor! the mud on your clo'es!
It's mud in your ears, and mud in your hair,
And mud in your tub, and mud—everywhere.
It's mud in your bread, and mud in your bed—
(If you happen to get one, I'll bet it's a wet one!)—
It's mud in your eyes, roight down to their sockets,
It's mud in your rifle, and mud in your pockets.
It's mud Cockney bykes with each kyke that he mykes,
And Taffy is fuller of mud than he likes.
Pat says, "Now, be jabers, it's worse than the pig!"
And Chow-Chow and Hindoo go out on fatigue.
It's mud on the mewels, and mud on the 'osses,
And mud in the graveyards, and mud on the crosses.
It's mud on the tractors, and mud on the bikes,
It's mud on Lord Topknot, and mud on Bill Sykes;
It's mud in the gutters, and mud on the dykes,
It's mud on the Scotties and mud on the Tykes;
You've mud in your tin-hat, and mud on your head,
You're mud while you're living, and mud when you're dead.
There's mud on your temper, and mud on your soul,
Just mud—the beginning, the end, and the whole.
And when you go dud to a new neighbourhood,
Then all that is left of you's buried in mud.
But the rest of you's clean; yes, the best of you's clean,
As it never has been since your face first was seen
In this quivering, slithering, gas-poisoned, withering, marrow-bone shivering
Land of dud mud.

FEDERAL POWER AND THE PEOPLE

BY HENRY LITCHFIELD WEST

Former Commissioner of the District of Columbia

Through the courtesy of Mr. Henry Litchfield West, the following article has been taken from his forthcoming book, "Federal Power." Mr. West was formerly a Commissioner of the District of Columbia and has been a close student of American Government for many years, specially in its Federal aspects. Though only a résumé of part of his book, we think this assembling of facts will impress every reader who is at all interested in the soundness of our political government.—THE EDITOR.

THE extension of the power and authority of the Federal Government has been erroneously characterised as Federal usurpation. The dictionary definition of the word "usurpation" is "the act of seizing, or occupying and enjoying, the place, power, functions or property of another without right." This is not the situation as it exists in the United States to-day. Power and functions have been thrust upon executive officers, the visible impersonations of the Federal Government, by the representatives of the people in Congress assembled. Hamilton very properly observed, in the "Federalist" papers, that the fabric of the American empire ought to rest upon the solid basis of the consent of the people; and if the people consent to grant large powers to the Federal Government, those powers are legitimate and are not usurped.

Much of the Federal legislation enacted by Congress was based upon the doctrine of paramount necessity. This has not been, however, the only inspiring cause. There has been in the minds of the people an instinct, selfish though it might be, which has led them to gain for themselves all possible advantage through the

extension of governmental functions. No one can analyse the appropriations made by Congress without being impressed by the fact that the people, through their representatives, have insisted upon the Federal revenues being diverted into channels which would insure the greatest good to the greatest number. Even Thomas Jefferson, stalwart opponent of Federalism as he was, could not resist the temptation offered by a surplus in the treasury in 1806, and suggested that the money be applied to "the great purposes of public education, roads, rivers, canals, and such other objects of public improvement as it may be thought proper." He doubted, however, the authority of Congress thus to dispose of the Federal funds and recommended an appropriate amendment to the Constitution. President Madison also called the attention of Congress to "the great importance of establishing throughout our country the roads and canals which can best be executed under National authority," and while he lauded the efforts of the States, pointed out that "National jurisdiction and National means" would be more effective. He recognised, as Jefferson

did, a constitutional defect against carrying his programme into effect, and later vetoed a bill which had passed Congress to use Federal funds for internal improvements, holding that the power to regulate commerce did not include the power to construct roads and canals, nor improve the navigation of water courses. He expressed the belief, also, "that the permanent success of the Constitution depends upon a definite partition of powers between the General and the State Governments." President Monroe vetoed in 1822, upon the same grounds, "An act for the preservation and repair of the Cumberland Road;" in 1830 President Jackson vetoed the Maysville turnpike bill, the first of a series of vetoes of internal improvement bills; and as late as 1847 President Polk vetoed a river and harbour bill. The men in Congress who shared these views introduced amendments to the Constitution by which they sought to confer upon Congress the power which seemed to be a matter of doubt.

No concerted effort was, however, put forth toward securing the adoption of these proposed amendments and, in the meantime, the door of the Federal treasury stood invitingly open. The desire to benefit from the expenditure of Federal funds overcame all scruples. A popular pressure which could not be withstood finally led Congress to embark upon a policy which, up to the present time, has resulted in the expenditure of nearly \$1,000,000,000 for river and harbour improvements alone. It has not been unusual for appropriation bills of this character to aggregate as much as \$80,000,000 in a single year and for the enjoyment of participating in the distri-

bution of this vast amount of Federal wealth, the States eagerly welcome the presence of Federal agents within their boundaries and hasten to demonstrate the navigability of streams which are only deep enough to float barges and logs. The construction of public buildings has been another favourite method of securing the expenditure of Federal funds within State borders, only a few brave and conscientious spirits questioning the honesty of wholesale raids upon the National Treasury. Outside of Congress, the river and harbour bills and the public building bills are characterised as "pork," and well deserve the name. The point to be emphasised, however, is that the idea of legitimatising these appropriations by the adoption of an amendment to the Constitution has been utterly forgotten, because if the people's representatives decide that these expenditures are to be made, who shall say them nay?

A well-filled Federal treasury invites a multitude of appropriations. It is the money of the people, and the representatives of the people spend it for their constituents. Who are these constituents? The rural population of the United States, according to the last census, was over 48,000,000, of whom 25,000,000 were males, while the urban was only 42,000,000. In the fact that a very large proportion of the electorate of this country resides in rural districts is to be found the convincing reason for the extension of governmental functions in behalf of the agriculturist. The golden bait of getting something for nothing is dangled before the eyes of the farmers by vote-seeking Congressmen and the farmers, in turn, quite willingly forget the duties which the State owes

to its citizens as they share in the benefits of Federal activities. The Department of Agriculture, which is the executive division of the government most intimately connected with the farming class, has developed with hot-house rapidity under the nurture of Federalistic sentiment. The figures tell the story. In 1894, the division of botany in the Department of Agriculture cost \$8,600 per annum, while twenty years later the appropriations for the Bureau of Plant Industry aggregated over \$2,000,000. The expenditures of the Bureau of Forestry increased during the same period from \$7,280 to considerably in excess of \$5,000,000. The Bureau of Chemistry is comparatively a new creation, but this does not prevent it from spending over \$1,000,000 a year, mainly for the enforcement of the pure food law. Meat inspection, a responsibility from which the States have been relieved, also costs \$1,000,000 annually. Consideration for the welfare of the people is undoubtedly within the sphere of government, but it is certain that the founders of this republic never contemplated the degree of intimate regard for the individual which is now apparent. The vast sums expended by Federal agents concern every detail of farm life—not only as to advising the farmer as to the care of his animals and plants, including ornamental shrubs, and an inquiry into the diseases of ginseng, but how to bale and wrap his cotton, cure his tobacco and market his eggs. We have certainly reached a remarkable stage in our national existence when a Southern Democrat can announce upon the floor of the House, with apparent satisfaction, that “five hundred and thirty-five hog pastures

were built in Georgia under the plan of the Federal Department of Agriculture.”

Another striking instance of bureaucratic growth is the Bureau of Standards. In its inception, a little more than twenty years ago, this office consisted of an adjuster, a mechanic, a messenger and a watchman. To-day this Bureau expends nearly one million dollars per annum, is housed in costly buildings surrounded by extensive grounds, and its duties range from investigating the danger to life and property due to the transmission of electric currents at high potentials, to determining the fire-resisting properties of building materials. The people, through Congress, have granted these large sums and authorised these unusual governmental duties on the theory, apparently, that the work is for the public welfare and cannot, or will not, be undertaken by the States. Certainly no other reason can be advanced, for instance, for taking out of the Federal treasury \$400,000 in a single year for the sole purpose of eradicating the cattle tick. The most notable advance in recent years, however, is in the rural free delivery mail service. Nobody questions the fact that postal matters are within the jurisdiction of the Federal Government, but this one item demonstrates how great a single branch of public service can become. In the post-office appropriation bill for 1894 appears a modest appropriation of \$10,000 to be applied, under the direction of the Postmaster General, to experimental free delivery in rural communities other than towns and villages. The post-office appropriation bill for the current year carries for this experiment of two decades

ago the enormous sum of nearly \$55,000,000.

So enlarged have the powers and duties of the Federal Government become that the Civil Service Commission, which in 1894 consisted of three commissioners and a dozen clerks, is now a most pretentious Bureau, requiring several hundred clerks and a large executive staff to handle the examination papers of the army of government employees. The field force of the Commission alone to-day costs more than the entire expense of the organisation in 1894. The enforced growth of the Federal power also creates a constant demand for new Departments. Two have been established in recent years, the latest being the Department of Labour, while a Department of Health is being earnestly advocated. These Departments naturally increased the number of Bureaus. In the Department of Commerce, a comparatively new institution, there are the Bureau of Corporations, the Bureau of Lighthouses, the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, the Bureau of Fisheries, the Bureau of Navigation, the Bureau of Mines and several others. There are scores upon scores of Bureaus in connection with the eleven Departments of the Government, and Government inspectors or officials of various kinds now number thousands where, a few years ago, they could be counted by the score. In view of this, it is impossible not to recall the fact that one of the complaints against King George III in the Declaration of Independence was in these words:

He has erected a multitude of new offices, and sent thither swarms of officers, to harass our people and eat out our substance.

What is to be said to-day, when a

multitude of new offices is being erected every year and when swarms of officers are maintained at enormous cost upon the public treasury? Of course, in the days of our forefathers, the objectionable officers were imposed upon the people by a monarch against their will. To-day the offices are created by laws enacted by the representatives of the people, the latter being now apparently quite willing to be harassed and to allow their substance to go into the pockets of Federal officials.

The end is not yet. It is practically certain, for example, that within the next ten years the Bureau of Education, now a modest attachment of the Department of the Interior, will reach colossal size. There is in Congress a growing belief that the dispensing of education in wholesale fashion is a governmental duty, without regard to the efforts put forth, or the facilities provided by, the States. It is true that the House of Representatives, after an entire day spent in debate, declined to pass a measure which directed the Commissioner of Education to investigate illiteracy among the adult population of the United States and report upon the means by which this illiteracy might be reduced or eliminated; but defeat was only made possible by the opposing influence of the all-powerful chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, Mr. Fitzgerald, of New York, who protested against "a movement which, if continued and not stopped, means an entire change in our system of government, a practical subordination of State and local governments, if not the elimination of local self-government in this country, and the building up of a great Federalised

central government, which I believe is the greatest menace to this country." The defeat of this particular measure will not dishearten those who, despite Mr. Fitzgerald's warning, would indefinitely extend governmental activities. There have been propositions in Congress to appropriate \$1,000,000 annually for a teachers' training fund, to be distributed proportionately among the States for the purpose of preparing teachers to give vocational instruction in agriculture, the trades and industries and home economics; to take \$17,000,000 annually out of the Federal treasury for the maintenance of instruction in the same subjects in grade schools, normal schools and colleges throughout the United States; and for the Federal Government to undertake a general education survey of the United States and its possessions, although the author of the latter measure, with a qualm of State rights' conscience, is willing to have States and localities bear half the expense when they co-operate with the Federal Commissioner of Education. Many other educational schemes have been introduced in Congress—the establishment of an elementary industrial school in the Appalachian mountains and the creation of educational parental courts, for instance,—and the number is certain to be increased in the near future. It is a conservative prediction to say that some of them will be enacted into laws. If the Federal Government can go into the States to afford aid to the individual farmer; if it can insure the purity of every article of food manufactured within a State border; if it can carry our parcels and take care of our surplus earnings, it can certainly undertake universal education. The argument

of the greatest good to the greatest number, regardless of Constitutional limitations or State jurisdiction, will prevail in the future as it has in the past. Very extravagant may seem the propositions just cited, but they are not more so than actual laws and appropriations recently enacted, and the scope of which, ten or twenty years ago, would have been regarded as beyond imagination.

There is one phase of Federal power which, although granted by the people through their representatives, is still, in the minds of many, open to serious question. This is the reservation for future use of enormous tracts of land in the western States. The law which empowered the President to set apart "public lands wholly or in part covered with undergrowth, whether of commercial value or not, as public reservations," was, at first, administered in restricted fashion; but, during Roosevelt's administration, the principle of conservation was carried by him to such a degree that Congress passed a law forbidding further forest reservations to be made in Colorado, Wyoming, Idaho, Montana, Washington or Oregon, without its consent. President Roosevelt, aware that this prohibition would pass Congress, circumvented its purpose by reserving additional areas aggregating 30,000,000 acres during the ten days intervening after the Congressional enactment had been presented to him for approval. There have now been withdrawn 192,000,000 acres under the Forest Reserve Act, and innumerable forest rangers and other Federal agents now populate the western country and compel obedience to Federal regulations. Under laws enacted by the representatives of the people the imposition

upon the western States has gone much further. Various statutes, which need not be recited in detail, tax the natural resources of the public domain through leases of grazing, oil, phosphate, asphaltum, coal and mineral lands for the benefit of the Federal treasury, while power plants are made to pay a royalty to the Federal Government for each horsepower generated by falling water. In Colorado no less than 15,000,000 acres of land have been set aside as forest reserves, while 10,000,000 acres of coal land have been withdrawn from entry or a leasing value set upon them so high as to make their utilisation prohibitive. This vast territory is equal to the area covered by the entire States of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Hampshire and Rhode Island. In Oregon over 16,000,000 acres and in Washington more than 10,000,000 acres are under Federal dominion, with no possibility of the States enjoying the benefit therefrom. The attitude of these States is naturally one of protest against alleged injustice. Their citizens point to the acts which enabled them to form a State government and which provided that "the State, when formed, shall be admitted into the Union upon an equal footing with the original States in all respect whatever," and claim a violation of these statutes because the advantages possessed by the original States have been denied to them. Not only has the growth of population been greatly retarded by making settlement difficult and restricting the area for home-builders to occupy, but, inasmuch as no taxes can be collected upon lands owned by the United States, the revenue, as well as the resources of the States, have been seriously impaired. It is

pointed out, for instance, that the natural resources of Pennsylvania are not taxed by the Federal Government, but accrue to the benefit of the State and its citizens, whereas in the western States the Federal Government levies and collects the tax. It is no wonder that in States where the Federal Government exercises so much control there is a feeling of resentment, or that the assertion that these conditions represent a degree of interference in local affairs never before attempted in this country finds a responsive echo within their borders.

BROADENING THE FEDERAL FIELD

When experiments had become experiences, the area of Federal control broadened with tremendous rapidity. A flood of Federal legislation descended upon the country, sweeping everything before it. With breadth and impetus the flood has now swept over the intervening State barriers and is still moving onward with irresistible force.

These enactments have come as the logical outcome of events. The public mind has become completely saturated with a feeling of absolute faith in the efficacy of Federal power. Propositions that a few years ago would have been ridiculed are now accepted with composure and even cordiality, the mastery attained over railroad and other corporations having whetted the public appetite for further conquests. Naturally there was no hesitation when, in response to an imperative demand, the suggestion was made that the Federal power might be successfully employed in suppressing the traffic in women for immoral purposes. The so-called White Slave Act is an attempt on the part of the Federal

Government to lessen immorality by burdening vice with conditions and punishments which make its practice difficult. The statute was an evolution. As long ago as 1875 a Federal act made it illegal to import women for immoral purposes; but not being wholly effective, another law was passed in 1907. As this contained an unconstitutional provision, it was later amended. It did not remedy the evil. There was still a traffic in women which neither Federal nor State law had been able to reach. Once again, therefore, the Federal power was called into requisition and by an ingenious scheme the reform was accomplished under the comprehensive authority given to Congress to regulate commerce among the several States. The act, as finally approved, forbids the transporting, or obtaining transportation for, in interstate or foreign commerce, any woman or girl for the purpose of prostitution or debauchery, or for any other immoral purpose; and the Supreme Court has already decided that the transportation need not be in or by an interstate carrier. Persuading, inducing, enticing or coercing any woman or girl to go from one State to another for an immoral purpose is prohibited under heavy penalties. The law, however, goes still further. The mere intent or purpose, verbally expressed, on the part of any person to have a woman or girl engage in immorality is classed as a felony. This section of the law was severely criticised as bringing a purely mental operation under the domain of interstate commerce; and it was also questioned whether conversation could be regarded as being within the meaning of the word "commerce" in the Constitution. On the other

hand, it was argued that if the transportation of lottery tickets could be prohibited, not because pieces of paper were in themselves harmful, but because of the injurious connection between them and the entire scheme of the lottery, the interstate transportation of women for the purposes of immorality could also be made illegal. It was shown, too, that the Supreme Court had held that solicitation of business for a firm outside of its own State was a part of interstate commerce. It was not the arguments as to the constitutionality of the proposed law, however, which determined its enactment. It was the fact that the so-called White Slave traffic "shocked the moral sense of the nation," and the people, through their representatives, were bent upon its abolition, even if the power of the Federal Government had to be invoked in devious ways. The fact that the United States Supreme Court has upheld the law in at least four decisions will further stimulate the exercise of the Federal power in overcoming the next evil which arouses nation-wide condemnation.

Not only do men and women crossing State borders pass under the control of the Federal Government, but even the birds that fly through the air have been placed in the same category. In a law approved March 3, 1913, making appropriations for the Department of Agriculture, is a clause which declares that all migratory and insectivorous birds which do not remain permanently throughout the entire year in any State or Territory, "shall hereafter be deemed within the custody and protection of the Government of the United States, and shall not be destroyed or taken contrary to regulations hereinafter

provided for." These regulations have been promulgated by the Department of Agriculture, and fine or imprisonment is the punishment of any person convicted of their violation. A provision in the law, not devoid of sarcastic humour, asserts "that nothing herein contained shall be deemed . . . to prevent the States and Territories from enacting laws and regulations to promote and render efficient the regulations of the Department of Agriculture provided under this act." In other words, the moment the President of the United States made this statute effective by affixing his signature of approval, that moment all the game laws of all the States were wiped out of existence. In their stead was erected a series of regulations framed by a Federal official at Washington. So completely has the Federal authority supplanted the authority of the States in this particular that recently, when citizens and land-owners in South Carolina desired to shoot ducks in that State during a certain month, they were compelled to confer with the Chief of the Biological Survey in Washington, an appointed official paid a salary of \$3,500 a year, in order to obtain the necessary permission, even though the season in which they desired to indulge in the sport was legal according to their State laws. Two reasons seem to have actuated the representatives of the people in Congress in this complete surrender of State sovereignty—first, that unless birds are safeguarded the injury done by insects will increase and that this protection could not be accorded except by the Federal Government owing to "the multiplicity of State laws and the divergence of their provisions." The profundity of the

argument brought to bear upon the Senate is shown in the favourable report made to that body upon the bill. "But for the vegetation the insects would perish," it says, "and but for the insects the birds would perish, and but for the birds the vegetation would be utterly destroyed." Thus was rhythm and logic happily combined; while it was also soberly quoted in the debate, as another reason for a Federal law, that although Texas makes the killing of a robin an offence punishable by a fine of five dollars, the law is not enforced by the State, wherefore the heavy hand of Federal authority must be laid not only upon Texas but upon every other State in the Union. As against such arguments as these, the serious presentation of State jurisdiction under the Constitution was naturally unavailing. In vain was it urged that the blackbird or the crow that wings its flight across the blue vault of heaven has neither consignor nor consignee, and is not, therefore, interstate commerce; or that the Federal Government has no police power in the States for the protection of its property not on Federal ground; or that it was preposterous to suppose that a barefoot boy could be arrested, taken before a Federal judge, and fined or imprisoned for an act which was not in violation of any local statute. Judicial determination of the constitutionality of this act is now pending in the United States Supreme Court in the case of the United States, plaintiff in error, vs. Harvey C. Shauver; but, in the meantime, the House of Representatives has reaffirmed the law and has made it operative by granting to the Federal Government a generous appropriation for its enforcement.

It is not surprising that an effort is now being made to place migratory fishes under Federal control, so that even the Mississippi catfish may ere long swim proudly under government protection. This seems absurd; and yet it must not be forgotten that if Federal protection is extended over the fishes, it will be done by the formal enactment of a law by the representatives of the people. It may have been, in the matter of the bird legislation, that the Federal official whose duties are chiefly ornithological was unduly active in creating sentiment favourable to the law; but the fact remains that his efforts would have been in vain if they had not been sanctioned by the branch of the Government which represents the people.

Another striking and most unusual instance of the exercise of Federal power was presented in the Congressional investigations of purely local strike conditions in West Virginia, Michigan and Colorado. It will be remembered that President Cleveland directed United States troops to be employed in an effort, during the strike of railroad employees in Chicago, to insure the safe and uninterrupted transit of the United States mail, the local authorities being apparently unable to cope with the situation. There was justification for Mr. Cleveland's action. The conditions in Paint Creek, West Virginia, in the spring of 1913 were by no means analogous. There was trouble between the coal miners and the mine owners, but no Federal function suffered violation or interference. However, in order to find an excuse for conducting a Federal inquiry into a State condition, the Senate Committee on Education and Labour was solemnly directed to pro-

ceed to Paint Creek and discover "whether or not postal services have been or are being interfered with or obstructed in said coal fields;" and "whether or not the immigration laws of this country have been or are being violated, and whether there were any agreements or combinations entered into contrary to the laws of the United States; and, finally, if any or all of these conditions exist, to investigate and report upon the causes leading to such conditions." Altogether unavailing was the assertion of the Senators from West Virginia that the State authorities were competently handling the situation. Equally futile was the charge that the resolution of authorisation offered only a thinly clad excuse for an unwarranted Federal interference. The resolution was adopted and the Federal committee started upon its mission of inquiry. Its report was not submitted for a year. In the meantime, the strike had been settled; but the upholders of the doctrine of Federal control cited the presence of the Federal committee in the strike region as a powerful factor in restoring peace and order. The basis of the inquiry into the strike situations in the copper district of Michigan and the coal fields of Colorado was identical with that set forth in the Paint Creek resolution; and the House of Representatives having ordered the investigations, the congressional committees visited the respective localities, not hesitating to summon local and State officials and question them as to the reason for the existing conditions. As a result of the inquiry, the request has been made that strikebreakers be barred from going from one State to another, which is a new application of the authority to regulate commerce.

There may be some question as to the propriety of Federal invasion of State territory when there is not even *prima facie* evidence that any detail of Federal administration is involved; but there is no disputing the fact that the invaders went armed with a mandate from all the people, issued through their representatives. It must be admitted, therefore, that the Federal investigators neither violated nor usurped power. They acted in accordance with law, enacted by those to whom the authority to make laws had been duly delegated by the people.

The fight over the so-called Child Labour Law was lengthy and bitterly contested. The opposition to its enactment came mainly from the Southern States, for two reasons—first, because it is in the South that the doctrine of States' rights is finding its last citadel, and, second, because in that section child labour is very largely used. The doctrine of paramount necessity, however, again prevailed and the measure became a law. In this case, as in many others, the desired result was attempted through indirection. It was manifestly futile to propose a law to supplant directly the legislation of a State, but it seemed possible to forbid the interstate shipment of any product of a mine or quarry upon which a child under sixteen years of age had laboured or the product of any mill, cannery, workshop, factory or manufacturing establishment whereon children under the age of fourteen years, or children between the ages of fourteen and sixteen years, had laboured, except that in the latter case employment during eight hours between 6 A.M. and 7 P.M. was permitted. This prohibition sought to accom-

plish a change imperatively demanded by existing conditions: and although the Supreme Court of the United States, by the narrow majority of five to four, has declared the law unconstitutional, there is no doubt that Congress will amend the act so as to overcome this adverse decision. The reasons which have compelled the enactment of beneficent and humane Federal laws obtain with especial force in the matter of child labour and eventually the proposed and necessary reform will be accomplished.

Another wide application of Federal power is embodied in the Federal Farm Loan Act, which was approved July 17, 1916. This law was inspired by the fact that while bank loans could be obtained upon stocks and bonds of approved security, the farmer was financially handicapped because he owned nothing but his land. It is not necessary here to review the four years of agitation which preceded the enactment of the law nor to rehearse the obvious arguments which were advanced by those who favoured the legislation. Suffice it to say that, it being apparently taken for granted that the States have neither the desire nor the ability to provide for the financial needs of the farmers within their borders, there is now a Federal Farm Loan Board, consisting of five members, including the Secretary of the Treasury, who is chairman *ex officio*. This Board has divided the United States into twelve districts and has established Federal land banks, each with a subscribed capital of not less than \$750,000. National farm loan associations have also been organised under the provisions of the act, and, in fact, thousands of needy farmers have already been accom-

modated with funds. In view of the certainty that the operations of these Federal banks will extend into every community it is quite evident that the country will now witness in widespread fashion another demonstration of the beneficence of Federal power when exercised for the general good. It is really not a far cry from these Federal farm loan banks to the governmental pawnshops maintained for the poor by France and Mexico. If for the stockholder and bondholder the government can provide a method of borrowing; and if the same advantage can be accorded the owner of land, there is no reason why equal consideration should not be given to the citizen who can only pledge his personal effects. The whole transaction is merely one of degree.

The bold stroke by which Congress established eight hours as a day's work on every railroad in the United States, except those less than one hundred miles in length or street or interurban roads operated by electricity, is another extension of Federal power not to be lightly considered. The importance of the enactment is not alone in the fact that Congress can, almost over-night, effect an industrial revolution, but in its demonstration that we too often do our national thinking in terms of politics—a lesson which is serious enough if we are to continue moving forward along present lines. The demand of the 2,000,000 employees, known in railroad circles as the Four Brotherhoods, for the legal establishment of an eight-hour day was coupled with the threat of a nationwide strike and that, too, with a presidential election only sixty days distant. It was manifestly fatal for the Administration in power, from a political point of view, for either

the strike to occur or for the Brotherhoods to fail in their desire. Consequently the law was hastily framed and passed with equal precipitancy, being approved by the President on September 3, 1916. The oft-repeated experiment of utilising interstate commerce as the agency to make the law effective was resorted to, as it can be at any time in the future when the organised employees of the railroads decide to formulate additional demands, especially as the Supreme Court of the United States has decided that in the Constitutional right to "regulate commerce" is embraced the authority to specify hours of labour. Nor is it necessary to confine the outlook to railroad employees alone. Any class of men, sufficiently numerous and organised, can secure the same result. With a demagogue in the White House truckling for votes in order to secure his re-election, and with a Congress of cowardly politicians equally desirous of catering to those upon whom their position depends, we might easily be confronted with a menacing situation. The path which has been opened by the passage of the eight-hour law is a wide one and no one can tell whither it will lead. Not so long ago some of the States enacted what are known as "full-crew" railroad laws, but in other States similar measures were defeated. There is nothing to prevent a Federal law being enacted which will fasten the desired legislation upon all the States. All social and industrial reforms may be accomplished in the same manner. Woman Suffrage, with women wielding the ballot in more than twenty States, must be seriously regarded. When the women voters desire to invoke Federal power in be-

half of altruistic principles and back their appeal with promise of support or threat of antagonism at the polls, the laws which they propose may be enacted, and the units which we now designate by the name of States may find themselves more atrophied than ever.

Perhaps, after all, the climax of Federalism is to be found in the so-called Federal Reserve Act. Under this law, which has reformed the currency system of the country, a Federal Reserve Board has been appointed. It consists of seven members, of whom two are the Secretary of the Treasury and the Comptroller of the Currency. The other five are named by the President and confirmed by the Senate. As all the national banks are required by the law to enter the Federal Reserve system or forfeit their charters, with the privilege of similar affiliation accorded to State banks and trust companies, the entire monetary system of the country is thus placed in the control of seven men, all of whom are, in turn, appointees, and to that extent creatures, of the President. The total capitalisation of the seven thousand five hundred and seventy-nine national banks thus brought together is over \$1,000,000,000. Their deposits reach the tremendous aggregate of \$22,882,000,000 additional and this amount will be enormously increased by the receipts of the Government which are now deposited in the reserve banks instead of the Federal Treasury. Here, then, are seven men, located in the national capital, agents of the Federal Government, in full control of many billions of dollars. While the wisdom of legalising this enormous power seems now unquestioned, it is appropriate to recall the memorable

fight made by Andrew Jackson against the Bank of the United States. There is a difference, of course, between that institution and the Federal Reserve banks controlled by the Federal Reserve Board, because the former was a private concern, even though chartered by Congress, while the latter are directly under Government control. At the same time, the words of Andrew Jackson are not altogether without bearing upon the present situation. His struggle against the Bank was based upon his antagonism to the control of a vast amount of wealth by a certain few; yet the Bank of the United States dealt with millions where the Federal Reserve Board has to do with billions. The Bank of the United States, as Jackson pointed out, "possessed the power to make money plentiful or scarce at its pleasure at any time or at any place by controlling the issues of other banks and permitting an expansion or compelling a general contraction of the circulating medium according to its will." This criticism applies with equal force to the Federal Reserve Board. It was also Jackson's opinion that "to give the President the control over the currency and the power over individuals now possessed by the Bank of the United States, even with the material difference that he is responsible to the people, would be as objectionable and dangerous as to leave it where it is." It is not a far cry from this declaration of Jackson to the system now enacted into law; and a feeling of anxiety naturally arises at the thought that some day there may be in the White House a President who would convert the Federal Reserve Board into an instrument for the accomplishment of

his revenge or the furtherance of his ambition. Upon these seven men there rests a great responsibility. They can use the Federal power, as no other men can, to press the sensitive money nerve of the nation; and yet it must be emphasised that this power was granted by the representatives of the people. It is true that the legislation which authorised it was recommended and urged with much insistence by the President, but it was not incumbent upon Congress to heed unwillingly the Presidential demand. Whether the control of billions of dollars by Federal agents is to be for good or ill, the representatives of the people are responsible and the people themselves must accept the consequences.

As an evidence that we have not reached the limit of the application of Federal power, innumerable measures are introduced in each succeeding session of Congress pointing the way to further extensions. For instance, Maryland, West Virginia, Rhode Island, New Jersey and New York having adopted State laws to eliminate idleness, and these laws having been executed with some degree of success, it is now proposed, through Federal legislation to apply the same idea to the entire nation. There are also propositions to punish the false advertisement of any security or commodity which enters into interstate commerce; to establish uniform prices for uniform commodities; to attach a Federal label to all fabrics and leather goods; to provide for the Federal inspection and grading of grain; and to fix the size

of fruit baskets. The National Wage Commission bill has many advocates. It provides that the President shall appoint a wage commissioner for each Congressional district in the United States to investigate every complaint of alleged insufficient, inequitable or unjust wage. This, of course, would be Federal interference, supervision and control to the last degree. Senator Chilton, of Texas, has seriously proposed that the Federal Government shall establish a minimum wage of nine dollars per week for all females employed by persons, firms or corporations doing an interstate commerce business. Another proposition defines and regulates investment companies authorised to use the mail and makes the very act of using the mails a sufficient foundation for bringing any person, firm or corporation within the sphere of Federal control.

These instances could be indefinitely multiplied. They illustrate the tendency of the times. There is absolutely no limit to the phases which invite the application of Federal authority, apart from any question of war emergency. Congress has already gone far; but judging the future from the past, it has only touched the edges of the great domain wherein Federal power may be exerted. No one can examine the record of the laws already passed, nor scan the list of measures awaiting action, without realising that popular approval is bestowed upon every effort to invoke Federal aid in the securing of beneficent results.

A CURIOSITY IN BEST-SELLER TECHNIQUE

BY CLAIR KENAMORE

HAROLD BELL WRIGHT has written novels which have been sold to the extent of seven million copies. I had read some of them and examined them carefully, but I was unable to discover the reason for their great popularity. Why did so many people read them? I could not tell, so I sought out Mr. Wright and asked him what he thought about it.

He did not say precisely that the same question had bothered him, but he was willing to join in an investigation.

We cast out several likely looking reasons at the start.

Because they were great works of art? I declared against this.

Because they were attractively and insinuatingly presented to the public. He vetoed this. It obviously could not have been kept up for seven million copies.

A dozen other hypotheses were offered and rejected.

"Maybe it's what I put in 'em," the author suggested mildly.

I could not see this. Other writers use the same sort of characters, scenes and incidents, as good or better plots, and more attractive styles, but their books fall flat. When they are successful, they sell but a fraction of a Wright book sales.

"Possibly it is the way they are put together," he advanced. "Two ships may be built on the same lines, the same design, the same size, the same material, the same rigging and spread of canvas, but when they put to sea, one will sail right away from the other. Sailors say it is because

of the unseen, unknown-of things in the making."

It was a luring idea. Virtually everybody who reads or writes has asked, with reference to Harold Bell Wright, some variant of the question: "How does he do it?"

His readers doubtless wonder how he keeps up to the mark. His colleagues in book-sellers' windows ask: "How *can* he do it?" Earnest literary critics ask why he is permitted to do it. A Sunday-like pall of pessimism settles over grave editorial offices when a new Wright book comes out, and the already dark future of American literature becomes hopeless when the new book joins the best sellers in Boston.

"Very well, how do you do it, Mr. Wright? How do you put a novel together?"

"Come down to the yards. The plans of the latest paper boat are still there, and the ways from which she was launched."

We went to the study. It is a big khaki-coloured tent with celluloid windows. The walls roll up like awnings. It stands on an exposed headland overlooking the high valley in which is Tucson, Arizona. Half a gale of wind cracked the fly like a whip. It is no place for a sensitive artistic soul to weave airy fancies.

"The system I use may have been employed for centuries, or it may be no one else has ever used it," Mr. Wright said. "I have wondered whether it is new or old. Whichever it may be, here it is. Help yourself.

"When I start to write a novel,

the first thing I do is to figure out why I am going to write it. Not *what* is the story, but *why*? I mull this over a while, and when it is pretty straight in my mind, I write out an argument. Here is the argument for *When a Man's a Man*. It was written, you understand, for myself only, and may be a little heavy. It is not in the style I would have employed if I had intended it for public consumption. Any person who has read the book will, I believe, be able to see that its foundation is in this Argument."

ARGUMENT.

1. *Character of Man.*

The characteristics which distinguish man, the human animal, from the mere animal are, chiefly, intellectual consciousness and perception, and the higher intellectual emotions and sentiment.

The characteristics which man has in common with the mere animal are, chiefly, the functions and instincts of animal life.

2. *Vital Principle.*

The Vital Principle of those characteristics which distinguish Man, the human animal, from the mere animal, is identical with the Vital Principle of those characteristics which man has in common with the mere animal.

3. *Vital Principle Destroyed.*

The characteristics which man has in common with the mere animal being the basic characteristics of the man-life—the fundamental and essential elements in which the physical, social, intellectual and spiritual life of the race is rooted, any agency that tends to weaken and destroy the vital principle of those characteristics, weakens and destroys as surely those characteristics which distinguish man from the mere animal.

4. *Destructive Agencies—Intellectual.*

The over-emphasis placed upon pursuits and achievements of a purely intellectual nature (however worthy in themselves) tends to ignorance of the truth that without the vital principle of those characteristics—not primarily intellectual but physical—which man has in common with the mere animal, the intellectual pursuits and achievements are themselves impossible and is, therefore, destructive to the physical, intellectual and spiritual life of the race.

5. *Destructive Agencies, Luxuries, etc.*

The over-valuation placed by this age upon enervating luxuries and de-vitalising pleasures, the idle dependence of wealth not earned, the abnormal craving for a social position that is not based upon worthy achievement or acquired strength of character, the ignoble pride of being served instead of the noble consciousness of serving, and the substitution of these weakening agencies in the mind of the people for the vital principle of manhood with the consequent upholding of them to the youth as the chief purpose and end of all human endeavour, denies the vital principle of the man-life and is, therefore, destructive to the physical, intellectual and spiritual life of the race.

6. *Characteristics of Manhood as Such.*

The characteristics which distinguish man from the mere animal are not the distinguishing characteristics of manhood as such. The characteristics which distinguish manhood as such are those characteristics which man has in common with the mere animal. Social position, culture, possessions or intellectual

achievements do not, in themselves, evidence strength of manhood, nor are they essential to manhood as such.

7. *Man's Instinctive Regard for Manhood as Such.*

The instinctive regard for those characteristics which distinguish manhood as such, separate and apart from social position, culture, possessions, or mere intellectual achievement, is closely related to the instinct for self-preservation, which is universal in the human race and which man has in common with the mere animal.

8. *Appeal of Sex.*

Man, the male, normally makes his strongest appeal to woman through those characteristics which distinguish manhood as such—separate and apart from social position, culture, possessions or even intellectual achievements.

9. *Racial Self-preservation and Error of the Age.*

The instinct which in normal woman directs her to yield to those characteristics of man which distinguish manhood as such is the racial instinct for racial self-preservation. The denying by woman of this instinct and the substitution of the destructive influences as the determining factor in mating is contrary to those laws of nature that govern the mating and perpetuation of all life. It is the fundamental error of this age, and the prime cause of the many social evils that threaten the life of the race.

10. *Motif of Story.*

It shall be the purpose of this novel to arouse and foster this instinctive regard for the essential qualities or characteristics of manhood as such; to warn against the over-emphasis placed upon pursuits

and achievements of a purely intellectual nature in so far as these pursuits and achievements ignore the destructive character of manhood; to deny the valuation placed by this age upon the destructive forces that attack this fundamental and essential in which the life of the race is rooted; and to affirm that the mating of human kind must be governed by the natural laws that have their origin in the vital principle of those characteristics which man has in common with the mere animal.

"No suggestion of a plot yet, you see," Mr. Wright said when the reading of the argument ended. "No incidents, scenes, location, nothing done so far except the argument, but it is the heart and soul of the novel. The novel is merely this argument presented through the medium of characters, plot, incidents, and the other properties of the story.

"This story might have been a sea tale, if my knowledge of the sea and ships had been complete enough to place it there. Every character might have been changed, and still the essential story might have been told just as satisfactorily and effectively.

"Next come the characters, each one standing for some element or factor in the argument. Up to the last copying of the *Eyes of the World*, not a character had been named. They were called in the copy, Greed, Ambition, Youth, or whatever they represented to me in the writing of the story.

"To become closely acquainted with the characters, I write for each one a character card, and a character history card. This last includes a biography of the person, usually beginning before his birth,

and covering his life up to his appearance in the story. I work over these until I feel that I know the person intimately, and that he is a logical character. Something in his history or nature must account for his every action in the story. Thus I know what he would do under any given circumstances.

"These characters in the story bear the same relation to one another as do the elements they represent in the argument, which, to my mind, is the relation of the life forces which they represent. The germ of the plot lies somewhere in here. It is not an inspiration, but a logical growth. The plot, with me, never is the reason for the story. The argument is that. As to the 'story for the story's sake,' nothing is farther from my mind.

"With the close acquaintance with the characters, the plot assumes form. The various persons with their different ways and views, hopes and ambitions and fears, must create problems and situations which suggest the beginning of a still unformed plot. The plot is a growth or development, slow or rapid, which may string itself all through the preparation for the writing.

"If incidents insist on intruding themselves while I am working on the characters, I make notes of them and go ahead with the work in the manner laid down.

"Next comes the construction, as I call it. First I lay out four divisions, as it seems to me that every well-built novel must be divided into four divisions. Each division card leads its squad on the screen where I work on them."

The divisions are as follows:

- A. Introduction of the essential characters.

Fixing the motif.
Fixing the scenes.
Fixing the local colour.
Fixing the tones and movement.
Establishing the motives for the development into the critical situation at the climax of Division B.

- B. Building up of complications from the motives established into the critical situation, which is the climax of this division.
C. Working out of the critical situation from the motives established, into the solution which is the climax of this division.
D. Development of the Finale from the solution of the climax of Division C.

"Although I am not yet ready for incidents during the construction period, they come in great quantity. I make notes of them and proceed with the construction.

"The construction work takes, say, three months. Maybe I work slowly, I don't know, but I only produce one novel every two years, so there is no hurry.

"For the work of construction, I go to the country where the story is laid. I don't know that this is essential, and lots of people tell me that it is foolish, but I feel that it is more honest, and I am satisfied with the result."

A construction card was taken at random from the pack which held some one hundred and fifty of them. This is a copy of it:

A C 1

Patches Mystery of identity and history

" Cowboy education

" Question of relation to thieves

Time—Sept Oct Fall rodeo

18

Patches—Suspicion as thief begins

Results from Reed's general suspicion

" " Mystery of identity and history

Note—Reed against and Uncle Bill for Patches.

14

Patches } Friendship developing
Phil }

Results from Patches proving his manhood

" " Patches regard for manhood

15

Kitty (Patches)

Interest in him developing

Results from Patches character (hints of city life)

" " Kitty's interest in city life

" In Friendship of Patches and Kitty

"These cards, you see, as well as all the others, are written in various-coloured pencils and inks. That is a way of giving emphasis to the different notes. It keeps my attention and helps me all through the work.

"I put these cards on the screen." Mr. Wright indicated a burlap-covered piece of furniture about seven feet by seven feet, mounted on two by four scantlings. It had clasps to affix ninety cards, six rows of fifteen each. "I fill in the cards, making sure primarily that each step moves to the desired end of the story, and that each condition mentioned must be the outcome of something gone before, and the logical foundation of something to come.

"Now when this card was written, I was not sure of a single incident. The invention, selecting and placing of incidents might be called the second stage of the construction work. Each incident is fitted into the block where it belongs, and becomes a proper part of the framework of the novel. I attach the notes to the construction card with wire clips.

"All the while I have been accumulating a lot of incidents, inventing them automatically. Such as are available are used, and such others as are needed are invented. I may put an incident up here in A D 2 at first, then decide it will be more suitable down here in C A 4, and move it down. Not a word of the text is written up to this time, you understand.

"I subject each incident to four acid tests: 1. Is the incident intrinsically interesting? 2. Is it valuable in carrying out the theme? 3. Is it in accord with the plot? 4. Is it in keeping with the characters appearing in it? Every incident must pass all the four tests or it is not used.

"I usually reach the finish with enough incidents left over to make another novel.

"Then when the construction work is done, I turn to and write the thing. It is easy then. It is all ready and waiting to be written. I keep a close watch on myself in all descriptive passages, and do not permit the introduction of one word which has not its place in the story, usually symbolic, and so I ramble right on through to the end.

"That's all there is to writing a novel. When the manuscript has been typed and revised and retyped, you wrap it up and express it to the publisher. Then you saddle up the horses and pack an outfit on a couple of mules and beat it for the high hills."

CHARACTER HISTORY CARD USED IN "WHEN A MAN'S A MAN."

A character. Man. (1) Essential.
PHILIP BALDWIN ACTON

PHILIP ACTON

PHIL ("WILDHORSE PHIL")

To show the vital principle of manhood as it is in the mere animal characteristics.

Note—This character must show the instinctive regard for the characteristics which distinguish manhood as such. Also the appeal which manhood as such makes to normal woman, this appeal being victorious.

Description:

Height, 6 feet.

Build, lithe; not heavy, not thin, firm flesh, beautifully proportioned; instinct with life and virile strength as a wild stallion.

Hair, almost black, wavy.

Eyes, dark grey, changing at times, dreamy and thoughtful, at times flashing, rare occasions cold and hard, always direct, most often smiling, very expressive as a horse's and often the untamed look of a horse's; always seeing things without seeming to; remarkable range of vision.

Face, open, frank, bold, clean-shaven; not heavy but firm; wide forehead, straight nose, rounded chin, but enough of it; finely turned lips, good jaw and neck, clear skin tanned a beautiful bronze; white above hatband on forehead. The bold, questioning, challenging look of a stallion ready to be a friend or to fight; alert always, trustful and frank, trick of throwing up head to look around as a stallion on the range, with fixed steady gaze at any object arresting attention.

Age, 26

DISTINCTIVE

The air and manner of a wild horse, with that trick of watchfulness and ready courage, throwing up head to take in surroundings, even in conversation, instinctive.

HISTORY PRIOR TO STORY

Father of Scotch-Irish descent, came into country of story in the days of overland pioneers, before railway.

As a boy, in company with Uncle Bill Baldwin, he walked across the country with covered wagons of pioneers, grew to manhood in touch with Baldwin, often they worked for the same man. In time started with bunch of cattle for himself. Married girl friend of Stella Conrad and

lived close neighbour to Baldwins. Prospered, but through loyalty and generosity to supposed friend, against advice of Uncle Bill, lost nearly everything by securing note. Never same man afterward. Uncle Bill saved the home ranch, but the stock went.

After death of Phil's mother, his father died. Was killed in his work. Was not himself.

Phil raised by Uncle Bill from about 14. Grew to manhood in cow business for Uncle Bill.

Always lived in country where he was born.

Playmates with Kitty Reed, who lived on neighbouring ranch.

Her father's cattle running on his father's old range.

Father, John Acton, known as "Honest John."

Phil has accumulated a few cattle in addition to the few his father left. These run with the Cross Triangle stock.

His ambition is to marry Kitty and rebuild the old homestead.

Is Uncle Bill's foreman at opening of story.

Father's old brand, now his, Five Bar

LIFE AND PLACE IN STORY

(See Patches, Life and place in story.)

He loves Uncle Bill as father and Stella as mother.

in

Passionately loyal to work.

Learns to love and admire Patches and is loyal to him when he is suspected of being in with cattle thieves.

When he thinks Patches and Kitty in love, or that Patches is trying her, he openly challenges Patches as a stallion might challenge a rival.

Patches about to accept when situation is saved.

Acton knows that Patches is innocent of the charge that Patches confesses to in order to free Kitty, but does not know of the confession until he and Kitty are reunited.

Close of story leaves him with Kitty

established in old home, half owner of Reed outfit.

Notes.

Must find some way for Phil to study a little, so as not to be too ignorant.

Business training with Uncle Bill.

Books sent by Kitty—fairly good Man's library.

OLD PUEBLO CLUB
TUCSON, ARIZONA

April 20, 1917.

MY DEAR MR. KENAMORE:

You have succeeded—much better than I thought you could—in getting “how I do it” on paper.

Your article is exactly right and will give anyone interested enough to read carefully a clear insight into my methods.

I thank you, but I feel quite sure that your labour is vain, for, after all, what does it matter how a thing is done if only it *is* done. A good Mexican cowboy friend once said to me when I roped a wild horse by a method peculiarly my own, “Never you mind—a man catch a wild horse he catch him any way he can.”

With regards and best wishes always,

HAROLD BELL WRIGHT

THE ADVANCE OF ENGLISH POETRY IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

PART X

American poetry in the eighteen-nineties—William Vaughn Moody—his early death a serious loss to literature.—George Santayana—a master of the sonnet—some veteran poets.—Robert Underwood Johnson—his moral idealism.—Richard Burton—his healthy optimism—his growth.—Edwin Markham and his poem.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox—her additions to our language.—Henry Van Dyke.—George E. Woodberry—his spiritual and ethereal quality.—William Dudley Foulke—translator of Petrarch.—The late H. K. Vielé—his whimsicality.—Cale Young Rice—his prolific production—his versatility.—Josephine P. Peabody—Sursum Corda—her child poems.—Edwin Arlington Robinson—a forerunner of the modern advance—his manliness and common sense—intellectual qualities.—W. E. Leonard and W. T. Whitsett.—Helen Hay Whitney—her consummate art.—Jessie B. Rittenhouse.—The Yale group of poets.—H. A. Beers—his fineness of quality—his humour.—C. M. Lewis.—E. B. Reed.—F. E. Pierce.—Brian Hooker—his sonnets—varied expression in verse—his Turns.—The late R. C. Rogers.—Rupert Hughes—novelist, dramatist, poet, musician.—Robert Munger.—R. B. Glaenzer.—Benjamin R. C. Low.—W. R. Benét—his robust vitality.—Arthur Colton.—Allan Updegraff.—Lee Wilson Dodd—a list of Yale poets.

I

TO COMPEL public recognition by a fresh volume of poems is becoming increasingly difficult. The country fields and the city streets are full of singing-birds; and after a few more springs have embellished the earth, it may become as impossible to distinguish the note of a new imagist as the note of an individual robin. When the publishers advertise the initial appearance of a poet, we simply say *Another!*

But in the last decade of the last century, poets other than migratory, poets who were winter residents, were sufficiently uncommon. And the courage required to call oneself a poet was considerable. Far different now. To-day both the versifiers

and their friends who study them through a magnifying glass are becoming so abundant that soon we may be able to classify the songsters into wild poets, gamy poets, barn-yard poets, poets that hunt and are hunted.

Of the old leaders, Whitman, Whittier, and Holmes lived into the eighteen-nineties; and when, in 1894, the last leaf left the tree, we could not help wondering what the next Maytime would bring forth. Had William Vaughn Moody lived longer, it is probable that America would have had another major poet. He wrote verse to please himself, and plays in order that he might write more verse; but at the dawning of a great career, the veto of death

ended both. As it is, much of his work will abide.

Indiana has the honour of his birth. He was born at Spencer, July 8, 1869. He was graduated at Harvard, and after teaching there, he became a member of the English Department of the University of Chicago. He died at Colorado Springs, October 17, 1910.

The quality of high seriousness, so dear to Matthew Arnold, was characteristic of everything that Mr. Moody gave to the public. At his best, there is a noble dignity, a pure serenity in his work, which make for immortality. This dignity is never assumed; it is not worn like an academic robe; it is an integral part of the poetry. *An Ode in Time of Hesitation* has already become a classic, both for its depth of moral feeling and for its sculptured style. Like so many other poets, Mr. Moody was an artist with pencil and brush as well as with the pen; his study of form shows in his language.

George Santayana was born at Madrid, December 16, 1863. His father was a Spaniard, and his mother an American. He was graduated from Harvard in 1886, and later became Professor of Philosophy, which position he resigned in 1912, because academic life had grown less and less congenial, although his resignation was a matter of sincere regret on the part of both his colleagues and his pupils. Latterly he has lived in France.

He is a professional philosopher but primarily a man of letters. His philosophy is interesting chiefly because the books that contain it are exquisitely written. He is an artist in prose and verse, and it seems unfortunate that his professorial ac-

tivity—as in the case of A. E. Housman—choked his Muse. For art has this eternal advantage over learning. Nobody knows whether or not philosophical truth is really true; but Beauty is really beautiful.

In 1894 Mr. Santayana produced—in a tiny volume limited to four hundred and fifty copies on small paper—*Sonnets and Other Poems*; and in 1899 a less important book, *Lucifer: a Theological Tragedy*. No living American has written finer sonnets than our philosopher. In sincerity of feeling, in living language, and in melody they reach distinction.

A wall, a wall around my garden rear,
And hedge me in from the disconsolate
hills;

Give me but one of all the mountain rills,
Enough of ocean in its voice I hear.
Come no profane insatiate mortal near
With the contagion of his passionate ills;
The smoke of battle all the valleys fills,
Let the eternal sunlight greet me here.
This spot is sacred to the deeper soul
And to the piety that mocks no more.
In nature's inmost heart is no uproar,
None in this shrine; in peace the heavens
roll,

In peace the slow tides pulse from shore
to shore,
And ancient quiet broods from pole to pole.

O world, thou chooseth not the better part!
It is not wisdom to be only wise,
And on the inward vision close the eyes,
But it is wisdom to believe the heart.
Columbus found a world, and had no chart,
Save one that faith deciphered in the skies;
To trust the soul's invincible surmise
Was all his science and his only art.
Our knowledge is a torch of smoky pine
That lights the pathway but one step ahead
Across a void of mystery and dread.
Bid, then, the tender light of faith to shine
By which alone the mortal heart is led
Unto the thinking of the thought divine.

ON A VOLUME OF SCHOLASTIC PHILOSOPHY

What chilly cloister or what lattice dim
Cast painted light upon this careful page?

What thought compulsive held the patient
 sage
 Till sound of matin bell or evening hymn?
 Did visions of the Heavenly Lover swim
 Before his eyes in youth, or did stern rage
 Against rash heresy keep green his age?
 Had he seen God, to write so much of Him?
 Gone is that irrecoverable mind
 With all its phantoms, senseless to mankind
 As a dream's trouble or the speech of birds.
 The breath that stirred his lips he soon re-
 signed
 To windy chaos, and we only find
 The garnered husks of his disused words.

II

Robert Underwood Johnson was born at Washington January 12, 1853, and took his bachelor's degree at Earlham College, in Indiana, at the age of eighteen. When twenty years old, he became a member of the editorial staff of the *Century Magazine*, and remained there exactly forty years. His first volume of poems, *The Winter Hour*, was published in 1891, since which time he has produced many others. Now he is his own publisher, and two attractive books "published by the author" appeared in 1917—*Poems of War and Peace* and *Italian Rhapsody*.

Mr. Johnson is a conservative, by which he would mean that as editor, publicist, and poet, he has tried to maintain the highest standards in art, politics, morality, and religion. Certainly his services to his country have been important; and many good causes that he advocated are now established realities. There is no love lost between him and the "new" school in poetry, and possibly each fails to appreciate what is good in the other.

Moral idealism is the foundation of much of Mr. Johnson's verse; he has written many occasional poems, poems supporting good men and

good works, and poems attacking the omnipresent and well-organised forces of evil. I am quite aware that in the eyes of many critics such praise as that damns him beyond hope of redemption; but the interesting fact is, that although he has toiled for righteousness all his life, he is a poet.

His poem, *The Voice of Webster*, although written years ago, is not only in harmony with contemporary historical judgment (1918) but has a Doric dignity worthy of the subject. There are not a few memorable lines:

Forgetful of the father in the son,
 Men praised in Lincoln what they blamed
 in him.

Always the friend of small and oppressed nations, whose fate arouses in him an unquenchable indignation, he published in 1908 paraphrases from the leading poet of Servia. In view of what has happened during the last four years, the first sentence of the Preface to these verses, written by Nikola Tesla, has a reinforced emphasis—"Hardly is there a nation which has met with a sadder fate than the Servian." How curious today seems the individual or national pessimism that was so common *before* 1914! Why did we not realise how (comparatively) happy we were then? Hell then seems like paradise now. It is as though an athletic pessimist—of which there are always many—should lose both legs. Shall we never learn anything from Edgar's wisdom?

O gods! Who is't can say "I am at the
 worst"?
 I am worse than e'er I was.

Another poet, who has had a long and honourable career, is Richard

Burton. He was born at Hartford, Connecticut, March 14, 1859, and was educated at Trinity and at Johns Hopkins, where he took the doctor's degree in Anglo-Saxon. For the last twenty years he has been Professor of English Literature at the University of Minnesota, and is one of the best teachers and lecturers in the country. He paradoxically found his voice in a volume of original poems called *Dumb in June*, which appeared in 1895. Since then he has published many books of verse and prose—plays, stories, essays, and lyrics.

He has shown steady development as a poet—*Poems of Earth's Meaning* (he has a genius for bad titles), which came out in 1917, is his high-water mark. I am glad that he reprinted in this volume the elegy on the death of Arthur Upson, written in 1910; there is not a false note in it.

The personality of Richard Burton shines clearly through his work; cheerful manliness and cheerful godliness. He knows more about human nature than many pretentious diagnosticians; and his gladness in living communicates itself to the reader. Occasionally, as in *Spring Fantasies*, there is a subtlety easy to miss on a first or careless reading. On the edge of sixty, this poet is doing his best singing and best thinking.

Sometimes an author who has been writing all his life will, under the flashlight of inspiration, reveal deep places by a few words formed into some phrase that burns its way into literature. This is the case with Edwin Markham (born 1852) who has produced many books, but seems destined to be remembered for *The Man With the Hoe* (1899). His other works are by no means negli-

ble, but that one poem made the whole world kin.

To a certain extent, the same may be said of Ella Wheeler Wilcox (born 1855). In spite of an excess of sentimentality, which is her besetting sin, she has written much excellent verse. Two sayings, however, will be remembered long after many of her contemporaries are forgotten:

Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Weep, and you weep alone.

Furthermore, in these days of world-tragedy, we all owe her a debt of gratitude for being the author of the phrase written many years ago:

No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

Among our veteran poets should be numbered also Henry Van Dyke (born 1852). His versatility is so remarkable that it has somewhat obscured his particular merit. His lyric *Reliance* is spiritually as well as artistically true:

Not to the swift, the race:
Not to the strong, the fight:
Not to the righteous, perfect grace:
Not to the wise, the light.

But often faltering feet
Come surest to the goal;
And they who walk in darkness meet
The sunrise of the soul.

A thousand times by night
The Syrian hosts have died;
A thousand times the vanquished right
Hath risen, glorified.

The truth by wise men sought
Was spoken by a child;
The alabaster box was brought
In trembling hands defiled.

Not from the torch, the gleam,
But from the stars above:
Not from my heart, life's crystal stream,
But from the depths of love.

III

George E. Woodberry (born 1855), graduate of Harvard, a scholar, literary biographer, and critic of high standing, has been eminent among contemporary American poets since the year 1890, when appeared his book of verse, *The North Shore Watch*. In 1917 an interesting and valuable *Study* of his poetry appeared in an attractive volume, written by Louis V. Ledoux, and accompanied by a carefully minute bibliography. I do not mean to say anything unpleasant of Mr. Woodberry or the public, when I say that his poetry is too fine for popularity. It is not the raw material of poetry, like that of Carl Sandburg, yet it is not exactly the finished product that passes by the common name. It is rather the essence of poetry, the spirit of poetry, a clear flame—almost impalpable. "You may not be worthy to smoke the Arcadia mixture," well—we may not be worthy to read all that Mr. Woodberry writes. And I am convinced that it is not his fault. His poems of nature and his poems of love speak out of the spirit. He not only never "writes down" to the public, it seems almost as if he intended his verse to be read by some race superior to the present stage of human development.

But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

IV

William Dudley Foulke may fairly be classed with the Indiana group. He was born at New York in 1848, but has lived in Indiana since 1876.

He has been conspicuous in much political and social service, but the soul of the man is found in his books of verse, most of which have been first printed in England. He is a lifelong student of Petrarch, and has made many excellent translations. His best independent work may be found in a group of poems properly called *Ad Patriam*. I think such a sonnet as *The City's Crown* is fairly representative:

What makes a city great? Huge piles of
stone
Heaped heavenward? Vast multitudes
who dwell
Within wide circling walls? Palace and
throne
And riches past the count of man to tell,

And wide domain? Nay, these the empty
husk!
True glory dwells where glorious deeds
are done,
Where great men rise whose names athwart
the dusk
Of misty centuries gleam like the sun!

In Athens, Sparta, Florence, 'twas the soul
That was the city's bright, immortal part,
The splendour of the spirit was their goal,
Their jewel, the unconquerable heart!

So may the city that I love be great
Till every stone shall be articulate.

The early death of Herman Knickerbocker Vielé robbed America not only of one of her most brilliant novelists, but of a poet of faery fancy. In 1903 he published a tall, thin book, *Random Verse*, that has something of the charm and beauty of *The Inn of the Silver Moon*. In everything that he wrote, Mr. Vielé revealed a winsome whimsicality, and a lightness of touch impossible except to true artists. It should also be remembered to his credit that he loved France with an ardour not so frequently expressed then as now. Indeed, he loved her so much that

the last four years of agony might have come near to breaking his heart. He was one of the finest spirits of the twentieth century.

Cale Young Rice was born in Kentucky, December 7, 1872. He is a graduate of Cumberland University and of Harvard, and his wife is the famous creator of Mrs. Wiggs. He has been a prolific poet, having produced many dramas and lyrics, which were collected in two stout volumes in 1915. In 1917 appeared two new works, *Trails Sunward* and *Wraiths and Realities*, with interesting prefaces, in which the anthologies of the "new" poetry, their makers, editors, and defenders, are heartily cudged. Mr. Rice is a conservative in art, and writes in the orthodox manner; although he is not afraid to make metrical experiments.

I like his lyrical pieces better than his dramas. His verse-plays are good, but not supremely good; and I find it difficult to read either blank verse or rimed drama, unless it is in the first class, where assuredly Mr. Rice's meritorious efforts do not belong.

His songs are spontaneous, not manufactured. He is a natural singer with such facility that it is rather surprising that the average of his work is so good. A man who writes so much ought, one would think, to be more often than not, commonplace; but the fact is that most of his poems could not be turned into prose without losing their life. He has limitations instead of faults; within his range he may be counted on to give a satisfactory performance. By range I mean of course height rather than breadth. He is at home all over the earth, and his subjects are as varied as his style.

V

Josephine Preston Peabody (Mrs. Marks) was born at New York, and took her degree at Radcliffe in 1894. For two years she was a member of the English department of Wellesley (two syllables only). Her drama *Marlowe* (1901) gave her something like fame, though I have always thought it was overrated; it is certainly quite inferior to *The Death of Marlowe* (1837), by Richard Hengist Horne. In 1910 her play *The Piper* won the Stratford-on-Avon prize, and subsequently proved to be one of the most successful plays seen on the American stage in the twentieth century. It was produced by the New Theatre, the finest stock company ever known in America.

Josephine Peabody has written other dramas, and has an enviable reputation as a lyric poet. The burden of her poetry is *Sursum Corda!* As I read modern verse, I am forced to the conclusion that men and women require a vast deal of comforting. The years preceding the war seem in the retrospect happy, almost a golden age; homesickness for the England, France, Italy, America that existed before 1914 is almost a universal sentiment; yet when we read the verse composed during those days of prosperous tranquillity, when youth seemed comic rather than tragic, we find that half the poets spent their time in lamentation, and the other half in first aid. An enormous number of lyrics speak as though despondency were the normal condition of men and women; are we really all sad when alone, engaged in reading or writing? "Every man is grave alone," said Emerson. I wonder.

So many poets seem to tell us that we ought not absolutely to abandon all hope. The case for living is admittedly a bad one; but the poets beseech us to stick to it. Does every man really go down to business in the morning with his jaw set? Does every woman begin the day with compressed lips, determined somehow to pull through till afternoon? Even the nature poets are always telling us to look at the birds and flowers and cheer up. Is that all botany and zoology are good for? Have we nothing to learn from nature but—buck up?

I do not mean that Josephine Peabody's poems resemble glad Polyantha, but I was driven to these divagations by the number of cheery lyrics that she has felt it necessary to write. Now I find it almost as depressing to be told that there *is* hope as to be told that there isn't.

I met Poor Sorrow on the way
As I came down the years;
I gave him everything I had
And looked at him through tears.

"But Sorrow, give me here again
Some little sign to show;
For I have given all I own;
Yet have I far to go."

Then Sorrow charmed my eyes for me
And hallowed them thus far:
"Look deep enough in every dark,
And you shall see the star."

Sometimes I think her finest work is found in a field where it is difficult to excel—I mean child poetry. Her *Cradle Song* is as good as anything of hers I know, though I could wish she had omitted the parenthetical refrain. I hope readers will forgive me—though I know they won't—for saying that *Dormi, dormi tu* sounds like a triumphant exclamation at the sixteenth hole.

VI

An American poet who won twenty-two years ago a reputation with a small volume, who ten years later seemed almost forgotten, and who now deservedly stands higher than ever before is Edwin Arlington Robinson. He was born in Maine, December 22, 1869, and studied at Harvard University. In 1896 he published two poems, *The Torrent* and *The Night Before*; these were included the next year in a volume called *The Children of the Night*. His successive books of verse are *Captain Craig*, 1902; *The Town Down the River*, 1910; *The Man Against the Sky*, 1916; *Merlin*, 1917; and he has printed two plays, of which *Van Zorn* (1914), despite its chilling reception, is exceedingly good.

Mr. Robinson is not only one of our best known American contemporary poets, but is a leader and recognised as such. Many write verses to-day because the climate is so favourable to the Muse's somewhat delicate health. But if Mr. Robinson is not a germinal writer, he is at all events a precursor of the modern advance. The year 1896 was not opportune for a venture in verse, but the Gardiner poet has never cared to be in the rearward of a fashion. The two poems that he produced that year he has since surpassed, but they clearly demonstrated his right to live and to be heard.

The prologue to the 1897 volume contained his platform, which, so far as I know, he has never seen cause to change. Despite the title, he is not an infant crying in the night; he is a full-grown man, whose voice of resonant hope and faith is heard in the darkness. His chief

reason for believing in God is that it is more sensible to believe in Him than not to believe. His religion, like his art, is founded on common sense. Everything that he writes, whether in drama, in lyrics, or in prose criticism, is eminently rational.

There is one creed, and only one,
That glorifies God's excellence;
So cherish, that His will be done,
The common creed of common sense.

It is the crimson, not the gray,
That charms the twilight of all time;
It is the promise of the day
That makes the starry sky sublime.

It is the faith within the fear
That holds us to the life we curse;—
So let us in ourselves revere
The Self which is the Universe!

Let us, the Children of the Night,
Put off the cloak that hides the scar!
Let us be Children of the Light,
And tell the ages what we are!

This creed is repeated in the sonnet *Credo*, later in the same volume, which also contains those rather striking portraits of individuals, of which the most impressive is *Richard Cory*. More than one critic has observed that these dry sketches are in a way forerunners of the *Spoon River Anthology*.

The next book, *Captain Craig*, rather disappointed the eager expectations of the poet's admirers; like Carlyle's Frederick, the man finally turns out to be not anywhere near worth the intellectual energy expended on him. Yet this volume contained what is, on the whole, Mr. Robinson's masterpiece—*Isaac and Archibald*. We are given a striking picture of these old men, and I suppose one reason why we recognise the merit of this poem so much more clearly than we did sixteen years ago, is because this particular kind

of character-analysis was not in demand at that time.

The figure of the man against the sky, which gives the name to the work published in 1916, does not appear, strictly speaking, till the end of the book. Yet in reality the first poem, *Flammonde*, is the man against the sky-line, who looms up biggest of all in his town as we look back. This fable teaches us to appreciate the unappreciated.

Mr. Robinson's latest volume, *Merlin*, may safely be neglected by students of his work. It adds nothing to his reputation, and seems uncharacteristic. I can find little in it except diluted Tennyson, and it won't do to dilute Tennyson. One might almost as well try to polish him. It is of course possible that Mr. Robinson wished to try something in a romantic vein; but it is not his vein. He excels in the clear presentment of character; in pith; in sharp outline; in solid, masculine effort; his voice is baritone rather than tenor.

To me his poetry is valuable for its moral stimulus; for its unadorned honesty and sincerity; for its clear rather than warm singing. He is an excellent draughtsman; everything that he has done has beauty of line; anything pretentious is to him abhorrent. He is more map-maker than painter. He is of course more than a maker of maps. He has drawn many an intricate and accurate chart of the deeps and shallows of the human soul.

VII

Two professional teachers of youth who write poetry as an avocation are William Ellery Leonard, professor in the University of Wisconsin

sin, the author of a number of volumes of poems, some of which show originality in conception and style, and William Thornton Whitsett, of Whitsett Institute, Whitsett, North Carolina, whose book *Suber and Song* (1917) exhibits such variations in merit that if one read only a few pages one might be completely deceived as to the author's actual ability. His besetting sin as an artist is moralising. Fully half the contents of the volume are uninspired, commonplace, flat. But when he forgets to preach, he can write true poetry. He has the lyrical gift to a high degree, and has a rather remarkable command of the technique of the art. *An Ode to Expression, The Soul of the Sea*, and some of the *Sonnets*, fully justify their publication. The author is rather too fond of the old "poetic diction"; he might do well to study simplicity.

A poet who differs from the two just mentioned in her ability to maintain a certain level of excellence is Helen Hay Whitney. She perhaps inherited her almost infallible good taste and literary tact from her distinguished father, that wholly admirable person, John Hay. His greatness as an international statesman was matched by the extraordinary charm of his character, which expressed itself in everything he wrote, and in numberless acts of kindness. He was the ideal American gentleman. One feels in reading the poems of Mrs. Whitney that each one is written both creatively and critically. I mean that she has the primal impulse to write, but that in writing, and more especially in revising, every line is submitted to her own severe scrutiny. I am not sure that she has not destroyed some of

her best work, though this is of course only conjecture. At all events, while she makes no mistakes, I sometimes feel that there is too much repression. She is one of our best American sonnet-writers. Such a poem as *After Rain* is a work of art.

A woman who has done much for the advance of English poetry in America by her influence on public critical opinion, is Jessie B. Rittenhouse. In 1904 she published a volume of criticism on contemporary verse, and for the last fourteen years has printed many essays of interpretation, dealing with the new poets. I dare say no one in America is more familiar with the English poetry of the twentieth century than she. She has been so occupied with this important and fruitful work that she has had little time to compose original verse; but anyone who will read through her volume, *The Door of Dreams*, will find it impossible not to admire her lyrical gift.

VIII

During the twentieth century there has been flowing a fountain of verse from the faculty, young alumni, and undergraduates of Yale University; and I reserve this space at the end of my essay for a consideration of the Yale group of poets, some of whom are already widely known and some of whom seem destined to be. I am not thinking of magazine verse or of fugitive pieces, but only of independent volumes of original poems.

Professor Henry A. Beers has written—at too rare intervals—all his life. His book of short stories, containing *A Suburban Pastoral* and *Split Zephyr*, the last-named being, according to Meredith Nicholson,

the best story of college life ever printed, would possibly have attracted more general attention were it not for its prevailing tone of quiet, unobtrusive pessimism, an unwelcome note in America. I am as sure of the high quality of *A Suburban Pastoral* as I am sure of anything; and have never found a critic who, after reading the tale, disagreed with me. In 1885 Professor Beers published a little volume of poems, *The Thankless Muse*; and in 1917 he collected in a thin book *The Two Twilights*, the best of his youthful and mature poetic production. The variety of expression is so great that no two poems are in the same mood. In *Love, Death, and Life* we have one of the most passionate love-poems in American literature; in *The Pasture Bars* the valediction has the soft, pure tone of a silver bell. To me one of the most charming of all the songs is the glorification of New Haven as compared with New York.

NUNC DIMITTIS

Highlands of Navesink,
By the blue ocean's brink,
Let your gray bases drink
Deep of the sea.
Tide that comes flooding up,
Fill me a stirrup cup,
Pledge me a parting sup,
Now I go free.

Wall of the Palisades,
I know where greener glades,
Deeper glens, darker shades,
Hemlock and pine,
Far toward the morning lie
Under a bluer sky,
Lifted by cliffs as high,
Haunts that are mine.

Marshes of Hackensack,
See, I am going back
Where the Quinnipiac
Winds to the bay,
Down its long meadow track,
Piled in the myriad stack,
Where in wide bivouac
Camps the salt bay.

Spire of old Trinity,
Never again to be
Seamark and goal to me
As I walk down;
Chimes on the upper air,
Calling in vain to prayer,
Squandering your music where
Roars the black town:

Bless me once ere I ride
Off to God's countryside,
Where in the treetops hide
Belfry and bell;
Tongues of the steeple towers,
Telling the slow-paced hours—
Hail, thou still town of ours—
Bedlam, farewell!

Those who are familiar with Professor Beers's humour, as expressed in *The Ways of Yale*, will wish that he had preserved also in this later book some of his whimsicalities, as in the poem *A Fish Story*, which begins:

A whale of great porosity,
And small specific gravity,
Dived down with much velocity
Beneath the sea's concavity.

But soon the weight of water
Squeezed in his fat immensity,
Which varied—as it ought to—
Inversely as his density.

Professor Charlton M. Lewis, whose lyric *Pro Patria* is one of the noblest of America's literary contributions to the war, published in 1903, *Gawayne and the Green Knight*, a long poem in which humour and imagination are delightfully mingled. Professor E. B. Reed collected the best of his verse in one volume, *Sea Moods* (1917). Some of his happiest comments on college life and campus customs were published in his booklet *Lyra Yalensis* (1913). This has already become a rarity, as the entire edition was almost immediately sold, and no reprint has thus far been made.

Professor Frederick E. Pierce, B.A., 1904, has produced three vol-

umes of poems, of which *The World That God Destroyed* is the most ambitious; his best work, however, might be described as lyrics of the farm. He is a true interpreter of the spirit of New England rural life.

One of the best known of the group of Yale poets is Brian Hooker, who was graduated from Yale in 1902, and for some years was a member of the Faculty. His *Poems* (1915) are an important addition to contemporary literature. He is a master of the sonnet-form, as anyone may see for himself in reading

GHOSTS

The dead return to us continually;
Not at the void of night, as fables feign,
In some lone spot where murdered bones
have lain
Wailing for vengeance to the passer-by;
But in the merry clamour and full cry
Of the brave noon, our dead whom we
have slain
And in forgotten graves hidden in vain,
Rise up and stand beside us terribly.
Sick with the beauty of their dear decay
We conjure them with laughters onerous
And drunkenness of labour; yet not thus
May we absolve ourselves of yesterday—
We cannot put those clinging arms away,
Nor those glad faces yearning over us.

Mr. Hooker also includes in this volume a number of *Turns*, which he describes as "a new fixed form: Seven lines, in any rhythm, isometric and of not more than four feet; Riming AbacbcA, the first line and the last a Refrain; the Idea (as the names suggests) to Turn upon the recurrence of the Refrain at the end with a different sense from that which it bears at the beginning." For example:

MISERERE

Ah, God, my strength again!—
Not power, nor joy, but these:
The waking without pain,
The ardour for the task,

And in the evening, peace.
Is it so much to ask?
Ah, God, my strength again!

American literature suffered a loss in the death of Robert Cameron Rogers, of the class of 1883. His book of poems, called *The Rosary*, appeared in 1906, containing the song by which naturally he is best known. Set to music by the late Ethelbert Nevin, it had a prodigious vogue, and inspired a sentimental British novel, whose sales ran over a million copies. The success of this ditty ought not to prejudice readers against the author of it; for he was much more than a sentimentalist, as his other pieces prove.

Rupert Hughes is an all around literary athlete. He was born in Missouri, January 31, 1872, studied at Western Reserve University, and later at Yale, where he took the degree of M.A. in 1899. He is of course best known as a novelist and playwright; his novel *The Thirteenth Commandment* (1916) and his play *Excuse Me* (1911) are among his most successful productions. His works in prose fiction are conscientiously realistic, and the finest of them are accurate chronicles of metropolitan life; while his short stories, *In a Little Town* (1917), are, like those of William Allen White, truthful both in their representation of village manners in the West, and in their recognition of spiritual values. I recommend these writers as an antidote for much of the modern poison that calls itself realism. In view of the resolute "up-to-dateness" of Mr. Hughes's novels, it is rather curious that his one long poem, *Gyges' Ring* (1901), which was written during his student days at Yale, should be founded on Greek legend. Yet Mr. Hughes has been a student of Greek

all his life, and has made many translations from the original. I do not care much for *Gyges' Ring*; it is hammered out rather than created. But some of the author's short poems, to which he has often composed his own musical accompaniment, I find full of charm. Best of all, I think, is the imaginative and delightful

WITH A FIRST READER

Dear little child, this little book
Is less a primer than a key
To sunder gates where wonder waits
Your "Open Sesame!"

These tiny syllables look large;
They'll fret your wide, bewildered eyes;
But "Is the cat upon the mat?"
Is passport to the skies.

For, yet awhile, and you shall turn
From Mother Goose to Avon's swan;
From Mary's lamb to grim Khayyam,
And Mancha's mad-wise Don.

You'll writhe at Jean Valjean's disgrace;
And D'Artagnan and Ivanhoe
Shall steal your sleep; and you shall weep
At Sidney Carton's woe.

You'll find old Chaucer young once more,
Beaumont and Fletcher fierce with fire;
At your demand, John Milton's hand
Shall wake his Ivory lyre.

And learning other tongues, you'll learn
All times are one; all men, one race;
Hear Homer speak, as Greek to Greek;
See Dante, face to face.

Arma virumque shall resound;
And Horace wreath his rimes afresh;
You'll rediscover Laura's lover;
Meet Gretchen in the flesh.

Oh, could I find for the first time
The "Churchyard Elegy" again!
Retaste the sweets of new-found Keats;
Read Byron now as then!

Make haste to wander these old roads,
O envied little parvenu:
For all things trite shall leap alight
And bloom again for you!

Robert Munger, B.A., 1897, published in 1912 a volume called *The Land of Lost Music*. He is a lyric poet. Melody seems as natural to him as speech.

There is a land uncharted of meadows and
shimmering mountains,
Stillter than moon-light silence brooding and
wan,
The land of long-wandering music and dead
unmelodious fountains
Of singing that rose in the dreams of them
that are gone.

That rose in the dreams of the dead and
that rise in the dreams of the living,
Fleeting, bodiless songs that passed in the
night,
Winging away on the moment of wonder
their cadence was giving
Into the deeps of the valleys of stifed de-
light.

Richard Butler Glaenzer, B.A., 1898, whose verses have frequently been seen in various periodicals, collected them in *Beggar and King*, 1917. His poems cover a wide range of thought and feeling, but I like him best when he is most whimsical, as in

COMPARISONS

Jupiter, lost to Vega's realm,
Lights his lamp from the sun-ship's helm:
Big as a thousand earths, and yet
Dimmed by the glow of a cigarette!

Benjamin R. C. Low, B.A., 1902, has produced four or five volumes of poems, of which *A Wand and Strings* (1913) and *The House That Was* (1915) have attracted much favourable comment. He is seen at his best in *These United States*, dedicated to Alan Seeger, which appeared in the *Boston Transcript*, February 7, 1917. This is an original, vigorous work, full of the unexpected, and yet seen to be true as soon as expressed. His verses show a constantly increasing grasp of material, and I look for finer things from his pen.

Another indubitable poet is William Rose Benét, who was graduated in 1907. Every year sees his work more widely known. At present he is in service in France. In 1913 he published a book of poems, *Merchants from Cathay*, in 1914, *The Falconer of God*, and in 1917, *The Burglar of the Zodiac*. His verse is full of vitality, and he is at his best in long, swinging passionate rhythms. There is no space to quote such a rattling, spirited ballad as *Merchants from Cathay*, but it is an inspired poem. No one can read or hear it without being aroused. Mr. Benét is a happy-hearted poet, singing in robust delight of the joy of life.

Arthur Colton, B.A., 1890, is as quiet and reflective as Mr. Benét is strenuous. Has anyone ever better expressed the heart of Chaucer's *Troilus and Criseyde* than in these few words?

A smile, of flowers and fresh May, across
The dreamy, drifting face of old Romance;
The same reiterate tale of love and loss
And joy that trembles in the hands of
chance;
And midst his rippling lines old Geoffrey
stands,
Saying, "Pray for me when the tale is done,
Who see no more the flowers, nor the sun."

Mr. Colton collected many of his poems in 1907, under the title *Harps Hung Up in Babylon*. He had moved from New Haven to New York.

Allan Updegraff, who left college before taking his degree, a member of the class of 1907, recently turned from verse to prose, and wrote an admirable novel, *Second Youth*. He is, however, a true poet, and anyone might be proud to be the author of

THE TIME AND THE PLACE

Will you not come? The pines are gold
with evening

And breathe their old-time fragrance by
the sea;
You loved so well their spicy exhalation,—
So smiled to smell it and old ocean's
piquancy;
And those weird tales of winds and waves'
relation—
Could you forget? Will you not come
to me?

See, 'tis the time: the last long gleams are
going,
The pine-spires darken, mists rise waver-
ingly;
The gloaming brings the old familiar
longing
To be re-crooned by twilight voices of the
sea.
And just such tinted wavelets shoreward
thronging—
Could you forget things once so dear—
and me?

Whatever of the waves is ceaseless longing,
And of the twilight immortality:
The urge of some wild, inchoate aspiration
Akin to afterglow and stars and winds and
sea:
This hour makes full and pours out in
libation,—
Could you forget? Will you not come
to me?

What golden galleons sailed into the sun-
set
Not to come home unto eternity:
What souls went outward hopeful of re-
turning,
This time and tide might well call back
across the sea.
Did we not dream so while old Wests
were burning?
Could you forget such once-dear things—
and me?

From the dimmed sky and long gray waste
of waters,
Lo, one lone sail on all the lonely sea
A moment blooms to whiteness like a lily,
As sudden fades, is gone, yet half-seems
still to be:
And you,—though that last time so
strange and stilly,—
Though you are dead, will you not come
to me?

Lee Wilson Dodd, at present in service in France, was graduated in 1899, and was for some years a practising lawyer. He gave up the law for literature in 1907. He is the

author of several successful plays, and has published two volumes of verse, *The Modern Alchemist* (1906) and *The Middle Miles* (1915). His growth in the intervening years will be apparent to anyone who compares the two books; there is in his best work an excellent combination of fancy and humour.

Other Yale poets are W. B. Arvine, 1903, whose book *Hang Up Philosophy* (1911) particularly excels in the interpretation of natural scenery; Frederick M. Clapp, 1901, whose volume *On the Overland* was in process of printing in Bruges in 1914, when the Germans entered the old town, and smashed, among other things, the St. Catherine Press. Just fifteen copies of Mr. Clapp's book had been struck off, of which I own one; Donald Jacobus, 1908, whose *Poems* (1914) are richly meditative; James H. Wallis, 1906, who has joined the ranks of poets with *The Testament of William Windune and*

Other Poems (1917); Leonard Bacon, 1909, who modestly called his book, published in the year of his graduation, *The Scrammel Pipe*; Kenneth Rand, 1914, who produced two volumes of original verse while an undergraduate; Archibald MacLeish, 1915, whose *Tower of Ivory*, a collection of lyrics, appeared in 1917; and I may close this roll-call by remarking that those who have seen his work have a staunch faith in the future of Stephen Vincent Benét. He is a younger brother of William, and is at present a Yale undergraduate. Mr. Benét was born at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, July 22, 1898. His home is in Augusta, Georgia. Before entering college, and when he was seventeen, he published his first volume of poems, *Five Men and Pompey* (1915). This was followed in 1917 by another book, *The Drug Shop*. His best single production is the college prize poem, *The Hemp*.

HAVELOCK ELLIS

BY MRS. HAVELOCK ELLIS

THERE are some personalities one always sees in imagination in certain surroundings which have been created by some great painter. For instance, there is a type of woman one associates with Mona Lisa or St. Ursula. There are some men one instinctively sees in imagination in a group of Bacchanalian revels and others again, as John the Baptists, excitedly demanding a new social order as a sequence of sincere repentance. A series of pictures Havelock Ellis instinctively loves is that of St. Jerome in his study. In them he has unconsciously seen an image of the student within himself.

IN that little cell open to the air and the sun, the peaceful philosopher ponders over the great secrets in nature and in books. A tame lion lies at St. Jerome's feet, just as a fox and a snake in the wilds of Cornwall have remained at Havelock Ellis's side unafraid of one so absorbed in his thoughts. For both, domesticity has been reduced to the simplest expression. The whole universe, in thoughts, in dreams and books, in science and in art seems to lie before one who, from a boy to a mature man, is bent on fitting the right keys into secret locks. The ordinary ambitions and hopes of men

have little meaning for him. Trivialities, and averages, and even malicious gossip, leave him undisturbed. He is an unraveller of mysteries as well as an organiser of practical issues. He is a hermit and yet an iconoclast. He is a lover of mankind and at the same time a withdrawer from their haunts. If, like a St. Bernard dog, he could express himself in his daily human life, through wagging a tail or lashing it, or barking and growling in turn, while keeping his written words for his more adequate expression, social life would not have such terrors for him as now.

Edward Carpenter once laughingly said of him that he reminded him of a snail cautiously peeping from his shell, and a social sound or a rough touch sends him immediately out of sight into his own world of observation into which no one dare intrude. Olive Schreiner, again, described him as between a Christ and a faun; his aloofness from and yet nearness to human beings makes this image true. From his book of *Impressions and Comments*, we can gather the diverse conclusions that, with this temperament, he has come to during his life of fifty-five years. Such subjects as Bathing, Streams and Children, Solitude, Gods and Flowers, reveal the poet and the artist upon which the man of science is founded. Those who know Havelock Ellis best realise that the sensitiveness and tenderness and deep intuitions of a woman, added to the virile intellectualism of a man, with glimmerings of the fantastic fear and also the wisdom of a child, dip and dodge in all his life-work around problems which are so deep, subtle, and many-sided that most of us shrink from approaching them at all.

A *fighter* for truth, in the militaristic sense he is not—only one of her careful and observant sentinels. By nature a poet, by education a scientist, the dreaming and probing consequent on this dual individuality have produced a man of unusual serenity and understanding, a man of sentiment, yet free from sentimentality. He is at once a poised idealist and an accurate statistician—a man whose written words must inevitably lead others to deeds for the good of the race.

To women he owes the best that is in him and to them he has paid back his debt. His understanding of the primitive and complex in their natures is a little bewildering even to those of us who think we know ourselves. The parasite, the doll, the rebel, the angel, the idiot, and the over-woman must all acknowledge that this man has somehow surprised many secrets which women themselves, as yet, scarcely realise. It is as if he has been eavesdropping at the threshold of their souls and envying them their rôle in the race-work of the world. His mother was his first revelation of the sweetness and strength of woman. No one can of course as yet declare who will be the last to intensify his belief in women, but he can say with Ezekiel that "his mother is as a vine within his blood." Nothing has puddled the clear waters in which the faun and the Christ in this student have looked into the mirror of women's natures. When Justice Jeune resigned his seat as judge of the Divorce Court in England, he made a somewhat peculiar statement. He declared that the thing that had struck him most in his long experience in these painful subjects was the goodness of human nature. After

years of analysis of a subject ignored or tabooed, even by clergymen, doctors, and schoolmasters, Havelock Ellis can say much the same thing as Judge Jeune, because both have realised the terrific struggles of Love in order to come to a new birth. Love is still bound in the traditions of sin, well-meaning idiocy, or jealous bondage. Sins and shames, however, are better than stagnations because of the forging power of the pain consequent upon them. Havelock Ellis's attitude to sex and to woman is the attitude of the future man to the future woman. To be the over-man, or the over-woman, in these matters is neither easy nor popular, because sexual equality is not only an economic but a spiritual matter. It is for this very reason that the vote, imperative as it is to obtain it, is only one spoke in the great wheel and not an end in itself. It is the harmonious spiritual circle which is of vital importance and such matters as heredity, education, environment, and eugenics are equally important parts of the great whole. The forerunner is of infinite value just because he sees deeply and truly into shallows and abysses alike, and realises the difference between the transient and the eternal.

Very early in life Havelock Ellis was interested in this greatest modern problem—the problem of sex. His own mental unrest as a youth made him ponder on these matters. Fate sent him, when little more than a youth, to Australia to be a schoolmaster. While living in a wood there and doing everything for himself, Nature, as is her way in solitude, began her lessons to her child. Shelley had been the chosen poet of his boyhood, but in this solitude Nature became the dynamic force which made

him investigate the writings which woke the smouldering fire. James Hinton, especially, became the ferment urging this embryo philosopher into declarations which attack conventions and accentuate verities. While in the lonely bush, where he sometimes used to read to himself for company, with Nature as his interpreter, he realised that to understand his own life and problems would probably be the first and best way to help the lives of others. Up to the age of fifteen he was intensely religious with that tinge of melancholy which belongs so entirely to youth. At sixteen doubts assailed him. The universe, which in his early years seemed crammed with divine personalities, suddenly assumed the shape of a vast and cruel machinery—a machinery relentless and passionless.

All vital conversions seem to be instantaneous. A trifling word, a skylark singing in a blue sky, the sudden meeting of eyes or hands, a voice heard within or without, may alter a life or change a dynasty. It is as if Mother Nature had a sudden permit to stretch a human ear or open a human eye, to reveal the intangible behind the tangible. It was a vivid realisation that the universe is a living *whole*, and that there is a oneness beneath all apparent contradictions that made Havelock Ellis know, in a flash, that the infinitely great and the finitely small are locks and keys in a scheme greater than any human brain can conceive. He became in a moment a man of faith, a faith involving no intellectual beliefs, and far removed from all creeds and superstitions. He has never lost that vision. It lies at the background of his six books on the *Psychology of Sex*, and is at the root

of his studies of the Abnormal, the Criminal, the Man of Genius. It brings light to his serious face when looking at pictures or listening to music. It is behind the holiday mood which enables him to realise the soul of Spain and the colour and charm of Morocco. It has enabled him to see the Angel with the flaming sword behind those revelations of the intimacies and crudities of the sexual life which to many only suggest disorder or dirt. We find it in embryo in his early book *The New Spirit*, and in more diverse and elaborate detail in the book of *Impressions and Comments*.

Like Hinton, Havelock Ellis never went to a public school or college, or passed brilliant examinations. He has learned through Nature, Love and Life. He is so sincere that any woman loving him must feel the need of wings in order to protect him when he makes those deliberate statements which are often misunderstood by gross men and sentimental women. To wage a war against impurities and insincerities enables one to realise the limitations of language and the omnipotence of stupidity overshadowed by fear.

Many criticise this man's love of solitude, but where would his work be if society or domesticity had chained his liberty? It may interest those who believe in the emancipation of women to know that economically he and I have lived as the man and woman of the future will most certainly live—interdependent with regard to matters having to do with love, and independent in all things concerning money. It is our mutual belief that love and comradeship cannot be bought or sold, and that to keep love, friendship, or even comradeship in its own sphere and

apart from any commercial transaction is as great an avenue to "Love's Coming of Age" as eugenics or any other evolved scheme for the regeneration of mankind. Of course, under present economic conditions, and in the face of the fact that marriage may involve parenthood, it is difficult to live wholly on the new lines, but these difficulties can be overcome by sensible and sensitive people. If we all wait for a miracle to pave the way toward equality and experiment we shall remain where we are. The fore-runner sees and dares—the conventionalist sees and shrinks. The fore-runner is called and follows—the coward disobeys. It is possible that nearly all sin has its centre in this fact of seeing and shunning, for we are all responsible only when we know the best and yet deliberately take the second-best.

In his experiments in living and in his books Havelock Ellis is a fore-runner and has paid the price that groundlings pay to gods if they hope to join their ranks. But to this student, pain or loss or disentanglement in any guise have ceased to corrode or to shock or to enervate. With Nietzsche he can declare that what does not kill, strengthens.

He is literally always working, but his work is a radiant play as he can never do anything he does not enjoy. He declares that he has never done an unselfish thing in his life. If he does it, he enjoys it—otherwise he considers it is a sort of insult to the people upon whom he has practised virtue. Nevertheless, there is a slight suspicion of both drudgery and unselfishness in his attitude to his voluminous correspondence. From schoolgirls to specialists he is inundated with letters which in many ways are indeed

an education. When an Indian, for instance, writes and asks him why his cat has had a second lot of kittens within a few weeks, or an intense American craves a brief statement of his whole philosophy and especially his views on immortality, he always makes a point of answering. This, for a man with no secretary or typewriter, is no light task. (We both are asked questions which at any rate keep our sense of humour fresh. I once had a serious little note begging me to say what made my hair curl, and briefly answered on a postcard, "God.")

Whether or not Havelock Ellis's attitude toward his correspondence is unselfishly heroic, he is a real recluse, and it is just the change of work which enables him, if material circumstances or social intrusions do not drag him from his desk, to keep, as it were, his fingers on the pulse of every type of man and woman in order to understand the meaning of the rhythm.

In all the years I have known him I have never once heard him condemn a human being. "They do not understand" is the worst retaliation he expressed, when in 1898, six years after our marriage, the prosecution of the first book in the series of *Sex Studies* was brought forward. It was in the silly season when the police were evidently idle and George Bedborough was prosecuted for the sale of what was then termed an "obscene" book. It is an old story now, but it aged us both and made us feel that puritanism and purity are foes rather than allies. A defence fund was started, but Bedborough pleaded "guilty" and took the defence out of counsel's mouth. Havelock Ellis, student, philosopher, doctor, and humanist,

was called "obscene" in the leading London papers because a scientific book, as technical as a book on midwifery, was made an occasion for a silly season prosecution. He stood his ground, however, and wrote his defence calmly, taking Milton's immortal words in *Areopagitica* as the text of his plea for free speech.

This prosecution is many years ago now, but the vague maliciousness and vulgar curiosity of the gossip-monger have never been entirely dissipated. Semi-truths more dangerous than untruths, and untruths more absurd than even garbled truths have fortified him against regret in his St. Jerome cell, where the things that matter most are in evidence. It is to America that we owe the fact that the six books on the *Psychology of Sex* have not all shared the same fate as the first one of the series, and it is therefore in America that I feel it an unusual privilege to speak my thoughts about this forerunner. A curious sequel with regard to the prosecution came under our notice not long ago, proving that ill-repute one day may change into good repute the next, and that what is an offence in one country is a defence in another: a judge in an American morals court let off a prisoner with a small penalty on condition that he read these very books burned twelve years ago in England.

"What you oppose you assist," is one of this forerunner's favourite sayings. He has realised that life is a force like a spiral: that is, that it is a series of expansions and resistances. There must be both or there is a lack of real energy. To have a perfect whole there must be inconsistencies. "Life, even in the plant," he says in *Impressions and*

Comments, "is a tension of opposing forces. Whatever is vital is contradictory, and if of two views we wish to find out which is the richer and the more fruitful, we ought perhaps to ask ourselves which embodies the more contradictions." In other paragraphs of *Impressions, Little Things, Apples and Pears*, and other apparently insignificant subjects, the universality of his outlook is shown in what appears to him to be the delicate intonations of human life. The whole book is a sort of diary of his own mental atmosphere and personal impressions and not, as in many of his sex and criminal studies, a retrospect of those men and views of his age which make many footnotes essential.

In this connection, a laughable incident once happened in our little Cornish village, when a casual tourist pointed us out and asked who we were.

"Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, my dear," said our neighbour who was weeding in her garden, "they'm both writers."

"Oh!" said the tourist, who later became one of our friends, "and what do they write?"

The old neighbour leaned over the wall, trowel in hand, and said in a whisper: "He do write out of other people's books, but she do write them out of her own head-piece."

There is another story I tell to those who like to know me because I know him, for it credits him with my title to fame in the same village. A gentleman arrived at our local station and asked where Havelock Ellis lived. The man he addressed scratched his head and pondered. "Do you mean he with the three donkeys?" he asked. What the would-be interviewer was ruminating as he

walked up our valley to the cottage I have never known.

It has been well said that only a sense of humour can keep a man alive for a serious purpose, but perhaps one may add that only a sense of beauty can enable a man to do well the imperative scullery work in science or medicine which explains to the multitude the apparent contradictions and seeming ugliness of the primitive facts of life.

With Edward Carpenter, Olive Schreiner, and James Hinton, Havelock Ellis sees the significance of Love as a fine art, rather than as a frenzied episode or as a mere primitive egotism. He has the faith of the forerunner when he analyses and seeks to understand what Lecky calls the "most mournful and the most awful figure in history." He knows that the cure, alike for the puritan and the prodigal, lies in the evolution of the greater love which knows neither repression nor excess. In this wider and deeper and more joyous love is the richer life of the world. The true lover, combining spontaneity with spiritual order, is the rarest and sweetest product of evolution. The policeman, even the eugenic policeman, is only a makeshift. Why men like Havelock Ellis accentuate the need for eugenic education is not because they build their faith on any system of defence against race degeneracy, but because they realise that it is better to try to purify the race by prevention of evils than to spend incalculable time in eliminating the products of the excess of freedom. Eugenics must follow education, the education which makes personal responsibility a large factor in race cleanliness. It has its great dangers, but it has its definite place in a scheme of social

hygiene. We have not sufficient knowledge or humanity as yet, to enact laws as to who are fit or unfit to marry. What we need is deeper knowledge and an increased sense of personal responsibility toward the race. Every artist must learn technique, even the Love-Artist, and eugenics may possibly take the place scales have in teaching music.

Havelock Ellis sees as a forerunner, an onlooker, a mystic and a Spartan. Love and Art are his keys to the Universe. In love he hears music and in music the rhythm of

life and love and death in one. Statistics are valuable to him only as notes to the musician. Facts are useful to him as words are to the poet, and ethics essential as colour to the artist, who knows how to use notes, words, and colour to interpret spiritual realities. For spiritual realities are what we are all seeking. It is a sort of jealousy we feel toward a forerunner which makes us crucify him or try to blow out his torch before he can hand it on to another. The true forerunner, however, can always die smiling—for he sees.

PEACE-TIME NOVELS*

BY H. W. BOYNTON

IT is natural that as the war presses on us more and more, insisting that it is the only thing to be talked of or thought about, we should find ourselves increasingly furtive or apologetic about other interests. Stories—for instance—ought we to write and read them when tragic history is being made all about us? Ought we to have anything to do with them, anyhow, unless they boldly tackle the great theme itself, and make serious work with it? Artists like Joseph Conrad and Maurice Hewlett, un-

*The Graftons. By Archibald Marshall. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Statue in the Wood. By Richard Pryce. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Nocturne. By Frank Swinnerton. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Happy Garret. Personal Recollections of Hebe Hill. Edited by V. Goldie. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Foe-Farrell. By "Q" (Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch). New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Mainland. By E. L. Grant Watson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

able on the spur of the moment to use the war, have felt a word of apology to be necessary in presenting new tales of the old sort. The situation is set forth fully and courageously in Archibald Marshall's introduction to *The Graftons*. Its forerunner, *Abington Abbey*, appears to have been fallen foul of by American critics as "something of an anachronism." "Perhaps it is," Mr. Marshall admits with a shrug. "In the fourth year of the war, life as it is depicted in these two novels seems already far away. But what is a novelist of manners to do, granted the assumption—admittedly debatable—that he is to go on writing novels at all? He must either write *about* the war, in one or other of its far-reaching effects upon life, or else he must leave it alone altogether. At least, those are the only alternatives that I have felt to be open to me; and, after having written one

novel with the war as its deliberate climax, I have chosen the latter. When the war is over, it will be possible to take its adjustments into account as affecting every-day life, but while it is going on I do not think it is possible. It looms too big. Minor affairs would lose their values in contrast with it, and truth would suffer." Mr. Marshall also believes that in stories of the older, quieter age, both writers and readers may rightly escape for an hour from the torment of the present. That a good many people share this feeling would seem to be suggested by the fact that many of the better current novels—all of those I am to speak of here—have nothing whatever to do with the war.

The Graftons is a sequel to *Abington Abbey*, disposing quietly and comfortably of the pleasant family group we met and strolled with in the earlier narrative. The second daughter, Beatrix, who, it will be recalled, so narrowly escaped the catastrophe of marriage with a Frenchman (all Frenchmen being immoral!), is here awarded to an eminently suitable mate, heir to a title and a neighbouring country estate. That loathly parson, the Reverend A. Salisbury Mercer, if he does not altogether get his deserts, is at least removed from the scene. And Caroline, our favourite and her father's, makes a satisfactory if unexpected marriage with young Bradby; who remains an obscure and rather awkward figure till the moment of his elevation to the post of consort. I cannot help feeling that Mr. Marshall brings about this technical *mésalliance* as a sort of vindication of his freedom from mercenary considerations. In his present introduction he deplores the accusa-

tion by American critics of his giving "an idyllic picture of a state of things which is based upon rotten foundations, and either of leaving out of account or of deliberately shutting my eyes to the rottenness." He makes a very good defence against this on the ground that his is an art of manners, that it has to do with English country house life, and that, after all, economic changes and social revolutions are not likely to affect the character of that way of living. But he does not "cover" the really piquant item, from our point of view, of his Trollopean pre-occupation with Property as the corner-stone of being. We feel that he and his George Grafton are doing an heroic thing in letting their beloved Caroline marry Bradby, who is not her equal in breeding or worldly estate. In fact, it is made quite clear that neither of them approves the alliance; and that they tolerate it only because they are sure that Caroline, being herself, can do no wrong. . . . Caroline's departure leaves the good George at a loose end, and he is in some peril of a consolatory union with the charming young widow who has long been intimate in his household. This comes to nothing, however, and fortunately there is a daughter left to George who now shows herself to be old enough and devoted enough to assure him a few years of that domestic coddling upon which he depends for his happiness. A thoroughly nice fellow, old George, but not conspicuously fit for a life outside the harem.

The Statue in the Wood is another story in the English country house setting, but of vastly different flavour. I ought to confess that I have not been able to enjoy most

of Richard Pryce's fiction as many people seem to have enjoyed it. I admire its comeliness but I do not relish its scent—the boudoir muskiness that belies its air of pagan detachment. The voice is a Meredith's but the hands are those of a Hichens! In *The Statue in the Wood* a situation of rather stark "realism" or even animalism is made the basis of a vast deal of sentimental embroidery, and is then labeled romance. Told in the simple, natural manner of Mr. Marshall, for example, the story would be frankly offensive. Ann Forester and Timothy Coram, indeed, begin with a relation not unlike that of Caroline Grafton and Maurice Bradby. Ann happens to be young widow and chatelaine instead of eldest daughter; Coram, like Bradby, is the "land agent" of the estate. Coram, however, is not only a man of breeding, but an Apollo. To speak in the vulgate, all the ladies are wont to "fall for him." He, out of kindness, is wont to be complaisant: more as a sort of male Trilby, we gather, than as a modern Tom Jones. Several fine ladies in Ann's neighbourhood have shared his favours. Presently Ann gives her heart to him in secret. He is vaguely moved toward her; but the inheritance of a competency makes it possible for him to see the world as he has always longed to do. Here we begin our artificial approach to our stark situation. Ann loves him and despairs at the prospect of his departure; but she will not lift a finger or move an eyelid to keep him. Therefore handsome Timothy does not dream that she longs for him to stay and marry her; and when at the last moment she throws herself into his arms, he thinks it is merely the kind of de-

mand he has met before, and honours it "humbly," according to his good-natured code. Here is the whole scene. They have parted formally; he has gone on, but Ann knows where to intercept him on his return homeward through the night. She must see him again. . . . "So it came that to Coram, in an unusual mood, strung up already by the emotions of the strange evening, excited, aching, even, there appeared out of the shadow of the darkened and silent house the surprising sight of the trembling Ann. He came near to her. Each was mistaken. She, of her want of knowledge, of her very innocence; he, of what his experiences had taught him. She stumbled forward. She was near fainting. She had miscalculated her strength, but his natural tenderness would, anyway, have disarmed her. And he, utterly misapprehending, proud, but very humble also, as one to whom some amazing honour has unexpectedly been done, knew only one way of dealing with a woman whom he found in his arms. . . . Not a hundred words were spoken. Ann always remembered that she had seen tears in his eyes." Three words would have straightened out everything, from the author's point of view; but, for the author's purposes,—they remain unspoken. Then what? Ann, having given so much more than words, does not dream that Coram will go away; he, in his "humility," does not dream that what has passed between them means anything serious to her! So he goes away, and she has a child, and conceals her maternity from the world and him, and after a deal of mystification and delay all is made right, in their author's opinion, between this romantic pair. The offensive

thing about the whole performance is the voluptuous sentimentalising of a motive essentially artificial, under the conditions. It is a question not of morals but of reality. We are too sure that the author has said to himself, "Come, here is a striking situation, a real novelty. A Victorian pair in a pagan lapse, or phase, has been done before; but not even Meredith has surpassed what we shall make of this, in the sophisticated manner."

How simply and honestly a not dissimilar episode is handled in the *Nocturne* of Frank Swinnerton! This writer has gone through his apprenticeship, has worked self-consciously or imitatively. His admiration for Gissing stamped his early novels with a character not their own,—not his own, at least. His nature, as Mr. Wells points out, is very unlike that of Gissing, since, though he has "had something of Gissing's restricted and grey experiences, he has nothing of Gissing's almost perverse gloom and despondency." We may take it on Mr. Wells's authority that he is a gay though not robust person in the flesh. But this book is neither grey nor gay, neither realism in its docket nor romance in its pigeon-hole. It is a book of fact but also of arrangement, of insight as well as observation; of dramatic action as well as sympathy. In short, it is a work of imaginative art, holding its magic mirror (and not a mere reflector) up to nature. To this roundness and fulness within its slender bounds Mr. Wells is paying tribute when he writes to Mr. Bennett, "You know, Arnold, he achieves a perfection in *Nocturne* that you and I never get within streets of." Mr. Wells enlarges upon his enthusiasm in his

Introduction. "This is a book that will not die," he concludes. "It is perfect, authentic, and alive." Authentic or artistic—we may use either word in the effort to express our sense of this story as "the real thing." But I think the main point, which does not seem to be altogether clear to Mr. Wells, is that this is the real thing *as a story*. The Cockney family: Jenny, the milliner's girl; Emmy, the domestic slave; Pa Blanchard, the paralytic remnant of a reckless fellow . . . Alf, the vague satellite. . . . These people with their dingy surroundings fairly offer themselves to the grey method of a Gissing or the jaunty method of a Bennett or the inquisitive method of a Wells. The Swinnerton method is none of these. It is the method of the interpreter who frankly makes truth salient by his skilful manipulation of facts. Here, for example, it is his purpose to compass or focus the meaning of four lives in the events of a single night. To that end he employs without hesitation the familiar instruments of the romancer. He is after, not a slice of life, but a distilled and golden drop of life. That immortal tool of the narrative or dramatic artist which we call "the long arm of coincidence," and mock at when it is perfunctorily wielded, is here employed with bland consummate skill. On this particular London night Jenny and Emmy happen to have it out about Alf; Jenny happens to be magnanimous and to stay at home for her sister's sake; Jenny's holiday lover Keith happens to be at leisure and within reach for a few hours; Jenny happens to yield herself to love. All these things are compassed at the will of the storyteller; but so compassed that we ac-

cept them with rich gratitude as setting us free from the stupid casual incompletion of "fact." It is the tense and compacted method of drama in contrast with the elaborate haphazard of fiction as it is so often written to-day. As for the meaning or moral of the story, it is inherent, not appended. One feels its quality to be tragic, not sentimental or occasional. Jenny, like Ann Forester, has given herself to a lover who sails away. She has slain her past self, and her future will not hang upon concealments or formal rites of surrender. For her, with her fierce integrity of self-possession, no future can undo the present: "Away from him, released from the spell, Jenny knew that she had yielded to him the freedom she so cherished as her inalienable right. She had given him her freedom. It was in his power. For her real freedom was her innocence and her desire to do right." Therein, in the secret of her own being and not in the further chances of fate or judgments of the world, lies the substance of her "ruin." For all its lesser realism of detail, its economy of materials, and its restraint of manner, the book is charged with high emotion,—which is precisely what we feel the lack of in literary elaborations like *The Statue in the Wood*.

Or in pieces of chill cynicism like *The Happy Garret*. "A hundred imitative louts," says Mr. Wells, in praising Mr. Swinnerton's episode of Alf and Emma walking homeward after the theatre, "could have written a similar chapter brutally, with the soul left out, we've loads of such 'strong stuff' and it is nothing." *The Happy Garret* is a book with the soul left out. It has the familiar qualities of recent British fiction of

the science-and-journalism-bred sort. It has the brilliancy and candour of Wells without his eager faith in something or other beyond or to come. Under a thin mask of autobiography it tells the story of a very "modern" young woman's early adventures in sex and pleasure as offered by the shady night life of London. The author is supposed to be her "editor," and to have persuaded her to attempt these memoirs. In a modern way they suggest the "Memoirs of a Lady of Quality," which give variety to the pages of *Peregrine Pickle*. Not that Hebe Hill is a wanton. On the contrary, she is a rather cold and self-contained young egotist, determined to go her own way without fear or favour. She has no more bias or shame about the manifestations of sex than about any other aspect of human experience. Vice and virtue look much alike to her; what revolts her is convention. But it revolts her, she does not succeed in being indifferent to it; and there is more than a trace of defiance mingled with her off-handed disclaimers of responsibility. For her, however, self-possession involves the right of self-surrender; she is incapable of understanding the feeling of Mr. Swinnerton's Jenny, since freedom for her has nothing to do with "innocence and the desire to do right." In short, this is a very hard and slightly self-conscious young person, with lax manners and a fleeing mind. Only her feminine beauty, of which we lack the advantage, can have stolen for her the few friends and lovers wherewith she credits herself. Born of a good-natured, feeble Welsh bookseller and a drunken, vulgar mother, she makes a bad start. While still in her teens she sets out for

London and the study of medicine. She makes progress, but finds her work tedious, and presently drifts into a fast, vulgar group whose rendezvous is a night club called the Happy Garret. The quality of the whole book may be suggested by the tone of her retrospect, as an old habituée, of her first impression of this place and its patrons: "Poor, dear, dull old Garret! What a strange thing novelty is! I had, for quite a little while, an uncontrollable longing to escape from this horrible attic, where people quarrelled and drank and shouted, where girls lay openly and unashamedly in the arms of the men seated by them and offered their mouths to be kissed, where men masqueraded as women, and little school-girls danced frantically or amorously with loose, rowdy students and men about town. Curiosity saved me from making a fool of myself. The place was beastly but interesting; and by the time the first inquisitiveness of my mind had worn off, I began to see what a fuss I had been making about nothing."

A very clever and witty book, as to detail, but choked with city foulness and *ennui*. We escape into the open in turning from it even to a story like Quiller-Couch's *Foe-Farrell*. This is frankly a yarn, and a pretty unpleasant one. But it is all above-board, we know what journey we are in for from the outset, and need not embark with the author unless we like and have stomach for the kind of thing. My own feeling is that he does not quite pull off his undertaking. He has made too much or not enough of his motive. As it stands, or as he handles it, we have a sense of distress such as we might have had if Stevenson had

combined *Treasure Island* and *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* in a single story. It is all too horrid for fun and not horrid enough for awe. Again we have the fatal conviction that the author has consciously hit upon a new idea or situation and at once set about exploiting it, instead of permitting it to ripen or develop into something worthy of serious expression. Foe is a great investigator, who is on the eve of perfecting a series of studies which will change the face of science, when his laboratory and the notes which are the fruit of years of labour are swept off by fire. This disaster may be indirectly laid to the door of one Farrell, a puffy tradesman who has taken a political "line" against Foe and certain alleged cruelties practised in his laboratories. The two have met once, and hated on sight. Now Foe gives up his work in despair, and consecrates his life to vengeance upon Farrell. This is to be a vengeance of fear, a slow torture which shall delay its end until there shall be little of the victim left to dispose of. Over the earth and through the years Foe follows Farrell. A strange companionship springs up between the pair. Often they live together or travel together for long periods; Farrell being helpless or half-reconciled to the presence of his tormentor, who makes no secret of his ultimate purpose. Finally they are cast away together on the inevitable island; and opportunity comes to Foe to desert his sick enemy and escape upon a passing ship. Meanwhile they have been exchanging natures and even appearances; when they meet in London later, it is Farrell who takes the ascendancy and Foe who cringes. However, there is no happy ending for them.

The tale is supposed to be told in a dugout at the front by the English officer who has known of the whole affair from the beginning—a merely perfunctory use of the war-handle for taking a grip on the narrative. As I have said, the blend of varied adventure, social comedy, exotic scenery, and cold hate, is queer rather than impressive: too much of the “stunt” about the whole performance.

The Mainland, with an equally varied scene and action, is a far more solid and satisfying piece of fiction. It is imaginative, and not merely ingenious; it aspires to interpret in the act of entertaining. In a way it is a sequel to this writer's strange first story, *Where Bonds Are Loosed*. My impression of that story was of uneven and on the whole repellent force. There was a sultry and nervous strain over most of it, that menace of insanity which seems always hovering over the white man in the tropics. In the end the air is cleared by a tremendous coup. I felt it as a coup, but with certain misgivings: what if, after all, our coup were merely a “punch”? In the light of the present narrative I feel sure that it was not. To the strange pair upon their island, withdrawn from the squalors and the inhibitions of the civilised world, has been born a son. John Sherwin inherits his father's strength and his mother's comeliness. He is happy with them as a boy, but the approach of manhood calls him to the main-

land; and he sets out upon the adventures which make up this book. It is the old story of youth that gropes for its path and, after much stumbling and many bruises, at last sets foot upon it with confidence and pride. John Sherwin is not a Galahad; he is a strong man of normal instincts and more than average decency. His is a very “modern” story, without reservations in favour of the young person or the old. But it passes without effort what is after all the ultimate test in the handling of sex matters—it is absolutely free from piquancy or provocation, and it has a genuine reverence for the bond of sex as contrasted with the game of sex. One person in the tale, Hilda Vance, is rather too like a Hebe Hill in her detached exercise of sex rights, among others, to be palatable. But we may take or leave her as an incident: John Sherwin's main concern, and ours, is the finding of a very different sort of woman, a mate and not a play-mate. Hilda, with her alert strength, her “hard glitter” and absence of emotionalism, can offer little to a man compared with Mary Dixon's old-fashioned womanliness, her “spiritual gladness,” her soul that is “pure, strong for adventure.” Mary, we have time to see, is by no means a prig; and we suffer no misgivings about Sherwin's future with her in that fair country, safely remote from the cities of his scorn, in which they are to take up life together.

THE WOOD MAZE

BY LAURENCE HOUSMAN

IN THE forest day by day
I and Bird-in-hand would play:
"Hide-and-seek," or "touch-and-go"
Kept us running to and fro,
Happy on forbidden ground.
Lovely dangers lurked around.

Thus, one day, her game began:
"Catch me! catch me, if you can!
"Catch me! catch me!" to her side
Running quickly, oh, I tried!
Saw her dancing up and down,—
Bobbing curls and eyes of brown.

Light of heart, and light of foot,
Sprang she from the hazel root,
Climbing through the hazel boughs
Up into the fairies' house.
There a moment cried her fill:
"Catch me! catch me!" Then was still.

And the fairies, green and gold,
Lighted down and took soft hold
Of my dear; and like a leaf
Up in air—oh! fairy thief,
Fairy thief!—away sprang she,
Never to come back to me.

In the forest now all day,
Watching how the branches sway,
All alone with mother-wit
Here beneath the boughs I sit,
And look up; and when the breeze
Stirs the leaves upon the trees,
Know that she is one of these.

"Catch me! catch me!" day by day,
That is what they seem to say,—
Fairy leaves of green and gold;
Light comes down, and takes soft hold,
Withers them; and then comes wind,
Shakes them: how the woods are thinned!

Underneath the hazel shade
Here a bed of leaves I've made.
Comfort, comfort, oh! come down,
Bobbing curls and eyes of brown,
Let us end as we began:
"Catch me, catch me, if you can!"

Leaf, I cannot tell apart,
Grief for thee hath stretched my heart!
Every leaf that I see fall
Now I love; I keep them all.
Little comforts—such a crumb!—
"Catch me, catch me!" down they come.

Long it takes to make the bed
Where together we'll be wed.
All alone with mother-wit
Here beneath the boughs I sit;
Down they come; and when the breeze
Lifts the last leaf from the trees,
I shall have her—one of these.

WHAT TO READ THIS SUMMER

In this year of grace, 1918, there is no summer season. People will look back on these years of war as unique in the lives of this generation, certainly, and in many respects as different from human experience at any other period of the world's history. The familiar attitude toward the playtime months of the year has vanished. No one is "going away" in the sense that the world and its concerns are to be forgot. We shall carry with us wherever we go the inescapable concern for the fortunes of a vast body of men and women engaged in a colossal enterprise. People are in no mood to forget or lose touch with this enterprise; and the means to remain with one's finger on the pulse, so to speak, are provided in the books that register every quickening beat of the world's arteries. Never before in the memory of man has the printer been so "mobilised" and made part and parcel of the war energy of a people. In this list are grouped some of the better things which men and women at home or abroad will want to read and re-read for better information as well as amusement.

WAR

IN OUR FIRST YEAR OF WAR. By Woodrow Wilson.

A companion volume to *Why We Are At War*. The second inaugural address, with the President's messages and addresses in the first calendar year of the war.

THE IRON RATION. By George Abel Schreiner.

The uncensored truths about war-time Germany and her allies—told by one who both stood in the bread-line and dined in a palace.

A FLYING FIGHTER. By Lieut. E. M. Roberts, R.F.C.

An American boy in France, his miraculous escapes and his brave work during his twenty-two months in the air.

OUTWITTING THE HUN. By Lieut. Pat O'Brien, R.F.C.

The exciting adventures of a young Chicago aviator who was taken prisoner by the Huns. This book tells of the seventy-two days of escape to Holland frontier and safety, of the hardships and perils he endured, and of the splendid way in which he "won out."

THE WINNING OF THE WAR. By Roland G. Usher.

A sequel to *Pan-Germanism*; it analyses

the objectives of the Germans and of the Allies, the nature of victory, the progress thus far made toward it, and the reasons why victory has been postponed.

THE REAL FRONT. By Arthur Hunt Chute.

An inner story of the war written by a man who was not only an actual combatant, but a trained war correspondent as well. It deals with life at the front as he saw it and felt it, with the hidden things within the hearts of the men.

CREDIT OF THE NATIONS. By J. Laurence Laughlin.

An interesting study of war finance up to the entrance of our country as a belligerent—a result of close study of the operations of England, France, and Germany.

WAR LETTERS OF EDMOND GENET. Edited by Grace Ellery Channing.

Charmingly boyish letters by the first American aviator killed flying the Stars and Stripes—the great, great grandson of the first Minister from the French Republic to the United States.

"OVER THERE" WITH THE AUSTRALIANS. By Captain R. Hugh Knyvett.

A war book worth while; it writes fresh

pages of history. How the fighting Anzacs were swiftly trained and transported across the seas, what they did in Egypt, at Gallipoli and France is the background of the story.

UNDER THE GERMAN SHELLS. By Emmanuel Bourcier.

An eminent French man of letters—a member of the French commission to the United States, and a former instructor at Camp Grant—pictures the life of the French poilu as he has shared it.

THE U-BOAT HUNTERS. By James B. Connolly.

The activity of our destroyers against the U-boats and our navy's part abroad in this war are described by Mr. Connolly, who has had unusual opportunity for observing the navy from the inside.

WITH THE FIGHTING FLEETS. By Ralph D. Paine.

A brilliant narrative of both the daily life and high fighting moments of our boys afloat, to thrill every American.

IN THE HEART OF GERMAN INTRIGUE. By Demetra Vaka.

A notable contribution to the secret history of the war; an entertaining account of adventures in Greece in the very heart of perhaps the most important campaign of intrigue the Germans have initiated.

THE FAITH OF FRANCE. By Maurice Barrès.

A translation: Barrès, the recognised interpreter and mouthpiece of *les jeunes* in the trenches, after studying thousands of letters and talking with hundreds of young soldiers, pieces together a compelling picture of the spiritual unity of fighting France.

HIGH ADVENTURE. By James Norman Hall.

A narrative of the air fighting in France, with a special appeal for the thousands of American boys who are soon to undertake the same High Adventure.

OVER PERISCOPE POND. By Esther Sayles Root and Marjorie Crocker.

A joyous war book of letters from Paris revealing the spirit of feminine young America: a brave and self-sacrificing spirit,

a worthy complement to the unquestioning and unquestioned valour of the brothers of such girls to-day.

THE ODYSSEY OF A TORPEDOED TRANSPORT.

A first-hand account, by a young French officer, of the deadly game of hide-and-seek ceaselessly played between submarine and merchantman on the broad waters of the Atlantic.

KEEPING UP WITH WILLIAM. By Irving Bacheller.

A complete antidote to German propaganda: humour like the fun behind the lines. The author throws many verbal bombs into the enemy's trenches.

THE EMMA GEES. By Captain H. W. McBride.

A true story of the machine guns or the M. G.'s, by a late captain who was in the thickest of it.

PRIVATE PEAT, HIS OWN SOLDIER STORY.

A story to be read and enjoyed when other and more serious war books are forgotten.

A NATION AT BAY. By Ruth S. Farnam.

The story of Sergeant Farnam's experiences in foreign relief work, in the Allied hospitals, in the Serbian Red Cross, and on the Balkan battle-fields.

THE BOYS' MILITARY MANUAL. By Virgil D. Collins.

Training, organisation, duties, construction and use of firearms, military maps, and other important information for both parents and their sons.

DERE MABLE. By Lieut. Edward Streeter.

Love letters of a rookie: experiences of a "simple soldier" told to his best girl with genuine humour.

ARMY AND NAVY UNIFORMS AND INSIGNIA. By Col. Dion Williams.

Up-to-the-minute chapters are added on such subjects as the American Red Cross, Y. M. C. A. Workers, enrolled women of the navy.

LETTERS TO THE MOTHER OF A SOLDIER. By Richardson Wright.

A manual of arms for mothers, whose sons are going over the top.

SURGEON GROW: AN AMERICAN IN THE RUSSIAN FIGHTING.

Personal experiences of an American "fighting physician," who served with the Russians through three great campaigns.

A "TEMPORARY GENTLEMAN" IN FRANCE. By Captain A. J. Dawson.

Home letters from an officer at the front—a real record of actual experience in the war.

FIRST CALL. By Arthur Guy Empey.

Guide posts to Berlin—advice and suggestions that will safeguard our boys in France.

OVER THE TOP. By Arthur Guy Empey.

The book that has been selling at the rate of two hundred and fifty copies every business hour since its publication last June.

AIRCRAFT AND SUBMARINES. By W. J. Abbot.

An explanation and discussion of the two most important weapons contributed by inventive genius to the war.

RUSSIA IN UPHEAVAL. By Edward Alsworth Ross.

The sociologist presents, from first-hand experience, not only the revolution itself, but its origins in the past and its probable results in the future.

"LADIES FROM HELL." By R. D. Pinkerton.

One of the "Ladies From Hell," as the Germans called the Scotchmen in kilts who came tearing through their lines, has captured the spirit of the front in this account of his months of training and fighting.

AIRCRAFT IN WAR AND COMMERCE. By W. H. Berry.

How the aeroplane is built, how it is flown, how it can be fought best, what it will mean to the future—are some of the interesting things told in this book.

FACE TO FACE WITH KAISERISM. By James W. Gerard.

An account of the situation of the neutral countries of Europe, a warning to our own country to beware of German propaganda, a revelation of German statecraft from the inside, an exposure of the German spy system, and an analysis of conditions in the United States as the author finds them.

WHEN THE SOMME RAN RED. By Captain A. R. Dugmore.

The author's adventures with the camera and the gun—snapping the boche in Belgium and helping smash the German line on the Somme—forms one of the most thrilling chronicles of the war.

WINGED WARFARE. By Major W. A. Bishop.

A history of supermen who are lovably human, of warriors whose experience holds but one "terrible moment," the moment of investiture.

JAPAN OR GERMANY. By Frederick Coleman.

The inside story of the struggle in Siberia: the author discusses with first-hand knowledge, the situation in Russia, Siberia, Japan, and the Far East.

THE NEW BOOK OF MARTYRS. By Georges Duhamel.

The record of a French doctor: true and unforgettable tales of the nameless heroes of the French front—a thing of wonder, of unspeakable sadness, of shining glory.

THE ECLIPSE OF RUSSIA. By Dr. E. J. Dillon.

A revelation of the genius and the weakness of the Russian people; an analysis of the underlying reasons for their gigantic attempts and still more gigantic failures.

THE FLYING POILU. By Marcel Nadaud. (Translated by Frances Wilson Huard).

A most delicate yet realistic romance of the French aviation service, full of humour, breathless excitement, pathos, gaiety—in a word, of the inimitable French *elan*.

THE WAY OUT OF WAR. By Dr. Robert T. Morris.

Not a political discussion of peace—but a biological view of the death that Prussia has decreed for herself.

CAVALEY OF THE CLOUDS. By Captain Alan Bott, M.C.

Experiences of a very young newspaper man who joined the Air Corps; he early prophesied the great part the airplane would have in winning the war.

BLOWN IN BY THE DRAFT. By Fra-zier Hunt.

Chronicles of the author's observations as a newspaper correspondent in the great National Army Cantonment at Camp Up-ton; the making of a great American national army through conscription.

COMRADES IN COURAGE. By Lieut. Antoon Redier.

A book to inspire a soldier to fight with devotion and courage.

S. O. S. STAND TO! By Sergeant Reginald Grant.

A young gunner's experiences during three years under hell-fire in the front line trenches of the Somme.

OUT THERE. By Charles W. White-hair.

A Y. M. C. A. man's three years' ex-periences on all fronts.

THE A. E. F.—WITH PERSHING'S ARMY. By Heywood Broun.

A true account of what happened to the boys who made up the first unit of the American Expeditionary Force in France, given by a war correspondent who went to Paris with them.

DRIFTING WITH BROWNE. By Byers Fletcher.

A delightful bit of reminiscing about pre-war days by a soldier convalescing after the push on the Somme.

A SURGEON IN ARMS. By Capt. R. J. Manion, M.D.M.C.

A Canadian surgeon's experiences with the medical corps on the Western front.

UNDER FOUR FLAGS FOR FRANCE. By Capt. George Clarke Musgrave.

A complete history of the war from the American point of view.

AMERICAN WOMEN AND THE WORLD WAR. By Ida Clyde Clark.

A complete story of American women's part in war work.

AMBULANCE 464. By Julien H. Bryan.

"This is my first book," says Mr. Bryan, a lad of eighteen, "and I have tried to tell as simply as possible a few of the many things which happened to our section 'over there.'"

INSIDE THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION. By Rheta Childe Dorr.

A vivid personal narrative of the author's actual experiences in Russia—conditions, individuals, and interviews.

THE OLD FRONT LINE. By John Masfield.

His account is vivid. Through the eyes of a great poet, the reader sees the old front line as it was when the great battle of the Somme began.

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Columbia University, for the first time in its history, has awarded a prize of five hundred dollars for a book of poetry. The university offered this prize for the best book of poems published during the year 1917. Three eminent critics acted as judges. The award has been made to Sara Teasdale (Mrs. E. B. Filsinger), of New York City, for her volume entitled *Love Songs*, published by the Macmillan Company.

Sara Teasdale, although one of the younger American poets, is well known to all lovers of poetry, and her work has been widely appreciated in England and Canada, as well as in this country. Her poems are highly lyrical, and are considered by many critics to be the best examples of this kind of poetry written in America to-day.

Arthur Symons, the famous English poet and critic, was one of the first to point out the clear and song-like beauty of this poet's work. As long ago as 1907, on the publication of her first book, he wrote enthusiastically in praise of it in *The London Saturday Review*.

Many of Miss Teasdale's poems have been translated into French, Spanish, Danish, and other languages. It is because of their universal feeling that it has been possible to translate them so successfully.

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Sara Teasdale was born in St. Louis, August 8, 1884. She was educated in St. Louis private schools, and graduated from Hosmer Hall in 1908. Among her first attempts in verse were translations. However, she early began to write lyrics of her own.

At about this time she left St. Louis for southern Europe and Egypt, and after a prolonged stay she returned to the United States. Many of her poems were based on experiences in Greece and Italy.

A second journey abroad was recorded in a number of brief lyrics, which appeared in the *Century*, *Harper's* and other magazines.

Besides being a poet, Sara Teasdale is also the editor of an anthology which has evoked high praise. This is a collection entitled *The Answering Voice: One Hundred Love Lyrics by Women*, published by Houghton Mifflin and Company, in the fall of 1917.

In December of 1914 Miss Teasdale married Mr. E. B. Filsinger, of St. Louis. Mr. Filsinger is a well-known authority on international trade and has written several books on the subject. Mr. and Mrs. Filsinger reside in New York City.

Love Songs, besides the love lyrics, contains a group of striking poems called *Songs Out of Sorrow*. This group was voted to be the best read at the meetings of the Poetry Society of America during the year 1916-17.

The volume *Love Songs* has received superlative praise from the critics. One of them declared that "No American woman has voiced more poignantly the delicate half lights and luminous backgrounds of passion." Another said that "Sara Teasdale's lyrics will far outlast this period and become part of that legacy of pure song which one age leaves to another." Mr. Edward J. Wheeler, editor of *Current Opinion*, declared that "Sara Teasdale's *Love Songs* gleam and glow like a collection of opals; they sing like a field full of meadow larks; they are pure lyrics that might have been written a hundred years ago and may be read with delight a hundred years hence."

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BARTER

From *Love Songs*

Life has loveliness to sell,

All beautiful and splendid things,
Blue waves whitened on a cliff,

Soaring fire that sways and sings,
And children's faces looking up
Holding wonder like a cup.

Life has loveliness to sell,

Music like a curve of gold,
Scent of pine trees in the rain,
Eyes that love you, arms that hold,
And for your spirit's still delight,
Holy thoughts that start the night.

Spend all you have for loveliness,

Buy it and never count the cost;
For one white singing hour of peace
Count many a year of strife well lost,
And for a breath of ecstasy
Give all you have been, or could be.

• • •

"Out-of-Door Books," by Marion Horton, is a list of readable books for young people in high school or college. It is compiled in part to aid teachers to link English and Science work by suggesting books that are well written, scientifically accurate and yet interesting enough to appeal to the high-school student.

David Hodge, writing in the London *Bookman*, tells something of the man who once tried orange growing in the South and gave it up for London and poetry—John Oxenham, the poet with seven million readers. During the war no verse writer in Great Britain has achieved a tithe of his popularity. The explanation of his success may be given in a single sentence. The verse of Mr. Oxenham is sincere, unaffected, and unpretentious in its treatment of the common sentiments and aspirations of an unsophisticated humanity; much of it is devotional, and all of it gives the impression of having been written without effort. Not the slightest element of mystery attaches to its widespread success. Sim . . . keynote and it is devoid of life: . . .

The following, taken from *He . . .* . . . in its spiritual import is eloquent emotion and thought which the to those at home and at the f

Be worthy of your noble dead,
So shall your hearts be comforted!
They yielded all,—their lives, and you,
At Duty's call to dare and do;
Brave thought of them shall lift your lives
To heights befitting heroes' wives,
Like them to answer Duty's call
And live the life heroic.
He is not lost who goes before,
But, standing in the Open Door,
He waits you there with outstretched hands,
Love's dearest, best ambassador.

• • •

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN:

Mr. William Lyon Phelps, in his chapter on Amy Lowell in the May *BOOKMAN*, quotes with approval the pronouncement of Coleridge: "The opposite of poetry is not prose, but science; the opposite of prose is not poetry, but verse." That verse is not a *sine qua non* of poetry was indeed held by Coleridge and by several other Romanticists of his time; but his view did not succeed in imposing itself upon the customary speech of men, then or since. In the sense fixed by long usage and general understanding, the term *poetry* is limited to compositions in metre; and I submit that long usage and general understanding are absolute criteria as to the meaning of words, a court from which

there is no appeal. A dissenting judgment cannot rewrite the dictionary. That is just the trouble with champions of "free-verse"; they are entirely within their rights in claiming artistic merit for their favourite literary form, but to call it "poetry" is to perpetrate an assault upon the English language. Let them invent a new term for their form, if they will: the meaning of *poetry* is already established, and excludes it; the meaning of *prose* is already established, and includes it. Rhythmic prose is a thing of long and honourable standing; in fact, for more than a century we have refused to consider any prose to be good prose unless it is in some measure rhythmic. So essential a difference has ever been maintained between the rhythms of "free-verse" and those of modern English prose. Then if "free-verse" is to be called "poetry," so must we call "poetry" the work of (for instance) Burke, Dickens, Ruskin, and Walter Pater, and revise our entire classification of English authors. (And if the works of these are not printed in quasi-verse-lines, why should the similar writings of Miss Lowell be so set up?) We speak of the prose of Ruskin as "poetic"—that is, having some of the qualities of poetry—but we do not classify it as poetry, and I very much doubt if Mr. Phelps himself would put Ruskin down as a poet, were he writing a History of English Literature or a History of English Poetry. Yet in what way are the compositions of the writers of "free-verse" more deserving of the name of poetry than are many pages of the prose of Ruskin? Don't they only wish they were as much so!

LACY LOCKERT.

Kenyon College,
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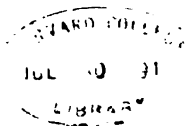
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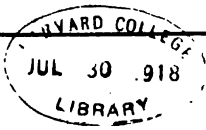
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THE BOOKMAN

A Review of
Books and Life

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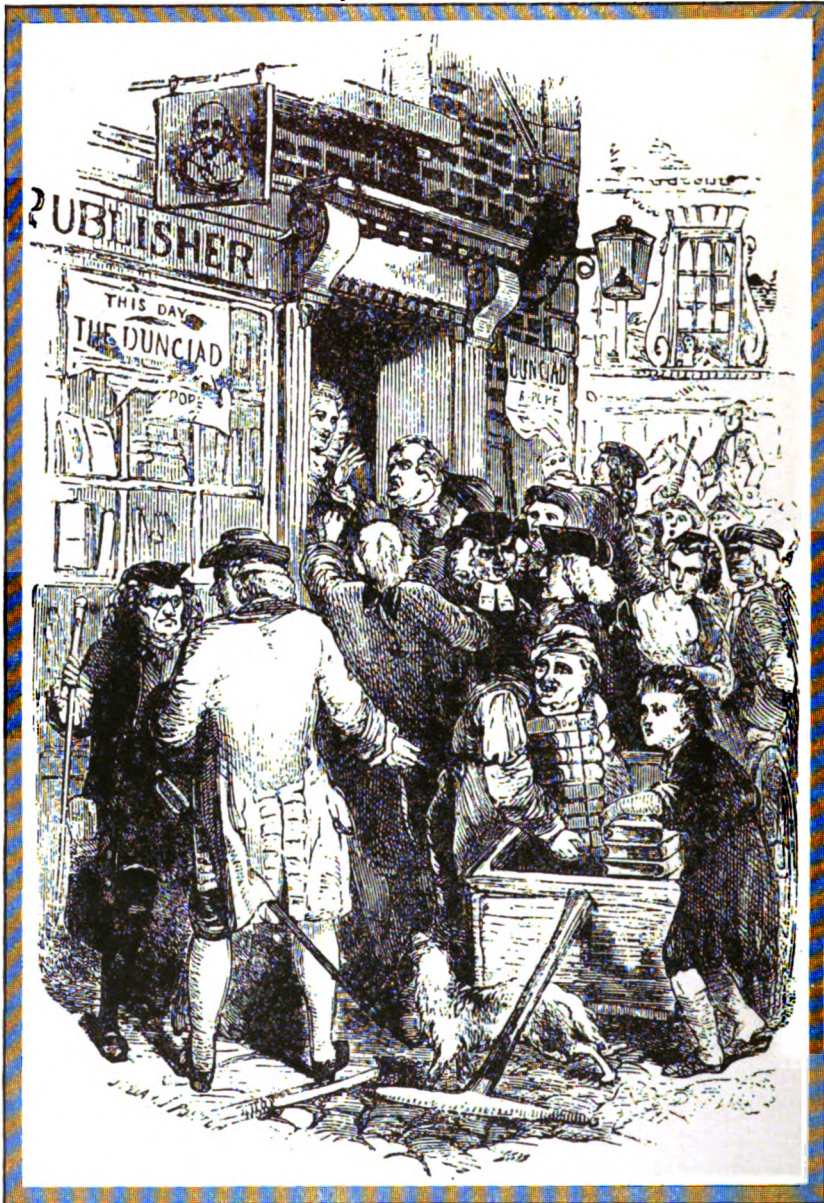
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THE BOOKMAN

A REVIEW OF BOOKS AND LIFE

AUGUST, 1918

THE ALAN SEEGER I KNEW

BY WALTER ADOLPHE ROBERTS

WHENEVER I chance to read that the Foreign Legion has been in action, poignant memories of mobilisation in Paris revive—the wave of wrath against Germany that sent twenty thousand aliens in a single day to the recruiting office in the Hôtel des Invalides; the march of the American contingent, cheered by men, kissed by crying women, on its way to Rouen, to go into training.

They called themselves, these Americans, the Corps of the rue de Valois, because they had organised in a room in the east arcade of the Palais Royal. They numbered two hundred and one, of whom less than thirty were surviving last winter. On August 25, 1914, they lunched at the Café de la Régence, then filed up the avenue de l'Opera, and by way of the rue Auber to the Gare St. Lazare. As a guest and the friend of many who were going, I had a place in the last rank. I can never forget the flags, the flowers, the thousands of fluttering handkerchiefs. I still see the courtly old Parisian, a veteran of the war of 1870, perhaps, who rose from the *terrasse* of the Café de la Paix and

doffed his silk hat to the little column, crying, "Gentlemen, France thanks you!"

All types were represented among the volunteers. There were artists who had lived in Paris half their lives, business men and students, a number of adventurers. But the dominating figure was that of a poet—the young Alan Seeger, whose destiny it was to find nearly two years later at Belloy-en-Santerre the only kind of fame he desired, in the only way that could fully satisfy his extraordinary ego.

Seeger's service and death in the Legion remains one of the most romantic incidents of the war. It looms larger in France's debt of gratitude toward this country than all the billion-dollar loans that have been, or may yet be, advanced. This may astonish the average American, who has possibly read the *Rendez-vous with Death*, or the *Ode in Memory of the American Volunteers Fallen for France*, and dismissed them with more or less appreciative comment. But in France, poetry is held in higher honour, and a foreign poet bleeding under the Tricolour is a heroic figure, whose sacrifice can

never be adequately repaid to the land that sent him.

Richepin has translated some of Seeger's verses into French and called others "too beautiful to admit of translation." Laurels have been piled high about the American's grave. Paris has decided to erect a statue to him in the Latin Quarter, where he had passed his happiest days before the war.

Let us consider, then, for a page or two, the life and temperament of this poet who, in his own words:

... not unmindful of the antique debt,
Came back the generous path of Lafayette.

I knew Alan Seeger, if anyone could be said really to have known him. Although a friend of several years' standing, I was not exempted from the haughty reserve which it appeared to be his rule of life to maintain toward all mankind. He may, of course, outside of our circle, have had special intimates before whom he deigned completely to unbend. It is said that he formed at least one bosom friendship in the Legion.

But the Alan Seeger I knew in Paris and New York was a poet of an ivory tower, prouder than Lucifer, contemptuous of whether the average run of humanity approved either of his verse or of his personality, and loving France as the only country worthy, in this materialistic age, of anyone's affection.

To tell the truth, his assumption of what can best be described as intellectual aristocracy, was a little irritating. His work in the early days did not justify it. Some odes and descriptive poems about Mexico, overcharged with romanticism; a juvenile lyric or two; a few sonnets, which exhibited a fine feeling for

form. That was all. On reaching Paris, he began to write more sophisticated verses, however, striking an authentic note of genius. Only the veriest flatterer could have gone into raptures over his juvenile work. But little did Alan Seeger care. He rarely showed a manuscript to a friend. When he did, nothing could have been of less consequence to him than the comment it evoked. Self-assured, he went his way, gathering impressions and experimenting with his art.

It was as if he had been aware of an imperious Kismet which could not be thwarted. His rôle in the world drama, his rapid development under the tutelage of war into a real poet, have answered all criticisms.

I first met Seeger in 1911, in a little French *table d'hôte* in West Twenty-ninth Street, New York, kept by three Breton sisters named Petitpas. He was then twenty-three years old and as handsome as a child of the sun. His features were classic, his complexion of a singularly luminous brunette tinge, his lips full and red, his black hair very thick. I have retained no definite impression of his eyes. He was about six feet tall; straight and well-proportioned.

Among his oddities was the arranging of his hair in a "bang," which came almost to his eyebrows and created the impression of a low, faun-like forehead, though the latter was actually broad and high. He also affected closely clipped side-whiskers, extending about three-quarters of the way down in front of his ears. Usually, he wore a soft shirt and a scarlet tie, which harmonised with his warm complexion.

He frequented the Petitpas restaurant for several months. There

he attracted the attention of John Butler Yeats, father of the Irish national poet, and himself a writer and painter of distinction. Yeats remarked more than once that Seeger was a rare soul, who had it in him to do great things in literature. He was fond of sketching the young poet. Some of his pencil *croquis*, which are still in existence, seem to me to have captured Seeger's personality more successfully than any of the published pictures of him.

During our occasional chats across the dinner table, Seeger expressed a passionate interest in France and, to a lesser degree, in Italy. His sole desire was to go to Paris. He was quite out of sympathy with America, did not believe that we had accomplished anything worth speaking about in art, and was savage in his denunciation of the low standards fostered by American magazines. His scorn of the poet who would "write down" to editorial tastes, in order to sell his work, was heroic in its proportions.

The only literary admirations I ever heard him admit, outside of French literature, were for Byron and Wilde. It may be observed here that his three heroes were Napoleon, Byron and Pico della Mirandola, the Italian nobleman and scholar of the fifteenth century. Less than five months before his death, he wrote as follows from hospital to a friend in America:

"Of all the formulas that claimed my early youth, the one to which I can still adhere is that of the three categories, the lust for power, the lust for feeling and the lust for knowledge, to one or the other of which I can assign all those who, in their passion to live fully, are the supermen, the élite of humanity.

Take as respective types Napoleon, Byron, Pico della Mirandola. All superior minds attach themselves more or less remotely to one of these three ideals. I make no distinction between them: those who attain eminence through either one may, in their way, be equally admirable. It is through knowledge that you seek revelation; I seek it through feeling."

I lived during the winter of 1911-12 in a room on the top floor of 61 Washington Square, South, an old house, with nearly thirty years of literary traditions. Frank Norris had written most of *The Octopus* there. Stephen Crane and O. Henry had been among its guests.

One evening there was a knock at the door and Seeger strolled in. He had taken a room on the same floor in the rear, but although he had occupied it for almost two weeks, he had kept so quietly to himself that I had not known he was in the house. At Petitpas's he had not thought it worth while to mention it.

His errand was to look over my books. If I remember rightly, he had written a poem in an odd metre and wished to compare it with some mediæval French form. He prowled up and down in front of the shelves, failed to find exactly what he wanted and threw himself into a chair.

The conversation turned on Paris, and he said, with considerable bitterness, that he would never be happy until he could arrange to live there permanently. America disgusted him, and he would be glad to leave the country forever. I asked him what detained him from going.

"I have no money, not even enough to pay my every-day expenses, much less to travel," he said haughtily. "And I see no prospect of getting

any, because I will not do commercial writing. But sooner or later, I shall find a way."

He left the house not long afterward, and I did not see him again until we met in Paris. He spent a month during the intervening summer, however, at the MacDowell Memorial Colony, Peterborough, New Hampshire. A mutual acquaintance, Edwin Carty Ranck, the dramatist and critic, tells the following characteristic anecdotes of his stay there:

"The colony was crowded and beds were as scarce as they are in New York hotels during a prosperous theatrical season. Seeger came to me rather peremptorily one night, and informed me that he had no bed and had been directed to sleep on a sofa in the living-room of the annex. He said he detested sofas, and wanted to know if I would not give up my bed to him. I told him good-naturedly, but firmly, that he could go to the devil. He took himself off with imperturbable *sang-froid* and slept on some clean straw in a nearby stable. He always had the courage of his convictions, a quality that we admired in him."

Again: "I have a vivid recollection of seeing Seeger one day walking down the village street, hatless, his thick locks blowing in the wind, and wearing around his waist a crimson sash. He also wore a soft collar and white shirt and the effect was striking. The village folk stared hard at him in dumb wonder, but Seeger was as unconscious of their regard as if he walked in a desert. Head up, eyes gazing into space, he strolled along with the serenity of one to whom mundane affairs are non-existent. One can imagine the effect of such a vision in a village street, where the chief excitement is usually

furnished by a runaway horse. Shopkeepers flocked to their windows and girls stared in simpering amusement. But on went Seeger, his head in the clouds."

In the early spring of 1914, I met Alan Seeger unexpectedly at the Café Lavenue in Paris. He had changed both in manner and appearance. His intellectual arrogance was undiminished. But there were a score of new things that he had found to love—the art treasures, the human types, the quaint streets, the very stones of Paris. He was happier than I had before known him, and notably more mature. He now affected a severe style of dress. Usually, he was in black, his coat buttoned tightly across his chest under an unstarched stock collar. With his hair longer than ever, and his scarlet lips, he suggested the æsthete to whom any form of action would be abhorrent. If I had been told that here was a future soldier of the Foreign Legion, I should have laughed incredulously.

Seeger lived at No. 17 rue du Sommerard, immediately behind the Musée de Cluny. This was in the heart of the old Latin Quarter, but he spent much of his time in Montparnasse, at Lavenue's, the Café de la Rotonde and the Closerie des Lilas. The more markedly Franco-American Café du Dôme he disdained. He was fondest, I think, of Lavenue's, where the music was good. I often saw him there, in the company of a very beautiful woman, whose name he did not tell me.

He was avid of new sensations in those days. Like many other poets who go to Paris, he experimented with absinthe and found unearthly dreams in the opal-tinted nectar. He went to the bacchic dances of the

art students, which New York "bohemians" try desperately to imitate without coming within a million miles of the reality. He loved—lightly sometimes—but never crudely. He was too fastidious to tolerate the viewpoint of his average compatriot, who regards a succession of dreary "affairs" as being the principal reason for visiting Paris.

On the whole, Seeger was more at home in the Latin Quarter than he could have been in an American city. He was often desperately hard up, but he knew how to wrap his tattered poet's cloak about him and go down the road without sacrificing either his dignity or his happiness. One can do that in Paris, where money is not the main consideration in life.

It was a matter of stubborn pride with him not to offer his poems for sale to magazine editors. One day, however, he came up to me in the Café de la Rotonde and asked me just how I made my living. I told him that I was working for an American newspaper and obtained most of the material for my articles from the French daily press.

He considered this for a moment, then coolly remarked:

"It is disgusting to have to do that kind of thing; but, after all, it is journalism and no standards apply. I believe I could stomach a little of it."

"Why risk the shock to your sensibilities?" I asked politely.

"I have been broke for several weeks," he replied. "It is getting to be a nuisance. If you hear of anything, please let me know." And he stalked off.

Needless to say, with his fierce hostility toward the work, Seeger did not succeed in earning very much from newspapers.

In the summer of 1914, he went to London for the purpose of finding a publisher for a first volume of poems. The gathering storm-clouds overtook him there. When it became certain that war was going to break, he at once returned to Paris and offered his services to the French Government. He was told to wait until the mobilisation of the regular forces was ended and enlistments could be taken for the Foreign Legion.

I did not see him until the Corps of the rue de Valois rallied on August 25th. Nor, after that day of high romance, did I ever meet him again in the flesh. On the occasions when he got leave from the front, I happened to be away from Paris. But I talked with many of the men who had fought beside him in the Champagne and the battle of the Somme, where he was killed.

The admirers of Seeger who did not know him personally may be shocked to learn that at first he was unpopular in the Legion. Yet nothing could have been more certain than that this would be the case. He was among men radically different from himself, and he was a poor mixer. Naturally, he was misunderstood.

Bert Hall, who enlisted at the same time, and who was later an aviator in the Lafayette Escadrille, told me that when Seeger was questioned about his calling in civil life, he replied:

"I am a poet."

It may have been absurd of the legionnaires to consider this snobbish, but most of them did. They furthermore resented Seeger's habit of sitting apart and writing, then refusing nonchalantly to show anyone what he had written.

Before the training period was over, the feeling toward him had

grown so bitter that at a mass meeting of the volunteers it was voted to ask him to get himself transferred to another company. A close friend of mine, who was also friendly to Seeger, was delegated to notify him of his comrades' wishes. I suppress this soldier's name at his own request, though I may say that he has since been discharged for wounds and is living in New York.

He approached Seeger and explained the situation, adding that it was to the poet's advantage to go. The legionnaires were not the most law-abiding of persons and might maltreat him if their request were ignored. The reply was in character. Seeger flung up his head and said scornfully:

"I never alter my course because I am threatened or disliked. My reason for being here is to serve France. For me, the men who sent you simply do not exist."

The result of this courageous stand was to create a new respect for Alan Seeger in the Foreign Legion. Sergeant Ed. Morlae, a harsh disciplinarian, who trained him, used to sing his praises as a soldier. But the one big friendship he appears to have formed was with an Egyptian, Rif Baer. In his letters he often mentioned the Rif. The latter was with him in the last charge at Belloy-en-Santerre, and thus described it:

"After the first bound forward, we lay flat on the ground, and I saw the first section advancing beyond us and making toward the extreme right of the village of Belloy-en-Santerre. I caught sight of Seeger and called to him, making a sign with my hand.

"He answered with a smile. How

pale he was! His tall silhouette stood out on the green of the cornfield. He was the tallest man in his section. His head was erect, and pride was in his eye. I saw him running forward, with bayonet fixed. Soon he disappeared and that was the last time I saw my friend."

Alan Seeger's two posthumous books prove his growth as a poet, besides revealing a lofty idealism, an immeasurable belief in and devotion to France. And France is grateful to him. She has inscribed his name first on the roll of honour of foreigners who have died in this war that she might live. As I have said, she will raise a statue in Paris to his memory. If, beyond the divide, it is possible for him to know of this *beau geste*, I am sure that he will regard his sacrifice as having been amply rewarded. Remember, he loved Paris. That a niche should be set apart for him in some old street or quaint mediæval square, will seem to his proud ego the supreme honour.

He has written his own epitaph in the following lines from the *Ode in Memory of the American Volunteers Fallen for France*:

Be they remembered here with each reviving spring,
Not only that in May, when life is loveliest,
Around Neuville-Saint-Vaast and the disputed crest
Of Vimy, they, superb, unfaltering,
In that fine onslaught that no fire could halt,
Parted impetuous to their first assault;
But that they brought fresh hearts and springlike too
To that high mission, and 'tis meet to strew
With twigs of lilac and spring's earliest rose
The cenotaph of those
Who in the cause that history most endears
Fell in the sunny morn and flower of their young years.

MY CHILDHOOD DAYS IN RUSSIA

BY ROSE COHEN

DRAWINGS BY WALTER JACK DUNCAN

I

I WAS born in a small Russian village. Our home was a log house, covered with a straw roof. The front part of the house overlooked a large clear lake, and the back, open fields.

The first time I became aware of my existence was on a cold winter night. My father and I were sitting on top of our red brick oven. The wind, whistling through the chimney and rattling the ice-covered windows, frightened me, and so I pressed close to my father and held his hand tightly. He was looking across the room where mother's bed stood curtained off with white sheets. Every now and then I heard a moan coming from the bed, and each time I felt father's hand tremble.

Appearing and disappearing behind the bed curtains, I saw my little old great-aunt, in a red quilted petticoat and white, close-fitting cap. Whenever she appeared and caught father's eye, she smiled to him, a sweet, crooked smile. Finally, I recall hearing a few sound slaps, followed by a baby's cry and aunt calling out loudly, "It's a girl again."

About three years passed. With my little sister as companion, I recall many happy days we spent together. In the summer we picked field mushrooms at the back of the house or played near the lake and watched the women bleaching their linens. I was happiest in the morning when I first went out of doors. To see the sunshine, the blue sky,

and the green fields, filled my soul with unspeakable happiness. At such moments I would run away from my little sister, hide myself in a favourite bush and sit for a while listening to the singing of the birds and the rustling of the leaves. Then I would jump up and skip about like a young pony and shout out of pure joy.

In the winter we cut and made doll's clothing. Father was a tailor, and as soon as we were able to hold a needle we were taught to sew. Mother taught us how to spin, grandfather made toys out of wood for us, and grandmother told us stories.

These were the pleasant days during the winter. But there were others, days that were cold and dark and dreary, when we children had to stay a great part of the time on top of the oven, and no one came, not even a beggar. But when a beggar did come, our joy was boundless.

I remember that grandfather would hasten to meet the poor man, as we called him, at the door with a hearty handshake and a welcoming smile, saying, "Peace be with you, brother. Take off your knapsack and stay over night."

Mother would put on a fresh apron and begin to prepare something extra for supper. And grandmother, who was blind, and always sat in bed knitting a stocking, would stop for a moment at the sound of the stranger's voice to smooth the comforter on her bed. Her pale face, so indifferent a minute before, would

light up as if with new life, while we children, fearing if seen idle to be rebuked and sent into a distant corner, from where we could neither see nor hear the stranger, would suddenly find a dozen things to do.

On such a night after supper there was something of the holiday spirit in our home. We would light the lamp instead of a candle and place it on a milk jug in the centre of the table. Then we all sat around it, grandmother with her knitting, mother with her sewing, all of us listening eagerly to the stories the stranger told. But more surprised even than any of us children about the wonderful things going on in the world, was grandfather. He would sit listening with his lips partly open and his eyes large with wonder. Every now and then he would call out, "Ach, brother, I never would have even dreamed such things possible!"

At bedtime grandfather would give up his favourite bed, the bench near the oven, to the stranger. Mother would give him the largest and softest of her pillows. And grandmother would give him a clean pair of socks to put on in the morning.

The next day after he was gone we felt as after a pleasant holiday, when we had to put on our old clothes and turn in to do the everyday things.

II

When I was about eleven years old, there were five of us children. One day father went to town and came back with a stranger, who, we were told, would teach us to read and write. Our teacher was a young man of middle height, thin, dark and

pale. He had an agreeable voice, and when he sang it was pleasant to hear him. When we did our lessons well, his eyes brightened and his tightly closed lips would relax a little. But when we did poorly, he was angry and would scold us.

As soon as I learned how to read I would sit for hours and read to my grandmother. Besides the Bible, we had a few religious books. I read these again and again, and became very devout. I read the morning, noon and evening prayers, and sometimes I fasted for half a day. Then I became less stubborn and the quarrels between sister and myself became less frequent.

One day father left home on a three days' journey. When he returned he did not look like himself. His face was pale and he seemed to be restless. During the three days that followed, father went out only at night. I also noticed that mother collected all of father's clothes, and, as she sat mending them, I often saw her tears fall on her work. On the third night I awoke and saw father bending over me. He wore his heavy overcoat, his hat was pulled well over his forehead and a knapsack was strapped across his shoulders. Before I had time to say a word he kissed me and went to grandmother's bed and woke her up. "I am going away, mother." She sat up and rubbed her eyes and asked in a sleepy voice, "Where?" "To America," father whispered hoarsely.

For a moment there was silence; then grandmother uttered a cry that chilled my blood. My mother, who sat in a corner weeping, went to her and tried to quiet her. The noise woke grandfather and the children. We all gathered around grandmother's bed, and I heard father ex-

plaining the reason for his going. He said that he could not get a passport (for a reason I could not understand at the time). And as no one may live in Russia even a week without a passport, he had to leave immediately. His explanation did not comfort grandmother; she still sat crying and wringing her hands. After embracing us all, father ran out of the house, and grandfather ran after him into the snow with his bare feet. When he returned, he sat down and cried like a little child. I spent the rest of the night in prayer for a safe journey for my father.

III

As father's departure to America had to be kept secret until he was safe out of Russia, we had to bury our sorrow deep in our own hearts, and go about our work as if nothing unusual had happened.

One morning mother went to the post-office, and when she came back she looked as if she had suddenly aged. She took a postal card from her pocket and we all bent our heads over it and read: "I have been arrested while crossing the border and I am on my way home, walking the greater part of the way. If we pass through our village, I will ask the officer to let me stop home for a few minutes. Be brave and trust in God." At the news more tears were shed in our house than on the Day of Atonement.

That night the doors were barred and the windows darkened, grandmother, grandfather, and mother, with a three weeks' old baby in her arms, sat in the niche of our chimney, making plans to defeat the Czar of Russia.

The next day mother sent grand-

father away on a visit. He was not a person to have around in case of trouble, for the very sight of brass buttons put him into such fright and confusion, that he would forget his own name. After he was gone mother went to town to see her brother and arrange for the escape. Then there was nothing left to do but wait for father's home-coming. I remember that I used to run out on the road many times a day to see if he were coming.

One afternoon, mother put on a cheerful face and busied herself laying the cloth and setting food on the table, and grandmother put on her best apron, father's last gift, and sat down near the table with her hands folded in her lap, waiting. We children stood at the window looking out. Soon we saw father open our gate. He was closely followed by Yonko, the sheriff, in his grey fur cap, which he wore summer and winter, and his grey coat tied with a red girdle.

Father was limping and when he came nearer I saw how greatly he had changed. His face was thin and weatherbeaten, and his eyes had sunk deep into his head. At sight of us near the window his lips twitched, but the next moment we saw his own old smile light up his whole face.

Our greeting and our conversation were quiet and restrained.

When father sat down at the table he said that he was very hungry, but after taking a few mouthfuls he fell asleep. The peasant, who sat near the stove resting his elbows on his knees and turning his cap between his hands, rose and wanted to wake father. "Oh, let him sleep a little while," mother entreated. "Impossible," said Yonko, "the roads are bad and we have to be in the next



OUR HOUSE WAS A LOG HOUSE, COVERED WITH A STRAW ROOF

village before night falls." "Well, then just let him sleep until I bathe his feet." The man consented. Father's boots were worn and wet through, and were hard to get off, but he never woke while mother tugged away at them. At last they were off and the socks also.

"Thank God that his mother is blind," she whispered, covering her face for a moment. Father's feet were red, blistered, and swollen. As she lifted them into the basin I saw her tears falling into the water. When I looked at Yonko, he turned away quickly and became interested in a crack in the ceiling.

Our parting, like our greeting, was restrained. Father embraced grandmother, then he smiled a quick farewell from the door and was gone. Sister and I ran out on the road and stood watching him until he looked like a black speck against the white snow. Then we ran back to the house, she to help and I to pray.

IV

Two things I recall distinctly of that time. Grandmother, believing children to be prophets, often asked us to predict the future. One day she asked my brother, a little serious-faced, wide-awake boy of six, who looked upon himself as one of the future great rabbis, "Tell me, my child, will father reach America safely?" "Yes," he said with so much conviction in his voice that her face lit up with hope. From that moment she was more cheerful. The second thing is that there was an awful storm and the snow lay piled up almost as high as our windows. But on Friday it cleared. The sun came out bright and warm. "It is a good sign that it cleared in honour of Sabbath," said grandmother, turning her pale, thin face hopefully to the window. That afternoon we saw the mistress of the inn and post-office walking up to her waist in

snow, coming toward our house. "Nothing but a letter would bring her here on a day like this," mother cried and rushed out of the house. When she came back she had a letter, but she stood in the middle of the room holding it in her hand as though she feared to open it. "Look," said the post-mistress, pointing to the post-mark. It was stamped Memel, Prussia.

Mother ran to grandmother and they embraced, and stood so long and so silently with their faces hidden from us, that we children were frightened and begged them to speak to us. Then mother turned and caught us all into her arms with a cry of joy, while grandmother raised her tear-stained face to heaven in silent prayer.

V

Spring came. The snow which lay high all winter began to melt, and here and there green spots appeared. Then the dandelions began to show their yellow heads, and the storks came flying back to build their nests in the old stump in the cemetery. Hens, followed by groups of black and yellow-headed chicks, walked about, scratching in the soft warm earth and cackling cheerfully.

As for us, mother and grandmother having lived in fear and anxiety about father for thirteen years, and then having come near losing him, found it hard to believe at first that he was really beyond the reach of Russia. But once they realised this fact, they were happy as they had never been before.

Mother, who never sang except when rocking baby to sleep, and then only hummed, sang now as she went about her work. And grand-

mother spoke about America from morning till night.

Having a lively imagination, she gave us her ideas of what she thought America was like, the kind of people father would be likely to meet, how soon he would find work, how much he would earn, and how soon he would be able to take his family over. Here she cried a good deal, saying, "If I had been told a year ago that my only son would go away to the other end of the world, and that I would continue to live knowing that I would never see him again, I would not have believed it possible. And yet it has come to pass and I am not only alive, but contented that he should be away. Ah, how strange is life and its ways!" Then she would dry her tears and begin to wonder how he would live without her care, who would look after his socks, and who would cover his feet on cold nights. But soon she consoled herself by saying, "Oh, but socks are cheap out there, as no doubt everything else must be, and they say that it is not as cold in America as in Russia."

And we children were as happy as if we had been released from a dark, damp prison cell. It seemed to us that the lake was never so clear and blue or sparkled so brightly, and the birds never sang so gaily before. We ran about visiting one familiar place after another, unable to stop long anywhere.

When grandfather came home, we were shocked at the change in him. His hair and beard, grey before, had turned white, and his eyes, they were the trustful eyes of a child, had a strange questioning look in them. He had become quite deaf. But otherwise he was as sprightly as ever.

Now the chief part of the support

of the family fell to mother, and the rest of us helped. Grandmother knitted stockings for the women of the village. Of course the stockings had to be looked over, the lost stitches found and mended carefully. That was my work.

Grandmother also peeled the potatoes for the house. These, too, I had to go over, and cut away the peelings she had left. I disliked this work and dropped many a tear on the potatoes. Then mother would say, "What? crying? So much the better, we won't need to salt the potatoes." And grandfather, after bringing the wood, building the fire, fetching water from the spring, would go to the village to see if there were any pots to mend.

Grandfather had clever hands. He could do wonders with a penknife and a piece of wood. And in mending pots he was a perfect artist. And so whenever he walked through the village, the women would call him into their homes, bless him for the pots he made whole, and fill his little bag, which he always carried upon his back, with potatoes, carrots, turnips or onions. On coming home he would look as happy as if he had a whole fortune in his bag. "Come, children, and see what I have," he would call out while still on the threshold. Then he would open his bag, take out a carrot, and holding it up high for our admiration, he would say, his face beaming, "Is it not a perfect beauty? And sweet and juicy! Just wait till you taste it!" Then he would scrape it, divide it among us and sit looking at us while we ate.

VI

After Easter there was some pleasant outdoor work. Grand-

father dug up the garden and we planted some vegetables. Of this work I liked planting potatoes best. I enjoyed walking after the plough in the cool moist earth with my bare feet. And while doing so, it pleased me to imagine that I was Yonko, the sower. I took long even strides and swung my arm back and forth in a circle, as I took and dropped the potatoes.

Mother saw me and scolded, saying that I dropped them too far apart. "You are always playing," she said. "Your sister, almost three years younger, is already a little woman; look!"

Bent almost double under a bag of potatoes, sister was coming toward us, walking unsteadily under the weight.

When she reached us mother took the bag and asked, "Is it not too heavy?"

The love in her eyes, and tenderness in her voice made my heart ache with envy. And so as usual I went for consolation to my bush.

While walking along, I determined never to play again. But as soon as I sat down, the twigs and flowers turned into fanciful girls and boys who adored me. I named each one of them and myself I called Dena. And then we went romping about in the fields.

I was extremely happy among these imaginary companions. But often they were the cause of punishment. For like real companions, they lured me away from my work in the house, to play.

Among these companions there was one who at first was just a name I liked. But after a while at the thought of the name I saw a vision of a tall, dark, handsome youth. And as I always wished for a big

brother who would take care of me, I adopted him.

So real did this imaginary brother become that when I found myself alone in the dark, trembling with fear, I would call out, "Oh, Ephraim, where are you?" Then I seemed to hear him say, "Ah, you little 'fraid-cat, I knew you would want me. Here, take my hand." Then my two hands would clasp each other and I seemed to feel safer.

As soon as the warm weather came, the women of the village gave all their time and thought to the work in the fields. And so now we had no stockings to knit, no sewing, and no pots for grandfather to mend. He would often come home from the village with his little bag empty and sadness in his eyes. Instead, there were many days when we had not enough even of potatoes. But this hardship did not last long. Soon a letter and money came from father. This was the first letter from America. Father did not tell us much about his life out there. He just said that he was boarding with a nice Russian Jewish family and that he was already working and earning ten dollars a week. The rest of the letter was just good cheer and loving messages to each one of us.

Grandmother kept the letter under her pillow and soon the writing was defaced by her tears.

One day I managed to get hold of it. I put it into my pocket, slipped out of the house, then I took it out and looked at it.

It seemed to me so wonderful that a letter posted in America found its way into our little village.

"And this is American paper and here is an American stamp! And no doubt father touched this very stamp with his fingers!" When I

thought of that, he did not seem so far away.

When winter came, mother bought feathers to pick. Having three daughters, she said she needed many pillows for their dowry. I liked picking feathers, as I liked sewing, not so much for itself as because it left my mind free to dream.

VII

Grandmother had two children besides father, both daughters. The elder was happily married and lived about two or three days' journey from us. Whether through indifference or because of the distance, I do not know, but she never came to see her parents or wrote to them. Sometimes a traveller from her part of the country, passing through our village, would stop at our house and give us her greetings.

The younger was twenty-one years of age now and was working in Minsk, a large city. She left home when she was sixteen and, being fond of children, she became a nurse girl. As grandmother expected her to be a seamstress, this choice of occupation caused grandmother as many tears as father's becoming a tailor instead of a rabbi. For a nurse girl was thought to be as much below a seamstress as a tailor below a rabbi.

Father had been in America but a short time when grandmother realised that his emigration had lessened Aunt Masha's prospects of marriage. When she came to this conclusion, her peace was gone. She wept night and day. "Poor Masha," she moaned, "what is to become of her? Her chances had been small enough without a dowry. And now, burdened with an aged father and a

blind, helpless mother, the best she can expect is a middle-aged widower with half a dozen children!"

Mother tried to comfort her by telling her that she would remain in Russia as long as grandmother lived, so that she would not have to live with Masha. But this only irritated her. "You talk like a child," she wept. "You stay here and wait for my death, while my son, at the other end of the world, will be leading a life of loneliness. And as for me, would I have any peace, knowing that I was the cause?"

Mother, seeing that she could do nothing to comfort her, silently awaited results.

One night I woke, hearing a muffled sound of crying. I felt for grandmother, with whom I slept. But she was not beside me. Frightened, I sat up and peered into the darkness. The crying came from the foot of the bed. And soon I discerned grandmother sitting there. With her hands clasped about her knees and her face buried in her lap, she sat rocking gently and weeping.

I called to her in a whisper to come and lie down, but she did not answer. For a while I sat trembling with cold and fear. Then I slipped far back under the warm comforter and tried to sleep. But the picture of grandmother, sitting alone in the dark and cold, haunted me. And so again I arose.

Creeping over to her quickly, I curled up close to her and put my arms around her cold, trembling form. At first she did not take any notice of me. But after a few minutes she lifted her head and unclasping her hands, she drew me under her shawl, saying as she laid her wet face against mine, "Oh, you little mouse, how you do creep up to one!

But you had better go back to your place or you will catch cold."

When I went back and as grandmother tucked me in, I asked her why she cried so. "Never mind, you little busybody," she said, "go to sleep." But I teased her to tell me. And finally she said with a sigh, and speaking more to herself than to me, "It is about Masha. Go to sleep now, you will hear all about it tomorrow."

She sat down on the edge of the bed, gently patting my shoulder, as she had often done when I was a little child. Soon I fell asleep.

The next day the rings under her eyes were darker, and her eyelids were more red and swollen than usual. But otherwise she seemed more calm than she had been for a long time.

After dinner she said to mother, hesitating at every word as she spoke, "You know, I decided last night, that when you go to America Masha should go with you." This startled mother so that she almost dropped the baby whom she was swinging on her foot.

"What are you saying? Masha go to America and you left here alone?"

"Yes, alone," she sighed, "as if I never had any children. But so it must be. True, I have not had a happy life. But happy or not, I have lived it. And now, it is almost at an end. But Masha has just begun to live, and in America she will have a better chance, for there are fewer women there, they say. As for me, I shall not be without comfort in my last days. When I am lonely, I shall think of her happily married and surrounded by dear little children like yours. And now listen to this plan. Of course I cannot be

left here alone, though my needs are few. And so before you start for America you will take me to my niece in the city. She is a very pious woman, and so I am sure she will give me a little space in some corner of her house. Of course you will pay her for a year of my board. And after that, perhaps you will send her money. But I hope it won't be necessary. Indeed, I feel that I won't trouble this world much longer."

Mother tried to dissuade her from this plan, but she turned a deaf ear and insisted that we write to father at once. And we did.

About a month passed before we received an answer. The letter was heavier than usual. And when we opened it, two yellow tickets fell out from among the two closely written sheets.

"What is this?" we all asked at once. "Not money. And this writing must be English."

We handed the tickets to grandmother who held out her hand for them. Suddenly her hand began to tremble and she said, "Perhaps these are steamer tickets. Quickly read the letter."

After the usual greetings father wrote, "Since Masha is to come to America she might as well start as soon as she can get ready. And Rahel had better come with her. I am sure she can earn at least three dollars a week. With her help I'll be able to bring the rest of the family over much sooner, perhaps in a year or so. And, besides, now she can still travel on half a ticket, which I am enclosing with the one for Masha."

Quite bewildered, I looked at mother. Her lips were opening and closing without making a sound. Suddenly she caught me into her arms and burst into tears.

VIII

For many days mother could not look at the steamer tickets without tears in her eyes. And even then though she tried to speak cheerfully about my going to America, I noticed that the anxious look which came into her eyes while the letter was being read, never left them. Also I felt her eyes following me about on every step. But once only, she gave way to her feelings openly.

One morning while she was fastening the back of my dress I caught a few disconnected words, which she uttered low as though she were speaking to herself.

"Good Heavens! child twelve years old—care—herself." Then came those inward tearless sobs and I felt her hands tremble on my back.

But grandmother took the news in a manner that astonished us all. When I looked at her over my mother's shoulder, after the letter was read, I saw her sitting at the table in her usual position. Her head was bent low and a little to one side, and her hands were folded in her lap. Very quietly she sat, not a word, not a tear came from her.

I do not know whether I considered myself fortunate in going to America or not. But I do remember that when I convinced myself, by looking at the tickets often, that it was not a dream like many others I had had, that I would really start for America in a month or six weeks, I felt a great joy. Of course I was a little ashamed of this joy. I saw that mother was unhappy. And grandmother's sorrow, very awful, in its calmness, was double now. For I felt that I was almost as dear to her as Aunt Masha.

When a week passed, we cleaned the house as thoroughly as if it were



"THE DROSKY IS AT THE DOOR"

for Easter in honour of Aunt Masha's coming.

During the five years that she had been away, she visited us twice. The last time had been three years before. And so we were all excited and eager to see her.

As the days passed and the time drew near for her coming, grandmother became so impatient and nervous that she would jump at the least outdoor sound, asking excitedly,

"What is that? I think I hear the rumbling of wheels. Isn't that someone coming?" Then we would all rush to the door and windows and find that it was only a cart passing on the road, or a pig scratching his back against the sharp corner of the house.

One day we really heard a cart drive up to the door. When we ran out, we saw a small, plump, pretty young woman in a brown dress jump lightly to the ground.

"Oh, grandmother, quickly come, it is Aunt Masha."

In a moment grandmother tum-

bled out of bed, but before she could reach the door she was in Aunt Masha's arms. And for a while there was sobbing in every corner of the room.

IX

All through the spring, while mother, grandmother and Aunt Masha were sewing and knitting stockings for Aunt Masha and me to take along to America, I wandered about in the fields, restless and unable to play at anything.

So the spring passed.

As the second of June, the day for our departure to America, drew near, I stayed more in the house and followed mother about more closely. Gradually I became conscious of two things. One was the fear of going out into the world. Just what I feared I did not know. And the other was regret. I had not realised how dear to me were my people and home, until I was about to leave them. But the one whom I regretted to leave most was grandmother.

Grandfather was not fond of me and so he cared little about my going away. And mother and the children I would see again. But that grandmother cared I knew. And I also knew and she knew that her I would never see again.

One day grandmother and I were alone in the house, at least I think we were alone. For as I look back now I can see no one but the two of us. I am standing at the window, and she is walking across the room, with her slow, hesitating step, and her hands stretched in front of her for protection. Coming upon a bench in the middle of the room she sat down heavily, with a sigh,

"It is strange, but the room seems to have grown larger."

"What is that shadow at the window, Rahel? Come, child, let me lean on you. There, your shoulder just fits under my arm. Do you remember when you first began to lead me about? That was when you still called yourself by name."

When we reached the window she raised her hand, shaded her eyes from the strong light and stood quietly for a while, looking out. Then she said,

"This must be a beautiful day. For my eyelids are not as heavy when it is clear."

"Oh, grandmother, it is glorious! There is not a cloud in the sky. And, that thing waving in front of the window, can you make out what it is?"

"I see a black, shapeless mass. What is it?"

"It is the wild apple tree, white with blossoms."

"H-m-m— yes," she said, meditatively, "it was a day just like this."

"When, grandmother?"

She did not answer for a long

while and when she spoke at last her voice was low and passionate.

"When God took my sight from me. My eyes had never been strong. One day in the spring, it was beautiful like to-day, I was digging in the garden, but a little while it seemed to me, when I was startled by a crash of thunder so that the very earth under my feet seemed to tremble. I looked up. The sun was gone and a black angry cloud hung over our house. Quickly I gathered up the tools and hastened toward home. I was but a few steps away when a wind-storm came. It rocked the trees, blew the loosened shingles from the roof, and swept the dry sand in a whirl before me. At the same moment I felt a stinging pain in my eyes, so that I could not see the door. In darkness I groped about for long time, till I found it. For twenty-four hours I was beside myself with pain. At the end of that time it went away as suddenly as it came. When your father, who was a little boy then, untied the kerchief from my eyes, I asked him if it were night.

"'Why, mother,' I heard his frightened voice, 'it is daylight. Don't you see the sun across your bed?' Then I knew."

She stood silent and motionless for a while. Then she said more calmly,

"But I must not sin. For if God has taken my sight, He has given me dear little grandchildren who have been everything I wanted. Ah, if I had only been worthy enough to keep them with me!" She turned to me suddenly and taking my face between her cold soft hands she said entreatingly,

"Rahel, promise me that you won't cry when you are starting. You hear? It is bad luck to cry when one

is starting on a journey. And, I want you to write me whether there are any synagogues in America."

"I promise!"

Still holding my face between her hands, she bent over it and looked at it intently. I saw a strained expression come into her face and the eyes move about restlessly under the heavy red lids, as though she were trying to see. Then came a pitiful moan, and tears rolled down her cheeks and fell on mine.

What happened after this I do not remember, until the very minute of starting on the second of June. And even then, as I look back I can see nothing at first, but a thick grey mist. But the sounds I recall very distinctly.

There was Aunt Masha's voice crying, a crack of a whip, horses' hoofs striking against stones. Then there was a sudden jolt and I felt myself falling backward. And now I remember what I saw, too.

When I sat up, I found myself sitting in a straw-lined wagon, with my back to the horse. Besides me were mother and the baby, who were coming to the city with us, and Aunt Masha, who was lying with her face hidden in the straw, crying aloud.

I remembered grandmother's warning, "Nothing but bad luck could come to one who is crying while starting on a journey," and felt sorry for Aunt Masha. But as we were pulling out through the gate and I saw grandmother looking so lonely and forsaken, as she stood leaning against the house, and when I saw grandfather and the children who stood at the gate, looking after us and crying, I could not keep my own tears back, though I opened my eyes wide and blinked hard.

One by one we passed the dear fa-

miliar places. Each one brought back sad and happy recollections. As I looked at my favourite bush while we were passing it, I saw my little make-believe companions spring up in it one after another. And among them I saw the swarthy face of my imaginary brother Ephraim. I waved my hand to him, and then hid my face on mother's shoulder.

When I looked up again, the road was unknown to me.

X

We were bound for Minsk. This was a large city about a day and a half hard travelling from our village. There mother was to see an agent about smuggling us across the border, and buy a few necessary things for our journey.

As I had been unable to see mother's people before going, we went a little out of our way to stop with them for a few hours. Shortly before sunset we arrived at their home, which stood on the outskirts of a small town.

Mother's father had been dead for some years, and the mother was living with her four sons, who were blacksmiths by trade.

As we had to pass the shop, which was a short distance from the house, we stopped there first. All four were busy at the forge, at the bellows, one was swinging the heavy sledge and Uncle Hayim, who was the oldest, was shaping a piece of iron on the anvil. Seeing us, he stopped and came to meet us. He kissed mother with more than usual tenderness, shook hands with Aunt Masha, and looked at me in surprise. "Well, well," he said, "how tall you have grown. But you are only a feather-weight after all." He

laughed as he raised me lightly on a level with himself.

He locked up the shop and we all went to the house. At the door we met grandmother coming from the barn with a pail of foaming milk, which she almost spilt in her surprise at seeing us.

She was as different from my other grandmother as a person could be. She was a strong, stocky little woman, so industrious and quick that at times it was hard to believe that there was just one of her. In telling stories, however, she was like my other grandmother. Everything she saw and heard reminded her of a story.

We started to continue on our journey soon after supper. At parting we all cried a good deal and laughed, too, when I refused to kiss my two younger uncles on the ground that they were boys.

"But," said the younger and mischievous one, "you kissed me two weeks ago when I was at your home."

"Then it was different," I said. I could not explain, but perhaps I felt that in parting from my childhood surroundings, I parted from childhood, too.

Uncle Hayim lit the way to the wagon with a lantern. He held it up high while mother tucked baby and me into the straw, between Aunt Masha and herself.

I was very fond of this uncle and as I lay looking at his face, with the light shining on it, I thought, "Another minute, and I won't see him any more. Perhaps I'll never see him again." Indistinctly, through my tears, I saw the driver climb into the wagon and uncle jump on the axle of the wheel. He bent over me. "Farewell!" he said. At that moment his voice and face were so much like

my mother's that I was struck with terror, and could not breathe until I found her hand.

As we joggled off I heard uncle calling after us, "Don't forget God." And it seemed to me that the frogs from the neighbouring swamps took up the words and croaked, "Don't forget God! Don't forget God!"

The road was very uneven, and every time the wheels passed over a stone, I heard Aunt Masha's head bump against the wagon. Mother gave her some more straw to put there, but she refused.

"What," she said, peevishly, "is this pain or any other pain that I have ever had compared with what my mother suffers to-night." And so she let her head bump, as if that would give her mother relief. For a long time I felt Aunt Masha's body shaking with sobs. But by degrees it grew quieter, the breathing became regular, and she slept. Then I saw mother, who I thought was also asleep, sit up. She took some straw from her side of the wagon and bending over me toward Aunt Masha, she raised her head gently and spread the straw under it.

I slept until baby poked his little nose under my chin to wake me at broad daylight. My first thought was, "I am in Minsk." I had looked forward with pleasure to being there. And yet all I saw of it was a dingy courtyard, a sunless room, a drosky and a railroad station.

The dingy courtyard we passed through when we got out of the wagon, and the sunless room was the home of our cousins with whom we stayed as long as we remained in the city.

During the three days that followed, I stayed in the house and took care of baby while mother and Aunt



ALL DAY WE SAT OR WALKED ABOUT IN THE SUN

Masha were doing their errands. There was quite some trouble with the agents. They found out that we had no local passport and could not get one. And so they demanded an unreasonable sum of money, which mother finally had to pay. And even then, it was just as likely as not that we would be caught crossing the boundary and sent back.

On the third morning Aunt Masha bought me a very pretty pair of black patent-leather slippers with two buttons. I remember that after I put them on, I sat most of the time. I wanted to keep the soles clean. And it was only to give baby the pleasure and myself, too, of hearing them squeak, that I walked across the room.

In the afternoon mother sewed the money that was left into the side lining of my little underwaist. "No one will suspect it there," she said. When she was through she spread the waist out on her knees, and smoothed out the creases with great tenderness. While putting on the waist, I noticed that there were many damp spots on it.

After that, there was nothing more to do. Our new wicker basket was ready and stood corded at the door. And there was a small bag of zweiback and two new bright tin drinking cups. I remember how silently we all sat waiting for five o'clock, how white mother's face looked, how unnaturally cheerful Aunt Masha seemed, how attentive the boy was

to all of us, how rapidly my heart beat as if I had been running a long distance.

A little before the hour, my pale-faced cousin came in. And it seemed to me that he grew still paler when he looked at us and said, "The drosky is at the door."

I don't remember how we left the house. But when we were in the drosky, I saw that I had my tin cup in my hand and Aunt Masha had the bag of zweiback and the other cup. We were driven to the station at a speed that made baby's breath come and go in gasps.

The platform was crowded. "Here is the train," my cousin said. "Hurry!" Mother caught me into her arms with a cry that made me forget everything. Half unconscious now of what was going on, I held her around the neck with all my strength.

"A crowded train," I heard. "Hurry!" And again, "You will never get a seat now," and still later, "Oh, I thought you were such a brave girl!"—"You will miss the train, Rahel!"

Someone pulled my hands apart. I was lifted from the back and carried into the train. I looked through the window into the crowd for mother. Just as I caught sight of her face the train began to move. I saw her fling out her arms wildly and run alongside of the train for a few steps. Then her arms dropped limply at her sides and she disappeared in the crowd.

XI

Aunt Masha's tear-stained face, bending over me anxiously, was the first thing I saw when I regained consciousness.

I do not remember how or when we left the train, or how about twenty-five of us, two young men and the rest women and very small children, came to be travelling in a large, canvas-covered wagon, on a country road white with the heat and dust.

Toward evening of that day we came to an empty little log house, so much like ours at home that I could not restrain a cry of joy at the sight of it. The roof, however, was of shingles instead of straw.

When it grew quite dark, a few wagons drove up to the door of the hut. There was a good deal of whispering and disputing. At last, after much talking and swearing on the part of the drivers, we were all placed. I was put flat on my face between Aunt Masha and another, into one of the wagons spread with ill-smelling hay. We were covered up with more of it, heads and all, then drove off, it seemed to me, each wagon in a different direction.

We might have been driving for an hour, though it seemed much longer, for I could hardly breathe, when I heard the driver's hoarse whisper, "Remember, people, you are not to make a sound, nor move a limb for the next half hour."

Soon after this I heard a rough voice in Russian, "Who is there?"

"It is Mushka," our driver answered.

"What have you in the wagon?" the Russian demanded.

"Oh, just some bags of flour," Mushka answered.

I felt a heavy hand laid on my back. At that moment it dawned on me that we were stealing across the border. My heart began to thump so that I was sure he heard it. And in my fear I began to pray. But I

stopped at once, at a pinch from Aunt Masha. Then I heard the clink of money. At last the rough voice called out loudly, "Flour? go ahead."

As we started off again, I heard the crying of children in the distance, and shooting.

XII

One day, I don't remember how soon after we crossed the border, we arrived in Hamburg. We stopped in a large, red building run in connection with the steamship company. We were all shown (really driven) into a large room where many dirty, narrow cots stood along the walls. Aunt Masha shivered as she looked at the one in which we two were to sleep.

"The less we stay in these beds the better," she said. So, although we were dead tired we went to bed quite late. But before we were on our cot very long we saw that sleep was out of the question.

At last a faint grey light came creeping slowly into the yard. With unspeakable joy I watched the house loom out of the darkness. Soon I jumped up and ran to get washed.

Our breakfast, which was boiled potatoes and slices of white bread, was served on long bare tables in a room like the sleeping room. No sooner was the food put on the tables than it was gone, and some of us were left with empty plates. Aunt Masha and I looked at each other and burst out laughing. To see the bread grabbed up and the fingers scorched on the boiled potatoes, was ugly and pathetic but also funny.

"To-morrow," Aunt Masha said, "we, too, will have to grab. For the

money sewed in your waist won't last if we have to buy more than one meal a day for a week." But the next day it was almost the same thing. Going hungry seemed easy in comparison with the shame we felt to put out our hands for the bread while there was such a struggle.

We stayed in Hamburg a week. Every day from ten in the morning until four in the afternoon, we stayed in a large, bare hall waiting for our names to be called. On the left side of the hall there was a heavy door leading into the office, where the emigrants were called in one by one.

I used to sit down on the floor opposite the door and watch the people's faces as they came and went into the office. Some looked excited and worried when they came out, and others looked relieved.

When our names were called, I rose quickly and followed Aunt Masha. The clerk who always came to the door, which he opened only a little, looked at us and asked our names. Then he let Aunt Masha go in and, pushing me away roughly without a word, he shut the heavy door in my face.

I stood nearby waiting, until my feet ached. When Aunt Masha came out at last, her face was flushed and there were tears in her eyes. Immediately she went over to her friends (she had many friends by that time) and began to talk to them excitedly. I followed her, but she stopped talking when she saw me. I understood that I was not to listen. And so I went away.

This went on for almost a week. Each day her face looked more worried and perplexed.

One afternoon the door of the office opened wider than usual, and a different clerk came out holding a



WITH BABY ON ONE ARM, A BUNDLE ON THE OTHER

paper in his hand. He told us that the English steamer for which we had been waiting was in. And then he read the names of those who were to go on it.

I'll never forget Aunt Masha's joy when she heard that we were to sail the next day. She ran from one to the other of her friends, crying and laughing at once.

"The scoundrel," she kept on saying, "he threatened to send us home. He said he had the power to send us home!" Then she ran over to me and in her joy almost smothered me in her embrace.

I don't remember whether it was on this same day or when we were

already on the steamer that our clothes were taken away to be "steamed." As my little underwaist, which still had some money in it, was also taken, we spent some anxious hours about the money. The money was not touched. But when I looked at my pretty little slippers I wept bitter tears. They looked old, and wrinkled, and two of the buttons were off.

On the following evening we sailed off in a small white boat. We all sat on the floor of the deck. I dreaded crossing the ocean for I had heard that the water was rough. The boat rocked fearfully, and there was sickness and even death. But

when some time passed and I saw how smoothly and steadily the boat went along over quiet water, I felt relieved. Then came something of gladness. I sat quietly in back of Aunt Masha, watching the full moon appearing and disappearing behind the clouds, and listening to our fellow-travellers. Their faces, so worried and excited for weeks, looked peaceful and contented as they sat gazing at the moon, and talking quietly and hopefully of the future in the new world.

"How beautiful," I thought. "This is the way the rest of our journey will be." For in my ignorance I thought that we would sail all the way across in this little white boat and that the water would always be calm, and the wind gentle. When I whispered my thought to Aunt Masha, she smiled at me over her shoulder, a queer, meaning little smile, which puzzled me. In the morning when we came to an enormous black and white steamer, I remembered Aunt Masha's smile and understood its meaning.

We were deathly seasick the first three days. During that period I was conscious, it seems to me, only part of the time. I remember that once when I opened my eyes, I seemed

to see the steamer turn to one side and then disappear under water. Then I heard voices screaming, entreating, praying. I thought we were drowning, but I did not care. Nothing mattered now. On the fourth day, I became again interested in life.

All day we sat or walked about in the sun. Soon Aunt Masha's little round nose was covered with freckles and my hair was bleached a half dozen shades.

A week passed.

One day, it was the first of July, Aunt Masha and I stood in Castle Garden. With fluttering hearts yet patiently, we stood scanning the faces of a group of Americans divided from us by iron gates.

"My father could never be among those wonderfully dressed people," I thought. Suddenly it seemed to me as if I must shout. I caught sight of a familiar smile.

"Aunt Masha, do you see that man in the light tan suit? the one who is smiling and waving his hand?"

"Why, you little goose," she cried, "don't you see? It's father!" She gave a laugh and a sob, and hid her face in her hands.

A little while later the three of us stood clinging to each other.

ON FILLING AN INK-WELL

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

THOSE who buy their ink in little stone jugs may prefer to do so because the pottle reminds them of cruiskeen lawn or ginger beer (with its wire-bound cork), but they miss a noble delight. Ink should be bought in the tall, blue glass, quart bottles (with the ingenious non-drip spout), and once every three weeks or so, when you fill your ink-well, it is your privilege to elevate the flask against the brightness of a window, and meditate (with a breath of sadness) on the joys and problems that sacred fluid holds in solution.

How blue it shines toward the light! Blue as lupin or larkspur, or cornflower—aye, and even so blue art thou, my scrivener, to think how far the written page falls short of the bright ecstasy of thy dream! In the bottle, what magnificence of unpenned stuff lies cool and liquid: what fluency of essay, what fonts of song. As the bottle glints, blue as a squill or a hyacinth, blue as the meadows of Elysium or the eyes of girls loved by young poets, meseems the racing pen might almost gain upon the thoughts that are turning the bend in the road. A jolly throng, those thoughts: I can see them talking and laughing together. But when pen reaches the road's turning, the thoughts are gone far ahead: their delicate figures are silhouettes against the sky.

It is a sacramental matter, this filling the ink-well. Is there a writer, however humble, who has not poured into his writing pot, with the ink, some wistful hopes or prayers for

what may emerge from that dark source? Is there not some particular reverence due the ink-well, some form of propitiation to humbug the powers of evil and constraint that devil the journalist? Satan hovers near the ink-pot. Luther solved the matter by throwing the well itself at the apparition. That savours to me too much of homeopathy. If Satan ever puts his face over my desk, I shall hurl a volume of Harold Bell Wright at him. That well of English defiled. . . .

But what becomes of the ink-pots of glory? The conduit from which Boswell drew, for Charles Dilly in The Poultry, the great river of his Johnson? The well (was it of blue china?) whence flowed *Dream Children: a Revery?* (It was written on folio ledger sheets from the East India House—I saw the manuscript only yesterday in a room at Daylesford, Pennsylvania, where much of the richest ink of the last two centuries is lovingly laid away.) The pot of chuckling fluid where Harry Fielding dipped his pen to tell the history of a certain foundling; the ink-wells of the Café de la Source on the Boul' Mich'—do they by any chance remember which it was that R. L. S. used? One of the happiest tremours of my life was when I went to that café and called for a bock and writing material, just because R. L. S. had once written letters there. And the ink-well Poe used at that boarding-house in Greenwich Street, New York (April, 1844), when he wrote to his dear Muddy

(his mother-in-law) to describe how he and Virginia had reached a haven of square meals. That hopeful letter, so perfect now in pathos—

For breakfast we had excellent-flavoured coffee, hot and strong—not very clear and no great deal of cream—veal cutlets, elegant ham and eggs and nice bread and butter. I never sat down to a more plentiful or a nicer breakfast. I wish you could have seen the eggs—and the great dishes of meat. Sis [his wife] is delighted, and we are both in excellent spirits. She has coughed hardly any and had no night sweat. She is now busy mending my pants, which I tore against a nail. I went out last night and bought a skein of silk, a skein of thread, two buttons, a pair of slippers, and a tin pan for the stove. The fire kept in all night. We have now got four dollars and a half left. To-morrow I am going to try and borrow three dollars, so that I may have a fortnight to go upon. I feel in excellent spirits, and haven't drank a drop—so that I hope soon to get out of trouble.

Yes, let us clear the typewriter off the table: an ink-well is a sacred thing.

Do you ever stop to think, when you see the grimy spattered desks of a public post-office, how many eager or puzzled human hearts have tried, in those dingy little ink-cups, to set themselves right with fortune? What blissful meetings have been appointed, what scribblings of pain and sorrow, out of those founts of common speech. And the ink-wells on hotel counters—does not the public dipping place of the Bellevue Hotel, Boston, win a new dignity in my memory when I know (as I learned lately) that Rupert Brooke registered there in the spring of 1914? I remember, too, a certain pleasant vibration when, signing my name one day in the Bellevue's book, I found Miss Agnes Repplier's autograph a little above on the same page.

Among our younger friends, Vachel Lindsay comes to mind as one who has done honour to the ink-well. His *Apology for the Bottle Volcanic* is in his best flow of secret smiling (save an unfortunate dilution of Riley):

Sometimes I dip my pen and find the bottle
full of fire,

The salamanders flying forth I cannot but
admire. . . .

O sad deceiving ink, as bad as liquor in its
way—

All demons of a bottle size have pranced
from you to-day,

And seized my pen for hobby-horse as
witches ride a broom,

And left a trail of brimstone words and
blots and gobs of gloom.

And yet when I am extra good . . . [*here
I omit the transfusion of Riley*]

My bottle spreads a rainbow mist, and from
the vapour fine

Ten thousand troops from fairyland come
riding in a line.

I suppose it is the mark of a trifling mind, yet I like to hear of the little particulars that surrounded those whose pens struck sparks. It is Boswell that leads us into that habit of thought. I like to know what the author wore, how he sat, what the furniture of his desk and chamber, who cooked his meals for him, and with what appetite he approached them. "The mind soars by an effort to the grand and lofty," (so dipped Hazlitt in some favoured ink-bottle)—"it is at home in the grovelling, the disagreeable, and the little."

I like to think, as I look along book shelves, that everyone of these favourites was born out of an ink-well. I imagine the hopes and visions that thronged the author's mind as he filled his pot and sliced the quill. What various fruits have flowed from those ink-wells of the past: for

some, comfort and honour, quiet homes and plenteousness; for others, bitterness and disappointment. I have seen a copy of Poe's poems, published 1845 by Putnam, inscribed by the author. The volume had been bought for \$2,500. Think what that would have meant to Poe himself.

Some such thoughts as these twinkled in my head as I held up the Pierian bottle against the light, admired the deep blue of it, and filled

my ink-well. And then I took up my pen, which wrote:

A GRACE BEFORE WRITING

This is a sacrament, I think!
Holding the bottle toward the light,
As blue as lupin gleams the ink:
May Truth be with me as I write!

That small dark cistern may afford
Reunion with some vanished friend,—
And with this ink I have just poured
May none but honest words be penned!

TEMPERAMENT

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

WHEN I am composing a lyric,
Or Vida's composing a sock,
The kindest-meant panegyric
Obtrudes with a terrible shock.

Remarks, be they never so gentle,
Had better, far better, be curbed;
We're both of us Temperamental,
And Genius must *not* be disturbed!

When, gripped in the Strife of Creation,
The heart and the soul are aflame,
The Thing that they call "Conversation"
Is—something too awful to name!

And sorrow betide the satiric
Intruder who ventures to mock,
When I am composing a lyric,
Or Vida's composing a sock!

THE DOTTED STYLE

BY WILSON FOLLETT

POETRY, as everybody knows, is dedicating itself as never before to the objective, the real. Everybody knows it simply because everybody is writing the poetry which makes the statement true; and "poets' poet," a title once denoting the austere aloofness and rarity of Spenser, of Shelley, is now democratically expanded to mean people's poet, poet for everybody. The versifier of an earlier generation bought his own work in volumes, that he might have the joy of seeing it in print, even if no one else did. To-day everybody buys the poetry-printing magazines, because everybody might have written what is in them. Still the same remarkable coincidence between transmitter and receiver—but on how enlarged a scale! What has made possible the enlargement is, of course, the self-surrender of poetry to a faculty which everybody has—the faculty of observation pure and simple. Imagery has yielded to imagism. We consent to fly no flag except the ensign of the actual. We will have sharp lines in the object and real objects in the inventory—and the inventory is, to be sure, the poem.

This new Poetry of Things is chiefly remarkable for two kinds of detachment: first, its complete self-detachment from all judgment and criticism, all views and opinions—its impersonality; second, its amazing inconsecutiveness, the detachment of everything in it from everything else. It substitutes seeing for thinking; and it substitutes compila-

tion for composition. Its friends would say that it keeps its feet on the ground lest it lose its head in the clouds. Its enemies might retort that it goes on stilts because it has no wings. Either way, its limitations alone are enough to explain how it has got its astonishing vogue.

The democratisation of any form of art is in itself a great good. Admitted. But there is always the question whether, to bring it about, the audience has been levelled upward or the form of art levelled downward. If one believes, as a few of us still do, that Things belong in poetry in order that composition and interpretation may prove what can be done with them, there is some occasion for dismay about both the art and the audience—the one being, as I have noted, so popular an expression of the other that the vices of either must be common to both. And of course one's dismay about the art will be as nothing to one's dismay about the audience. Inconsecutiveness, the servile acceptance of mere matter—are these twin traits of the modern mind itself, traits of which the fashionable modernism in verse is but symptomatic?

I should not be at this moment so wrought up if I had not lately been noticing more and more the rapid spread of these insidious symptoms from verse to prose, and especially to fiction in prose. If there is any encouragement, it lies in the fact that so far the two vices have not usually appeared together in fiction. The novelists who see and accept

things without criticising them—the objective realists—may seem to us arid in their literalism, unrewarding in their lack of vision; but mainly they have at least written prose, and kept the consecutiveness which is inherent in prose. Their opposites, the writers who keep a healthy interest in standards and practise a fine subjective discrimination, may have more to say to us; but they have lately developed an eccentric incoherence of manner which threatens to be the destruction of prose. I refer to the disintegration of the sentence into random scraps of phraseology, strung together without syntax in a telegraphic or note-taking idiom. The visible badge of this manner—no use to call it mannerism, since everybody has it—is the frequent occurrence of rows of printed dots; such rows as, in an elder typography, denoted the omission of words from a citation. Here is one of many possible examples; it is taken from a recent novel of truly unusual distinction.*

“Monsieur . . . had talked French all the time . . . dictées . . . lectures . . . Le Conscrit . . . Waterloo . . . La Maison Déserte . . . his careful voice reading on and on . . . until the room disappeared. . . . She must do that for her German girls. Read English to them and make them happy. . . . But first there must be verbs . . . there

**Pointed Roofs*. By Dorothy M. Richardson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. This is the first volume of a sequence of novels called *Pilgrimage*, of which two other volumes, *Backwater* and *Honeycomb*, are now available. For adequate appreciations of the precision and delicacy of Miss Richardson's impressionism, see J. D. Beresford's introduction to *Pointed Roofs*, H. G. Wells's preface to *Nocturne*, by Frank Swinnerton [Doran, 1918], and Randolph Bourne's review of *Honeycomb* in *The Dial* of May 9, 1918.

had been cahiers of them . . . first, second, third conjugation. . . . It was impudence, an impudent invasion . . . the dreadful, clever, foreign school. . . . They would laugh at her. . . . She began to repeat the English alphabet. . . . She doubted whether, faced with a class, she could reach the end without a mistake. . . . She reached Z and went on to the parts of speech.”

This might be called imagist prose. Typographically speaking, I refer to it as the dotted style. Not only does it spoil an accredited device for the purpose which that device really serves: it also wastes the paper of an almost paperless decade. Of a page containing one hundred linear inches of print, twenty linear inches are given to trios and quartettes of dots. The dots express nothing whatever except a vague ungratified yearning after that articulation which language, to be organic prose at all, must have attained. The idea is to let one's consciousness float (when it does not sink) in a sea of sensation whose waves are intuitions, and the crests of whose waves are images. It is thoroughlygoingly idle—and one suspects that the modern consciousness is growing more and more dreadfully content to be just that.

Heaven help the novel if ever these two faults coincide in it! That is, if the dots that blazon this sensitive and objective idiom ever get themselves scattered through the pages whose creed is raw, unsifted, uncensored actuality. But perhaps the calamity can be averted. Perhaps one of these converging excesses can be made to fight the other, as fire fights fire. Let the subjectivists push their pet device far enough to make it the norm of written lan-

guage: then the objectivists, and with them the vestiges of the novel, will be automatically excluded, for simple lack of any medium to be objective in. Mr. Kenneth Grahame, in a passage about the widening margins of present-day volumes of verse, salutes that "true poet" of the future "who, disdaining the trivialities of text, shall give the world a book of verse consisting entirely of

margin." And . . . it may be only a too idle fancy . . . but . . . it almost seems . . . yes, I do, . . . glimpse in my mind's eye . . . it ought to be in lavender covers, you know . . . paper label and all that . . . a thick volume . . . uncut pages . . . and everywhere nothing . . . nothing at all but . . . rows . . . rows and rows of . . . dots.

ON BIDDING FAREWELL TO A POET, GONE TO THE WARS

BY JOHN BUNKER

You didn't pose, self-conscious of your lot,
Or speak of what might be or might have been;
You always thought heroics simply rot,
And so you merely wore your old-time grin.

Whether you had a vision in your eyes,
Or bore a splendid dream within your heart,
I couldn't tell; such things come with surprise
And cannot be forecast by any art.

Of those high secrets I can say no word,
Nor why on this grim business you were bent;
What dreams, what visions in your bosom stirred
Will doubtless be made clear by the event.

I know but this, that 'mid the manifold din
Of breaking camp we said good-bye, we two,
And you looked at me with your old-time grin,—
And that is all I can report of you.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE BOOKSTORE

BY H. H. MANCHESTER

PART III. THE BOOKSTORE BEGINS TO FUNCTION, 1650-1800

THE literary history of England from the Restoration to the French Revolution discloses that in this period, as previously, the market had an almost decisive influence on the application of literary ability, but reveals for the first time authors who attained success from their book sales alone, independent of personal or party patronage, and even of the stage.

From the viewpoint of the bookseller, the situation in England in the middle of the seventeenth century presented a rapidly running film of violent changes.

The abolition of the Star Chamber in 1641 gave, for a brief space, general freedom of the press, but was followed in 1643 by a parliamentary order for the regulation of printing, which called forth Milton's *Areopagitica*. By the act of 1649 the censorship was continued under Cromwell. After the Restoration the state control of printing and bookselling was resumed by the licensing act of 1662. This reduced the number of master printers to twenty in London, besides two at the universities and one at York. The next year the authority formerly held by the stationers' company was assigned to a surveyor of the printing press who had the power of registering and licensing books and papers, and of search for illegal issues. The rights of the owner of a work were presumably protected from piratical printers, and for this

reason when authors disposed of their writings to a bookseller they usually sold them in perpetuity. In the case of a play, however, the author generally received the proceeds from the third or some other benefit night, and if the play were published was allowed further compensation as in the case of a book.

Toward the end of the seventeenth century the bookstore was either in direct connection with the print shop and bindery or was a branch stall in Paternoster Row, Little Britain or elsewhere. If a stall, it was sometimes in an arcade and sometimes under a porch in the front of a dwelling. The shops in either case were open to the view of the passerby and as yet without show windows, though they had shutters which could be closed for protection at night or on Sunday. Often a book's only advertising was its own back, but announcements of new books were frequently stuck up on the posts at the outside of the shop. Readers were long permitted to glance over the inside of the volumes, but some of the booksellers were beginning to object to this custom.

The times were filled with religious and civil turmoil, which created what was then an enormous market for theological and political tracts. Men who could scarcely read pored over the most abstruse and long-winded dissertations, and thousands of such tracts were published by authors and booksellers, who were quick to seize

the opportunities offered. In fact, the great majority of the new books printed were propaganda.

Milton lost his eyesight in attempting to finish a pamphlet which he considered had to be done at once, and, although *Paradise Lost* was not published until after the Restoration, it was an outgrowth of the religious conflicts of the time. Even more directly, *Pilgrim's Progress*, published in 1678, was intended to teach, in an allegory, the principles of the non-Conformist faith.

Milton, who was a man of independent means, apparently had little premonition of the popularity of *Paradise Lost*, as he sold it in 1667 to Samuel Simmons for £5 down and £5 after the sale of each of the first three impressions.

In contrast with this, William Bates, in 1674, sold to a bookseller *The Harmony of Divine Attributes* for over £100. Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* was printed by Nathaniel Ponder, and sold at a comparatively low price, 1s. and 6d. There were ten editions published in the first seven years. The comparatively illiterate preacher mounted to a high place among the Baptists, and produced a number of other works to supply the market which *Pilgrim's Progress* had discovered.

Many others tried to reap in the same field, but none could compare with the son of the tinker. Probably the most successful was the satirist of Puritanism, Samuel Butler, whose *Hudibras*, issued by the bookseller, Richard Marriott, and later by Martin and Allestree, had a tremendous success in Conformist circles.

Even after the Restoration, the religious or political pamphlet was still a standard product handled by the

bookseller. Besides this, he sold principally plays, poems, travels, and the classics, for there were few histories on his shelves, and novels and essays had not as yet been introduced.

While the author looked to the bookseller for compensation, he probably had his eye out still more anxiously for a patron. The bookseller could not yet market large enough editions to make writing pay in itself, and the independent man of letters was not yet fully evolved. But while patronage had formerly been personal, in England it was now assumed by the political parties.

A good illustration of this is John Dryden. He belonged to a landed family and, after his graduation from Cambridge in 1650, he was clerk to his cousin, Sir Gilbert Pickering, who was chamberlain to Cromwell. In 1659 Dryden wrote his *Heroic Stanzas* on Cromwell's death, but the next year hailed the return of King Charles in *Astræa Redux* and *A Panegyric on the Coronation*. He was more independent in his play writing, but in 1667 he was retained as a writer for the King's Theatre at £300 to £400 a year. In 1670 he was made poet laureate with an annual pension of £300. Jacob Tonson, the bookseller, in 1679 paid him £20 for *Troilus and Cressida*, and in 1684 began publishing the *Miscellany* under his editorship.

Dryden changed patrons and faiths in 1685, and lost his offices when the new dynasty was established in 1688. It is unnecessary to state that his really wonderful satires were written to further the cause of his patrons.

Strikingly enough, it was after his dismissal from the laureateship that he was connected with a new and remarkably successful innovation in



DARLEY'S BOOK SHOP WITH PRINTS IN THE WINDOW, END OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

bookselling. He and his bookseller, Tonson, conceived the idea that a translation of Virgil under his name would be in demand, but the work involved was so arduous that subscriptions for it were taken before publication in order to guarantee him payment. In this way, and as presents from those to whom the books were dedicated, he received some £1200. Tonson wanted the whole dedicated to William III, but Dryden refused. Tonson thereupon had the engravings of Æneas altered and given a hooked nose to look like the king. For a century afterward, pre-publication subscription was a favourite method of author and bookseller. In a way it was the substitution of many patrons for one, with the advantage of having the public only to please.

The licensing act controlling bookselling expired in 1694, and for fifteen years there was practically no protection against piratical printers. As a consequence, booksellers were afraid to risk much on new produc-

tions, though propaganda was still brought out to further one cause or another. Only twenty-six books were registered between 1701 and 1708. Writers had to look for their compensation either to patronage or the stage.

In 1709, however, a copyright law was passed, entitled "An Act for the Encouragement of Learning." It renewed the rights in old books for twenty-one years, and gave an author control over a new work for fourteen years, and if he lived for fourteen more. If the price was considered too high, authority could be invoked to fix a more reasonable one. This again gave protection to the owner of literary property, and afforded both author and bookseller an opportunity to make something out of it. It is probably no mere accident that the *Tatler* and *Spectator* followed immediately after the passage of the law.

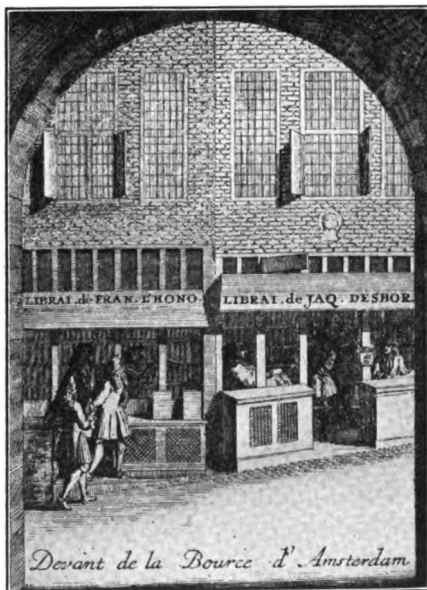
The dependence on patronage, nevertheless, long continued, as may be seen in the case of Dean

Swift, Addison, and even Richard Steele.

As a rather inadequate reward for his vigorous pamphleteering, Swift was made Dean of St. Patrick's Church in Dublin. He claimed the only direct pay he received for his writings was £200 for *Gulliver's Travels* from Benjamin Motte. Addison received a pension from the Government as early as his twenty-seventh year. After this was stopped, at the death of King William, he wrote practically to order, in 1704, *The Campaign*, in celebration of Marlborough's victory at Blenheim. As a reward he received the place left vacant by John Locke, and in 1706 was made Under Secretary of State. Though his tragedy, *Cato*, paid him some £1500, his career, on the whole, was that of a successful political publicity man. Even Richard Steele, in spite of his many escapades, received a £300 of-



A FRENCH ENGRAVING ILLUSTRATING A BOOK-STALL IN AN ARCADE EARLY IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY



TWO AMSTERDAM BOOK SHOPS OF ABOUT 1715, LOCATED IN THE PORCHES OF DWELLINGS

fice on the *Gazette* in 1707, and was eventually knighted in 1715 in compensation for his violent Whig pamphlets.

The simple fact is that writers up to this time had been forced to use their talent where it would pay, not only in position but money. The greatest returns had come first through personal and later party patronage, and the next greatest from the stage, while those through the booksellers were only just beginning.

Addison, for example, made far more through politics than the stage, and more from the stage than from his work in the *Spectator*.

The *Tatler* and the *Spectator*,



THE BOOK SHOP OF HERMAN DE WIT, ABOUT 1763. NOTE THE BINDING STILL BEING DONE IN THE SHOP

however, show that even literature as literature was beginning to sell. They embodied neither propaganda nor principally news, but a novel literary form, the essay. The editions of the *Spectator* sometimes rose to twenty thousand copies, which were issued first by Samuel Buckley, and later by Buckley and Tonson. After the numbers were collected in volumes, Buckley and Tonson paid Addison and Steele £575 for their half interest.

The increasing possibilities of bookstore sales are illustrated in the career of Daniel Defoe. While Defoe was at one time or another in the pay of the Government, he was also condemned and imprisoned by it. He was a prodigious writer of pamphlets upon all sorts of subjects from religious and political to the life of a newly hung rogue. He even issued a review written entirely by himself which amounted to over eight volumes. He depended for returns

from all of this work upon the bookstores and peddlers. His *Robinson Crusoe* had a tremendous sale, and in 1724 Defoe built a large house at Stoke Newington with expansive stables and grounds.

Defoe's methods were somewhat subterranean, and possibly the first clear example of a writer existing entirely upon the sale of his works was Alexander Pope.

The bookseller Tonson's *Miscellany* published a pastoral by Pope in 1709 which brought him to the notice of Dryden. Pope's *Essay on Criticism* appeared when he was twenty-three, under Lewis's imprint, and his *Rape of the Lock* a year later in Bernot Lintot's *Miscellanies*. While these made his reputation, he probably received less than £200 for them. In 1713, however, together with the bookseller Lintot, he decided that a translation of the *Iliad*, in



A BOOKSELLER AND BOOKBINDER'S SHOP WITH SHOW WINDOWS, LATTER HALF OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

harmony with the classical spirit of the time, would sell. Remembering that Dryden got about £1200 through using the subscription method of introducing his translation of *Virgil*, Lintot and Pope applied the same plan to the *Iliad*. The result was really amazing. Some six hundred and fifty copies were subscribed for at a guinea apiece before publication, which began in 1715. As Pope received in addition £200 a volume from Lintot, he amassed in all over £5000 from the transaction. Thus this one work practically made Pope independent for life. Lintot's profits, however, were cut by the surreptitious importation and sale of an edition printed in Holland.

The same method was used with the *Odyssey* between 1723 and 1725. Pope received £4500, but gave £570 to Broome and £200 to Fenton, who did about half of the translation.

Thus, it will be noted, the first really great sales of books were made by subscription. The author, the bookseller, and their friends all boosted the project in the coffee houses and taverns, and in this way reached a far wider clientèle than was possible through a stationary bookstore.

The terms bookseller and publisher were still more or less interchangeable, as most booksellers were publishers, and most publishers had bookstores. But the booksellers handled one another's publications, and in fact often printed in co-operation. A booksellers' club, the Conger, was started in 1719 and the New Conger Club in 1736, at both of which a publishing venture was often divided into shares. Thus a sixteenth interest in *Pamela* was sold for £18, and a hundredth inter-

est in Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* for £11.

In the latter half of the eighteenth century several modifications in the bookstores became noticeable. In the first place they were larger and often included several rooms or at least an office besides the show room. They were also now enclosed or shut in from the street by windows. This advance was probably aided by the growing popularity of prints, and there are several cuts of bookstores exhibiting caricatures by Darley, Cruikshank, Rowlandson and others in their show windows.

Even after the copyright law of 1709 there was a question as to whether the common-law rights of owners of literary property were not protected beyond the periods mentioned in the law. For a time these rights were maintained. Thus the rights to *Paradise Lost* by an assignment of 1667 were protected by the court in 1713. Andrew Millar, the bookseller, in 1729 paid £242 10s. for the rights to *The Seasons*, by James Thompson. In 1769 these were protected by the Court of the King's Bench against Robert Taylor, whereupon they were purchased by another bookseller, Thomas Becket, for £505. Inconsistently enough, he was not protected in 1774 against Alexander Donaldson of Edinburgh selling in London, and the decision reduced the exclusive ownership privileges to fourteen years, with, if the author still lived, fourteen years additional.

Though the sales of his books alone were sufficient to give success to Pope, many of the eighteenth-century authors who followed him were not so fortunate.

Richardson, of course, reached success as a printer long before he



HUMPHREY'S BOOK SHOP, WITH GILROY'S PRINTS IN THE WINDOW

wrote *Pamela*, which, by the way, was suggested by two of his bookseller friends, Rivington of St. Paul's Churchyard and Osborn of Pater-noster Row.

On the other hand, Fielding tried play writing and the law before he got the notion of composing a take-off on *Pamela* in *Joseph Andrews*. This developed into what Fielding called a "comic epic in prose," and believed a new form of literature. Andrew Millar, the bookseller, paid him £183 11s. for it.

The patronage still given writers is illustrated by the fact that Fielding was soon made an editor of newspapers for the ministry, and later the principal Justice of the Peace for Middlesex at £300 per year. By

1749 Millar had also paid him £700 for *Tom Jones*, and by 1753 £1000 for *Amelia*. Thus Fielding's receipts probably came about half from the bookstores and half from his political emoluments.

Rough Samuel Johnson was temperamentally still less fitted to depend on patronage, and yet, in spite of being the dictator of English letters, could scarcely carry himself from his book sales alone. Himself the son of a bookseller, he was from 1737 for several years a bookseller's hack, writing up the speeches of Parliament from mere notes for Cave of the *Gentlemen's Magazine*. In 1738 he received 10 guineas from Robert Dodsley for his poem, *London*, which did much to make him



A BOOK-STALL OF ABOUT 1764, LOCATED IN A HALL AS A HUNDRED YEARS BEFORE

known. For his dictionary, which largely occupied him from 1747 to 1755, he received 1500 guineas from Dodsley, Millar, and the various other publishers associated in the enterprise. Most of this had already been spent, and the next year he was arrested for a debt which was paid by Richardson. In order to pay for his mother's funeral, he wrote *Rasselas* on short notice, receiving £100 for it. In 1762 he was finally given a pension of £300 by the Government, and for the first time became free from financial worries. Some seventy-five political tracts which followed indicate that he earned his money.

Johnson always had a way of doing more than he intended when he started out. A combination of forty or more booksellers, led by Edward

Dilly, suggested his editing the *Lives of the Poets*. He agreed to do it for 300 guineas, when they would probably have given a thousand. To make his bargain worse, the *Lives* ran to much greater lengths than he anticipated, and the booksellers made about £5000 from them.

A letter of Johnson's gives his view of the relative prices to be asked by wholesale and retail booksellers. The primary agent, in whose warehouse the stock was kept, was to get the work for 14s. and receive one copy for each twenty-five taken. The wholesaler was to pay 15s. and receive one copy for each twenty-five ordered. The country bookseller was to pay 16s. 6d. and the customer 20s.

One writer of the time, to whom the booksellers paid more than he could have earned at anything else, was Oliver Goldsmith. After failing at everything he undertook, he at length (1758) became a hack writer for the bookseller, Newbery, at the corner of St. Paul's Churchyard. In the next few years, although considered personally a "boob," it began to be realised that he could write, and in 1763 he was made a member of Johnson's club.

There is a story that when Goldsmith was about to be arrested for debt, Johnson sold *The Vicar of Wakefield* to Newbery for him for £60. He received £40 from *The Traveller* in 1764. Four years later his play, *The Good Natured Man*, paid him £500. In the meantime Newbery had discovered that Goldsmith could turn out popular histories. He was paid £250 for his *History of Rome*, £500 for that of England, £250 for that of Greece, and 800 guineas for his *Natural History*. In short, he received about £400 a year at a time when money

went a great deal farther than now. Thus, in spite of the fact that Goldsmith's general lack of common sense kept him continually in difficulties, he is evidence that the bookstores had by this time arrived at a point of development where they could support a writer.

It was no accident that Newbery found a demand for Goldsmith's popular histories, for in the latter half of the eighteenth century a wide market for histories had grown up in England. Some of the most conspicuous successes in bookselling were in this field.

A good illustration of this may be found in the career of David Hume. In 1739 the bookseller, John Noone, paid Hume £50 for the first two volumes of his *Treatise of Human Nature*, and probably lost money on the bargain. For several years we find Hume in hard straits. In 1754, however, the bookseller, Millar, published the first volume of Hume's *History of England*. After a slow start, the sales seem to have increased in geometrical proportion. Millar paid Hume £400 on the first volume, £700 on the second, and 800

guineas for the copyright of the two volumes. When the last two volumes were published, Millar bought the copyright for £1400. Not long after this, Hume wrote that his own copy money exceeded anything previously known in England.

For his *History of Scotland*, published in 1759, William Robertson obtained only £600, but Millar and Cadell cleared some £6000 from it. This success, however, made Robertson's work in demand, and he received £4500 for his *History of Charles V*. Just how much Gibbon got for his *Decline and Fall* is uncertain, but it is known that Cadell and Strahan agreed to give him two-thirds of the profits.

Such examples prove not only that the booksellers had learned both to sense a demand and dispose of their wares, but that the authors were getting their share of the substantial returns. Thus if we hold that the function of the bookstore is to discover, create, or supply a market for literature sufficient to encourage literary work, it may be said that it was at length approaching this goal.

SALEM OF THE WITCHES

BY HELEN W. HENDERSON

SALEM plants frankly her worst foot foremost. A city deflected from its intended course by the caprice of fortune, the immediate prospect into which the æsthetic loiterer is steamed, over the antiquated roadway from Lynn and Boston, is the one which, though standing upon oldest ground, has been most "tamped with" in the effort of a petty commerce to react against the

oblivion into which vaster enterprise has ruthlessly cast this delicious town.

That the loiterer is *steamed* at all, in place of being wafted, as was the original intention, makes at once for the false note in the picture, offers the awakening jolt to serene æstheticism. All that is beautiful, historic, epic in Salem antedates the steam road, which, as a mere afterthought,

drags us in by a back way, through the débris of the great fire, past the horrors of the reconstruction period, presents the picture—to return to my figure—upside down, wrong side out.

Yet the afterthought, as a symbol of the turning current which left Salem, at the height of its prosperity, stranded and impotent, operating at the same time to the immense advantage of such then minor ports as New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, explains so much of Salem's plight, that it may be well to deal with it just here on the threshold.

This threshold, in fact, considering it to be the early Norman shell which stands thinly before the train shed, marks the last stand which the town made against supersession, before yielding, relinquishing its claim to be the court city of New England. Salem, the most ancient town of old Massachusetts, the second English settlement of New England, the second city to be incorporated in the Commonwealth, had from the beginning been thought destined to be the seat of state government. And it was in this fond conviction, this hope against hope, that David Augustus Neal, the president of the Old Eastern Railway, built this imposing gateway to his native place.

The sublime irrelevance of early Norman intrusion in this purest of Georgian settings—of castellated turrets, and mullioned windows screening the sooty exhalations of screening engines that thundered into the artless rear of the masked train-shed, and charged on through the unsubstantiated façade, and so, burrowing Washington Street, through a short, black tunnel, on to Beverly—was not to strike this ar-

dent citizen, bent wholly and only upon enriching still further the already famous architecture of his town. Salem folks were accustomed to exotics; the captains had for upward of two centuries been bringing curios from the Eastern ports into the town, but until now they had been satisfied with the designs of the local housewrights for their dwellings and public buildings. Just what they thought of this first departure from the simplicity of indigenous building I have not been able to discover. David Augustus Neal had been abroad, he had seen such things in foreign cities—inland cities where the captains did not go—and in place of bringing objects for the museum he brought ideas for a far grander Salem—Salem the capital of Massachusetts—and possibly the quiet citizens accepted the turrets and the rest as something befitting its potential exaltation.

That it took a certain hold on the place is shown by the old church of about the same epoch (1846) which faces the ancient common, presenting a Melrose Abbey window between indented towers, and designed by Richard Upjohn, the famous architect of New York's famous Trinity Church, finished this same year.

In the comparative juvenility of one's own backward reach, as reaches go, the Salem threshold was already old and blackened with age and use when first seen on a trip to the end of Cape Ann, when it was accepted unquestionably as one of the "sights" of a more extended travel than had hitherto been taken. It seemed in those days quite the most symbolic thing in Salem, and, taken in connection with the short, black tunnel, far more suggestive of witches and



THE HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES, A NOTORIOUS EXAMPLE OF RECONSTRUCTED ANTIQUITY IN RESPONSE TO THE POPULAR DEMAND FOR A VISIBLE RELIC OF HAWTHORNE'S DELIGHTFUL ROMANCE

witching than Gallows' Hill, for all its awful name; or the Witch House, endeared more particularly to the unfledged mind as a store-house of the native and, alas, all too late lamented Salem Gibraltar, of happy memory; or the mild-mannered slate in the burying ground over the mortal remains of the wife of old Giles Corey—he, poor dear, was crushed to death for holding his tongue, in the witchcraft trials, and so, one pictured, had no mortal remains; more suggestive, in fine, than the House of Seven Gables itself, hopelessly confounded in one's summary of the ancient legends, but made out vaguely by the fledgling to have had to do with witching because of its many peaked ends, or hoods, clearly relics of the witches themselves!

The Old Eastern Railway wears

its giant's robe loosely, carelessly, a thin disguise donned by a bold masquerader who came to town intent upon plunder and who got away with literally everything there was to take. What the swaggering bully came for is only too pitifully evident, if one will but take the trouble to delve, or even to dip a little into the annals of the town.

Salem's prestige was as a port. Its proper and logical approach is from the sea. As one sails into the harbour around the promontory of Marblehead, or down the coast from the Eastern Point of Cape Ann, one gets the true picture of the town—from that side the scene is set, and any other entrée is to enter the stage from behind the scenes or through the wings. My theory is that what with witches and witchcraft, which

have been vastly overworked; and Hawthorne and his scarcely localised Seven Gables, in which the tourist mind has been steeped, and which if faithfully followed up can readily consume the few hours between trains usually allotted for the "doing" of Salem, the intenser romance of the dead maritime industries, extinguished by the railroad, has been overlooked, or minimised fairly out of its true relation.

The only communication of the first settlers with the civilised world, we are constantly to remind ourselves, was by sea. There were no roads; almost all traffic between the colonies was by water. This was especially true of New England, whose sea was full of fish, and whose forests ran down to the water's edge, convenient for the building of boats. When the Plymouth Colony sent its first offshoot to the North Shore, it came by the simple short way across the water. As *Naumkeag*, or Marble-harbour, or Salem, to give its three stages at a bound, was first "patented," it embraced in one New England "town" the villages now known as Manchester, Beverly, Danvers, Peabody, Middleton, with parts of Lynn, Topsfield, and Wenham, all readily enough accessible by boats, though awkward to come at by land. There were indeed so many boats plying across the harbour and up and down the rivers that Pastor Higginson, writing in 1633, says: "There be more canoes in this town than in all the whole patent; every household having a water horse or two."

The first of the now dead maritime industries was fishing. In the library of the Essex Institute in Salem may be seen Roger Conant's charter, dated 1623, which licensed

the settling of the North Shore of Massachusetts Bay. Early in the year 1624 Robert Cushman wrote Bradford: "We have tooke a patente for Cape Anne." This patent or charter was issued by Lord Sheffield, a member of the council for New England, to the associates of Robert Cushman and Edward Winslow. It gave "free liberty to ffish, fowle, hawke, and hunt, truck, and trade," in the region of Cape Ann. Five hundred acres were to be reserved for public uses, "as for the building of a towne, schooles, churches, hospitals," etc., and thirty acres were to be allotted every person, young or old, who should come and dwell at Cape Ann within the next seven years. These allotments were to be made "in one entire place, and not stragling in dyvers or remote parcells." This whole grant furthermore was not to exceed one and a half miles of water front. This was the first legal basis for the settlement and defence of an English town upon Cape Ann, where Gloucester was afterward built.

The big idea with England, or with the "adventurers"—the word was used in the special old sense of speculators—formed into divers companies to open up the resources of the colonial possessions—was to push the settlement of the large grants by dividing the land in severalty among their members. The region about Cape Ann fell to Edmund, Lord Sheffield; he sold the patent for it to Cushman and Winslow, acting for the Plymouth Colony. England, as we know, had but the vaguest ideas upon the extent of the territory which it dispensed with an indiscriminate largesse that frequently led to bitter misunderstandings when the various

owners came to take possession of grants or purchases. When the Plymouth Colony attempted to push its claim upon Cape Ann, it found the place already planted as a fishing stage by the "Dorchester Adventurers," an unincorporated stock company of merchants in the shire town of Dorset, who had been sending vessels to fish off the New England coast. For the time, the two claimants made room for each other and agreed, but inevitable disputes and complications were finally settled, in 1624, by Winslow's company selling out its rights—comprising the site of Gloucester—to the Dorchester Adventurers.

The Puritans were very bad fishermen. There is recorded no instance of a successful fishing stage being conducted by any of the offshoots of the Pilgrim fathers. Roger Conant made a signal failure of the business when, upon a reconstruction of the management of the settlement at Cape Ann, he was invited by the Dorchester Company to act as overseer or governor of that enterprise. Hubbard describes him as a "religious, sober, and prudent gentleman." He figures in the early history of the planters as an independent settler, who had withdrawn from Plymouth because of a disaffection for the Separatist views of that community. With the failure of the fishing stage at Gloucester followed the dissolution of the "adventurers" and most of the settlers returned to England. Conant marshalled the remnant of the colony and transplanted it to the sheltered harbour of the peninsula known to the Indians as *Nahumkeike* or *Naumkeag*, where he founded Salem.

Conant's staunch character was all that held the depleted colony to-

gether during the first months which followed his removal to Salem. His little band was all for disintegration, flight to Virginia, or even home to England; but Conant had the tenacity of purpose of strong men and he stayed the flight, as he himself says, by his "utter deniall to goe away" and so they held the ground taken, at the "hassard" of their lives.

While they held the ground, their cause was pushed zealously at home by the Rev. John White, of Dorchester, a famous Puritan divine, usually called the Patriarch of Dorchester, whose heart was set upon the establishment of colonies in Massachusetts which might become places of refuge from the corruptions and oppressions which prevailed at home under James I. Conant came to *Naumkeag* in the autumn of 1626 and there were two years of solitary struggle there for maintenance, before White was able to make good his promises to the colony. Through his intervention, however, in the spring of 1628, a grant was obtained from the council for New England, conveying a new territory included liberally between three miles north of the Merrimac River and three miles south of the Charles, and extending grandly from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. This grant was of course made when the Pacific coast was supposed to lie not far west of the Hudson, and, in the usual heedless style, ignored several preceding patents obligingly issued for parts of the same territory, engendering disputes and wrangles which were to occupy the settlers for fully half a century to come.

The grant was, however, backed up by the arrival of John Endicott, in September of the same year, with

sixty persons to reinforce the settlement at *Naumkeag*, and with a charter which suspended that of Roger Conant, disposed of in the casual manner of the remoter government. In the ensuing months eleven ships brought a total of fifteen hundred colonists to swell the domain, and, Conant ousted, Endicott found himself governor of a larger colony than Plymouth after its nine years of struggle and growth. Roger Conant's part was played, he could but yield to Endicott's authority, while the first settlers were transferred along with the land, the whole incorporated into a town under the Hebrew name, Salem, to signify the peace which they established together there.

With a profounder sense of the psychology of government than is usually accredited to them, the home guard in outfitting the colonial settlements saw well to it that some form of the "church" should go hand in hand with the elements of "state."

When Roger Conant split away from the Plymouth Colony, it was in company with others who sided with the Rev. John Lyford, who had been banished from that community. We read so much about the religious intolerance of the Puritan settlements that it seems only fair to acquit the forefathers, in this case, of any religious prejudice. The case against the Rev. John Lyford, as related in the *Bradford History*, has little enough to do with religion, save where the offender profited by the protection of his cloth, and makes as pretty a piece of common scandal as one could wish to read. *Bradford* deals with it with that naïveté and simplicity that makes the charm of his narrative throughout—he never

seems to judge in so many words, but one feels the intensely human passion through his temperate sentences, and with what satisfaction he sits back and watches the working out of a divine vengeance.

The specific charge against Lyford—the last straw added to much incriminating evidence of a similar nature, adduced by his unfortunate wife—Bradford goes into with considerable restraint, yet artfully disclosing the whole sordid story—a sordid story which is, however, perversely, not without its distinctly humorous side. Lyford in his capacity as pastor of the flock is appealed to by one of the ingenuous young lambs to pass upon the worthiness of a young woman whom the youth thinks of taking for a wife, yet holds his ardour in abeyance pending the decision of his spiritual adviser as to the wisdom of his choice. Lyford, with a caution all too exemplary, defers judgment, putting the young lamb off until he can find occasion, as he says, to meet and know the young woman well enough to speak with authority upon so important a matter. There seems to have been nothing that Lyford would not do for a friend, and so throwing himself without reserve into the investigation, he informs himself upon the girl most thoroughly and capably, leaving no aspect of her eligibility untested, as all too lamentably comes out in her future state; but for the time Lyford seeks out our young man, recommends his choice with warmth as "fitted" in every way to be his wife, and so leaves it. The scoundrel has not counted, however, upon the girl's reaction, her own fundamental integrity. She inevitably tells her husband and he, of course, bears the

monstrous tale to the heads of the Plymouth Colony.

Whether the truth of the matter was hushed up and the case put upon some political difference, or whatever, Bradford does not make clear; but at any rate we find Lyford leaving Plymouth immediately after, followed by a certain number of loyal adherents. The seceders retired to Narragansett, and it was from the temporary settlement there that the Dorchester company chose Roger Conant to take charge of the planting and fishing at Cape Ann; John Oldham, who was afterward murdered by the Indians at Block Island, to superintend the Indian trade; and Lyford to officiate as minister. Possibly the charge against the latter was not understood by the Patriarch of Dorchester, at least. Lyford's subsequent departure from Cape Ann to Virginia split up and nearly wrecked the community, for most of the members wished to follow their pastor.

Endicott's installation, as governor of Conant's transplanted colony, was after the arrival at Salem of the first six ships that came to swell its numbers under the leadership of Francis Higginson, of St. John's College, Cambridge, rector of a church in Leicestershire, who had been deprived of his living for non-Conformity. He came out to *Naumkeag* to found the church in the new community, and the more gladly as he hoped by this change to re-establish his infirm health and prolong his usefulness. His mildness of spirit is brought out in the picture recorded of him, calling his family and friends to the stern of the vessel as it quitted the old country and saying: "We do not go to New England as Separatists from the Church of England,

though we cannot but separate from the corruption of it; but we go to practise the positive part of church reformation and propagate the gospel in America."

This was to mean the founding of the first completely organised Congregational Church in America. It marked one of the beginnings, also, of local civic government, for the inhabitants of Salem organised their church and chose their officers by ballot.

In Governor Bradford's *Letter Book* is preserved a letter written to Bradford by Charles Gott, of Salem, describing the ceremony of July 20, 1629, which Mr. Endicott had set apart for the choice of a pastor and teacher:

Their choice was after this manner, every fit member wrote in a note his name whom the Lord moved him to think was fit for a pastor, and so likewise whom they would have for a teacher; so the most voice was for Mr. Skelton to be pastor and Mr. Higgi(n)son teacher; and they accepting the choice, Mr. Higgi(n)son with three or four of the gravest members of the church laid their hands on Mr. Skelton using prayers therewith. This being done, then there was an imposition of hands on Mr. Higgi(n)son. Then there was proceeding in election of elders and deacons, but they were only named and laying on of hands deferred (prudent forefathers!) to see if it pleased God to send us more able men over.

The assembly at which this was done has been called the first "town meeting" in Massachusetts. Its action formed the practical cement to the colony, the scientific union of church and state which was to operate for the groundwork of the plant whose shoots were in so short a time to extend so far afield.

These were days of great mortality among the colonists. It has been estimated that from April to

December, of the year following its settlement, one hundred of the people of Salem died. Higginson was among the number; he lived to preside over his flock little more than a year after his election, dying on August 6, 1630, at the early age of forty-three. Deprived of their teacher, Roger Williams was invited to come over from Plymouth and settle as teacher with Mr. Skelton. And upon the latter's death, in 1634, he succeeded as minister, remaining in all but briefly, owing to what Bradford calls his "unsettled judgmente," which led them to part easily with him at Plymouth and caused the magistrates to drive him from Salem, whence he went into the wilderness to become the founder of the State of Rhode Island.

We are to think of Salem in these early days as playing New York's present part, in acting as the great clearing house for immigration. Extremely restricted within its natural boundaries, the outlying parts of the town separated by rivers and harbours, there was literally no room for growth and development commensurate with the influx of the English Puritans, who now began to pour into the country, driven by the great exodus, of which the tentative voyage of the *Mayflower* had been but premonitory. Salem, under the more efficient management of the party directing affairs in England, became the logical *porte d'entrée*, superseding Plymouth so thoroughly that that initial settlement was soon swallowed up for identity in the easy domination of the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

Of such immigrants as arrived in the first ships, Salem itself retained a small percentage. When, in 1630, Winthrop came to supersede Endi-

cott as the governor of the colony, land was already scarce and his followers sought new places for their settlements. Watertown, Roxbury, Dorchester were among the first towns settled by them. As early as 1634 some settlers who had left Salem for the Agawam River began a new town under the name of Ipswich. This was the beginning of a gradual disintegration, not at once regarded, however, since it was in this same year that Salem, on her own account, and regardless of the different members of the "town," began most substantially to flourish in the way in which she was to achieve so magnificently her pre-eminence.

In 1636 there was built at "Marble-harbour," the *Desire*, a vessel of one hundred and twenty tons, commanded by Captain Pierce, who made the first almanack published in America. In 1640 a ship of three hundred tons was built at Salem, and within two years still another of goodly size was launched, with such success that Salem had no rival in this commerce, and was now spoken of confidently as the proper seat of government.

On the other hand the "members" of the all-embracing Salem began to flourish in their own ways, and with that independence of spirit which first brought the colonists out from England began to desire their own government. Wenham was the first to have its way; it split off from the parent stem in 1643. Manchester became a town in 1645, Marblehead, on the strength of its superiority in the fishing industry, in 1648, Topsfield in 1650, and Beverly in 1668.

Salem as considered within its present bounds was first settled upon the North River. Reduced to its simplest terms, it began to develop its

extraordinary resources as a port. Just how the port counted in those roadless days can be made out from an existing letter written, in 1681, by Mr. Endicott to Mr. Winthrop, already settled in Boston upon the Shawmut peninsula, in which he regrets his inability to be present at the Court, to which end, he says: "I put to sea yesterday and was driven back again, the wind being stiff against us. And there being no canoe or boat at Saugus," he explains, as if to light our vision of the case, "I must have been constrained to go to the Mystic and thence about to Charlestown, which at that time, durst not be so bold, my body being at present in an ill condition to wade, or take cold, and therefore I desire you to pardon me." And for the hazards of travel by land and sea, we read 'at about this same time, or at any rate shortly after the settlement of Boston, of an adventurous company making a four days' trip from Salem to see the new plantation, and upon their safe arrival home again that they fell upon their knees and thanked God for preserving them through the perils and dangers of their journey!

I should like, then, to take my loiterers on yachts, or schooners, in the old way, through one of the several channels noted by Nathaniel Bowditch, in his directions for sailing into Salem, according to his beautifully clear chart of the harbour. We should then get the true impression of the ancient city, all its factors depending upon their relation to the sea, and its arms, which hold the limited area within a close embrace. We could still land from the safe and convenient harbour at the old Derby Wharf, the centre of mercantile activities in the days

when Salem was one of the leading American ports.

Salem could be approached handsomely on both sides of the narrow peninsula, either from the harbour direct or from the wide North River, now reduced to a mere water-way, to take the ebb and flow of the tide, but in those days navigable as far inland as Peabody. As it originally developed in relation to its port, Salem residences were so planted that their gardens ran down to the water fronts, while Essex Street meandered through the rear end of the lots which fronted on the rivers. An arm of the harbour known as the South River, frequently alluded to in the old writings, wandered out toward South Salem, part of its ancient bed now covered by the railway station and tracks. Washington Street was the first to be laid out; it was four rods wide and formed the connection between the "ways that bordered the North and South rivers."

Down to 1774 most of the dwellings were of wood and a few of the very oldest are still standing, presenting such curious architectural features as the overhanging second story with the curious "drops" depending from the corner posts, and the excessively pointed ends brought out with such extravagance in the House of Seven Gables, so called, on the water front, at the head of Turner Street. This house, originally built at some most remote date for Salem, had been altered and modernised into a mere semblance of its past or for that matter its present form, before the time that Hawthorne formed his slight connection with it as a visitor there to his cousin, Miss Ingersoll. It has been made, in its second remodelling, as one might

say, a notorious example of reconstituted antiquity, the architect of its "reconstruction" having quite let himself go in the matter of tearing out and building up, in response to the popular demand for a peg upon which to hang Hawthorne's delightful romance.

The irresistible and deliberate *méchanceté* of Henry James's references to "the shapeless object by the waterside," visiting Salem in his most perverse and wilfully detached mood, has yet a delicious reactionary appeal to the anarchist in us all. Buried as they are in his notes upon America revisited, this author's little liked and little read, yet so subtle and, in part, so true, diatribe against the crudities of his native land—felt by him, as one senses, with the poignancy of an inalienable native—have almost the quality of impressions written for his eye alone, the sharp, remorseless point of his irony so neatly and artfully concealed in his famous *tournure de phrase*, of which the general reader makes so little. "The weak, vague domiciliary presence at the end of the lane," he so wonderfully ventures, "may have 'been' (in our poor parlance) the idea of the admirable book . . . but the idea, that is the inner force of the admirable book, so vividly forgets, before our eyes, any such origin or reference, 'cutting' it as a low acquaintance and outsoaring the shadow of its night, that the connection has turned a somersault into space, repudiated like a ladder kicked back from the top of a wall."

The Hathaway house, better known from its more recent use as the old bake shop, moved up from Washington Street* (where it was about to be destroyed) to keep com-

*On the site of the Federal Theatre.

pany with the Seven Gables, probably antedates in construction the latter, and is decidedly Gothic—wooden Gothic of true seventeenth or even sixteenth century spirit. The Narbonne house, on Essex Street, built before 1680, is a perfect example of the lean-to type, preserving still the little shop door, once so characteristic of the old town. The dwelling situated in Broad Street opposite the western end of Burial Hill built in 1650, by John Pickering, has lost through embellishment its convincing air of antiquity, but figures none the less as one of the earliest and queerest of Salem houses. It was the birthplace, in 1745, of Timothy Pickering, the same who, as colonel of the First Regiment of militia, headed the assemblage at North Bridge, at the outbreak of the Revolution. This house is now occupied by the tenth generation in direct descent from the founder.

The Roger Williams house was built before 1635, and old pictures of it, made before the addition of the apothecary shop, which now defaces its once charming front, show a gambrel roof over an overhanging second story, wide chimneys in the middle and a fine old garden, opening from Essex Street.

The Essex Institute preserves a sketch of the "great house" built by Philip English, the first great shipping merchant of the colonies, in 1685 and torn down in 1833. It stood upon the harbour, at the corner of Webb Street and a lane named after its owner; its gables formed perfect equilateral triangles; the roof was of wooden shingles, with dormers across the Webb Street side, the sixteen-paned windows built flush with the eaves, and the overhanging second story ornamented

with a row of "drops" or globules depending from the projection.

Adjoining the Peabody Museum, in Essex Street, the distinguished gambrel roof, with varied dormers, of a house built by Colonel Benjamin Pickman in 1743, looks out over the vulgarity of the extinguishing row of modern shops, planted with singular offence straight in its fine old face. There is scarcely anything left but the roof to suggest a gentleman's residence in the complete despoliation of this pitiful fragment; yet the archway between the picture gallery and the museum of the Essex Institute, taken from this house, speaks for the quality of the interior woodwork. Tradition says that the Pickman house was built by an English housewright and the interior is described as characteristic of the pre-Revolutionary period. Benjamin Pickman's fortune was made by the exportation of codfish to the West Indies, a circumstance of which he was not ashamed. And in order to

offset certain aristocratic pretensions on the part of other members of his family, he had set at the end of each stair in his hallway a carved and gilded effigy of the codfish, in grateful acknowledgment of the source of his wealth.

This quaint conceit, throwing a humorous light upon the character of Benjamin Pickman, of course had to come down to make room for the atrocities in the modern "improvements" to the house; but with the exception of one of the amusing fish, preserved in the Essex Institute, the whole stairway was transplanted to the house of a descendant of Colonel Pickman, in Newport, Rhode Island.

Pictures of the delightful mansion show it to have been seated within a generous garden, and to have rejoiced in fine old doorways and handsome windows, very much after the fashion of that tragic wreck, hemmed in by polyglot tenements, in Derby Street, said to be the oldest brick house now standing in Salem.

THE TREES OF PICARDY

BY ELIZABETH HANLY

Now April turns my orchard boughs
To rose and snow along the lane.
Last year, they say, the stricken trees
Knowing they would not bloom again
Were ruddier and lovelier
In Alsace and Lorraine.

A monarch at the garden gate,
My maple rears his stately head.
This year on Ypres' scarlet sod

A sapling maple grove burns red;
Canada's little exile trees
Above her exile dead.

Beyond our river's placid rim
The poplars whisper secretly.
How can you welcome spring again
Next year and all the years to be,
But to be hewn for crosses new,
O trees of Picardy?

My poplars bend their boughs to me
And say, "We stood on Calvary."

SOME PLAYS IN PRINT

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

NINETEEN-EIGHTEEN continues to bring us published plays, which, perhaps, is fortunate. If we were to depend on the produced dramas these days, we might easily be won over to peace at any price. A pile of these play-books lies before us, by Germans, Jews, Belgians, Irishmen, and Americans, male and female. The best play is by a German, with the Jew so close a second that we are in some doubt. The worst play is by an American. If this be treason, it is not our fault; blame the American playwrights.

Volume VII* of the dramatic works of Gerhart Hauptmann, in the edition edited by Ludwig Lewisohn, is out, and must very nearly complete the task of rendering these dramas into English. The present volume contains the famous Masque to commemorate the wars of liberation from the Napoleonic yoke, which was produced on a grand scale at Breslau by Max Reinhardt in 1913, and met with the extreme disfavour of the German rulers; *The Bow of Odysseus*; *Elga*; and two fragments, *Helios* and *Pastoral*. The Masque was very evidently written with Max Reinhardt's talents as a producer in mind. It calls for a huge orchestra pit, where crowds and processions swirl and march, and three stages rising behind, one above the other; it calls for cannon, thunder, lightning, spot lights, darkness, immense crowds, powerful voices, a vast audi-

ence. Written originally in involved, semi-humorous, colloquial German rimes, the text offered to the translator, Bayard Quincy Morgan, what Professor Lewisohn calls "almost insuperable difficulties." One wonders why the "almost." Certainly the translation, as English verse, is pretty sad. But the meaning is there, and the rush and imaginative power of the conception. In the hands of a producer like Reinhardt the effect must have been tremendous, and the piece will remain of permanent value to all who write and produce masques and out-door spectacles in the future, even though the theme is too Germanic for production elsewhere. Yet, paradoxically, what is of most interest just now is the content of this work. In 1913, when we heard of its production and suppression, we were given to understand that the appreciation of Napoleon was the cause of the Augustan displeasure. Reading it in the light of the last four years, we may well doubt this. Eloquently as it glorifies Germania, the Masque is a plea for, or rather a poetic promise of, universal peace and international goodwill, and it not only treats military glory with ironic scorn throughout, but it ends on a note of humorous contempt for Blücher, as the representative of militarism. As you read, you cannot help substituting Hindenburg or the Kaiser in your mind. When you consider what was already afoot in 1913, the real cause of the suppression is only too apparent.

*Dramatic Works of Gerhart Hauptmann, Vol. VII. Edited by Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

The Bow of Odysseus, translated by Professor Lewisohn, is a poetic drama on the ancient theme, with an acid bite of reality Stephen Phillips could not achieve, and a swift, relentless, tense story. Penelope does not appear in the play at all. It is a characteristically modern stroke that the psychological problem involved is yet hers. Odysseus sums it up in the final speech, after he has bent the bow and slain the suitors.

What will thy mother say, Oh Telemach,
That I her favourite playthings broke so
soon?

Odysseus is, till the very end, a broken, grovelling beggar (his most famous disguise), the part being one to tax the virtuosity of the actor. All and all, the drama is an extraordinary example of an ancient, romantic subject, treated in heroic verse, and yet made swift, tense, modern. The remainder of the volume is of lesser consequence.

The late William James would certainly have approved of David Pinski. Pinski came to this country from the European Ghetto, and on May 20, 1904, he was to have taken an examination at Columbia which, if passed, would have added a Ph.D. to his name. But he didn't take it. Instead, he got the inspiration for the third act of his tragedy, *The Last Jew*, and wrote on that act all day. Professor James, who once unburdened himself on the subject of what he called *The Ph.D. Octopus*, would doubtless have said that many people could get a Ph.D., but few could write *The Last Jew*. Far be it from us to contradict William James. *The Last Jew* (known in other languages as *The Zwee Family*) is perhaps the most striking of the three plays by Pinski

translated out of the Yiddish by Isaac Goldberg. The other two are *Isaac Sheftel* and *The Dumb Messiah*. There is something about these plays of Pinski's which burns, a white heat of racial feeling. They not only help to explain the Jew, his aspirations, his ways of thinking and feeling, his virtues and failings (Pinski does not spare the failings), but they are alive with a kind of inner light which makes them glow emotionally in every scene, every line. Our drama seems pale and cold beside them. When Jacob Gordin used to produce his dramas on the East Side, those of us who went down to the Bowery to see them were often struck by the vividness of response on the part of the audience. Even when the play was over, excited groups stood discussing it on the sidewalks. And Gordin never wrote such a play as *The Last Jew*, either. If, in the process of "Americanisation," we could only capture and keep some of this dramatic vitality, some of this intimate relation between art and life, how wonderful it would be! But, more's the pity, it does not seem possible. When the Jews come into our theatre, they come as "theatrical syndicates."

Curiously enough, *The Last Jew* has never been professionally produced in New York except some years ago in Russian, by Orlenoff. The scene is laid in a Russian city, within the pale, during a pogrom. The wild terror of the impending massacre is never absent, from the rise of the first curtain, though no bloodshed whatever is shown. The real tragedy is that of the old preacher who tries to rally the ortho-

Three Plays. By David Pinski. Translated from the Yiddish by Isaac Goldman. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

dox into the synagogue, to protect with their lives the holy ark, and can find no one to stand with him. Some have turned Christians, some have turned Socialists, some Zionists, some are cowards; at any rate, not a one but regards either his own neck or his particular scheme for the Jewish future as of more consequence than the ancient temple, the symbols of the ancient faith. The play moves with tremendous rapidity, at a high pitch of emotional excitement, to a bitter end. It is, of its kind, a masterpiece. We are very glad Pinski did not take that examination at Columbia. The eminent American dramatist, Roi Cooper Megrue, is a graduate of Columbia, by the way. We cannot help preferring *The Last Jew to It Pays to Advertise*.

Maeterlinck's comedy, *The Miracle of St. Anthony*,* has been at last published, in a translation by Alexander de Mattos, and in an edition uniform with his other excellent translations. This was the one-act drama which the Washington Square Players acted early in their experiment. It has never been available to readers before, in any language, though it was written many years ago. Possibly the author did not regard it as sufficiently serious. Certainly it is not profound, but its spirit is sweet and true, its meaning plain as a pike-staff, and it is gently amusing and easily acted. It ought to be extremely popular with amateur dramatic organisations. Let us hasten to state at once for their benefit that it does not at all con-

cern itself with that episode in the life of the saint which has been the frequent inspiration of painters. All costumes are modern—and complete!

The second series of Wisconsin Plays,† one-act dramas from the original repertoire of the Wisconsin Dramatic Society, is at hand. The first series contained, if we remember aright, Zona Gale's effective and heart-warming little sketch, *Neighbors*. The second series contains nothing in that vein of Middle West genre painting half so good. The nearest approach to it is *The Feast of the Holy Innocents*, by S. Marshall Ilsley, the tale of two spinsters who make up their minds to go to the city (on borrowed money) to see the new bishop confirmed, and telephone for seats to Sarah Bernhardt in advance. But the volume is not without one work of decided merit. It is a prose fantasy by Howard Mumford Jones, called *The Shadow*, and it has grace, imagination, and underlying meaning, though that meaning, we can fancy, might not be entirely clear at a single presentation. The scene is in a deep, silent wood, amid falling leaves. We particularly like this bit of stage direction:

For a long time nothing happens, so that those for whom this play is not intended believe that something has gone wrong. But in the meantime the action has commenced.

It has, or it may have, if the stage-director has properly set his scene and handled his lights. The leaves fall at intervals, the silence broods, the dim figure of *The Shadow* (a symbol, we take it, of memory) broods also. The mood is being evoked. It is in such settings and such plays as this that the Lit-

**The Miracle of St. Anthony*. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

†*Wisconsin Plays*. Second Series. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

the Theatres can, perhaps, do their best work, having the field, in this country, pretty much to themselves, having smaller and selected audiences, and being able to call in to their aid the imaginative talents of painters and designers who as a rule are not employed by the so-called "commercial" theatre. There are some of the radicals who believe that the experimental art theatres should work only with such material, in fact, leaving "realism" entirely to the larger playhouse. That, we feel, would certainly be a mistake, even though such a collection as this of the Wisconsin players does seem to show that so far as any fresh contribution to dramatic literature goes, the experimenters are making it rather along the lines of fancy. Just as the Yiddish plays, noticed above, gain much of their force from their intense localism (if that word can be applied to the work of a scattered people), so the vitality of the Little Theatres in their respective communities will in some measure always depend upon their ability to capture the local life on their stages. Man cannot live by bread alone, but neither can he live by fancy alone. Both are needed. Yet such a fantasy as *The Shadow* indicates the genuine work that is being done—and will be done still more when the war is over and the Little Theatres can once more gain attention and support—by our amateurs in releasing the imagination on our stage. They are making a home for Beauty, and for her own sweet sake alone.

Two volumes of *Harvard Plays* have been issued, edited by Professor George P. Baker, one containing four short plays produced in recent years by the Harvard Dramatic Club, and one containing an equal

number of short plays produced in the Forty-seven Workshop. Unlike the Wisconsin plays, these are all the work of Harvard or Radcliffe students, that is, of young people who are making a special effort to perfect themselves in the arts of the theatre as a part of an academic training. We might very naturally expect to find the plays, therefore, somewhat immature and somewhat imitative, if not actually straining after admired models. But, as a matter of fact, thanks in no small measure to the sanity and humanism and inspirational qualities of Professor Baker, who instituted the pioneer course in playwriting at Harvard, known as English Forty-seven, and who organised the Workshop theatre that his students might have a place to try out their plays and also to practise all the allied arts, from acting to scene painting, the eight short plays by eight young men and women here collected are conspicuous for their very lack of amateurishness, for their smoothness, their practical stage effectiveness, and, above all, for their possession of fresh, original underlying dramatic ideas. If Professor Baker ever needed any defence for daring to introduce the study of that pariah, the practical-acted drama, into the classic halls of learning, he has his defence in these two volumes. We should like especially to call attention to *America Passes By*, by Kenneth Andrews, and *The Rescue*, by Rita Creighton Smith. Both are simple, they can be acted by amateurs, they are dramatically progressive and effective; and both for theme go far away from anything hackneyed to a fresh, vital, inspiration drawn from actual living. There are other good plays for ama-

teurs besides, including a delightful fantasy called *Three Pills in a Bottle*, which may have been remotely inspired by Stuart Walker's Portmanteau repertoire. Finally, Professor Baker contributes an introduction describing the organisation of the Forty-seven Workshop, which ought to be read by everyone having anything to do with experimental theatres, small or large.

Hartley Manners, who keeps busy supplying the plays for his wife, Laurette Taylor, to act, is always careful to give her a "fat" part. He gave her one in *Out There*,* the play about the little Cockney girl, "'aunted Annie," who wanted to do her bit, and finally got her chance as a nurse. Even on the stage, it was felt that the best of this play lay in the hospital scene, with its intensely amusing picture of the various "types" of wounded. Who can forget the Irishman of J. M. Kerrigan, whom nothing pleased, or the Scotchman, played by Douglas Ross, who cried for his "preecious bonnet"? In reading the text, one tries to visualise these characters, but it is a pale picture compared to the stage realisation. Pre-eminently, *Out There* is a play for the stage, and even on the stage a play for a special occasion. Actually, it is formless and unprogressive, a combination of amusing character sketches, interesting little individual scenes, and a rather crude appeal to "patriotism," about which it really says nothing. It belongs to the large mass of "war books" which have come in on the tide, and will go out on the ebb.

**Out There*. By Hartley Manners. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

†*Exiles*. By James Joyce. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

There is nothing to indicate when *Exiles*,† by James Joyce, was written, whether just before the war, or more recently. The scene is laid in Dublin in 1913, however, and the characters are members of what we suppose might be called the Irish Intellectuals, or the Dublin Greenwich Villagers—not the merry villagers, however. They are too preoccupied with sex ever to laugh. The play is all about a domestic triangle, with a fourth, rather pale female with a nameless illness trying vaguely to make a square of it. Probably the play is subtle; it certainly involves numerous psychological reactions to the sex appeal which will bewilder the ordinary male and possibly the ordinary female, if there is such a thing as an ordinary female. Some of these reactions, D'Annunzio, in his palmy days, would not have hesitated to father. By the same token, we are reminded of Henry James's essay on the Italian novelist, in which he likened himself, in his critical explorations of the various novels, to the plumber going down cellar, and sniffing, sniffing, here and there, trying to find the leak in the sewer pipe. The jacket of the book says that *Exiles* "belongs on the shelf with Ibsen and Hauptmann." Personally, we never detected any sewer gas in these other authors, though admittedly our nose lacks the sensitiveness of the late William Winter's. But we did in *Exiles*. We trust that the demand for Irish Nationalism is based on a firmer rock of character than that disclosed in the persons of this play. They are close to the line of degeneracy.

Sponsored by no less an authority than Professor George Foot Moore, of Harvard, Horace Meyer Kallen has issued his version of the Book

of Job,* arranged as a Greek tragedy on the Euripidean model, and prefaced by a long essay setting forth his reasons for believing that Job represents the attempt of a Hebrew writer to compose a tragedy after the Greek manner, and also expounding his conception of the philosophy of the poem. There is, of course, nothing new in the attempt to explain the Book of Job as a dramatic poem, and as Professor Moore points out, it was even suggested by Theodore of Mopsuestia in 428 A. D. that it was an imitation of a Greek drama. But Doctor Kallen has gone farther, and by certain transpositions of the text broken it into drama and choruses, with, of course, the prose prologue and epilogue; and in his explanatory essay made out a good case for what he has done. It so happens that his version has been acted both at Wisconsin and Harvard in recent years, and only last spring Stuart Walker mounted the Book of Job in a Broadway playhouse, not, to be sure, treating it as a Greek drama, but playing it as it stood for what dramatic values it had. The result of these performances, especially of Mr. Walker's, was to disclose the fallacy of the arguments that Job is not a drama because it has no "action." In the successive steps of defiance (which must have been quite terrible enough to the orthodox Jews of the day), till Job is confronted by the voice out of the whirlwind, and conquered, there is profound spiritual action, which even to-day, combined with the superb rhetoric of the speeches, can hold an audience, yea, even a Broadway audience! The reader will agree with Professor Moore that this new version is much more than "an ingenious paradox,"

that "it is a serious hypothesis which invites serious consideration from biblical scholars and students of literature." The author's essay on the philosophy of Job no less invites serious consideration, though it hardly concerns us here. He finds it the highest expression of Hebrew religious conceptions, the conception that God has not, and should not have, any bias. The world was not ready for it then, he thinks; Job's comforters certainly could not grasp it; and is not ready for it even yet. We have to admit some grounds for his pessimism. However, such a conception puts Job on a far higher plane as a hero, not a figure of submissive patience, but a man who has won through his nationalist ideas of a biased, interfering God, who is personally meddling in his affairs, to an acceptance of the human soul as the divinely ordained citadel of man. Our author would almost say that Job was the first to cry—certainly the first Jew to cry:

I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.

At any rate, by taking the Book of Job out of the dusty prose paragraphs where it has reposed to furnish the parsons with a text, and letting all its poetry and all its drama come humanly forth, Doctor Kallen has done a work for which many will thank him, even if they do not agree with all his conclusions. Personally, we are only too delighted to believe that one, at least, of the authors of the Old Testament once upon a time got into a Greek city and saw a play. It must have been a blessed change from Jerusalem!

*The Book of Job as a Greek Tragedy Restored. By Horace Meyer Kallen, with an introduction by Professor George F. Moore, of Harvard. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

POETS, ROSE FEVER AND OTHER SEASONAL MANIFESTATIONS

BY THOMAS WALSH

SUMMER is the friendly hour of rose fever and poets, but it is also the blooming time of the rambler rose—and most of our poets this year are ramblers. It is seldom that one comes across a full-blown rose of poetry in all the output of buds and foliage. Can it be that the perfect flower remains the hot-house growth or the trained aristocratic bloom of the specialist?

The most perfect rose in the garden of this month's poetry is to be found in the *Drums of Defeat*,* by Theodore Maynard, a new poet who has won the commendation of G. H. Chesterton, as well he might, with his mingled singing of the jollities of life and the dreams of the soul. For after all is said and done, Mr. Maynard remains a religious poet, one to whom the spirit-call is more lovely than all the whispering of the world and the flesh, one whose sense of honest humour does not blunt his aspiration to the mystical delights of the white spirit. The validity of his inspiration is evident on every page of his little book, and especially where he introduces us to—

THE WORLD'S MISER

A miser with an eager face
Sees that each leaf is in its place.
He keeps beneath strong bolts and bars
The piercing beauty of the stars.

**Drums of Defeat*. By Theodore Maynard. London: Erskine Macdonald.

†*The Fairy Islands*. By Valley Flower. Boston: Cornhill Press.

‡*Moonrise*. By Herbert J. Hale.

The colours of the dying day
He hoards as treasure—Well he may!—
And saves with care (lest they be lost)
The dainty diagrams of frost.
He counts the hairs of every head,
And grieves to see a sparrow dead.

Among the yellow primroses
He holds His summer palaces,
And sets the grass about them all
To guard them as His spearmen small.
He fixes on each wayside stone
A mark to show it as His own,
And knows when raindrops fall through air
Whether each single one be there,
That gathered into ponds and brooks
They may become His picture books,
To show in every spot and place
The living glory of His face.

These are the lisplings of the poet whose true greatness will appear to him who reads *Fear* and the superb sonnet, *In Domo Johannis*.

Among the ramblers on the June trellis is the little book—*The Fairy Islands*† and *Other Poems*, by Valley Flower—which reveals a certain quality of rhythmic gift and a gentle appreciation of the more commonplace aspects of nature and human sentiment. There is also Mr. Herbert J. Hale's *Moonrise*,‡ a *Book of Poems*, showing a good sense of nature and musical expression. Its typical piece is the quatrain entitled

COMPENSATION

Some day because your eyes are quick with
tears,
Because there is no hardness in your
heart—
You shall have wisdom great as life can
give,
You shall have happiness as deep as tears.

From the Heart of a Folk,* by Waverley Turner Carmichael, is a little collection of verses in negro dialect revealing the sentiment of the author, a young American negro, with a moderate gift of melody and creative faculty, especially in his hymnal pieces. *Songs of Manhattan*† are the work of Morris Abel Beer, whose "from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven" ranges from Chinatown, Fourteenth Street and Upper Fifth Avenue, where—

There's Asia on the Avenue
And Europe in the street,
And Africa goes plodding by
Beneath my window-seat.

It is homely singing, near to earth and journalism, so one may take an interest in his lines to

GREENWICH VILLAGE

Within a dingy shop by lanterns lit
A dozen men and women idly sit;
One sips cool tea, another lemonade,
And others nibble cakes an artist made;
The thin, pale critic prates of Wells and Shaw;
The nervous blonde discusses peace and law;
A poetess of smug complacency blows
Tobacco rings a-whirl with artful pose;
A pudgy playwright talks of plays he's done;
A painted ancient spinster flings a pun;
And so night rolls with epigram and shout
Till one by one the candles flicker out.

And then—a somewhat more robust rambler—there is *Green Leaves*,‡ by Florence Ripley Mastin, with a series of schoolroom sketches that give a touch of interest akin to that we found in *The Spoon River Anthology*; but these little verses are more amiable, life-like, and less interesting and scandalous than the etchings of Mr. Masters. *Isadore, Mary, Harry, Pearl and Stephen* are very likable squibs of poetry. The author gives us this classroom sketch of

HYMAN

He wrote to-day in little sprawling lines:
"The Valley of th. Many-coloured Glass
is beautiful,
But it's what I call a dead place.
I like the city, full of life."
O child, who never listened at a tulip bell!

There are readers who may prefer

THE REPORTER

In the March stillness
I heard a woodpecker
Up the hill
Near the blue painted sky.
He had captured all my news;
"Tap, tap"—went his typewriter.

There are some longer poems of sustained interest, but perhaps the best piece in the volume is that entitled

THE TWILIGHT WIND

The Wind is walking in the garden;
He is a pale mandarin
With silken shoes,
And a soft coat blowing against the leaves.
I wish he would open his basket;
He has visited many trees to-day,
And there is fruit that I would taste.

Amid *The Grass in the Pavement*,§ by M. E. Büher, there are smooth, half-effective verses on a wide range of subjects; the spirit is religious with a conservative sense of the poet's art. One charming poem, out of the several in this volume is that called *A Pearl of the Faith*.

In *Mid-American Chants*,|| by Sherwood Anderson, one finds a rather apocalyptic expression given to the untutored boast of an egotism based upon half-education and half-

*The Heart of a Folk. By Waverley Turner Carmichael. Boston: Cornhill Press.

†Songs of Manhattan. By Morris Abel Beer. Boston: Cornhill Press.

‡Green Leaves. By Florence Ripley Mastin. New York.

§The Grass in the Pavement. By M. E. Büher. New York.

||Mid-American Chants. By Sherwood Anderson. New York: John Lane.

culture. It is honest expletive for the most part rather than singing, but as representing a fraction that is somewhat over-exploited in Mid-American literature, it is still interesting and somewhat significant. *The Song of the Lost Ones* is typical of the general character of Mr. Anderson's book:

Soft thy feet on the floor of the desert,
In the night—
Running—
Desperate and breathless
Blood on the sands of the desert drying,
Drops of blood on the hot sand drying,
Blood from the veins of my beloved
Pouring out on the desert.
Soft in the night the rustle of corn leaves
Young men into the cities pouring,
Blood from the veins of young men pouring
into the cities.

In *Bugle Rhymes from France*,* by Paul Myron, there is plenty of good, rough-and-ready singing of the camp and trenches. *The Sword Unsheathed*,† by R. H. Langford, is also a war-song of a homespun sort. From *In the Gray and Other Poems*,‡ by John W. Costello, we may take this rather slanderous piece of singing:

THE CHICAGO GIRL

Her figure is purchased at Marshall Field's,
Her complexion from Madam Yale;
Her hair the dead or the pauper yields
From confined silence or slimy jail.

Her father answers the whistle and bell,
And toils in the rolling mill's grime and smoke;

Often in grogshops I've heard him tell
The reason why he is always "broke."

*Bugle Rhymes from France. By Paul Myron. Chicago: Midnation Company.

†The Sword Unsheathed. By R. H. Langford. Kansas City: Hudson Publishing Company.

‡In the Gray. By John W. Costello. Boston: Roxburgh Publishing Company.

§The World and the Waters. By Edward F. Garesché. St. Louis: The Queen's Work Press.

||Chinese Lyrics. By James Whitall. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

The World and the Waters,§ by Edward F. Garesché, contains some very superior singing in spite of a good deal of commonplace verse on nature and general moods. There is an ode on *Niagara* that is worthy of being placed beside those of Pombo and Heredia, and a lovely elegy *To Rose in Heaven*, worthy of the pen of Francis Thompson. Also to be noted is the *Sunbrowned with Toil* that made a good impression in the pages of Mr. Braithwaite's *Anthology*. The lines that seem particularly effective in the volume are:

AT ORDINATION

I remember with a tremor of delight
One ecstatic morn that could suffice
For a life of joy though never other light
Poured its cup of dawning glory to the skies.

Jesu: for on that serene, foredestined day,
Mid the solemn pomp of ceremonial bands
Thou didst press me to Thy yearning heart
for aye,
Laying on my head Thine own creative hands.

Weak with fearful rapture and surprise,
Soft I felt me folded to Thy breast;
Strong from hence to call Thee from the skies,

Nearer to Thy wounds than all the rest.

The late Théophile Gautier, having no fortune to leave his daughters, had them educated in the oriental languages, and in this way it happened that Judith Gautier was the first to produce a collection of translations from the Chinese which she called *The Book of Jade*, now turned into English by James Whitall and published under the title of *Chinese Lyrics*.|| Through Mr. Whitall's version one senses the quality of these Mongolian masterpieces, whose curious beauty still intrigues the soul of an Ezra Pound, and many of the modernists of English, French and German verse. One

notes a strong reliance upon the vague charms of moonlight, mists and flowing rivers, and so there is a characteristic note in Li Oey's

MOONLIGHT

The full moon rises out of the water;
The sea becomes a plate of silver.
On a boat friends drink cups of wine,
And they watch the little moonlit clouds
Hover above the mountain.
Some say—
The white-robed wives of the Emperor,
Others—
A flock of swans.

The same delightful humour that marked Mr. Denis A. McCarthy's *Round of Rimes* and *Voices from Erin* is seen anew in his *Songs of Sunrise*,* and there are besides some splendid poems like *Bunker Hill* and *The Tower of Ivory*. Mr. McCarthy is a true poet of the Irish sort, who can also show us such an artistic picture as that of his

MINUET

How sweetly and how neatly unto that
olden air
The minuet she dances!
How blithely and how lithely she trips it
here and there,
Retires and then advances!
How stately and sedately she curtsies and
she bows,
How queenly and serenely our homage she
allows;
How nicely and precisely the bolder beaux
she crows,
And foils their ardent glances!
Oh, fair one, and oh, rare one, the minuet
and you
Are sweet as old romances,
That fill men and that thrill men with
dreams of youth anew,
Of glory when the gory blades of battle
saw the sun,
Of leisure and of pleasure when the stormy
days were done,
Of spacious life and gracious with some
lady like the one
That now divinely dances!

Over the Hills of Home,† by Lillian Leveridge, are poems touched to life by a delicate sentiment and sense of

beauty; slightly more literary and less effective are the poems of Miss Katharine Lee Bates's *The Retinue*,‡ the lines of *This Tattered Catechism* being perhaps the most striking piece of her collection. In Miss Stella Benson's *Twenty*§ there is poetry of a more individual sort, in fact a very superior sort, as revealed in her *Orchard*, *Saint Bride* and *The Slave of God*.

A strong touch of journalism characterises *The Silver Trumpet*,|| Miss Amelia Josephine Burr's new book of verses. There is so much that is timely and urgent that the literary quality, the permanent beauties, seem to suffer a slight eclipse in the work of this charming poet of life and passion; she is here the propagandist of a noble cause rather than the singer of an idle, deathless—deathless—day. One needs a greater perspective than to-day's in dealing with such poetry.

Sonnets from the Patagonian¶ are reprinted again with a very peculiar introductory letter from the author, Sergeant Donald Evans, in which he refers to himself as "an incurable poseur." The events of the war have given an acid quality to these sonnets, some of which, perhaps, held a touch of wit at the time of their composition—the Indian summer of a decadence which is now quite at an end.

*Songs of Sunrise. By Denis A. McCarthy. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

†Over the Hills of Home. By Lillian Leveridge. New York: E. P. Dutton.

‡The Retinue. By Katharine Lee Bates. New York: E. P. Dutton.

§Twenty. By Stella Benson. New York: Macmillan.

||The Silver Trumpet. By Amelia Josephine Burr. New York: George Doran.

¶Sonnets from the Patagonian. By Donald Evans. Philadelphia: N. L. Browne.

LETTERS FROM THOMASINA

WITH DRAWINGS BY HERSELF

"This first of the British Women's Army Auxiliary Corps, to record her experiences working behind the lines 'somewhere in France,' happens to be a girl I have known since . . . she wore pigtails down her back. I little dreamed then that the day would come when I should look out from my Hilltop on the War Zone to know that somewhere behind the line she would be doing her bit as a simple soldier, and recording the hardships and privations of her soldier's life in letters 'written home,' letters to prove how easily in this great struggle the young women of England were ready and able to respond to the call 'The Country is in Danger.' . . . There is no limelight shining on them. There are neither footlights nor public. There is only hard work, sordid, often menial, almost never picturesque. . . . When the victorious armies return, no corps will better deserve the uncovered heads and the grateful cheers of the crowd, than the Thomasina Atkinses of this Great War as they march in their place in the line."

MILDEED ALDRICH.

The Hilltop on the Marne, France, March, 1918

Somewhere in England

October 30, 1917.

DEAR PEACHIE:

You know how difficult it is for me to keep anything to myself—and really the boiler has all but busted this week. To "cut the cackle, and come to the 'osses," I have joined the Women's Army. Why? Well, the idea has been simmering in my brainpan for some time. A certain poster—"Urgently Wanted, 100,000 Women for Home and Foreign Service"—has been staring at me, and arguing with me like a revivalist parson until I could no longer find an excuse for *not* being one of the units in the required number. I have had a pretty easy time so far, and a little hardship won't make me any less of an actress—(No remarks, please!)—so there you are. Well! to return to the W. A. A. C. My references have been taken up, the Medical Board has passed me A1,

and now nothing remains but to get my kit together and to await marching orders to the hostel where I am to be vaccinated, inoculated, and generally prepared for France. Because of my proficiency in languages, I was advised to sign for Class A, "Ordinary Clerical Work," which seems to embrace all manner of jobs not strictly associated with clerking. You will come back to find me putting away all my fancy fribbles, and seriously contemplating practical duds, including the ribbed worsted stockings which my æsthetic soul has always abominated.

Yesterday, after we had said good-bye—it was good of you, in deference to my superstition, to leave the station before the train pulled out—I began to cast affectionate glances at my suit-case, which now represents boudoir and library, and contains the sparse

wardrobe that I must accustom myself to for the duration of the war. It seems strange, this carrying all your belongings in your fist, but such are the regulations, and I shall now discover the multitude of superfluous things that I have so long regarded as necessities.

I am more than a bit "wuzzy" this morning. I cannot make friends with iron slats. I know it is ridiculous to grouse about trifles, and I hope I shall soon learn some sense. I am trying hard.

The hostel is made up of a number of houses, all connecting on the first floor. There are hundreds of girls here, mostly of the factory and domestic servant class. Such priceless accents! And oh, such odd faces—just like a Phil May panorama. We get up at 6.45; roll-call at 7.45; then fall in and march to the mess hall. We sleep in rooms, six girls in mine, counting me. The other five are quite nice girls, so I am able to manicure my nails and rub cold cream on my face without being



THE NIGHTLY TOILETTE

made to feel either superior or eccentric.

The deed is done; I was inoculated this morning, right arm, and vaccinated left leg. My mental barometer has fallen considerably, but they tell me that inoculation is always followed by depression. We get

jabbed again in a week's time; the vaccination is a single offence, thank the powers!

Physically, army life is very hardening. We put on all the clothes we possess when we get up in the morn-

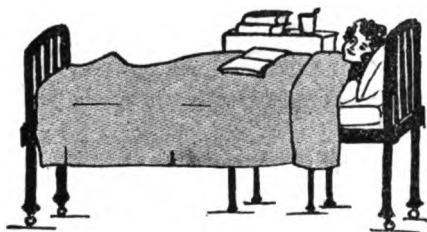


CORRESPONDENCE UNDER DIFFICULTIES

ing for "roll-call," even to hat and coat, and I keep everything on till I go to bed at night. We have fires in four out of the nine recreation rooms, but the only chance of thawing one's self is to sit immediately in front of one of the said fires. Now you can guess the opportunity for doing this—a nice little sum for a ready reckoner: seven hundred girls, nine rooms, four fires; how many chances are there of one girl nearing the blaze in a week?

The answer is a lemon. My plan is to sit on a table, feet and all, and write on my knee. Writing in the recreation rooms is a study in the art of concentration. The din is positively deafening. You may think me some talker. Well! you ought to hear my associates—North-country mill girls, munition workers, farm hands, clerks—every possible grade of society—all out to be heard in every dialect in the kingdom. Added

to which there is a piano in one of the rooms, and, thanks to our liberal national education, there are many who can pick out notes, so we have all the popular melodies with full-throated chorus. Despite this buoyant recreation, everybody is as ill as possible part of the time, and somebody is ill all the time. It makes no difference; the sick ones endure passively until they revive—when they just let it rip and then get their own back on the other poor little devils.



HOSPITAL IS LOTS OF FUN

Meals no longer fill me with loathing. Porridge for breakfast this morning—and, although I ought not to tell you, since I won't eat it at home, I fairly gobbled it. Yesterday I found myself with a munitioneer on my right, a charwoman on my left, and two tough little mechanics in front—but I didn't even have indigestion. Perhaps I am a red-tie Socialist after all. One thing, whatever the grade or habit of life, all these women are really gold at heart. Some nine carat, I grant you; some twenty-two; but the precious core is there alright—it is simply up to one to tunnel through.

If all goes well, I expect to be sailing to-morrow week.

Alas! dear, I am not to be included in the next sailing draft. The doctor looked me over, and immediately sent somebody over to the hostel to fetch my kit, and here I am in the

hospital. Well, no use grouching, it may be another of those beastly blessings camouflaged, so—cheerio! I am really having a glorious time, resting and lying on (whisper it gently) a wire mattress, with a heavenly view right out to sea. I feel as if I were in the Ritz Hotel; real milk in the tea, and thin bread and butter. My "Think Tank" has gone off duty with the rest of me. Only one grievance—no smoking allowed. I am really wallowing in tranquillity, and am no longer at all sorry for myself. But I am aching to get over yonder; I am so fed up with this idle life. There are big chunks of grit in me really; they only want dragging forward, and pounding for use. When I have actually settled down, I shall be as happy as the proverbial sand-boy.

Only a few moments to dash off my last good-bye to you. We are off to "Furrin" parts this afternoon. I had to report to the doctor this morning, but Hoo-jolly-ray! she has passed me at last. I think of you all the time, and "pull thumbs" for your health to return to you. Well! sufficient to the day is the excitement thereof.

Your loving,
THOMASINA.

Somewhere in France.

January 1, 1918.

DEAREST PEACHIE:

Behold me in France at last—still excited. Our crossing was uneventful, smooth, and very quick—of course the ship was full of khaki—and I began to feel a soldier at last when we fell in behind the boys with haversacks on our backs and pay-books in our pockets.

We spent the night in a hut—with tables down the centre and army

mattresses down the sides. Golly! but we were hungry and the rations were good. After supper we found the washing-room; then partly undressed and rolled ourselves up in the army blankets. Peach, have you ever slept on the floor? Mind you, I say *slept*.

Of course I cannot tell you anything about my work—I mean the details—the answers to all the questions I can imagine you asking are taboo. By the way, I suppose you realise, from the slightly different style of yours truly, that all letters are read by the Camp Administrator? This knowledge gives me a sort of rheumatism of the pen—it works stiffly, and recalls my Continental school-days; but I shall soon forget about it, even as I did in those days, when I was wont to draw caricatures of the scholastic censor herself.

But I think the work is going to be quite interesting, and I shall be handling plenty of French stuff. I was first taken to the Major, who looked me over in a “What have we got here” sort of fashion, and then handed me a letter in French, and asked could I read it. I glanced at it, and said I could, and that moreover I could understand it. He laughed—and proceeded to business.

We live in our suit-cases, as the hut is always liable to military inspection at odd moments, and no sort of clothing may be on view. We occasionally see an odd colonel or major buzzing about, and then are reminded that the W. A. A. C.’s are under surveillance.

I want to trim my hut a bit, so please send me a few of my old prints and “art” designs. My æsthetic eye yearns for something to break the dour monotony of these walls. Just as soon as the mercury crawls up a

little higher, I will get busy with those same “picters,” and I hope to make my hut a vision of delight. I am sorry that I was so haughty about the flashlight you offered me. I certainly should like one.

Weather wet and slushy, but quite bearable. We have fires in our Mess Hut and Recreation Hut, those funny little German stoves, with the long pipe leading up and out through the wall. We burn wood—mostly *green*—but we manage. The camp cooks are excellent, and the food tastes much better than it did in the other places. I have overcome my dislike to sleeping in blankets. I just swathe myself in my rug—mummy fashion—then three army blankets, double, go on top of me.

We dance in our recreation hut every night after supper till “lights out,” and go to bed nice and warm by candle-light.

“Lights out” means that the engine stops and the electric light fades, but we may generally burn a candle for a little while longer, especially if our N. C. O. is dancing with us. You will see by the foregoing that I am getting quite accustomed to camp life—but don’t think that I omit my nightly dab into the cuticle cream and skin food.

The snow is upon us with a vengeance—never in my life have I seen such sudden and busy snow except on the stage. This morning I was out for a long walk in the frost, and there were some pretty Christmas-card effects. The camp looked a treat, the huts are like this of cor-



THE HUTS

rugated iron, with little pathways between, grouped round a square of "lawn." This morning a thaw started—and, oh! the slush in the town—"some" mud! Of mud we do not allow ourselves to talk. If we did (such is its quality and its quantity), it would form the only topic of conversation. The huts are still white, and as I came "home" to tea to-night the camp in the distance was a pretty sight—with the evening star and the new moon hovering. I am constantly wondering at the sky; I never realised that there was so much of it. In a city one quite overlooks it; there is so much to attract one's attention.

I wish I had a thermometer; it would be interesting to see just where the mercury would stand inside the hut. My sponge is a rock, my tooth-brush ditto. My fountain-pen was frozen inside my suit-case. As I stood before my mirror to brush my hair, a sheet of ice formed over it—just my breath. Of course all water has been turned off at the main to prevent the pipes from bursting, so washing, for the time being, is out of the question. The drinking-tank—not yet ready for winter use—had not been encased in straw, and the whole thing is a solid rock. We have had no drinking-water for two days. The poor kitchen staff have to drop a bucket down the well (pumps are frozen) to get enough water for the cooking. I remember reading Shackleton's Diary of his expedition to the Pole; he has my sympathy. The streets are a joke. You see the snow settled between the cobbles, then the whole surface froze, and the only way to get along is to shuffle, and dodge the cart ruts. The moon comes up bright and hard every

night, and just looks cruel. I am wearing every garment I possess—and if the kitchen range were portable, we should probably draw lots as to who should steal it for a sort of haversack. My voluble utterance is somewhat familiar to you. Think of the possibility of my spoken words freezing in a long solid, knotty string on their way to my listener's ear. Here, for instance, is my re-



HERE'S MY REQUEST FOR MORE PUDDING

quest for more pudding. *Pas de pudding.*

Bed is quite cosy—army blankets are fine. I tuck mine close round my face, and when I wake in the morning there is a fringe of icicles along the ridges—more frozen breath.

We have a new list of duties in camp, at which each clerk takes her turn and becomes "Camp Orderly" for the day. She has to "Kick off" with the sounding of "Réveillé." To-day it has been *my* turn, and I woke



SOUNDING THE RÉVEILLÉ

myself three times during the night in response to the prodding of my subconscious mind, which reminded me that I had to start the racket at 6.45. I *did* it! Oh, yes! I roused the

camp all right. Indeed, I imagine some of the slumberers thought the very last trump had sounded. Our gong is made of a strip of rail, the kind of rail that trains run on. It dangles from a cross-bar, and when banged with an iron hammer (shaped like a drumstick), it gives out a large-sized sound.

When I approached the outfit this morning, I found that the hammer had fallen from its perch and frozen itself to the ground. Most inconsiderate of it, but inanimates will indulge in these playful tricks, and Mr. Aurelius says: "Do your duty whether shivering, or warm, heavy-eyed, or with your fill of sleep," etc., etc. So heavy-eyed and shivering I dug out that hammer and then let go with all the muscular force that nestles in my upper arms. People have no right to be asleep anyhow—that is, not when I am awake.

We hear all about the food difficulty from the soldiers back on leave, but we experience little of it here. Of course we are rationed, and there are certain things we never have. For instance, I have not tasted green vegetables, fish, or eggs since I left England. Sometimes I dream of spinach and turnip-tops, and I have a morbid fear that I may one morn awake to find a "Brussels Sprout" somewhere on my body—like a birthmark. But, after all, I don't really mind. Nobody does. If there is one thing the army inculcates more than any other, that thing is adaptability, and the fact that one never knows exactly what quantity or kind of food one is going to get for dinner stimulates the imagination, and adds zest to the dull routine of eating.

Some days we draw no meat, other

days plenty of meat and no "spuds"; sometimes neither meat nor "spuds," but dumplings and onions. We never have bread served with dinner, and some days the bread ration is smaller than others. The point is that we always have *enough* food—and it is good. We are just now rioting on fig and date puddings—raisins are out of fashion. Last week we had jam; this is marmalade week.

Christmas in camp was really a merry affair. We were mostly off duty after mid-day. Our Administrator dined with us, and we also invited her to tea. We all sat at one long table in our mess hut, kitchen staff and clerks together. This is an army tradition.

The parcel "has came," as the Darkie usually says, for which many thanks. Everything was in order, and no casualties—and I feel in clover.

We ushered in the New Year with a dance. It was a small gathering, comparatively speaking, because the only place available would hold no more. The lights were turned out at midnight, and someone beat the hour out on the big drum, or was it the cymbals?—probably a dixie and poker for baton. We all linked hands in the approved manner and sang *Auld Lang Syne*. Has it ever been explained why people who have met for the first and (possibly) last time sing *Auld Lang Syne*? Shades of many a New Year's Eve came back to me, and I imagined you hanging out of your window to listen for the bells that would, alas! be dumb this year.

If you're waking very early,
Do not call me, there's a dear,

For I care not for the sunrise
Upon the glad New Year.
That early morning réveillè
Has a mad'ning sound for me,
So up if you must and fall in line,
But kindly let me be.

Whispered in the ear of my nearest comrade this has no effect whatever—callous little wretch!

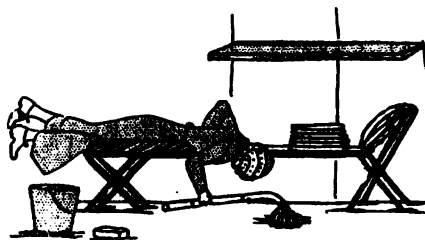
We have had a concert party *en visite* this week. Very good. One popular song was rearranged for a chorus of men and one girl; the boy who played the girl made a great hit, he was extremely coy. There was much patter introduced, mostly military "shop," and it went with yells. The butt of all jokes and stories is always the Sergeant-major or the Sergeants' Mess, and there was a plentiful supply of this sort of humour. "*Jimmy Green, you have come into school without a pencil; now, what would you say of a soldier who went into battle without a rifle?*" "*Please, teacher, I should say he was an orficer.*" (Shouts.) Some fearful chestnuts took on a fresh lease of life.

The second part of the programme opened with a serious selection, so of course you have guessed it was *Faust*. You never saw such a vermilion villain as the "Mephisto." The next night the serious hit was *Faust* again ("Valentine's" death scene), and when poor Valentine, writhing according to tradition, bade his chum "Search in his breast for the key to the secret," one of the audience remarked audibly, "He's looking for his identity disc!" Well, well! These things look very foolish set down on paper, but they serve to let you know how we beguile ourselves when off duty.

I had a spasm of homesickness the other night. I went to the cinema—

first time for weeks. *Boottle's Baby*, done by a London film company, a very good performance, and the sight of dear familiar faces gave me a bad twinge.

We all went to a dance last night—in a lorry. We did not leave till past midnight; the rain had been steadily falling, and the roads were so thick and slithery that the clumsy old lorry ran off the *pavé* into the ditch, and once there, said, "*J'y suis, j'y reste*"—and meant it. We were ages being dug out, lurching to and fro every few minutes with the futile efforts of the pushers and pullers. It seemed as if the whole caboodle *must* turn over. There were thirty of us packed inside. It was quite dark, and as the lorry sank deeper, the spirits of some of the passengers rose higher. But nothing remains stationary forever, not even a lorry in a ditch, and finally we were hauled up, to the disappointment (I imagine) of some of our young merrymakers. Result of all this—a few "fatigues" and "C.B.s" handed out to-day. I



SCRUBBING THE HUT

haven't learned the nature of the misdemeanours, but the "fatigues" were scrubbing huts.

I am in a nice little town, with some good book shops, boasting a fine selection of books in that nice Conrad edition which has superseded the Tauchnitz. We haven't a library in

the camp, so three or four of us who have similar tastes club together, take turns at the reading, and if anyone has a keen desire to "have and to hold," she buys the others out.

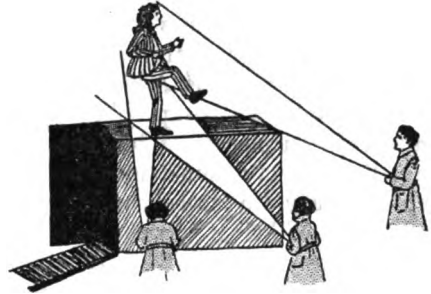
There are a *few* lingerie shops to break the monotony, and they ought to be compelled to keep their shutters up while the war is on. The sight of pretty pretties to us who have only coarse-worsted undies, and one frock, leaves the tortures of Tantalus far behind.

I do want a good Marcus Aurelius. He is the only comrade I have a fancy for at present; he would fill the bill when I really want to read. Anything more modern would be tiresome, unless I have missed the best in up-to-date philosophy. Serious reading is well-nigh impossible out here. It is not so much a question of time as the power of concentration. Interest lags, and one drops into the habit of seizing on to the lightest kind of stuff—"brain dope," I call it. Even the alleged "funny" magazine is devoured by way of recreation. I think it is because each day brings forth such a mass of facts to tax the point of view, and to test one's opinions, that there is no room left for sidelights. In reading philosophy there is such a temptation to adopt it, and make life fit it. Here the great task is to make one's own philosophy fit in with life. It is a confusing game, and when the tired brain can rest, it endeavours to get the contents simmered down and the waste matter skimmed off the top.

I have been here only six weeks, but no matter, and I am learning the job of the man next higher up! So all my hands are full. In a couple of

months I ought to have my cream collar, badges, and pay.

We have one *Enfant Terrible* and general scapegoat. She is an irrepressible little monkey, much too young to be out here at all really. Did I tell you about the "rascal"



DANCING ON THE ROOF

dancing at night in her pajamas on the roof of the wash-houses (the only flat roof in the camp), and the other little reprobates standing round and flashing their torches on her so that she should not fall off and break her back? Wasn't it the limit? I hate to think what might have happened if friendly persuasion had not induced her to descend before she was caught by someone in authority. But I wash my hands of all official responsibility till I get my "White Collar" to back me up in authority. If I seem to dwell on our little scandals, it is not for the pleasure of trolling them out, but only just to prove to you how severe our regulations are.

I enclose a little light literature (programmes of our Amateur Theatricals, arranged by the Troops' Literary and Debating Society), just to show you how spare evenings are passed in the army. This *Breach of Promise Case* or *Mock Trial* was really a bit of a lark, but wasn't it just my luck to be cast for

the Plaintiff? We were terribly serious and professional—real stage—and the scratch costumes were alone worth the price of admission. There was tremendous excitement among the men at the opportunity of getting into “civies” and make-up. They just love to slab the grease paint on. My clothes (I won’t describe them) were borrowed from a civilian friend of the Administrator, and we had a group photograph taken, if you please. I tell you, Irving, Benson, etc., must look to their laurels. My Counsel—the Major—is by way of being a poet; he kindly brings me yards of stuff to spout. He made a very good speech to open the case, and got plenty of laughs. I had a trying time under cross-examination by the opposing Counsel, but eventually swam through, and the jury (mixed) gave me the verdict—but only £5 damages instead of £2,000. The defence accused me of having a flirtatious disposition and otherwise tried to blacken my character. One of the witnesses was asked had he ever given me anything of value, “Oh yes,” was the prompt reply, “I gave her two green envelopes.” Laughter!

Dearest, don’t think me frivolous. All this tattle is just an attempt to forget for awhile the appalling carnage going on up the line. One’s feelings about the war remain the same as ever, quite confident, and cheerful, but the terrible story, as we receive it almost hourly, leaves us numb with horror.

Fact is, I have been at my very lowest ebb for over a week. I think the wind began it, and then I somehow got fed up with everything in general. I had horrible yearnings for real civilisation, quiet voices, and gentle manners. And oh! for the

physical balm of a pair of linen sheets! I would have bartered what remains of my soul for one hour’s home comfort.

Everything is looking critical just now; the nerves of the whole world are stretched to the snapping point, and in consequence of this we are all more or less dazed, and unequal to mastering our own comparatively unimportant affairs. There is a tidal wave of emotion threatening to sweep us off our feet; I, who am well and strong, am being affected by it, and for the past five days have suffered acutely an indescribable, indefinable disturbance.

Out here the effect of psychic disturbance is so startlingly visible to those who can detect it at all. I watch the girls—their fits of fed-upness, irritability, home-sickness. I know it all so well, for, alas! I am not immune. I am, however, blessed with the gift of seeing, and understanding, and when the spell passes, and I “come too,” I have a good laugh at myself—and make resolutions against the next wave. It shall not engulf me.

We grow accustomed to calling it “nerves,” and we lay the responsibility to the high wind or any trivial thing that comes our way; but I have become convinced since I have been out here that it is something much bigger, something soul-scourging, universal, and profoundly significant; and that there *is* an *end* which will justify the *means*.

It seems to me that now is the time for every girl who cares at all for the status of women to “Stand by”—to do her level best, and to behave herself. And thousands are doing all this gladly, not perhaps with any hope of here and now, but rather to hasten those happy days which are

at present in the making. Sacrifice means much more to the very young. Girls of twenty and under naturally consider themselves entitled to a few more years of pleasant adventure, and this would be their right and their portion if the world were at peace. But as the world is really in the throes of a new birth, it behooves everyone to think of the whole and not of the part, and to see to it that the new life which is to replace the old shall be worthy of those who have already paid the supreme price in the greatest struggle humanity has ever known.

Heavens above! but Peace and Liberty are precious things indeed,

when humanity can, and will pay such a price to secure them. Life has revealed itself in a new aspect; it has become a game that must be played through, with steadfastness of purpose, to the end. It is unlike me to be *sure* of things, but I *know* this *one* thing, and that is, *We shall win*. I am only one of many thousands who are all doing their best to hasten the end; and that end is, as I said before, that we shall win.

We shall Win! We shall Win!

Good-bye, sweetheart, I have you always in mind, and am trying to be
Worthy to remain

Your own
THOMASINA.

RELIGION AND THE WAR

SOME ASPECTS OF THINGS SPIRITUAL IN THREE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

BY TERTIUS VAN DYKE

IF ANYONE wants to note the effect of war upon religious thinking, he could not do better than read Principal Forsyth's little book *This Life and the Next*.^{*} It is written with a freshness and vigour of style that is characteristic of the author. Indeed the simplicity, directness and vividness of the language adds great charm to the moral earnestness and spiritual helpfulness of the book.

Let me quote a sentence or two illustrative both of the style and the thought: "The finality of death in the *vital* sense leads to all the low temperatures in life which I have been describing." And again: "We threw away too much when we threw purgatory clean out of doors. We threw out the baby with the dirty water of its bath."

The author's criticism of present-

day writing on social and national subjects acutely observes that while it is strongly ethical, it is largely less than historic in its range and moves only in the middle register of thought.

The centre of Christian thought to-day concerns itself greatly with inquiries of a speculative nature. This book deals primarily with the first of these questions: immortality, and by implication with several others. It is good to find a splendid moral foundation under these discussions and to read, for example, such a title to one of the chapters as "Immortality as Present Judgment."

"You cannot dwell too much on

^{*}*This Life and the Next*. By Peter T. Forsyth, D.D. New York: Macmillan Company.

the death and resurrection of Christ as the revelation of God's immortal love, so long as you do not hide the fact that they are powers and not mere lessons, and that they make together one crucial, final act of divine majesty and mercy."

Dr. Forsyth has spoken home to the hearts of men with sane and manly words of spiritual interpretation and comfort.

The world of men to-day is seeking eagerly for genuine experience of God, not as a matter of abstract interest, but as a practical question that has a vital connection with every-day living. And Professor Lyman's book, *The Experience of God in Modern Life*,* is just what we need, for these three lectures, given last autumn at Union Theological Seminary, are written from that point of view which makes a vital appeal to no one "class" of thinkers but to all thinking men.

The author steers an adventurous course between the dogmatic radicalism of Mr. H. G. Wells and the cut-and-dried systems of an outworn orthodoxy. "It is a time," he says, "for coalition cabinets in the realm of social philosophy. And in fact modern life is far from feeling itself to be self-sufficient as regards religion. On the contrary it is peculiarly plastic to such influence, provided religion will speak straight to its deepest needs." Like all honest men who are not afraid of the truth, the author proceeds by the scientific method: "We shall not take final norms from religion to impose upon modern life, nor final norms from modern life to impose upon religion; but out of the vital conjunction of

the two we shall hope to obtain certain working principles which are of importance for the growth of the human spirit. This would seem to be the legitimate meaning of the empirical method in an evolutionary world."

One phrase, in which the author speaks of men as "co-workers with an Eternal Creative Good Will," keeps constantly recurring. And it is in this essentially virile conception that I find the clue to the whole book. Professor Lyman rejects as useless in this age any idea of religion which makes it static or reactionary. The primary characteristic of a genuine experience of God expresses itself in an energising and propulsive force. And it is the experience of God alone which enables a man to realise his highest possibilities.

The book rightly begins with that question which is perhaps closest to the heart of the modern man, the question of personality. The relationship of "moral creativity" with the consciousness of sonship to God is happily cited as the highest fruit of personality. Several examples are quoted "which have an added meaning because they are comparatively close to the present and have influenced our modern world in significant ways." Especially apposite, it seems to me, is the quotation from Bushnell: "It is not the committing of one's thought in assent to any proposition, but the trusting of one's being to a *being*, there to be rested, kept, guided, moulded, governed, and possessed forever." Recalling how the teacher in imparting truth makes fresh discoveries, Professor Lyman speaks of the interpenetration of the experience of God and the experience of moral creativity. He insists stoutly on the incompleteness of the

**The Experience of God in Modern Life*. By Eugene W. Lyman, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

creation, and answers Leuba's assertion that "the religion of the future will have to rest content apparently with the idea of a non-purposive Creative Force" by showing that "when original moral power is finding expression in us, and when we are aiding in calling forth the like in others, we most truly live, we are most real and at the same time we are most harmoniously related to the wider reality on which we all depend." It seems to me that this clear relating of the reality sense to the experience of moral creativity is a genuine contribution to the religious thought of to-day.

In the second lecture on "The Experience of God and Social Progress," the author goes straight to the root of thought about the war. "The largest issue confronting our time is between an aristocratic, deterministic, nationalistic ethics and the ethics of democracy, of moral freedom, and of internationalism." He cites representatives of the various types of thought, and most justly accuses the supporters of an aristocratic, deterministic, nationalistic ethics of limiting their view of life to "evolution in the narrower sense of the struggle for existence." He faces fairly the fact of men who are believers in social progress apart from a confessed experience of God, but astutely finds them at least indirectly obligated to such an experience. A fine analogy from the soil and the sun beautifully illuminates the reasoning of this point.

To illustrate how careful Professor Lyman is not to overstrain the conclusions to which he comes, let me quote: "In the fact of social progress, the postulate of God has substantial verification," but, it is then carefully pointed out, this is "condi-

tioned upon the exercise of faith and of creative intelligence by man on a democratic scale." He does not deceive himself into thinking that social progress can be brought about merely by writing lectures or sermons. On the contrary he finds progress to be, to a great degree, a physical matter. Even the tragedy of the war cannot break through his faith in social progress, though he frankly admits that the conditions upon which the verification of faith depends may have to be re-examined.

The experience of God is set forth as of primary importance in social progress because of its high social value, for, as the author says: "Any thoroughgoing organisation of experience will have to include values as well as facts." One cannot help wishing that the Old Testament prophets held a greater place than they do in this lecture.

In the third lecture the author deals with matters of a more or less speculative nature; but they are matters which faith is inquiring about and especially in these days have become of almost popular concern. Does "cosmic evolution give evidence of being the manifestation of a comprehensive purpose"? Here again the admirable scientific sense of the author makes him begin with the present universe and trace its continuity backward. Despite the temporary obscuration of the war, he sets forth clearly the factor of a "co-operative social intelligence," and traces it back through the evolution of mind to psychic selection with no breach in the continuity of purposiveness in the universe. Even were the chemical or mechanical explanation of life extended to the limit, he declares, this purposiveness would not be lost. The conclusion

to which he comes is well entitled "evolutionary theism." He candidly admits that such a conclusion is impossible without faith, "not a faith that flies in the face of the facts, nor that arbitrarily cuts loose from the facts, but a faith that, candidly reviewing the facts, clings to the principle that the facts can be combined with the great values—either by constructive thinking or constructive moral living."

The refutation of Mr. H. G. Wells's uneven and frequently dogmatic and contradictory description of God seems to me one of the most interesting parts of this book; for there is no doubt that Mr. Wells has in certain aspects expressed the thoughts and feelings of modern men. There has been a genuine revolt from the old theology's description of God as sufficient unto himself and as governing the world regardless of men. There was something immoral about this definition that has alarmed the sense of human responsibility. But is it necessary to rush with Mr. Wells to the extreme of dualism and a finite god of redemption? Professor Lyman sounds a worthy recall to a sane and reasonable faith in God, who is finite only "if the term 'infinite' were to be used in a merely abstract logical sense, meaning the absence of all limiting conditions of whatever nature," but who is actually "infinite in the pragmatic sense of the term—that is, adequate for the practical solution of all our finite problems."

In the vital conjunction of life and religion Professor Lyman shows forth a God who is creatively thinking now and calling men to creative

thinking; "who is living and working in time and who is eternal by reason of the inexhaustibleness of his creative love," and who is "the great Teacher of the Universe."

This is essentially a modern book, but unlike so many modern books it comes to clear conclusions. Its spirit is that of a strong and liberal faith. Its method is scientific and scrupulously honest. It does not conceal the limitations of human intelligence with rhapsodical declarations. It leaves the reader with a clearer conception of God and an impulse to do his own share of the world's work.

One puts down Doctor Maclean's book, *God and the Soldier*,* with a sense of profound gratitude. It is still another testimony to the sterling qualities of human nature that appear in time of stress. Like Donald Hankey, the author finds much of the religion of the soldier to be inarticulate but none the less genuine.

The Preface, which describes in a word the origin of the book in one of the camps in France where the authors were working with the troops, modestly disclaims the achievement of any final conclusions. The book surpasses the authors' hopes. It is a powerful contribution to the understanding of religion to-day. It is invigorating and full of hope, sympathetic and yet without that mawkish sentimentality that often poses as religion.

The book breathes the atmosphere of reverence, and treats of the essential needs of men in the direct way that we have come to expect of the best type of Scottish minister. For example, the first chapter plunges right into the question: Is God to blame? The doctrine of omnipotence is shown to be limited only by the

**God and the Soldier*. By Norman Maclean, D.D., and J. R. P. Sclater, D. D. New York: George H. Doran Company.

moral nature of God Himself. And there is a humorous description of the soldier who became tangled up in verbal orthodoxy while arguing this point in a hut. The Church is called upon to reconsider the doctrine of the devil. "Not that we are called upon to believe in an absolutely malignant Will, that opposes itself to the Will of God; but that we must consider the possibility of the existence of beings, vastly greater than ourselves, which, like ourselves, are sinful in the sense of resisting God's purposes, and which, with us, are creating a 'tone,' that surrounds us—in which, in a tragic sense, we live and move and have our being—whereby God's Will is thwarted and the beauty of His world is marred." (One is reminded of Paul's principalities and powers.) Against these forces God is at war. He is no Sphinx looking on, but He is actively engaged in correcting, adjusting, transmuting. This is a fine chapter for all discouraged people to read.

One of the most moving parts of the book is the chapter on "The Unending War." It is a clear trumpet call to repentance. "We have replaced agonising for sin by organising for material betterment." "Look where one will, one can scarcely see in Europe to-day any nation that feels any need for repentance." "It is more dangerous to be a child in the slums of London or Glasgow, than to be a soldier in the trenches in Flanders." These are not pleasant thoughts to consider, but they are vital to religious faith. And the characteristic of this book is not to mince matters.

In religion and the Church, as indeed in most other things, there will be changes occasioned by the war.

But the interesting thing to observe in this book is the survival of ancient fundamentals. "A message that it is the *Crucified* Christ that unfolds God to us is a message soldiers always listen to. They will worship a God who is the supreme burden-bearer of the Universe. They will worship, in short, the eternal Christ-in-God. But I doubt if they will worship any God but that." But religious people must revise their conception of goodness. They must give its proper place to the courage, selflessness, loyalty of the men who are not saints nor angels, but are certainly men. The soldier who picturesquely harangued his sick comrade for losing his overcoat, and then ended by putting his own coat on the sick man, must be taken at his real value.

Prayer is discussed under the title of Francis Thompson: *The Sword of the Saints*. Simple and practical answers are given to a number of difficulties, and a plea is made for a return to prayer. "For the war is now a war of endurance, a conflict of soul, and the victory will rest with the nation that can sustain to the bitter end the will to conquer. And there is but one way of making our will adamant, and that is by merging it in the will of God."

Especially helpful is the suggestive chapter on "Immortality." It does not try to reach a definite conclusion, but noting that the teaching of Jesus is curiously veiled on the future life, is satisfied to bring out the two great elements in that teaching: 1. Now is the day of salvation. 2. God being Love, it is not for us to set limits. Against the common Church teaching that ultimate destiny is fixed at death, he sets the fact that mothers are hope-

lessly unorthodox, and asks, Can God love less than mothers? With a vivid illustration, the question of the finality of heaven or hell after death is raised. And it is found reasonable to believe in a third category "that cannot be hell, and is not the full triumph over evil that is heaven." Our duty to the dead cannot be limited to carrying on their cause, but ought to include prayer.

Do some of these questions sound unreal? I can vouch myself, from the experience of talking about religion with soldiers in our camps, that they are practical and vital matters of common thought.

As you may imagine, the book has some very strong ideas about the Church and her future, and these are offered in a liberal spirit that takes account of the difficulties. Three purposes are found in the Church: first, "to worship God; next, to de-

velop Christian life among Christians; and third, to extend Christ's kingdom." The Y. M. C. A. is highly commended for its work for the soldiers and also for its attitude toward the Church. It has given an actual illustration of interdenominational co-operation, and has avoided putting itself forward as a substitute for the Church. This book demands Church Unity, not on the basis of an undenominational church (that vague and barren dream), but on the basis of a growing spirit of unity among all the Churches.

It is to be hoped that this book will be widely read not only for its sane optimism, but as a guide in planning for the reconstruction of the future. It is a delight to read a book that speaks so directly to the practical needs of men on such profound topics, in a style that is at once reverent and illuminated by flashes of humour.

WAR BOOKS OF THE MONTH

BY J. C. GREY

THE Muse of Criticism, who measures all things mortal with cold, immortal hands, for all her dispassionate impartiality, can hardly look on the whirlwind of these war times, in which so much of the precious heritage of mankind has been brutally destroyed and so much spiritual misery inflicted, without at once passing judgment on the agency that brought it about. The verdict of the world is seldom wrong, and already the *orbis terrarum* is in arms against the unclean thing that would oppress it.

Wars we have always had with us; but we had built around them the laws of war and even such a thing

as chivalry, and there were the recognised prerogatives of the wounded. We had even dared to hope that civilised states might find other means of settling their conflicting interests. Wars might indeed come, like scandals, but no such war as this German war—cruel, bitter, merciless—the scandal of the world, had been believed possible.

I

No wonder Professor Sigmund Freud is constrained to write in his *Reflections on War and Death*: "Two things have roused our disappointment in this war: the feeble morality of states in their external

relations, which have inwardly acted as guardians of moral standards, and the brutal behaviour of individuals of the highest culture of whom one would not have believed any such thing possible." It is an indictment of the whole German people, all the more damning as he goes on to explain that our disappointment is not justified, because the culture we believed in was an illusion.

Civilised society, he tells us, and though he does not say so, he means civilised German society, demands good conduct and does not bother about the impulse on which it is based, and has won over to civilised obedience many people who do not thereby follow their own natures. This is a strange and specious theory of nationhood that fits in only with the Prussian state: the individual for the state, not the state for the individual; the individual no longer a person endowed with rights and duties, but a thing, a chattel, one of the pack.

When Kant wrote that international right must be based on a federalism of free states, he expressed one of the two alternatives before the nascent Germany of his day. But when Fichte developed the doctrine of the divine *Deutschheit*, he led German thought in the opposite direction. Even this doctrine of Germanism had its inspiration in the true national life of the people, in the worship of a national ideal, but in course of time, under the pitiless logic of the Prussian theory, it was degraded into state idolatry in which the national impulse became the blind instrument of the infallible state.

But let Freud* expound for us this degradation of the German mind. Anyone, he tells us, thus forced to react against his own impulses may be described as a hypocrite, whether

he is conscious of it or not. One might even venture to assert—it is still Freud's argument—that our contemporary civilisation favours this sort of hypocrisy and that there are more civilised hypocrites than truly cultured persons, and it is even a question whether a certain amount of hypocrisy is not indispensable to maintain civilisation. When this travesty of civilisation, this infallible state that has regimented and dragooned its citizens into obedience, goes to war, Freud is pained but not surprised that it makes free use of every injustice, of every act of violence that would dishonour the individual, that it employs not only permissible cunning but conscious lies and intentional deception against the enemy, that it absolves itself from guarantees and treaties by which it was bound to other states and makes unabashed confession of its greed and aspiration to power. For conscience, the idea of right and wrong, in the Freudian sense, is not the inexorable judge that teachers of ethics say it is: it has its origin in nothing but "social fear," and whereas in times of peace the state forbids the individual to do wrong, not because it wishes to do away with wrongdoing but because it wishes to monopolise it, like salt or tobacco, it suspends its reproach in times of war. The suppression of evil desires also ceases, and men, finding the moral ties loosened between large human units, commit acts of cruelty, treachery, deception and brutality the very possibility of which would have been considered incompatible with their degree of culture.

*Reflections on War and Death. By Professor Sigmund Freud. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

Truly, it is too disingenuous that, having said so much to explain and explain away the horrors that are associated with the name of Germany in this war, our subtle philosopher should lean back in his arm-chair and mock us with this outcropping from the Teutonic complex: "We live in the hope that impartial history will furnish the proof that this very nation in whose language I am writing and for whose victory our dear ones are fighting, has sinned least against the laws of human civilisation." Four-fifths of the entire world has already given its verdict and determined that the essential issue in this war is not political nor economic, but something deeper, a clash of moral values; and four-fifths of the world has gone into this war to fight an attempt to propagate a national policy of brute force through crime, deceit and dishonour.

Four years ago, the casual onlooker from this side of the water might have been forgiven for seeing in the storm brooding and breaking over Europe a struggle for supremacy among European nations; but when Germany broke her solemn obligation and walked over Belgium to the throat of France, the war took on a new aspect. The world was not slow to recognise the full significance of that brutal act and its sequel. The frank confession of the German Chancellor that Germany had cast off "international fear" and that necessity knew no law, proclaimed only too well the policy that would stop short at nothing, and was emphasised as the weeks went by in a chain of horrors that revealed a plan to terrorise the world into subjugation

to the will of a monster. Such is the theme of *War and the Coming Peace*,* by Professor Jastrow.

Germany's conduct in the war, he points out, has clarified the moral issue and united the civilised world in the determination to stamp out a spirit and a policy which have brought upon mankind the bloodiest conflict in history. All other causes have receded into the background, and the one figure in relief for four years against an angry sky is the man in "shining armour," determined to carry out forcibly what he calls the national ambition. The war is now a struggle of the civilised world, against the systematic plan of the German Government to oppose the currents of the age by the exhibition of force and the rattling of the sabre. Therefore, Germany, standing behind that man in shining armour, is waging a defensive war, as she claims she is.

What Germany is defending, however, is not the boundaries of Germany or the existence of Germany as a nation, but a policy that can only be carried out by the triumph of military strength, a system of terrorism that, if successful, will spell the moral downfall of the world as well as its submission to a moloch of brute power. Against this spectre the democracy of the world, the free peoples of the earth, have taken up arms and proclaimed to the people of Germany in the words of Luther: "Here we stand. We cannot do otherwise."

What, then, is this magic word "democracy" round which the world rallies to-day? One who has recently come from Russia—for a few months believed to be the most democratic country in the world—tells us that he saw there an old social system

**War and the Coming Peace*. By Professor Morris Jastrow. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

torn up by the roots [Anyone anxious to know the inward working of that anachronistic structure which was the Russia of the Czars will find a fascinating picture of it in Doctor E. J. Dillon's *The Eclipse of Russia**], the collective mind plunging into the strangest adventures, unrestrained by convention or tradition or prudence. He saw, as he puts it, "children playing in the marketplace with the ancient secrets of power." The liberated and awakened masses got the bit in their teeth and bolted. Does the Russian disaster, we may ask, mean that democracy is not the principle that is to govern the world and establish harmony among the peoples? The answer is that it was not democracy he saw, but a people drunk with a license they called freedom, for no people have a right to enter the democracies of the world until they have developed a capacity for self-control.

In a true democracy men concede freedom to each other, they do not assert it for themselves. We are democratic because we believe that every man is at his best when he is free, not because we ourselves wish to have our own way. Democracy is against all egotism, national or individual, and is based on a trust in mankind. That is why we deny the title democratic to the institutions and government of Germany. Behind the German system there is a towering national egotism. The German people have foregone freedom as we know it; because as a nation they want to have their way, because they believe in their sacred German will. For the Germans have discovered a peculiar kind of freedom—German freedom—freedom to obey. Their national will is one, like the will of an army, and there is agree-

ment about their national aims as about the victory which an army desires. They want what their rulers want, and they are convinced that it is their will that their rulers accomplish. Other men, if governed as they are, they admit would be slaves, but they are not slaves because they freely will their own slavery.

They have learned discipline in the army, and for them the army is not merely a means of defence but a model for society, in proof whereof they point to the wonderful strides Germany has made and the victories she has won in the last hundred years: it is the judgment of God in their favour. Nor were there wanting many onlookers here and abroad who were so impressed by these victories, industrial and military, that every kind of freedom was discredited, and there grew up a belief that the Germans had won through their moral qualities, that German discipline was something ethically fine, and that the German machine had a soul. This is one more reason why the democracies of the world are in arms to-day to defeat the German machine. The justification of that machine is success; failure will refute its contentions. Democracy is on trial, for this is a war to decide whether the nations shall be ruled by the reasoned voice of free men or by a system that spells force, that does not reason or argue but points to the sword as its first and last appeal—"a system," in the words of Professor Jastrow, "which is symbolised by a military machine, perfected to do its work with unerring precision, recognising no law except that underlying its own being. Germany's

**The Eclipse of Russia*. By Doctor E. J. Dillon. New York: George H. Doran Company.

conduct of the war is in consistent accord with the system; and when I speak of her conduct I do not mean merely the taking and shooting of hostages . . . wholesale deportations . . . and all the varied barbarities in her method of warfare. I do not mean merely terrorising the inhabitants of invaded districts by wanton acts of destruction to serve as warnings. I include also the elaborate spy system . . . like the network of an ugly spider. I include the insidious propaganda . . . I include the sinister intrigues of the military and diplomatic policy until the atmosphere becomes so thick with insidious deception that when an official utterance comes from Germany the world no longer takes such an utterance at its face value, but seeks for some hidden meaning. It almost takes for granted that when Germany speaks through her Chancellor she does not mean what she says but something else. All this is a direct outcome of the system and an inherent part of it; and it is evident that the condition of affairs thus called into being removes the basis for any understanding between Germany and the other nations. . . . The world cannot breathe freely in such an atmosphere. . . . The present conflict therefore, I urge, is primarily a moral issue, a determination to strike at the root of the evil which has produced the present calamitous condition of the world."

That the struggle must be decisive is also emphasised by wealth of military and economic argument in *German Plans for the Next War*,* by

**German Plans for the Next War*. By the Military Critic of the New York *Times*. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

†*When the Somme Ran Red*. By Captain A. R. Dugmore. New York: George H. Doran Company.

the Military Critic of the New York *Times*, who shows that already Germany is laying her plans for new mischief, in itself a cogent reason why she should now be shorn of her power.

II

As the war draws on through its fourth year, one of its distinctive marks is the number of books that have been written about it. Its solemn purpose, its awful tragedy, its unequalled horrors have stirred many minds. The conscience and the curiosity of the world are aroused as no war has ever aroused them. If one may hazard an explanation of this phenomenon in the book world, it lies largely in the eclipse of the war correspondent.

The military leaders have decided that a circle of silence should be drawn around their operations and that the war correspondent may be a menace to an army which he has every ambition to serve. This greatest of all wars has produced no Russell, no Forbes, no Creelman, no McGahan. No such rigid censorship as this war has brought has before been known. The cables are controlled by the War Departments and the war correspondent sees but that part of the war it is the good pleasure of the General Staff that he shall see. The facts are always told sooner or later, but it is only the man who has been through this war who is able to tell them—the aviator, the surgeon, and the man who held the trench through the long days and the longer nights.

There is something big and soldierly about what Captain Dugmore says in the closing pages of his book *When the Somme Ran Red*.† "This is no time for finding fault, for trying to undermine the trust of the people

in those that are making the efforts that have surprised the world. It is a time for doing things, great or small, according to our ability." Dugmore is one of those who saw the war from within, and he tells us how the common soldier, the simple soldier, as the French have it, fights his battles and "grouses" in between his fights.

Under the German Shells,* by E. Bourcier, a Frenchman of letters, gives a picture of the poilu in war. Bourcier was one of those who believed war in our century impossible, yet he saw what no pen nor brush can depict—families in flight, the flight of the weak and innocent before the strong and the guilty. The simple soldiers of France come and go through his pages, kindly human beings, worthy of their great country. Anything that helps us to appreciate the soul of France is an aid and an inspiration. The two theories of the man-brute and the man-human have met squarely in this war, and the simple soldier of France is the man-human under all stress and strain. This amazing French spirit is also the theme of *Number 6*,† a few pages from the diary of an ambulance driver, who calls himself a member of the slaughter-house department "to pick up the pieces." Its author has not stopped to moralise, and he tells us how the poilu feels when he has *zigouillé* his enemy.

The War Letters of Edmond Genet‡ are written by a young American who enlisted in the Foreign Legion as a private, where his cheerful courage won him the name of "Little Smiler." He was the first American to fall after his country declared war on Germany, and veteran soldier though he was, he was then only twenty years of age.

Professor Jastrow pays a fitting tribute to the thousands of such volunteers who, before America formally entered the war, went forward to hold the line that means the safeguarding of liberty and of civilisation. He recalls our men and women who left their ordinary tasks to carry the wounded from the battlefield, to win them back to health, to assist in restoring what the engines of war had destroyed. The business man, from the magnate to the clerk, left his office; the lawyer closed his desk; the doctor gave up his practice; the teacher closed his classroom; the artist put away his brush,—not out of selfish interest or mere love of adventure, but because of the aroused conscience of mankind, to crush a system that represents an evil force in the world. One of these was young Edmond Genet. There is a curious pathos about that last letter written to his mother on April 15, 1917: "Cheer up, little mother, if possible I am going to come back on a furlough. If I can get authority to go from the French, I can wear a uniform and not be afraid of getting interned by my own Government for being unneutral." He was killed the day after he wrote that letter. Lufbery, who wrote such a quiet account of Genet's death, has also gone on the High Adventure.

Captain J. Norman Hall, whose latest book, *The High Adventure*,§

**Under the German Shells*. By Emmanuel Bourcier. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

†*Number 6*. By C. de Florenz. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

‡*The War Letters of Edmond Genet*. Edited by Grace Ellery Channing. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

§*The High Adventure*. By Captain J. Norman Hall. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

tells of wondrous fights in air, is now a prisoner in Germany. He will be remembered as the author of *Kitchener's Mob*. His powers of observation, perception and insight have not been dulled since he left the uniform of a British infantry man to fly for the American army. His note-book has been busy recording the privations, the hardships and the joys of those who tempt the dangers of the air on wings.

If you would know how our wounded are cared for and follow them step by step from the battle line, from the charge "over the top," through the gas and the danger of the trenches, there is *A Surgeon in Arms*,* by Captain Manion, a Canadian who blends humour and tragedy in his story.

III

One of the enigmas, of this great struggle to make the world safe for democracy, has been Russia. The old autocracy was cast down over night. The members of the new government were convinced democrats. They believed in liberty as the basis of power; they turned away from coercion, they trusted the people. Freedom of the press, freedom of speech, the abolition of capital punishment, the opening of the prison doors emphasised the victory of democracy. Then came the Bolsheviks and it was found that democracy was not safe for Russia. Who will explain this strange national disaster? If a long residence in Russia, a passion for truth and the zeal of the scholar can avail, Doctor Dillon, in his *Eclipse of Russia*, has explained it. If Russia is a book with

seven seals, he has broken them and read within the pages. The history of the revolution of 1917, he says, is the tale of a fatal psychological error. It was the aim of the Duma to free the country from the power of the Czar, and admit the people to a share in public affairs proportionate to their mental and moral equipment. But the Duma forgot that the predatory character of the state had long since been assimilated by the people who were accustomed to rob the land of its fertility and were impatient to deprive the nobles of their goods. The Duma promised them the land, provided they would wait until a Constituent Assembly should meet and lay down the conditions of transfer and expropriation. Thereupon the Bolsheviks outbid the Duma and took the people into partnership at once. It is a dark and hopeless picture Doctor Dillon draws of a nation suffering from delirium tremens. His book is full of vivid interest from the first page to the last. Personal recollections of Russia's great men—the workings of its crooked bureaucracy—Gapon and Rasputin—the lack of Russian unity are all told as only one can tell them who has lived and moved intimately among the things he relates.

A student of international relations all his life, Doctor Dillon is particularly at home in the intricacies of the Petersburg Foreign Office. Most extraordinary of all his revelations is that of the Secret Treaty of Bjorke, in which the cunning of the Kaiser sought to ensnare the weak vanity of the Czar into an alliance which meant treachery to France.

The heroic spectacle of democracy under arms leads up to the thought

**A Surgeon in Arms*. By Captain R. J. Manion. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

of democracy after the war and that League of Nations to which we all aspire. While clearing the air for a united human effort to put an end to wars, H. G. Wells makes appeal in *In the Fourth Year** for a plain statement of our war aims, to revolutionise the internal psychology of Germany. Mr. Wells, as usual, writes with an easy pen. His arguments are plausible and often convincing. But he is petulant. He finds the war irritating. His conceit and conceits are amusing: "I live in days of hardship and privation," he writes, "when it feels more natural to feel ill than well, without holidays or rest or peace. Yet never have I been so sure that there is a divinity in man and that a great order of human life, a reign of justice and world-wide happiness, plenty and power and hope, lies close at hand. Even now we have the science and the ability available for a universal welfare, though it is scattered about the world like a handful of money dropped by a child; even now there exists all the knowledge that is needed to make mankind universally free and human life sweet and noble." The writer of *God, the Invisible King*, is once more the preacher and his book ends like the peroration of

a curate's, prone. We do not look to Mr. Wells for the millennium, but for literature and he is failing us. Is it then true that literature loves only peace? Yet, the ages of Pindar and Augustus sprang from Salamis and Pharsalia.

The millennium is not yet at hand. The science and ability available for a universal welfare were always there as now, for mankind seems inevitably drawn toward a perfection never to be wholly compassed. Men, however, are not moulded as nations but as individuals. One who believes in the progress of the human race does not falter before the menace of these dark days. We can look backward as well as forward and history presents no commoner spectacle than that of an era of destruction following an era of creation, an age bent on ruin preparing the foundations of a nobler structure. When the barbarians levelled the temples of Rome, they made ready the marbles out of which the great churches were built.

So it is that in these stormy years and amid the panic of many minds, we find security in beholding the perils through which we have come: *O passi graviora, his quoque deus dabit finem.*

FRENCHWOMEN AND FEMINISM

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

In *Women and the French Tradition*,† Mrs. Ravenel has brought, with much deftness, the praise of various great Frenchwomen to sustain her—on the whole—anti-feminist thesis. Her individual portraits of individual women of talent reinforce her first and last essays on the more general subject: *The Eternal Femi-*

nine and Women of France. Mrs. Ravenel's idea is, apparently, that the solution of the feminist problem is to be found in the spectacle of the

*In the Fourth Year. By H. G. Wells. New York: Macmillan Company.

†Women and the French Tradition. By Florence Leftwich Ravenel. New York: The Macmillan Company.

intelligent Frenchwoman who is, herself, too clever and too contented to be a feminist at all, in the Anglo-Saxon or the Slavic sense.

Now there is a great deal in this contention, as anyone who is not too madly feminist will admit. But it is perhaps a pity for her argument that Mrs. Ravenel's instances of Frenchwomen in the great tradition should nearly all appear to have been, as human beings, either unhappy or unscrupulous. That is not what the ideal Frenchwoman (in the closing essay) maintains concerning herself. And with all due regard for the French social tradition, one wonders if Mrs. Ravenel does not minimise the difference between the romantic marriage and the marriage of convenience—even as most of us Anglo-Saxons exaggerate it. Moreover, no definition of the French feminine tradition, I think, should leave so much out of account the immense effect, on life and character, of the Roman Catholic Church. Mrs. Ravenel's avowed master—Matthew Arnold—never did that.

Mrs. Ravenel is mild in her anti-feminism, and by no means dogmatic. She is the more easily agreed with on many points. Her discussions of individual Frenchwomen are illuminating and sympathetic—especially her delightful portrait of Madame de Sévigné. The trail of Matthew Arnold is all over the book—in no slavish sense. To those of us who were brought up on Arnold's criticism, the references to his authority are wholly pleasant and endearing. Whether it will be so for the maddest moderns is another question. But one fancies that Mrs. Ravenel is quite boldly unwilling to placate the clever young things to whom Arnold is as hateful as the classics. She

must be prepared to be told by many reviewers that her criticism "dates" shockingly. Indeed, it is a challenge to a whole contemporary group even to mention people who lived as long ago as Madame de Sévigné and Madame de la Fayette. The only Frenchwomen the moderns feel akin to—one gathers—are the female *sans-culottes* who watched the tumbrils go by, and the French tradition they respect is the one which originated the *Marseillaise*. (Perhaps they are not aware that—until very recent years, at all events—it was forbidden to sing or play the *Marseillaise* in the Paris streets, except on certain well-defined occasions; and that, on July 14th, decent folk of every shade of opinion stayed within doors. If you have ever heard, and seen, Calvé sing the *Marseillaise*, you know, thanks to her genius, why.) Because we know how prevalent is this attitude, some of us will inevitably be depressed as we lay down the book. For while we may welcome its sanity, its urbanity, its stress on abiding values, we are aware that just those things are hateful to a large number of contemporary minds. So much honest and delicate perception of traditional virtues will here and there find its reward in hisses. The remnant, however, will cherish this presentment of brilliant women, some of whom, at least, laid hold on the things mankind has struggled to achieve.

Of the several essays, that on Madame de Sévigné is the most delightful, because the most sympathetic. There is nothing to cavil at or to explain away in Marie de Rabutin-Chantal. Mrs. Ravenel reopens, too, most interestingly, the problem of Madame de la Fayette.

That she does not attempt to solve it is all to the good. We are intrigued by that far-off personality; the critic evokes a figure of mystery and leaves it there, delicately provocative. I shall at once re-read *La Princesse de Clèves*—which, I fancy, is precisely what Mrs. Ravenel intended. If the critic does not succeed so well in making one wish to read—or re-read—*Arvède Barine*, that is not her fault. *Arvède Barine* sounds dismal. The fact is that French men and women who have been bred in Protestantism are apt to make cheerless writers. They have been untouched by one element of the great French tradition; they have lived, in a sense, apart from the main Gallic movement. They seem not quite at peace with their world. Even Pierre Loti is not really at peace until he gets to Benares.

Concerning Georges Sand, volumes have been written, as Mrs. Ravenel well knows. She needs perhaps a more impassioned defence than this to enable her to arouse our interest again; for most of us have settled the Georges Sand question for ourselves long since, one way or the other. The same might be said of Madame de Staël. It will take more than even this keen and careful appreciation of her sufferings to make us go back and love Germaine Necker. Time is a fair judge; and "the great salonière" deserved more, one fancies, of her contemporaries than of posterity. The little essay on *Great Women's Daughters* is pure gain. Indeed, Mrs. Ravenel is at her most illuminating when she forsakes the great familiar figures

and casts her ray on the less well-known. She gives us these three—Madame de Grignan, the Duchesse de Broglie, and Solange Clésinger—unblurred, undistorted by the interweaving searchlights of controversy. Just as the most vivid and convincing paragraph in *The Great Salonière* is the one which expounds Germaine Necker's mother: a complete portrait in a page.

Even to the most sympathetic of Mrs. Ravenel's readers, the general discussions of feminism will seem a little old-fashioned. In some ways, she seems to be pleading after decision has been handed down. No matter how much one may agree with her in theory, one sees that certain ideas are not at present subjects for argument, though they may possibly be subjects for regret. No matter how right she may be, the fickle Time-Spirit is against her for the moment. But certainly some of these radiant figures are good to contemplate; and even the people who disagree with Mrs. Ravenel's inferences must, one would think, be grateful for her clear presentation of fact. It is one to her, argumentatively speaking, that the most distinguished of the women she deals with are the farthest removed, in time and politics, from our own feminist period; and that the more "advanced" we become, the fewer women of genius appear. Even France has, at present, only a Marcelle Tinayre, a Colette Yver, to show. This statement is not, of course, argument. But that it is an interesting fact, I hope Mrs. Ravenel will agree with me.

OUR ROYAL ROAD TO FRANCE

BY FRANCES C. FAY

I

How great is the power of language!

When the ship from Rhodes set out for Athens and, flying from a shipwreck-threatening storm, only ran "upon the lion from the wolf" as she came upon enemy Syracuse, where capture and the fate of slaves lay before ship and company, the girl Balaustion saved the day; for she could teach "Euripides to Syracuse," "recite that strangest, saddest, sweetest song of his: *Alkestis*," and "any such happy man had prompt reward." The enemy welcomed Balaustion and her companions for the love of their common Greek tongue: "They all outbroke in a great joyous laughter with much love."

In our own time, no nation was more alive to the effect language has upon the relations of peoples than Germany, and none has more patiently applied itself to the spreading of its own language wherever Germany tried to build a place for herself in foreign lands and gain the confidence of foreign peoples.

The spread of the German language in the United States since 1848 is a truly remarkable example. Not only did the Teutonic emigrants retain the use of their own tongue and build up an extensive German press in our cities—though in most cases they exchanged their nationality quickly enough for ours, for obvious practical reasons—but they also managed quite admirably to impress upon us the necessity of being familiar with the language of Goethe and Kant if we would gain true ac-

cess to one of the world's richest fountainheads of culture—nobody spoke of Kultur then! So, in a short time, German became the chief foreign language taught in our public schools; German professors were welcome to teach philosophy and science at our colleges and universities.

Gradually during these four years of sinister revelations, we have come to realise the folly of the scheme we were led in blindness to approve,—its folly and its typical cunning. In increasing numbers our schools are deciding to drop the study of German from their programme, replacing it in most cases by that of French.

If indeed the learning of a new language means the acquisition of a new soul, as Napoleon said, our choice between adding a German or a French soul to our own should be quick enough, for have we not long agreed with the poet that *tout homme a deux pays, le sien et puis la France?*

One may not be very keen on collecting souls within one's bosom, but if one looks under the surface of the literal meaning of Napoleon's expression, one finds there a truth which holds nothing formidable; a truth that is not only worth noting but that gives those who would mingle with the men and women of countries other than their own a spiritual reason and justification for the effort which the study of languages requires. For it is certain that one cannot feel with a people, be in sympathy with their point of view, cry

with them and laugh with them—which is the ultimate test of understanding—if one cannot catch the delicate shades of their language which mirror the shades of their emotions. And does one not share, in a way, the soul into which one may look? Master their language, and you will be well on the way to spiritual communion with your neighbours; you will find reasons to fortify instinctive friendships or reject them, to criticise, approve or condemn intelligently.

Next to the fact of the Great War, the most remarkable phenomenon of our time doubtless is the very genuine friendship between America and France, who, in the main, do not understand each other's language. There is no barrier of tongues between us and the British, yet our friendship, in its national aspect, is colder, almost entirely of the mind, while we love France with our hearts as well. Logically, the very opposite would have been more likely, and ours seems the exception to the rule. Perhaps the very fact of our lack of knowledge of each other's speech helped along in special ways the friendship for which Lafayette and Rochambeau laid the foundation. Perhaps it is because every critical or unkind word uttered here about the British, and in England about us, was so easy to flash across the Atlantic and to spread in the press, that the ancient grudge we bore each other since the great blunder of the German half-wit George III, was not allowed to die a well-deserved death, until the Great War forced everyone who held a spark of the God within him to wipe out petty grievances and turn in full armour against the evil host.

However, the friendly intent of

the nations cannot always be relied upon to smooth the relations between individuals of those nations, when they come into contact under war conditions. From the constant sight of mental and physical human agony, however bravely borne, nerves are raw and patience is short. And when people of racially different temperament are working together, in the field, in offices, in hospitals, relief-stations or canteens, the difficulties for co-operation are immeasurably intensified where the workers, though all intent on the same goal, are playing at cross-purposes because they have not learned to feel each other's language, even if, in school-fashion, they understand it.

Of course, there is the feeling that passeth understanding, but it is one of the rare surprise gifts of nature. Some few men and women are so humanly sensitive that they can do without the medium of language to understand and be understood. Perhaps the gift of tongues bestowed upon the Apostles was but the faculty of giving their message through the universal means of tone, expression, gesture and that mysterious quality called personal magnetism. Certainly it must be the very same gift that brought comfort to the souls and bodies of many of war's victims through kindly ministrations in their hour of agony. And who shall say that it is not the same gift also which gives some great artists of the stage the power to interest and to move audiences of all countries? One who knows no French or Italian cannot fail to respond to Sarah Bernhardt's and Eleonora Duse's every meaning; and Americans entirely ignorant of Russian have been known to watch nigh spellbound the first act of *The*

Brothers Karamazoff, a practical monologue of forty minutes' duration, as Orlenieff played it at a Bowery theatre in New York.

But people thus endowed remain the very great exception, and even they cannot convey to those ignorant of the very basic warp and woof of their magic tapestry the finer points of linguistic beauty and style, or the more tenuous complexities of thought and sentiment. The rest of us, the all-too-human millions, have to rely to a rather appalling degree on the language we use to make ourselves plain, unless, like Mr. Charles Chaplin, we have an eloquent pair of shoes.

However familiar one may have become, though, through study, practice and observation, with the vocabulary, grammar and syntax of a foreign language, there still remains an important bridge to cross from the understanding to the feeling of it, between which two is the cañon that engulfs so many worthy and earnest efforts. One can be taught to understand and speak a foreign language, to read and write it; the feeling of it depends entirely on one's own human and linguistic sensibility, one's facility for adapting one's own processes of thought to those of the people whose language one is using.

If one could become as a child, that would probably be the key to a perfect study of languages. A child hears and imitates and never bothers about hard and fast rules—which is perhaps the secret reason of the freedom and picturesqueness of his speech. And as most of us are children to the end, only hampered (for this one purpose) by the methodical habits contracted in school, for us the best road to learning a foreign

language might well be a sort of golden medium between the child's way and the grammarian's method. In this manner the student should be able to prepare himself pleasantly to feel as well as understand a new language, and by feeling it acquire "a new soul."

No doubt, such an acquisition is an essential factor in the usefulness in France of our soldiers, surgeons, nurses and other helpers in the great work for democracy. Indeed, all but the actual combatants almost entirely depend for their usefulness on their knowledge of French—but for those magically gifted exceptions. Even the soldiers themselves are finding that their French, be it ever so rough, gets them, when they are quartered in French homes or away on furlough, a good deal more comforts and friendly attention than are given those whose reply to everything must be "*comprends pas*."

The number of photographs published here of American soldiers apparently in friendly colloquy with French children and old people would tend to show, first of all, that to extreme youth as well as to old age language is a minor accessory, and secondly, that our boys "over there" are not yet enough at ease with the language of the land to form personal friendships with those inhabitants, between fifteen and fifty say, who are less elemental than the babes and less wise than the old. But to conclude that there is actual conversation where there seems to be on the pictures, would be rather rash, according to a very lettered correspondent who writes the following to his New York journal:

"An American general walked through a village street in France, near the front. A small boy ran up

to him as these French children do, day in and day out, to American soldiers who pass. The general smiled and put his hand on the boy's head. The boy smiled up and said politely: 'Wipe your nose, kiddy!'—Many weeks' experience of American language in the mouths of French children does not go, for me, beyond 'Good-by!' when they meet me in the morning. A friend tells me he has had his hand shaken with a cheery 'Go to hell!' Most compromise on 'Hello' and 'Sure!'."

The general of the tale only smiled, but some day he may speak, and some day the urchins will know better what is what in English. But what a promise there lies in the very inarticulateness of such friendliness as this, for a friendship singularly close when we have learned to speak each other's language and to feel it!

An ideal impossible of attainment? Perhaps, but one worthy for us to strive for, aside even from its sentimental and utilitarian aspects; for language study is interesting in itself, a relaxation rather than work, and it cannot fail to enrich the student's mind in a thousand ways.

Of modern peoples, the Slavs and the Germans are no doubt linguistically the best versed, and in proportion to population the latter are quite unapproached. But what good does it do to win the world and lose one's soul? The Germans have not "acquired souls," they have lost their own in the greedy attempt.

The desire of the Russians and Poles of the cultured classes to keep abreast with the intellectual movements of Europe made a proficiency in French, English and German a necessity to them, as very few works of importance were translated into

Russian or any other Slav language until recently, and travel in Western Europe was a hardship and an annoyance for those from the East who spoke only their own language. Moreover, elegant living "*à la française*" being somewhat of a creed with the Eastern aristocracy of Europe, they felt that the use of the French tongue was fitting when they endeavoured to live in the French manner.

The reason of the Germans for learning foreign languages was of a much more practical order, and typically subtle as German reasons can be. At the back of it there was of course the same appetite for world dominion that is at the back of this world ordeal: the Great War. "We want our place in the sun at any cost," said the Germans. "Toward this end, we must extend our commerce over the world, and to do so we must speak the languages of the world, so as to have the advantage over our competitors, those stupid people who speak only English and French. Furthermore, we must know the languages of many peoples so that we may become friendly with them all and, having gained their confidence, can put them to sleep till we have made them one with us, brothers under the Red, White and Black!" It is but the now too familiar *Deutschland, Deutschland ueber alles*, which, after all, explains the lot of German processes of thought.

II

Considering the etymology of our modern English language, it is rather strange that English-speaking people in general are so markedly disinclined to acquire the knowledge of other languages, since

we have borrowed from nearly all of them with particular freedom to form our present-day English vocabulary. Lexicographers call our language the most composite of all existing; not only in number, but in importance, foreign words play a greater part in English than in any other tongue. Sir James Murray said that "it is probable that original English words do not now form more than a third, or, perhaps, a fourth of the total entries in a full English dictionary."

Of particular interest to prospective students of French is the fact that to every three pure Anglo-Saxon words, there are four of French derivation to be found in our current speech. If you will, look up the words of this very paragraph in any English-French dictionary and you will find that twelve of them are similar in both languages and one identical, this differing only in pronunciation.

The vocabulary of persons of average education is supposed to contain about twenty thousand words. Nearly one-fifth of this number our ancestors absorbed into the English language from the French. We should find it easy to resolve them back into French—the memorising of a few general rules will do the trick. The common source of Latin and Greek furnishes two more groups of words only slightly different in French and English. Altogether, a goodly foundation for us to start learning French with!

The Norman Conquest brought with it the first invasion of Anglo-Saxon English by Romance or French. The Saxons, writes Taine, were "gluttons and drunkards" and "still weighted with their German phlegma," and the "sprightlier"

Normans, "refined in their food and studiously careful in their dress," quickly became the masters of the land by virtue of their superior civilisation, reducing the vanquished enemy to a condition of slavery on their own soil. As a natural consequence, the rude, forceful but unmusical Saxon tongue gave way to the softer, more gracious and rhythmical French, and gradually disappeared from use in all but a few inland districts where Norman influence was least pressing.

The Saxons were unlettered people. Their language was written very little at any time, and then only in monkish circles. Not long after the Conquest, it almost entirely ceased to be a written language, and of the few documents preserved, fewer still have any literary merit whatsoever.

The short, rimeless Saxon tales with their curious stresses and alliterations, told by the old bards, or *scôps*, with an accompaniment on the harp-like instrument they so picturesquely called a *glee-beam*, had no place at court or in baronial halls, and even by the humbler firesides a preference grew for the interminable Norman lays which first introduced metre and rime into English poetry. Thus, Norman volubility, elegance of phrase and clearness of thought were grafted on Saxon terseness and obscurity of thought, preparing the way for Chaucer.

It is perhaps no more difficult for a Frenchman than for any of us who speak English to read Chaucer in the original, and indeed it is much easier for both than it was for the "father of English poetry" to read the Saxon Chronicles, for example. A glossary to the *Canterbury Tales*, compiled by Tyrwhitt, gives by ac-

tual count one thousand four hundred and eighty Saxon words to one thousand three hundred and seventy-six French, eighty-four Latin, three Dutch and one Italian, and the changes time has wrought are less notable in the French than in the Saxon words.

Until the Hundred Years' War rent asunder the good neighbourly relations between France and England, French remained the official language in the Island Kingdom, not only at court, for law pleadings and statutes, but for every cultured use to which a language is put,—which was only natural, since the Normans were the introducers and custodians of practically all the culture there was in England at that early time. It was the Normans who built churches and cathedrals, who established more than five hundred schools between the Conquest and the death of King John. It was the first two Norman Archbishops of Canterbury—Lanfranc and Anselm—who reorganised the Saxon ecclesiastical system, put Norman abbots over Saxon monasteries and dispatched the four Norman orders of "begging friars" through the country to give of their learning, change "leechdom" into medicine, "wort-cunning" into botany and "star-craft" into astronomy. Normans did practically all the writing until the middle of the fourteenth century, the languages they used being Latin for learned, French for polite literature. So the mother-tongue of all but the lower classes in remote rural districts had grown to be French when Edward III, going to war against France, decreed that henceforth only "English" should be spoken at court and in Parliament. This amalgam of Saxon and Romance, combining

the virtues of both, the strength of the one and the elegance of the other, which now became official English, was the language in which wrote Chaucer, "that well of English undefiled." It grew into the English of Milton, Dryden and Shakespeare, better than which there is no human speech.

But when the great Elizabethans had gone, there came a second invasion of French into our language, and this time it brought little good. The gay Prince Charles, fresh from the court of his cousin, the Grand Monarch, introduced at his own court a host of petty elegances, sophisticated affectations and insincerities of thought, feeling and manner that spread a glamour over the surface of life and did their share toward making the history of the seventeenth century's courts and nobles both famous and infamous. With them, of course, the complete vocabulary for their proper use came into England.

Had Charles II had more depth and less sparkle, he might have added to the English language a leaf from the great encyclopedists, from thinkers such as Pascal, Montaigne and Vauvenargues, from word-magicians like Corneille, Racine and Molière. But their influence upon the linguistic development of English he left to others to effect in their own good time, contenting himself with transplanting the most rapidly frivolous courtiers' talk, which was never so clever as when it concerned itself with personal adornment and scandalous gossip. Many words of Charles II's time are still with us, as for instance, *caprice*, *bagatelle*, *coquette*; many more have fortunately gone out of use.

The early Victorian era offers the

next crop of French words become English; nor are they, on the whole, a worthier assortment than the earlier one. We could do very well without *blonde* and *brunette*, *chignon*, *grissette*, *cabaret*, *burlesque*, *vaudeville* and *séance*, or, for that matter, without *massage*, *masseur* and *masseuse*.

The mechanical genius presiding over the turn of the twentieth century dropped upon us a shower of French words of a sterner type. We have quite made our own such words as *automobile*, *chassis*, *chauffeur*, *garage*, *hangar*, *tonneau*, *depot*, *démarche* and the gentle *sabotage* dear to the hands of certain I. W. W.

The companionship of the soldiers on the French front inevitably cribbled the languages spoken there with a multitude of foreign words and slang expressions. How many of them the American and British armies will bring home with them, how many will be definitely incorporated into our language, the high gods alone can tell as yet, but they bid fair to grow into a new vocabulary both abundant and picturesque. One may only hope that *camouflage*, not displeasing in itself but badly abused, may remain in a class by itself: a martyr among words.

III

Strolling through the history of the English language and marvelling at the amount of French we already know without knowing we knew it is all very well, and, to a degree, perhaps even instructive; but nevertheless it leaves those of us who would like to speak French and can speak only English, precisely where we were at the start.

There are few who do not agree that for our own sake, our French friends' sake and for the smooth collaboration of our two nations in the present and future, we should leave nothing undone that is in our power of doing to solidify and broaden our friendship. Nor can there be any doubt that an essential basis for friendship between nations as between individuals is the bond of mutually understood language.

In all but pronunciation, it should be a bit easier for us to learn French, which is as clear and logical as French thought, than for the French to learn our more complex English. Besides they are the very kind of people to appreciate most our courtesy in meeting them more than halfway on the road of linguistic study, and it is our plain duty to show that courtesy, since the great catastrophe which has for four full years preyed upon the mind and body of France, has so far left our own energies practically unimpaired.

How can we best go about it, with due regard to economy of time and effort?

First of all, we should not aim too high, nor get discouraged when the effort seems out of proportion with the result. We should keep in mind the fact that learning to speak a foreign language is very much like learning to sing. There is only one Caruso, one Melba, and no amount of earnest endeavour would get the majority of us even into the chorus of the Metropolitan Opera. Nevertheless we may sing a melody at home and delight our friends. So it is with language. There is but one Sarah Bernhardt, but we shall be doing quite well enough if we learn to speak French like the ordinary garden variety of native. Many of

us—those whose tongue and ear have hitherto lacked training—may not reach even that degree of proficiency. But just as we may develop a fine feeling for music without being able to sing, so may we acquire a fine feeling for French even if the while we speak with an accent. How soon the accent will be forgotten by those who are touched by the feeling!

There are many text-books and manuals of French whose varying merits are a matter of public acceptance, and fully a dozen of new ones have appeared on the book-stalls of this country since our entry into the war made the knowledge of at least a little every-day French a necessity for so many of us. Some of these new guides seem excellent, others good and one or two, containing chiefly imaginary conversations, rather futile. The methods are basically the same in them all; the authors appear to have tacitly agreed that the shortest cut through grammar and other such scholastic impedimenta to ordinary speech responds best to our present requirements. Nor do they vary greatly in detail, except for some authors' inordinate fondness for spelling out French sounds according to more or less elaborate phonetic systems of their own. There is, for example, a *French Primer*,* by W. E. M. Llewellyn, in which two or three naïve illustrations to a page are surrounded by letterpress resembling at first glance nothing at all, but resolving itself into phonetically spelled French kindergarten words and sentences. The booklet may have its uses for our tiny tots; though why burden their memory with a complicated and necessarily inexact phonetic alphabet when it is so easy to teach them by ear?

In truth, whether the student is a child or an adult, he will soon find out for himself that a language is not learned (for use in speech) through the eye but through the ear. Phonetic symbols have their excellent use in looking up an unfamiliar word in a dictionary, or in explaining, though imperfectly, the basic sounds of the language one wishes to learn.

William Robert Patterson, in his *Colloquial French*,† points out how very misleading phonetical symbols are bound to be when too much dwelt on, since most French sounds have no exact English equivalent.

Miss Alice Blum, of all the authors of recent text-books on French, is beyond doubt the clearest practical teacher. In the Preface to her volume *An Oral French Method*,‡ she says: "Let the student master the fifteen sounds which alone form the French language, and his immediate reward will be not only to understand but to make use of an extensive vocabulary . . ." namely, the four thousand and odd words that are similar and sometimes identical in the two languages.

In her course, she begins by "drilling" the students in the imitative reproduction of the clear vowel sounds, or "up-stairs-sounds" as she calls them, and the nasal sounds, which she nicknames "down-stairs-sounds"—the first being produced with the lips, the second with the abdomen, she asserts,—which reminds one of the Indian who, when

**French Primer*. By W. E. M. Llewellyn. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

†*Colloquial French*. By William Robert Patterson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

‡*An Oral French Method*. By Alice Blum. New York: George H. Doran Company.

he thinks, "talks in his belly." After the sounds, the student is made familiar with the cadence of French as opposed to the tonic accent in our language, and with the French way of using emphasis. This very important and extremely lucid foundation firmly laid, Miss Blum proceeds easily and with engaging liveliness to push the student out on the waters of French speech.

Whether the most faithful study, independent of a teacher, of Miss Blum's *Oral French Method* would have any better results than that of one or the other older methods, is still to be demonstrated. But then, has anyone ever learned to speak a language intelligibly without the aid of a teacher, and a native by preference, except by "picking it up" in the country itself? Certain it is that as a teacher of her own method she is extremely successful. Perhaps her personality has much to do with this success—we all remember from our days in school and college that the better we "liked" the teacher, the more easily and quickly we learned our lessons. However, one of the principal elements of Miss Blum's success seems to be that by hook or crook she will overcome the student's bashfulness. That almost universal feeling of shyness, of timidity about speaking a yet imperfectly mastered tongue in the presence of people who know it better than one's self, is, of course, the very thing that most hampers one's progress and often even makes one give up a promising attempt.

**French in a Nutshell*. By Jean Leeman. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

†*A Rapid French Course*. By Randall Williams and Walter Ripman. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

‡*Take Me to France*. By Claude Michelon. New York: Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Miss Blum's antidote for the virus Timidity is the "crowd-feeling," the feeling of support, of individual effacement and, at the same time, greater individual daring, which one draws from a crowd engaged in the same pursuit as oneself. "The more there are of them, the better they work," she says, and in support points to her huge classes, civilian and military, at Carnegie Hall, at the navy yards or at the military camps. There are anywhere from a few hundred to a few thousand students in each class; timidity is banished in no time, and voices are raised in chorus, practising French.

Of course the efficacy of every method of French largely depends on the preferences of the student, his temperament and his ways. Some may be in sympathy with Jean Leeman's assumption that Alice Blum's vivid "drill" is unnecessary for members of the Red Cross, the army and the navy who have long since learned their a, b, c. His practical phrase book, *French in a Nutshell*,* is endorsed by the Alliance Française. He divides it into chapters, or lessons, each beginning with a short list of new words to memorise and ending with a variety of questions and answers.

A Rapid French Course,† by Randall Williams and Walter Ripman, carries the student across hurdles of every kind, including hedges of phonetic spelling, along the life-course of the hypothetical Bayard family, of which we are even shown a bit of family tree.

A more directly useful and far more amusing little book somewhat to the same purpose, calling out *Take Me To France*,‡ was compiled by Claude Michelon, a poilu

with a sense of humour. He makes a certain use of phonetic symbols in an introductory chapter, but when he comes to French sounds without English equivalents he simply throws up his hands. For the French *u* he tells us to "try *ewu* or ask a native," and he advises us to pronounce "*un* like *ughn*, or, if you prefer, just grunt." His little breast-pocket guide gives sets of phrases most likely to be required by Americans on all possible occasions, all nicely classified. Among these he sneaks little flashes of humour that take his book quite away from the deadly dull school-room type. In the barber shop, for instance, he advises you to wait meekly "until the following sound strikes your ears: '*Le Suivant!*'" And after telling you just how to reply to offers of a shave, a haircut, a tonic, a shampoo and a massage, he adds: "To all other questions say *non!*"

Very different is *Beginners' French*,* by Max Walter and Anna Ballard, both of Teachers College, Columbia University. It is more like the old-time text-book, and may be as good as some of those in the hands of a teacher who insists on grammar before all else, on written exercises and versions. That part of the Walter-Ballard book devoted to description is very inferior to G. Guillebon's work *La France*,

**Beginners' French*. By Max Walter and Anna Ballard. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

†*La France, French Life and Ways*. By G. Guillebon. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

French Life and Ways,† though this latter is meant for more advanced students. It is an intelligent source of all sorts of odd information, useful to the foreigner in France later on as well as now.

On the whole, if there be a demand for the one perfect text-book, the answer still must be, and probably will remain: "There is none,"—for *la perfection n'est pas de ce monde*. Of all the most imperfect, however, are without doubt those correspondence school courses purporting to teach you French while you wait. French it may be, but no less strange and fearful than that of Chaucer's Prioress who spoke "after the school of Stratford-atte-Bow, for French of Paris was to her unknown."

The individual student must trust his own good sense and make his own selection, first of a teacher whose personality does not clash with his own, and then of the system of study that most appeals to both himself and his teacher. But whichever way we choose, we shall find it strewn with a goodly measure of difficulties—more or less, according to the individual talent, nimbleness of tongue and quickness of wit. For what Euclid said of geometry is also true of French: there is no royal road to it. True in one sense, but not true in another. Any road, no matter how difficult,—even the blood-stained road of this war,—which brings us nearer to the soul of France and all that France has stood for, is by that very fact a Royal Road.

PATHS AND GOALS: FIVE AMERICAN NOVELS

BY H. W. BOYNTON

RELUCTANTLY the admirer of Mr. Poole must admit to himself that *His Second Wife** lacks the force and distinction of *His Family* or even of *The Harbor*. Here life surrounds us, not as the big living panorama of the present, but as a narrow concern of individual experiences. From an imaginative vision of society in the large sense, we come down to a curious study of society in the small; and, even more narrowly, to the airless four walls of domestic problem fiction. The story ranges itself modestly among similar stories of Henry Kitchell Webster (*The Great Adventure*) and Rupert Hughes (*The Eleventh Commandment*), and W. L. George and who-not on the other side. It is a pretty good story based upon a pretty clever idea, and more than pretty well "written." But I cannot help feeling that, for Ernest Poole, it is a failure. Its situation of the American business man hounded to unworthy labour by his luxury-loving or progeny-loving wife, continues to be a real type; but it is already trite in fiction. Edith in *His Family* is one of the doters; Amy of this book is the voluptuary. She is, to be the sure, the one person in the book who lives to the imagination as the people in *His Family* all lived. She is devoted to her husband, but as mistress rather than wife. Love, luxury, gaiety of the Broadway theatres and restaurants, are what she lives for. Joe Lanier is strongly bound to her in body and habit. Her personality, with all its limitations, is the

stronger. He has been a young architect of brilliant promise; but she is not in sympathy with his aims as an artist, and to get money for her pleasures he has gradually turned from sound work to commercialism. He has had also to give up old friends for the fast and shallow set of her choice. Her sister, Ethel, a girl of better instincts but less force, comes to visit them. She has her dream of a New York of fine achievements and fine people; but she quickly comes under the domination of worldly Amy. Then Amy is carried off by sudden chance. Joe is desperate for a time, turns presently to Ethel, who has vaguely stayed to look out for his little girl. Propinquity does its work, and in due course they are married. But (and this is the idea on which the story in the book is somewhat too obviously based) the first wife is not to be downed in this way. Her influence persists. Joe cannot shake off the habit of her, or even of her friends, with whom Ethel finds nothing in common. Given this situation, the rest of the story is rather mechanically worked out. Mr. Poole has a curious tendency to make his heroes the puppets of other wills and even of other tongues. The young man in *The Harbor*, it may be recalled, seemed incapable of making any steady advance on his own feet; he was always being turned aside or converted by other people's will and eloquence. The same thing is true of Joe Lanier. We see him going his rather stupid way to artistic and social damnation, drifting into estrangement with Ethel, floundering

**His Second Wife*. By Ernest Poole. New York: Macmillan Company.

helplessly in the bog of his first wife's memory; and we see Ethel setting her shoulder to him, furtively propping him up, plotting, contriving, finally lecturing him into a right state of mind and a prospect of happiness.

Story-tellers appear to be very gingerly, just now, about dealing (in anything but romances) with men of strength and consistency and the power to see a goal and reach it. The idea is that a real man is a fumbling, fairly well-meaning animal, full of whimsical paltriness and moral instability, a Sentimental Tommy, or a Tom Jones, whose only chance of amounting to anything is to be steered by persons or circumstances in a direction that he at best very vaguely glimpses. There is little to admire or grow fond of in the Griffith Adams of Mr. Norris's *Salt*.^{*} This, perhaps, is none of our business, taking the story as a work of "realism." And yet it is, after all, our business to consider whether we shall spend the time the four hundred close-printed pages of this narrative call for, in the company of a fellow we neither admire nor like. Especially as there are some things about him we cannot quite believe in. The fact is, as is so often the case with novels of "real life," this is primarily a novel with an idea. It is written from a conviction of the author's that the American educational theory and system are a mockery and a snare, that our colleges often corrupt youth and commonly unfit youth for life. Griffith Adams is primarily an awful example, and only secondarily a sort of "hero"—a person in whose concerns we ourselves, for the time being, may consent to be involved. Griffith is unhappy in his parentage, his homeless childhood,

his schooling. His father is a book-worm who in an hour of middle-aged delirium has married a shallow beauty and flirt. They are parents with no parental instincts. The boy is got rid of as soon as possible in the name of education. At several boarding schools he suffers divers tortures and enlightenments, about which there is some very modern plain-speaking on the part of the chronicler. The father dies, the mother takes to living chiefly abroad, and after a time marries an Italian rascal of title. Griffith reaches college age. Having nothing better to do, proceeds to his destiny. He has a few illusions and aspirations left at the moment of his entrance into the Western university in which chance places him. College life handles them as Amy Lanier's New York handles the dreams of her young sister Edith. He finds himself in a community ruled by no copybook maxims of honour and fired by no intellectual impulses. He becomes a member of one of the best fraternities, and comfortably discovers that beneath the good manners of his new brothers, good habits or morals have no place. He learns the importance of picking "snap" courses, the harmlessness of cribbing, the pleasantness of getting drunk. His whole aim is to conform, to be with the crowd, to depart in no manner from the norm established by custom for university men. During his senior year he goes the pace a trifle more recklessly, gets deep in debt, and in the end fails to get his diploma. Dimly realising that he is a failure, he is confident that all is still well enough. As a college man he need only stretch out his hand to the world that is await-

^{*}*Salt*. By Charles G. Norris. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

ing his valuable services. He returns to New York to find his mother dead and no money left. A queer brother gives him a lift and finds him a job. Here begins that part of Griffith Adams's portraiture in which I do not believe. The job he takes is that of confidential man, in a crooked sense, to a department manager in the office of a great railroad. It is plain from the first that the office is run on a basis of systematised graft. The manager is part of a ring that contrives, by means of rebates, concessions, and contracts given to firms in which it holds an interest, to make large private gains at the expense of the stockholders of the road. Our cheerful Griffith, his moral sense having been debased by the standards of college life, accepts this without a qualm. He becomes the willing tool of the office, and presently sets out to work a little private game of his own, sanctioned by office precedent, connected with the sale of mileage books at cut rates. Now it happens that our youth has entered a field already mined; an investigation is under way, and he chances to be the first brought to book. Behold, then, the workings of his college-warped mind! (1) He has only done what everybody else was doing. (2) There was no harm in it anyhow, since it had been all right at college to crib in examination and swipe cigar-signs. (3) Still, he must look out for his bacon, it is nasty to lose one's job. (4) Therefore as the price of keeping his job he will turn State's evidence and betray his employer,—who, at all events, has always trusted him. We have hence the spectacle of a Griffith at once defiant of rebuke and cringing before authority, a Griffith who

*Caste Three. By G. M. Shields. New York: Century Company.

deliberately "tells on" all his associates in the hope of getting off himself! Naturally he is first heard and then kicked out. Now what? There is no other job for him, no regular place in an unsympathetic world of affairs. Finally he drifts into a comfortable but utterly prospectless place as secretary-companion to an old rich man. Meanwhile he has married a vulgar girl—a wonderful portrait, with her shoddy nature so strangely run through by a golden thread of the grand passion. . . . Her death leaves him alone with a baby, a son, in whom his future centres. He sees what a fool and weakling his education hitherto has made of him, and sets forth to get a real education by going into a mill and learning the wool business from the bottom up. By the time we leave him, a year or two later, he is already "our Mr. Adams," a made man, with his foot on solid—wool. And he has taken his rightful mate not in the person of the beautiful woman of society whom he has idealised from boyhood, and who is now ready for him, but in the comely, thrifty daughter of the people, who can best help him on his upward way from academic squalor to commercial success! There is, as we say, a great deal of truth in this book—meaning that as a whole it falls short of the truth. The fatal thing is Griffith's essential flabbiness. Mr. Norris, like Mr. Dreiser, somehow gets his effect in spite of a rather stolid and lumbering style—by virtue chiefly of his accurate and cumulative attention to detail.

*Caste Three** and *Rekindled Fires* are stories of youth, by no means lacking merit on the score of accurate observation and record, but of very different animus from *Salt*. For one thing, they are abundantly

seasoned with that salt of humour which, for better and worse, the Dreisers and the Norrises lack. For another, they see a door of salvation for fumbling youth at the very pit-side from which Griffith Adams is so painfully rescued. *Caste Three* is a first novel of unusual quality, full of wit, excellent in portraiture. Unluckily its action is so slight that not even brilliancy can rescue the book from being "slow" and in parts dull. It needs, in fact, that movement which in theory we may belittle, but which is essential to real storytelling. It might be called *Twenty-One* on the principle of Mr. Tarkington's *Seventeen*. But behind its comedy of youth lurks a graver satire of which the actual title of the book makes acknowledgment. The little city of Alston, Indiana, like other cities little and great, is peopled by three castes. Our hero, Hewitt Stevenson, formulates the situation for himself and us, half-way through the book: "There are three separate castes in Alston. There are the workers, toilers, who don't count with the others. There are the respectable, public-spirited, good people, who run the churches and obey the social laws and have some ideals which they cling to stubbornly—also an enormous number of prejudices. And there are the society devotees, who set the pace and attempt to distinguish themselves from the lower and harder strata by following out an order of procedure radically expensive and wasteful, impossible of correct imitation by the masses." Hewitt himself is by origin of the second class. His father has farmed it successfully, and in later middle life has sold out his farm and moved cityward. Thenceforward he is a somewhat dispirited dabbler in city life,

with a yearning for a return to the soil. His son, Hewitt, however, does not inherit his love for country life. The father has been persuaded to put him through a Chicago high school. Our narrative begins at the moment of Hewitt's return, after five years in Chicago, to the provincial city of Alston. In Chicago Hewitt has made something like a genuine intellectual start, with the aid of a group of young poets, socialists, and radicals who have a rendezvous in a certain book shop. He reads Keats as well as H. G. Wells, has the patter of second-hand criticism at his tongue's end, and a very honest instinct for good literature, as well as a determination to produce it in due time. He must have college, of course. His plans for a quick return to Chicago and her great university, however, are not seconded by Stevenson senior. He is willing to put his son through an agricultural course, on the understanding that they shall farm it together afterward; but if he wants an academic education, Hewitt must find the means himself. Hewitt is game, determines to make his own way. But he must have a little capital to start with, and finds a job for the summer in the local bookshop—"Smith's." Then atmosphere and circumstance begin to get in their work. Hewitt is young, pliant, with the makings of a poet and the makings of a snob. What we are to watch is the spectacle of Alston, the complacent, the provincial, the material—and Alston dominated by "caste three,—slowly and surely smothering the poet and nurturing the snob. There is a bitter tang in his author's last comment on a Hewitt married, smug, blameless and hopeless—the typical "good citizen" of Alston: "A sensation of being far

from the disturbing troubles of other days came over Hewitt. . . . Few of those disturbing moods which had made his adolescence sad bothered him now. There was no discontent such as strives to move mountains, no poetics, no strong, balked emotion. Hewitt, the hugger of the shore, was safe in the harbour of the commonplace. The town had conquered, and figs and Susannah! His jelly-fish soul was become of the pink prettiness that suited the town's taste."

Rekindled Fires,* by another new novelist, has similar virtues and defects. This also is a book of thoughtful comedy, original in its scene and characters; this also is a book handicapped for popular acceptance by its "slowness" as a story. And this also is a study of American youth. But it is American youth new-minted, sharp-edged and shining, the youth of the Old World finding its marvellous opportunity in the New. Stanislav Zabransky is son of one of the leaders of the little colony of Bohemians in a New Jersey village. His father is a cobbler by calling and a politician by choice, an apostle of freedom and an amiable despot in his own household. Stanislav inherits his big frame and his eloquent tongue, and, more important, a mental eagerness which in the father's case has been denied satisfaction by the limitations of circumstance. Stanislav takes to books, and longs to enter life through the golden door of education. Fate seems adverse, and he has to leave high school to go to work in a cigar factory. There he becomes leader in a rather comic union movement—makes his mark, at all events. He is recognised as the flower of the

flock; the Sons of Bohemia presently get together a few dollars and he is dispatched to Rutgers. There, despite the fact that he is a "grind," wears absurd clothes, and peddles cigars, something strong and resolute in him finds acceptance. He has the immigrant's instinct of getting his money's worth; every dollar and every moment must count. Contrasted with him is a good-humoured footless young American of his own age, the well-bred Harry, whose only aim in life is a good time and an easy one. The odd pair are friends. On trifling Harry, as on Griffith Adams, the college experience is wasted or worse; to Stanislav Zabransky (long since become Stanley Zabriskie) it is the road to happiness and usefulness. And that is to be his own road. His father's ambition has been that his son should follow him and outdo him in politics. It is plain that for Stanley, with his natural eloquence, his practical acuteness and his habit of industry, the way to political prominence lies fairly open. But there are other matters besides "getting ahead" that interest Stanley more. His enterprise, his sharpness, his capacity for toil, are part of his foreign birthright; but they are not all of it. He has also the wistful idealism of his race—that reaching out for something higher to which the "Sons of Bohemia" pay rather blind tribute in their talk about the spreading of "Bohemian ideals." He is a thinker, a dreamer, bringing his little quota, new blood and force, into the field of American thought. Therefore, at the end of his college course he turns from the prospect of practical "success" in the world of affairs to be a professor of philosophy, and so to carry the torch not only from one generation to another, but from one race to

**Rekindled Fires*. By Joseph Anthony. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

another. This is the "idea" of the book and its title: that the strangers who come to our shores are not of necessity merely parasites or tough material to be somehow assimilated—made over into our own likeness—but, it may be, apostles of their own traditions and ideals, ready and able to make their own contributions in sturdiness, thrift, and even idealism to the sum of our national character. Fortunately, the idea is not rubbed in. Stanley Zabriskie is never robbed of his happy lot as a figure of high comedy. The Stanley who in a moment of reaction flings his momentous essay on *The Epistemological Evaluation of Philosophy* into the bottom of his pail and profanely covers it with huckleberries to the tune of "To-hell-with-philosophy" is as hopeful a portent as the earnest Stanley who has no doubts. He is young, and he has his foot fairly on what is, for him, the right road.

*The Way Out** is a more sombre story of quest. Its scene, the Kentucky Cumberlands, has been more often used as a convenience, a chance for "picturesque" faking, than as the natural setting of real human drama. It has shown a tendency, in the handling of John Fox, Jr. and others, to reduce itself to code, part melodramatic, part sentimental. Melodrama and overt sentiment, it is true, have their place in the mood and speech of the mountaineers. But they do not follow the formula of the cities or the movies. Rarely have they been expressed so naturally or idiomatically as in this novel by Mr. Hough. Oddly enough, it is the characterisation and speech of the "fotch-ons," including the Marcia Haddon, who is supposed to be so wonderful, that are artificial and perfunctory. The mountaineers,

especially that pair of ancients the indomitable Granny Joslin and the confidential Granny Williams, are extraordinarily in character. And throughout the book one gets always the sense of that fact which it is hardest for outsiders to comprehend—of the Cumberland region as a backwater in which the old stock, imprisoned like landlocked salmon, have bred and interbred to the point of crowding and to the edge of madness. Through all these mountains, with their creek-bottom roads and their crude ways of living, exists veritable congestion. There is not cultivable land enough on the hill-sides to go round; people may hail each other almost from door to door throughout the whole region. And until very recently there has been no chance either for them to get out or to get "larnin'." What then was there for an active adventurous people but to take refuge in their fierce white "moonshine" and in the drama of their internal feuds? All this we must have an inkling of in order to get the atmosphere of this story. One exception, however, must be taken to the writer's interpretation of these strange kinsmen of ours. For the purposes of his tale he has condensed say the past twenty years into the past five. Twenty years ago the conditions under which his narrative opens were common in the Kentucky mountains. Since then "ways out" have been found for many of the more ambitious mountaineers. The railroads have crept inward toward those lonely creeks and mountains. Above all, "larnin'" has come, by way of numerous "settlement schools," to which the people have flocked with all the eagerness attributed to David Joslin's people.

**The Way Out*. By Emerson Hough. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

And under all these new influences and a consequent change in public opinion, the feud spirit has dwindled and the actual practices of the feudists have ceased to be common. Mr. Hough compresses this gradual process into a few years. David Joslin, the ignorant mountaineer, somehow gets a glimpse of his people's almost hopeless slavery to conditions, and sets himself to find the "way out." He gets learning as

quickly as may be, and returns to the mountains to put an end to the local feud and enlist the whole neighbourhood in his plans for a great school. His enterprise is well under way when the call to arms in the present war rings out. David Joslin responds at the head of his men, and we see them marching forth to take their part in the great world's destiny. There at least is a way out!

THE GOSSIP SHOP

It's not done to-day—to profess open affection for the classics. We know that and we are discreet. We know furthermore that even the most Latin of devotions do not provide the pedagogical calories established as a daily bottle-ration, so to speak, for the CHILD MIND by the Rockefeller School. (We capitalise child mind here because it seems to express a subtle quality of our thought that is not in the mere words. This so often happens with our words, we find.) To change the metaphor, the new school IDEA (same reason for CAPS—they are ours) does not find in Horatian exercises the dutch cleanser of the child BRAIN PAN (see above). The brain pan must SHINE either with or like new dollars.

All of which is melancholy to the classicist. We know one who mourns it constantly. "Did you ever think," he says, "how well your kid would understand the *Iliad* after reading that story in yesterday's *Sun* about the crew of the *Beluga*? And say, what a bully time he'd have with the *Æneid* on one side and with Pershing's story of the great American gymkhana on the other! And Ovid,

you know—some aviator. . . ."

He sighed. "Start a school myself—kids don't know what they're missing, worse luck. Everything in waxed-paper parcels, these days. No real guts."

He rumbled. The storm was over. Thereupon we were treated to a glimpse of the cause. It was a poem in two hundred and sixty-three Latin hexameters by one Père Lorenzo Rocci, professor in the College of Mondragon, Italy. In spirited verse the professor had recounted the glories of the Italian navy. He matched aces, so to speak, with Homer and Virgil, and had a pretty good case to make out for the modern heroes.

"See what he says of the ruin-casting winged engine," whereupon the Classicist quoted:

. . . prius ignotis volitans nunc machina
pennis
Dædalea potior majorque ope, in æra
sæpe
Sublime audacea tollit, jactare ruinam
Unde queant pariter miseris terrisque
versique.

"If the stage was properly set, as it could be with all the information we have, wouldn't you swallow this

whole along with any dishes of Virgil and the rest on the side? Course you would or you wouldn't be a real kid. Take it from me," said the Classicist in peroration, "all this vocational desiccation is throwing away a *live* thing for something done up in a sealed package, no-hand-can-touch-it kind of stuff. Department store minds I call 'em!"

He banged away, forgetting the professorial hexameters.

"Perhaps he's right," we thought. "But it would never do to say so."

* * * * *

"As I write it is Saturday afternoon and the sun is shining divinely and the Germans are thirty-nine miles away—plus a few—and beyond my balcony an avenue of trees throws long shadows across a green field, and in the green field hidden by the trees I hear a baseball crack and the voices of our young barbarians at play, shouting the familiar jargon of the diamond into the astonished ears of France. Overhead a big yellow dirigible goes buzzing by. To-night there may be an air raid: we had none last night. But nobody will pay much attention to it because it is too much of an old story. Besides we are not worth the German's powder. So some of us will stroll with our girls in the park and others of us will go to the concert in the Y. M. C. A., and I will probably go and drink an extremely late dish of tea with a Frenchwoman and her English niece who was born in Odessa. Such are the horrors of war!"

Thus H. G. Dwight, who is a field clerk in the American army in France, in a recent letter to a friend. THE BOOKMAN is hoping the censor may relent enough to permit Mr. Dwight the writing of some sketches

of the people who have opened their hearts first to "the fountain pen army" and now to *le bas' bal'*.

* * * * *

The *Atlantic Monthly* has apparently set a fashion for the moving of publishing houses and magazines to more commodious quarters. It is pleasant to observe that not even the rigours of war-time economy have as yet persuaded the Allies to agree with Mr. Owen Meredith that "we can do without books."

* * * * *

Small, Maynard and Company announce their recent removal to "the top of Boston's historic Beacon Hill," with an increased staff to support the new grandeur. And the erstwhile *Chicago Dial* has not only braved the difficulties of transportation and moved to New York, but is to make the further change to weekly publication, beginning on October 8d.

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The new *Dial* is to include discussions of internationalism and reconstruction in industry and education; it will be interested in principles rather than in temporary political issues. With such men as John Dewey, Thorstein Veblen, and Randolph Bourne on the staff, even the clearest-minded of contributors may find himself standing on the corner of Sixth Avenue and Twenty-first Street trying to determine whether his invitation to editorial high-tea came from Mr. Croly or Mr. Bourne.

We mention high-tea because rumour has it that the *Dial* is planning a refectory in its new home where authors may drop in and drop out, carve their initials upon—no, ex-

cuse us, that is done only in *The Bellman* grotto. At any rate tea, smoky Souchon perhaps; or whatever it is that tastes as though it had bacon boiled with it; and talk you may be sure. Such talk! A Catharine window, maybe, with a bit of stained glass; fumed oak and a fireplace. You get it? We have only the rumour, but it is good rumour, well-bushed, so to speak.

This association of food and editorship intrigues us. They have so little in common, historically speaking, of course. As is well known, the *New Republic* leads a sort of conventual life—that is, the staff. The community, the editors, that is, eat in a charming refectory of dim lights. They hardly constitute an order, in the ecclesiastical meaning, because they take no special vows either of poverty or obedience. *Association cultuelle* fairly describes them. And when there is “silence for lunch,” to borrow a monastic term, Mr. Hackett sometimes reads aloud, while the community eats, from some such volume as O’Hanlon’s *Lives of the Irish Saints*.

* * * * *

Defiance in the teeth of critics is sometimes a noble virtue, and Miss Amy Lowell is not without merit in the field. But England has produced a critic and a critique which she may well tremble before. In a small brochure Mr. W. Bryer inquires “if there is any limit to the range and wideness of Miss Lowell’s mind.” “I am dumbed (sic) with admiration as I read these poems,” he says. “To attempt to speak of them is to be oppressed with failure—the impossibility of any adequate praise. . . . I have no doubt the future will rank Miss Lowell among the great poets of all ages.”

It was only a few years ago that that very acute observer, G. Lowes Dickinson, had some comments to pass on Western civilisation which struck a rather disturbing balance between the East and the West. His thesis, set forth arrestingly in *Appearances*, is worth looking up at a time when all values, social, political and moral, are under painful scrutiny. Now comes Tagore calling in question the iron dogs on our front lawns, the nickel fittings in our bathrooms, the onyx in our apartment lobbies, the coins in our pockets, and the cars in our garages. Does he realise the devastation of his thought? Do we not sit upon these things as upon a firmament? Hear him:

“In the judgment of history we Oriental peoples are the chief witnesses who will be able to speak the truth without fear, disagreeable as that may appear to us. Our voice is not authoritative; it has no arms to back it. It is the voice of the humble which puts its reliance upon the force of truth. . . .

“Europe is great. She has been aided by her situation, her climate, her races in producing a rich and beautiful history, power of beauty and of liberty. The nature of the soil there has caused man to expand his forces without abandoning his spirit to a passive fatalism. The energy and audacity of his children do not limit his plans. They also possess an intelligence that is coherent and positive, a sense of proportion in their creations, and a sense of realism in their aspirations. They have scrutinised the secrets of existence, they have measured and mastered them. . . .

“Europe is so conscious of her greatness that she can conceive of no source of weakness. History has

revealed peoples who forgot their souls in the pride and the enjoyment of their riches. They were not aware of their error, because material things and institutions assured to them such magnificence that all their attention was focussed beyond themselves. . . .

"Actual war has sounded to Europe warning of the fact that her possessions have taken the place of the finest of her truths. If she would be regenerated, she must return to her soul and to her God. She must accomplish her mission in spreading her ideals throughout all the continents of the earth, in no longer sacrificing them to her appetite for riches and domination."

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Have you ever craned your neck over a fellow passenger's shoulder, with a "satiabie curiosity" to discover the name of the book he was reading, that you might infer his character therefrom, and then found that the damsel with flyaway ringlets was perusing a work on archæology, while the grey beard opposite was deep in Elinor Glyn? Fascinating game, no less for its surprises than for its happy premonitions.

Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, M.P., has taken the investigation more seriously, and has communicated the results to the *Westminster Gazette*. He has been making notes of the sort of books read by passengers, male and female, in the tubes, undergrounds, trams, and buses of London, and tabulating the information.

But cannot the scope of the research be expanded, with increased sociological value? For instance, here is the opportunity to test the relation of affluence to intelligence: what is the difference between day-coach and Pullman literature? Do

men show a preference for "virile" fiction, or does this bait the robust college girl? Do people read books which reflect their temperaments, or does the law of contrast prevail? Do business men read stories about captains of industry; does anyone read novels of High Society?

Is a reader's choice of a book a lottery or does he take advice? Whose? What does he think of Mr. Overton's *Sun* burst; or Mr. Smyth's *Times* clock that ticks for all without alarm; or Mr. Davis's *Post* scriptures? If he has a mind, why doesn't he tell us about it? Voiceless and inscrutable reader, speak up!

* * * * *

"They seem to be genteel, sensible men," wrote Washington in a message to Congress in 1776 about the French; but he was inclined to wonder what on earth to do with the enthusiastically helpful Lafayette. Later his half-hearted acceptance of French aid underwent a decided change; he found the French soldiers "old in war, very strict in military etiquette, and apt to take fire where others scarcely seemed warmed."

When France was kindling to the opportunity to strike a blow for liberty, King Frederick of Prussia, whose aid the Americans sought to secure, would not relent for fear, he said, of much inconvenience for himself. "I shall make no haste," wrote this monarch in 1777, "but wait and take whichever side fortune favours."

Washington's words concerning the relations between the French and American armies ring prophetic to-day. "They seem actuated by one spirit, that of supporting the honour of the allied armies. . . . It may, I believe, with much truth he said

that a greater harmony between two armies never subsisted than that which has prevailed between the French and Americans since the first junction of them."

M. J. J. Jusserand, who gathers

these precious threads of history and weaves them together in his *With Americans of Past and Present Days*, has placed us under a new debt of thanks to France and her Ambassador at Washington.

MOTHER CAREY

C. FOX-SMITH

AS LATE I went a-walking, a-walking by the sea,
I thought I heard men talking, I heard them call to me:
"Oh, sorrow take the city streets and the weary city stones,
It's time for you to leave them while the strength is in your bones."

Ah, shake and wake her, Johnnie, there's the ship for you,
Lying in the Royal Roads waiting for the crew,
And every brace and backstay is singing soft and low,
"Mother Carey wants you and you're all bound to go!"

As late I went a-strolling, a-strolling by the shore,
And thought of ports I'd like to see I haven't seen before,
Across the Strait the lighthouse kept winking fine and free
To show me where the road is that leads to open sea.

Ah, shake and wake her, Johnnie, yonder where she rides,
Lying in the Royal Roads swinging with the tides,
Singing with the muttering tides that past her cables flow,
"Mother Carey wants you and you're all bound to go!"

As late I went a-walking, a-walking by the tide,
I thought my love was with me and walking at my side;
So kind she did reproach me, so sweet her eyes did shine,
Yet could not hold beside her this restless heart of mine.

"Ah, shake and wake her, Johnnie!" . . . don't you hear them calling
Out across the Royal Roads and the dusk a-falling!
Time and time for me to leave you though I love you so;
Mother Carey wants us and we're all bound to go!

All bound to go, Johnnie, all bound to go,
If it's late or early, lad, if you will or no,
Sure as sun will rise, Johnnie, sure as tides do flow,
When Mother Carey wants us we're all bound to go!

THE ESSENTIALS OF A WAR LIBRARY

Suppose you were told that you might have on your shelves twenty-five books of history dealing with the war and twenty-five of general literature also concerning the war—no more. What would you choose? THE BOOKMAN addressed this inquiry to a number of literary critics and history experts, and we print below some of the early lists received. The differences of opinion make the selections of unusual interest. For the casual reader, as well as for the person who is charged with the responsibility of selecting books for students or libraries, this nucleus of essential war books should have particular value. We shall have a number of other groups in later issues of THE BOOKMAN.

WAR HISTORY

List sent by Professor William Stearns Davis, of the University of Minnesota, of the Committee of Public Information, and author of *Roots of War*.

The New Maps of Europe, H. A. Gibbons; The Origins of the War, 1871-1914, J. H. Rose; England and Germany, 1740-1914, B. E. Schmitt; The Diplomatic Background of the War, Charles Seymour; The Evidence in the Case, J. M. Beck; The History of Twelve Days, J. W. Headlam; Germany and England, J. A. Cram; Ordeal by Battle, F. S. Oliver; The Foreign Policy of Sir Edward Grey, Gilbert Murray; Belgium, Neutral and Loyal, Emile Waxweiler; The Provocation of France, J. C. Bracq; Greater Italy, 1858-1916, W. K. Wallace; Alsace-Lorraine under German Rule, C. D. Hazen; Germany Since 1740, G. M. Priest; Bismarck and German Unity, Monroe Smith; What Is Wrong with Germany? W. H. Dawson; The German Empire Between Two Wars, Fife; Germany and the Next War (translation), F. A. I. von Bernhardi; German World Policies (translation), Paul Rohrbach; The Hapsburg Monarchy, Henry Wickham Steed; The Ottoman Empire, William Miller; The Eastern Question, J. A. R. Marriott; Brief History of Poland, Julia S. Orvis; The Expansion of Russia, F. H. Skrine; Modern Russian History, Alexander Kornilov.

GENERAL LITERATURE OF THE WAR

List sent by Burton Rascoe, Literary Editor of the *Chicago Tribune*:

ESSAYS

The Notebook of a Neutral, Joseph Medill Patterson, as the sanest, most pragmatic statement of an American point of view as to our ties with England and France.

When Blood Is Their Argument, Ford Madox Hueffer, as the most poignant and best written indictment of Prussianism and of the German idea which has so far appeared.

The Things Men Fight For, H. H. Powers, as the clearest critical examination of the various factors which enter into a declaration of war.

A Survey of the International Relations between the United States and Germany, James Scott Brown, as the most concise and most complete selection of documents relating to the outbreak of the war and subsequent diplomatic events.

The Ways of War, T. M. Kettle, as an exceptionally well-written and interesting series of essays by a young Irishman who has since been killed in the war.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES

The First Hundred Thousand, Ian Hay; Kitchener's Mob, James Normal Hall; Between the Lines, Boyd Cable. These three as humorous sidelights upon the character of that delightful fighting-man, Mr. Thomas Atkins, and as illuminating portrayals of England's early crude attempts to adapt herself to the business of war.

My Home In the Field of Honor, Frances Wilson Huard, as an interesting picture of the early days of war in France, written by a non-combatant.

Under Fire, Henri Barbusse, as the record of a sensitive artist's reaction to war, and war conditions; compare it with The First Hundred Thousand, wherein all the unpleasantness Barbusse describes is taken

for granted and even made the occasion for humour.

The Glory of the Trenches, and Carry On, Coningsby Dawson, as representing another reaction to the war—that of intense spiritual experience.

POETRY

Ardours and Endurances, Robert Nichols; In Flanders Fields, John McCrae; A Treasury of War Poetry, edited by George Herbert Clark.

TECHNICAL

Warfare of Today, Lieut.-Col. Paul Azan, as the most interesting and informative work on modern warfare, intelligible to laymen as well as expert.

The War of Positions, Lieut.-Col. Paul Azan, as an authoritative work on modern warfare for those who are interested in the technical as well as the superficial side of the game.

The Student in Arms, Donald Hankey, as the one book which should be in the hands of every man in every branch of the service.

FICTION

The War, Madame, Paul Géraldy; The Return of the Soldier, Rebecca West; The Pretty Lady, Arnold Bennett, as representing three very different aspects of war. I thought of including *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*, by H. G. Wells, but I hold to the belief that it is of little value either as fiction or as philosophy or as a picture of conditions.

JOURNALISTIC

The Assault, Frederick William Wile, as a rapidly moving, highly coloured account of the opening of hostilities, by an American newspaper correspondent located in Berlin at the outbreak of the war; valuable if taken with a grain or so of salt.

To these might be added, to complete a list of twenty-five:

The Long Trick, Bartimeus, as a good account of the activity of the British navy, and descriptions of service on the seas.

War and the Coming Peace, Morris Jastrow, Jr., as a tenable thesis as to the meaning the war has taken and the prospects of enduring peace.

Comrades in Courage, Lieutenant Antoine Redier.

List sent by Grant M. Overton, Literary Editor of the New York *Sun*:

FICTION

Mr. Britling Sees It Through, H. G.

Wells; The Tree of Heaven, May Sinclair; Professor Latimer's Progress, Simeon Strunsky; Sonia, Stephen McKenna.

VERSES

Ardours and Endurances, Robert Nichols; The Old Huntsman, Siegfried Sassoon; City Ways and Company Streets, Private Charles Divine; The Muse in Arms, Anthology.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE BOOKS

The New Book of Martyrs, Georges Duhamel; Under Fire, Henri Barbusse; Men in War, Andreas Latzko; Comrades in Courage, Antoine Redier; Winged Warfare, W. A. Bishop.

GENERAL WAR LITERATURE

Do not read any books which are based upon speculation as to the outcome of the war, or that deal with projects for peace leagues or peace settlements. Do not concern with books which purport to explain the origin of the war or attempt to assign the blame for it. In other words, avoid postmortems and castles in the air. Read all the good war fiction you can, such as Mary Roberts Rinehart's *The Amazing Interlude*, and read discriminatingly the books of personal experiences. Try to read and grasp books on war finance, such as *Credit of the Nations*, by J. Laurence Laughlin. Get hold of books dealing with war control of industry.

List sent by Charles Hanson Towne, Editor of *McClure's*:

The Spirit of France, Owen Johnson; Poems of the Great War, edited by J. W. Cunliffe; The Amazing Interlude, Mary Roberts Rinehart; Scars and Stripes, Porter Emerson Browne; The White Morning, Gertrude Atherton; The Tree of Heaven, May Sinclair; Over the Top, Arthur Guy Empey; Under Fire, Henri Barbusse; The Land of Deepening Shadow, Thomas D. Curtin; Missing, Mrs. Humphry Ward; With the Allies, Richard Harding Davis; Mr. Britling Sees It Through, H. G. Wells; Gallipoli, John Masefield; The First Hundred Thousand, Major Beath; Getting Together, Major Beath; The Full Measure of Devotion, Dana Gatlin; Where Do You Stand? Herman Hagedorn; Shot With Crimson, George Barr McCutcheon; Fear God and Take Your Own Part, Theodore Roosevelt; Belgium, Brand Whitlock; My Four Years in Germany, James W. Gerard; Five Months on a German Raider, F. G. Trayer; Obstacles to Peace, S. S. McClure; A Hilltop on the Marne, Mildred Aldrich; Efficiency, Robert H. Davis and P. P. Sheehan.

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My Four Weeks in France, by Ring W. Lardner (Bobbs-Merrill Company, \$1.25).

A humorous reporter's account of life at the front.

The Koshler Method of Physical Drill, by Captain W. H. Wilbur (J. P. Lippincott Company, \$1.00).

An adequate system of win-the-war calisthenics.

Letters from an American Soldier to His Father, by Curtis Wheeler (Bobbs-Merrill Company).

A close-up of modern warfare by a blithe young military student.

Ten Months in a German Raider, by Captain John Stanley Cameron (George H. Doran Company, \$1.25).

The true adventures of an American sea captain, his wife and child, taken captive by a German raider.

Life in a Tank, by Richard Haig, M.C. (Houghton Mifflin Company, \$1.25).

Chapters from a captain's diary.

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Mimi. A Story of the Latin Quarter in War-time, by J. U. Glesy (Harper and Brothers, \$0.75).

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The Toll of the Road, by Marlon Hill (D. Appleton and Company, \$1.50).

A small-town girl's reactions to life on the boards.

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A study in sex psychology, involving a dual personality.

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A concise handbook of instructions, fully illustrated.

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A compact presentation of wartime food knowledge.

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President Wilson's Foreign Policy, by James Brown Scott (Oxford University Press, \$3.50).

Messages, addresses, and papers, with appendix.

The Eastern Question, by J. A. R. Marriott, M.A. (Oxford University Press, \$5.50).

An historical study in European diplomacy.

Japan, by Robert P. Porter (Oxford University Press, \$2.25).

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A Community Centre, by Henry E. Jackson (Macmillan Company, \$1.00).

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A physician's analysis of physiology in relation to environment, illustrated.

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Portugal, Old and Young, by George Young (Oxford University Press, \$2.25).

An historical study—a sidelight on Portugal at war.

Italy, Mediaeval and Modern, by E. M. Jamison, C. M. Ady, K. D. Vernon, and C. S. Terry (Oxford University Press, \$2.90).

A general sketch to precede detailed study.

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Real adventures of a French boy in America in the days of Indian romance.

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The Boston Transcript says: "No English poet of late, with the exception of Walter de la Mare, has a purer strain of magic than Siegfried Sassoon. Unknown to American readers, this poet comes out of war-stricken England, with a gift of incomparable beauty, awakening our spirits to gleaming vistas beyond the ruck and gloom of the present."

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

Continued from page 688

"Is it I, rabbi?"

Leonardo's group, with the strained, listening figure of the Iscariot—that barterer of priceless things for thirty pieces—has a new significance to-day. And France and Italy are setting the stage for a festival in honour of the man who was at once musician, sculptor, architect, painter, writer and what-not. Da Vinci looms large even among the herculean company of the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The popular conception of him as a painter, due to the prevalence of his *Last Supper* and the *Mona Lisa*, has obscured his real proportions as a man of varied influence on his own time and succeeding times.

The celebrations in Europe of the 400th Anniversary of his death may well bring us some valuable contributions to a knowledge of his genius.

* * * * *

There is added point in the knowledge that John Bunker, who addresses verses in this issue of *THE BOOKMAN* to a "poet gone to the wars," was the secretary of Joyce Kilmer before he left for France, a private in the One Hundred and Sixty-fifth United States Infantry (the old "Fighting Sixty-ninth"). In a letter just received by a friend in New York the soldier-poet writes:

"To tell the truth I am not at all interested in writing nowadays, except in so far as writing is the expression of something beautiful. And I see daily and nightly the expression of beauty in action instead of words, and I find it more satisfactory. I am a sergeant in the Regimental Intelligence Section—the most fascinating work possible—

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more thrills in it than in any other branch except possibly aviation. And it's more varied than aviation. Wonderful life! But I don't know what I'll be able to do in civilian life—unless I become a fireman!"

The letter was accompanied by a photograph of an exceeding war-like character in a "tin hat," and ornamented with a moustache and a walking-stick.

* * * * *

England is going to take a chance on Kentucky humour, apparently, to judge by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton's announcement that a number of the works of Irvin S. Cobb, including *Old Judge Priest*, *The Escape of Mr. Trimm*, *Cobb's Bill of Fare*, *Cobb's Anatomy*, and *Speaking of Operations* are about to be issued. It would seem to most Americans that Cobb is as likely to find the British funny-bone as either Twain or O. Henry, and the surrender of King George to baseball may be a happy omen.

* * * * *

The ultimate honour has come to H. G. Wells! An enterprising restaurant man has named his new eating place "The Britling Cafeteria."

* * * * *

Women writers have banded together for war work under the name of the League of American Pen Women and have opened national headquarters in the former house of George Bancroft, historian, at No. 1623 H Street, Washington, D. C. The league members are all professional writers and include some of the best known in this country. The credentials asked for by the membership committee are samples of the applicant's works which have been published in book, newspaper, or magazine. The purpose of the

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league, besides its war service, is to fill any vacancies in magazine and newspaper offices left by the men who have gone to the front.

* * * * *

James Francis Abbott, the author of *Japanese Expansion and American Policies*, has been granted leave of absence from Washington University to undertake a special mission for the government in Japan. He is now temporarily attached to the American Embassy at Tokio. Professor Abbott was chosen for this work because of his familiarity with the peoples and conditions of the Orient; he formerly taught at the Imperial Naval Academy at Etajima, Japan.

* * * * *

Mary Smith Churchill, author of *You Who Can Help*, is the wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Marlborough Churchill, the newly appointed censor for the army.

* * * * *

Reports of the severe punishment inflicted on Professor G. F. Nicolai of the University of Berlin for publishing his work *The Biology of War*, a translation of which will shortly be issued by the Century Company, have recently been confirmed. Professor Nicolai firmly opposed the war and was interned in the Graudenz fortress, where he wrote most of his book. Publication was arranged by interested scientists without any personal assistance from the author. The *Progres Medical* of Paris notes: "We recall that Professor Nicolai refused energetically to have anything to do with the making of bombshells to contain the germs of cholera or plague bacilli, and to inoculate Russian prisoners with bacteria."

In support of the statement that the *Hymn of Hate* may well become a popular English war song, Major Eric Fisher Wood points out in his *Note-Book of an Intelligence Officer* that *Yankee Doodle*, first composed and played in derision by the musicians of British troops early in the American Revolution, was later, on the occasion of their final surrender at Yorktown, played at them by the bands of the Continental army and subsequently became one of America's national songs, having to-day a popularity rivalled only by *Dirie*.

* * * * *

There have been so many false and true stories about the notorious Rasputin that it is very difficult to sift fact from fiction. A full and reliable account of the amazing career of this man is to be found in an important book Hodder & Stoughton are now printing in London, entitled *Iliodor: the Mad Monk—Life, Confessions and Memoirs of Sergius M. Trufanoff*. Unfrocked and imprisoned, Iliodor escaped to Norway and eventually to New York, where he is living at present, although recent rumours have stated that he was leading a successful counter revolution in Southern Russia.

* * * * *

Rob Wagner, whose *Film Folk*, appeared this spring, had had a varied career before he cast in his lot with the moving-picture world. Before the Spanish War, in which he served, he was chief illustrator on *The Criterion*, which numbered on its staff James Huneker, Percival Poliard, and Vance Thompson. After the war he went with Rupert Hughes to London, where he made two thousand illustrations for *The Historian's History of the World*. Later he went to Paris and became a por-

trait painter, his first medal being for a portrait of Stewart Edward White, exhibited at the Pan-American Exposition.

* * * * *


There are two novelists writing to-day whom a portion of the reading public persist in confusing, as witness the following inquiry:

"I beg to ask what is the real relationship between Amelie Rives (Princess Troubetskoy) and Hallie Erminie Rives (Mrs. Post Wheeler), if there is any. Some reviews speak of them as sisters and I have one before me which states that they are cousins. Are they both, or is either of them, of the Virginia family of Rives to which Wm. C. Rives, our Minister to France, belonged?"

The Princess Pierre Troubetskoy (Amelie Rives) is a daughter of the late Alfred Landon Rives of Castle Hill, Albemarle County, Virginia. He was a son of William C. Rives, our Minister to France. The latter was a son of Robert Rives who was a son of William Rives of Sussex County, Virginia.

Hallie Erminie Rives (Mrs. Post Wheeler) is the daughter of the late Stephen Turner Rives of Amherst, Virginia, an officer of the Confederacy, who died a few months ago. He was a son of Stephen Rives, who was a son of William Rives, who was a son of Thomas H. Rives, who was a son of William Rives of Sussex County, Virginia.

From this genealogy, which is that given by the late Dr. Alexander Brown, author of "The Genesis of America," "The Cabals and Their Kin," etc., and a recognized authority, it is seen that Hallie Erminie Rives and Amelie Rives are both descended from William Rives of Sussex, Amelie in the fourth and Hallie in the fifth generation. Robert, Amelie's great-grandfather, and Thomas, Hallie's great-grandfather, were brothers.



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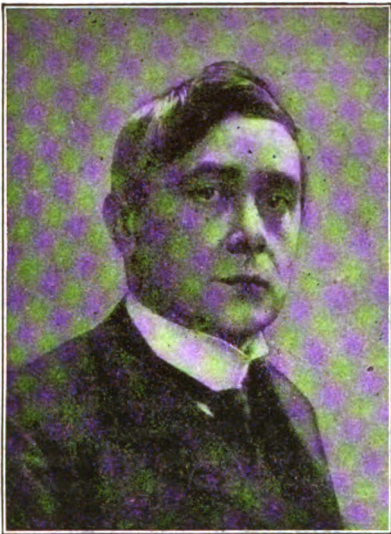
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For nearly a year and a half the Nation has been at war, but not the individual out of the service and exempt from call. He has said "We are at war," not "I am at war." He has subscribed to the Liberty Loans and contributed freely to the various war relief funds. He has done it with a fair amount of cheerfulness. He has accepted certain small privations as a result of food and fuel regulations and has been quite philosophic over the matter. *But up to date he has not himself been at war.*

Now the time has come when if this war is to be carried through to victory, to an honorable and enduring peace, you have got to feel in the very soul of you that you personally are at war, even as I personally am at war. This has become the war of the individual and the responsibility is the individual's.

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